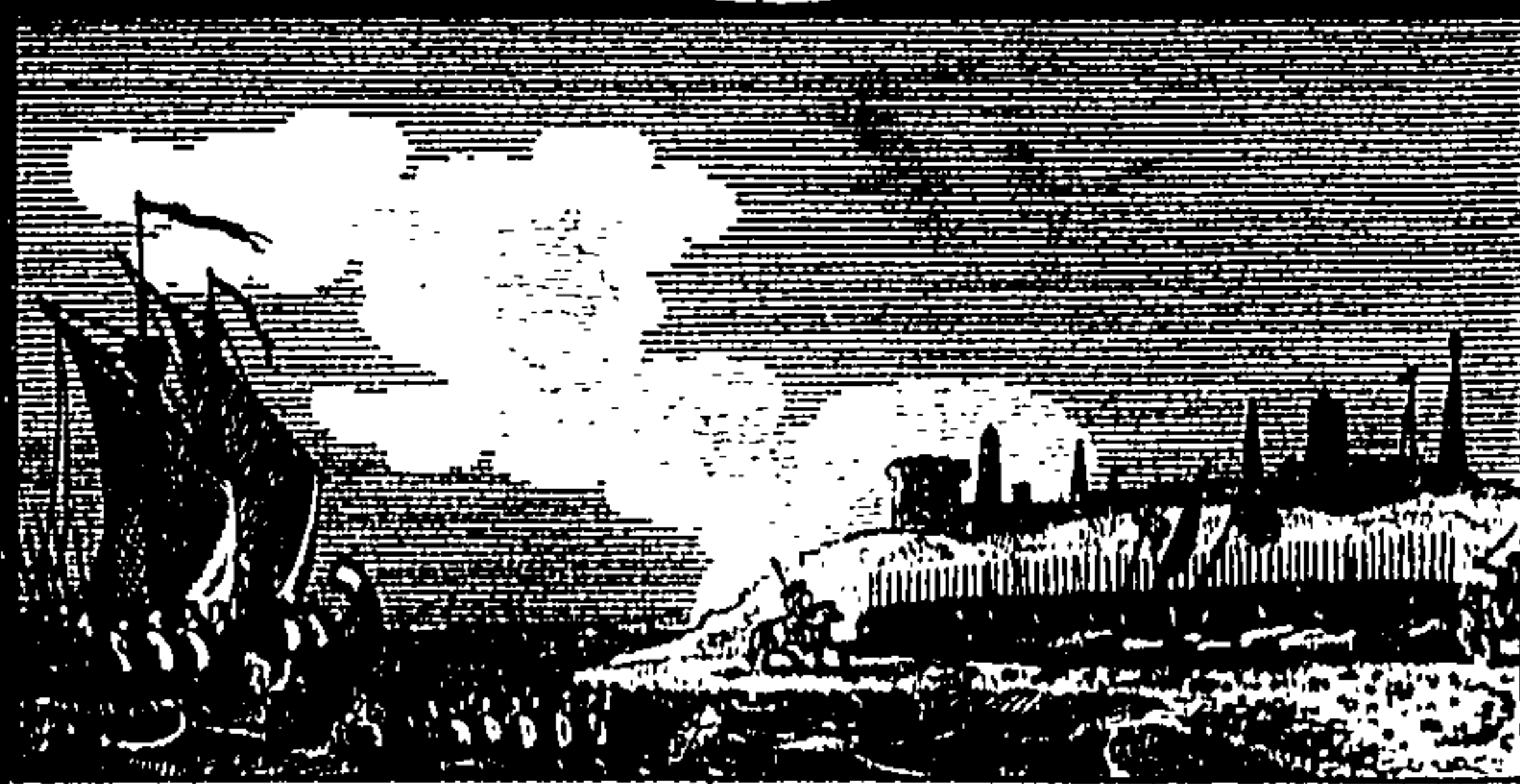


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T H E

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# P R E F A C E.

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**H**OMER is generally known and acknowledged for the first of Bards, the Prince of Poets, and favourite Son of the Muses.—Others, indeed, have pretty closely imitated him in various performances; but without disparagement to any of them, it must be acknowledged that none of these have come up to the divine original. Here even *Virgil* has fallen short, great as his Genius was, and allowed to be the first Poet of the age wherein he lived.—It is no wonder then that other imitators of later times should fail in the arduous undertaking.

The Works of *Homer*, namely, the *ILIAD* and *ODYSSEY*, &c. with which we here present the public, (illustrated with large Notes, and embellished with an elegant set of Engravings) will live to ages, and immortalize his memory. Whether we consider the greatness of imagination and poetic fire that abounds in them, the elegant machinery with which these works are ornamented, or the good morals inculcated in various passages, they justly claim universal admiration; the former of them describing battles and a ten years siege, while the other gives a delightful description of the voyages and adventures of the sage *Ulysses*, King of *Ithaca*, and exhibits a just picture of the public and private life of the ancient Grecians.

*Homer* has besides been considered as having laid down the most perfect geographical description of *Greece*, inasmuch that when a contention happened between certain cities respecting their bounds, they agreed to be determined by the *Iliad*.

This poem, which some suppose to have been written at various times, was composed on the memorable subject of the Trojan war. Hence it is called the *Iliad*—*Ilion* signifying *Troy* in English. This war ended in the destruction of that city; and *Homer* pursues the subject to the death of *Hector*. This famous contest was occasioned by the treachery of *Paris*, the son of *Priam*, King of *Troy*, of whom it was said to be foretold that he should possess the most beautiful woman in the world. The Prince fulfilled the prophecy, though in the most infamous manner. Sailing to *Sparta*, while he was on a visit at *Menelaus's* Court, he stole his beautiful wife *Helen*, and departed with her to *Troy*, in that Prince's absence. The Grecians making a common cause of the insult, united under *Agamemnon*, the Spartan King's brother, to revenge it, and laid siege to *Troy*, which was of great strength, defended by *Hector*, *Aeneas*, and other valiant chiefs at the head of above fifty thousand warriors. But *Achilles*, a Thessalian Prince, the son of *Peleus* and *Thetis*, the hero of the piece, came in behalf of the Allies, was accounted invincible till a certain fated hour. The Greeks conquered by his aid, till quarrelling with *Agamemnon*, who seized his female slave *Briseis*, the former refused to fight. Victory consequently followed *Hector's* arms, the besiegers were defeated, and their fleet in danger of being set on fire; when the son of *Peleus* at length relented so far as to send his friend *Patroclus* to their assistance. *Hector* slew him; and this seemed to rouse *Achilles*, whose temper was such, that he was ever ready to attend the calls of anger and revenge. *Briseis* being restored, this fierce chief was reconciled to *Agamemnon*, entered the field in a rage, defeated the Trojans with a terrible slaughter, whom he pursued to the walls of *Troy*, and after thrice pursuing *Hector* round the city, engaged and slew that hero, whom he unworthily dragged at his chariot wheels, and refused to let the dead body be interred, till his father *Priam* came (Heaven-guided, as the Poet tells us) and ransomed it with rich presents, softening the



the heart of this fierce chief by his intreaties and venerable appearance. The *Iliad* concludes with the funeral of *Heſtor*, as it began with the anger of *Achilles*, which is the ground-work of the piece. However, we may here add, by way of ſupplement, that *Achilles* afterwards fell by an arrow with which *Paris* pierced him in the heel, and *Troy* was taken by ſtratagem in the tenth year of the war.

Such is the ſubject of the *Iliad*.—That of the *Odyſſey* is the abſence of *Ulyſſes* from his Queen *Penelope* for twenty years, being a wanderer on the ocean, and ſubject to many dangers and calamities. In the mean time, the chaſte *Penelope*, his Queen, was preſſed by no leſs than thirty ſuitors, who lorded it in his palace at *Ithaca*, and declared they would continue ſo to do till ſhe ſhould think proper to make choice of one of them. On her refusal, they were loud in their threats againſt her and her ſon *Telemachus*, then but a ſtrippling. At laſt, the Queen quieted them by a promiſe, that as ſoon as ſhe had woven a certain web, about which at that time ſhe was employed, ſhe would name the man of her choice. But the confort of the wife *Ulyſſes* poſſeſſed wiſdom, and though ſhe was apparently very buſy at working this web, yet as ſhe undid at night all that ſhe had wrought in the day, there were little ſigns of it's being completed.

The ſuitors were tired, their patience was nearly exhausted, and they could ſcarcely keep terms with the young Prince, when a ſtranger appeared in *Ithaca*, who privately related the principal adventures of *Ulyſſes* to certain of the domeſtics, and to ſome he revealed himſelf: but on entering his palace after a twenty years abſence, no man acknowledged him, and he was in fact treated as a common beggar; for there—

“ The faithful *Dog* alone his rightful maſter knew.”

However, after a contention with a common vagrant, fed there out of charity, *Penelope* having fixed her determination that ſhe would chuſe the perſon who could ſhoot beſt with her huſband's bow, when all the ſuitors had attempted to bend it in vain, the diſguiſed monarch took it, and fixing a ſhaft in it, ſhot through all the directing rings, and hit the mark. After this he diſcovered himſelf; but the interlopers pretended not to know, and reſolved to oppoſe him: however, with the aſſiſtance of his ſon *Telemachus*, and a very few faithful domeſtics, who were acquainted with his return, the ſuitors were all ſlain, and *Penelope* gladly received to her arms her long loſt Lord, whoſe abſence ſhe had ſo much deplored.

This Piece is called the *Odyſſey*, from the Greek word *Odusſeus*, (which is tranſlated *Ulyſſes*, both in the Latin and the English Language) as it contains the adventures of that hero, whoſe character is as remarkable for wiſdom, as that of *Achilles* for valour. Thus this celebrated Author ſhewed himſelf abundantly equal to the taſk of celebrating both courage and prudence; and when we conſider that the ſublime of the *Iliad* was by no means required in the *Odyſſey*, it may remain doubtful (notwithſtanding the preference given by ſome to the former) in which he has beſt ſucceeded.

As to the birth of *Homer*, his tranſactions, &c. ſince we ſhall ſpeak fully of theſe in his life, which will be annexed to this edition of his works, it will ſuffice here to ſay, that he was of uncertain original, and conſequently in all probability of no remarkable deſcent; but of a moſt lively and extenſive genius, improved by travelling, and poſſeſſing all the refinements of the early age in which he lived. Bold, penetrating, and nervous, he ſeemed at once to look through nature, and to comprehend all the works of art. A wanderer as he appears to have been while he lived, through *Egypt* and his own country, we find ſeven cities after his deceaſe contending which of them ſhould have the honor to be eſteemed the place that gave him birth; ſome of which, perhaps, at an earlier period; would ſcarcely have been rivals in giving him bread.

We ſhall conclude this preface with a few more general remarks concerning the *Iliad* and *Odyſſey*, here preſented in English to the public.



Of the *Iliad* it is said—"We view here several Princes, independent of each other, united against a common enemy. King *Agamemnon*, the person whom they had chosen general, affronts *Achilles* the most valiant of the confederates. This Prince is so far provoked that he relinquishes the union, and obstinately refuses to fight in the common cause. This misunderstanding gives the enemy such advantage, that the Allies are very near quitting their design with dishonour. He himself, however, who made the separation, is not exempt from sharing the misfortunes he brought on his party: for having, at last, permitted his dearest friend to succour them in a great exigence, that friend is killed by the enemy's general. Thus the contending Princes being made wiser, at their cost, are reconciled, and unite again. Then the valiant chief, formerly offended, fights, and not only obtains a victory in the public cause, but also revenges his private wrong, by killing the author of his friend's death with his own hand.

"In the *Odyssy* we see a Prince (*Ulysses*) who is obliged to forsake his native country, and bear arms in a foreign land. Notwithstanding all his efforts, this Prince is stopped by tempests and other adverse accidents on his return. In the midst of the variety of dangers that he experiences, many of his imprudent companions not following his orders, perish by their own tumult. In the mean time, the chief men of his country raise disorders at home, confiscate his estates, conspire to destroy his son (*Telemachus*), live in riot on his substance, and endeavour to persuade, or rather constrain his Queen to accept of one of them for a husband, supposing that he would never return. But arriving, at length, and discovering himself only to his son (*Telemachus*) and a few select friends, he becomes an eye witness to the insolence of the rioters, punishes them according to their deserts, and restores to his island the tranquillity and repose which his absence had interrupted."

Thus we see, that to his other perfections, *Homer* adds that of affixing useful morals to his poems:—That of the *Iliad* is, that contention among Princes, or confederates in any sphere of life, injures their cause, and produces the worst of consequences. That double one of the *Odyssy*, that a Prince's absence from his country is likely to be productive of disorders at home, and that there are few evils which wisdom, fortitude, and perseverance cannot overcome.

But we should, indeed, far exceed the bounds which we have prescribed ourselves in this Preface, were we to attempt pointing out *all* the perfections of *Homer*. Poetry, geography, history, philosophy, and the mythology of the ancients, &c. &c. are at once to be found in his writings, in a degree so eminent, that as they have already stood the test of time, so we cannot doubt but an improved edition of the *Iliad* and *Odyssy*, &c. must prove agreeable to the taste of modern readers of every class, for whose convenience we have subjoined necessary notes, illustrative of such passages as may appear difficult, and proper comments on the most striking beauties in these justly celebrated works.

To those who have read the *Iliad* and *Odyssy* only as exercises at school, their beauties are as yet wholly unknown; and among them who are at all acquainted with the Greek, there probably is not above one in an hundred who can read it in the original with proper advantage. To both these, therefore, as well as to the public at large, this edition must be acceptable; and it will moreover give all ranks of people a relish for works, which are calculated to do more essential service to the world, than any other of the kind that was ever written.



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T H E  
**WORKS OF HOMER,**

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A R G U M E N T.

THE CONTENTION OF ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON.

*In the war of Troy, the Greeks having sacked some of the neighbouring towns, and taken from thence two beautiful captives, Chryseïs and Briseïs, allotted the first to Agamemnon, and the last to Achilles. Chryses, the father of Chryseïs and priest of Apollo, comes to the Grecian camp to ransom her; with which the action of the poem opens, in the tenth year of the siege. The priest being refused and insolently dismissed by Agamemnon, intreats for vengeance from his God, who inflicts a pestilence on the Greeks. Achilles calls a council, and encourages Chalcas to declare the cause of it, who attributes it to the refusal of Chryseïs. The King being obliged to send back his captive, enters into a furious contest with Achilles, which Nestor pacifies; however, as he had the absolute command of the army, he seizes on Briseïs in revenge. Achilles in discontent withdraws himself and his forces from the rest of the Greeks; and complaining to Thetis, she supplicates Jupiter to render them sensible of the wrong done to her son, by giving victory to the Trojans. Jupiter granting her suit incenses Juno, between whom the debate runs high, till they are reconciled by the address of Vulcan.*

*The time of two and twenty days is taken up in this book; nine during the plague, one in the council and quarrel of the Princes, and twelve for Jupiter's stay with the Æthiopians, at whose return Thetis prefers her petition. The scene lies in the Grecian camp, then changes to Chrysa, and lastly to Olympus.*

**A**CHILLES' wrath, to Greece the direful spring  
Of woes unnumber'd, heav'nly Goddess, sing!  
That wrath which hurl'd to Pluto's gloomy reign  
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain,  
Whose limbs unbury'd on the naked shore,\*  
Devouring dogs and greedy vultures tore:  
Since great Achilles and Atreides strove,  
Such was the sov'reign doom, and such the will of Jove!

†

Declare, O Muse! in what ill-fated hour  
Sprung the fierce strife, from what offended pow'r?  
Latona's son a dire contagion spread,  
And heap'd the camp with mountains of the dead;  
The king of men his rev'rend priest defy'd,  
And for the king's offence the people dy'd.  
For Chryses sought with costly gifts to gain  
His captive daughter from the victor's chain.

Suppli.

NOTES.

\* In ancient times the want of burial was accounted the greatest curse that could befall the deceased, and was even supposed to be prejudicial to the departed soul. The origin of this opinion is easily traced in the Old Testament, and found to be as follows: When a man departed this life, his burial signified the rejection of the infirmities incident to human nature, and corresponded to his entrance into another

NOTES.

life, where, if his past life had been virtuous, he was permitted to regale himself with the Gods, or in other words to enjoy a scene of happiness, which men on earth have scarce any conceptions of. Hence was derived the general notion, that the denial of interment affected the spirit, inasmuch as it signified a state of future misery.

† Homer was not an absolute fatalist, but still sup-



Suppliant the venerable father stands,  
*Apollo's* awful ensigns grace his hands :  
 By these he begs; and lowly bending down,  
 Extends the sceptre, and the laurel crown.\*  
 He su'd to all, but chief implor'd for grace  
 The brother-kings, of *Atreus'* royal race.

Yekings and warriors! may your vows be crown'd,  
 And *Troy's* proud walls lie level with the ground.  
 May *Jove* restore you, when your toils are o'er,  
 Safe to the pleasures of your native shore.  
 But oh! relieve a wretched parent's pain,  
 And give *Chryseis* to these arms again;  
 If mercy fail, yet let my presents move,  
 And dread avenging *Phœbus*, son of *Jove*.

The *Greeks* in shouts their joint assent declare,  
 The priest to reverence, and release the fair.  
 Not so *Atrides*: He, with kingly pride,  
 Repuls'd the sacred fire, and thus reply'd:†  
 Hence on thy life, and fly these hostile plains,  
 Nor ask, presumptuous, what the king detains;  
 Hence, with thy laurel crown, and golden rod,  
 Nor trust too far those ensigns of thy God.  
 Mine is thy daughter, priest, and shall remain;  
 And pray'rs, and tears, and bribes shall plead in vain;  
 Till time shall rife ev'ry youthful grace,

## NOTES.

supposed the power of *Jove* superior: For in the sixteenth Book we see him designing to save *Sarpedon*, though the Fates had decreed his death, if *Juno* had not interposed. Neither does he exclude *free-will* in men; for as he attributes the destruction of the heroes to the *will* of *Jove* in the beginning of the *Iliad*, so he attributes the destruction of *Ulysses's* friends to their *own folly* in the beginning of the *Odysey*.

\* There is something exceedingly venerable in this appearance of the priest. He comes with the ensigns of the God he belonged to; the laurel crown, now carried in his hand to shew he was a suppliant; and a golden sceptre, which the ancients gave in particular to *Apollo*, as they did a silver one to the moon, and other sorts to other planets.

† It has been remarked in honour of *Homer's* judgment, and the care he took of his reader's morals, that where he speaks of evil actions committed, or hard words given, he generally characterizes them as such by a previous expression. This passage is given as one instance of it, where he says the repulse of *Chryses* was a proud injurious action in *Agamemnon*: And it may be remarked, that before his heroes treat one another with hard language in this book, he still takes care to let us know they were under a distraction of anger.

‡ The *Greek* word which is here translated *enjoy'd*,

And age dismiss her from my cold embrace,  
 In daily labours of the loom employ'd,  
 Or doom'd to deck the bed she once enjoy'd.‡  
 Hence then; to *Argos* shall the maid retire,  
 Far from her native soil, and weeping fire.

The trembling priest along the shore return'd,§  
 And in the anguish of a father mourn'd.

Disconsolate, nor daring to complain,  
 Silent he wander'd by the sounding main:  
 Till, safe at distance to his God he prays,  
 The God who darts around the world his rays.

O *Smintheus*! sprung from fair *Latona's* line,  
 Thou guardian pow'r of *Cilla* the divine,  
 Thou source of light! whom *Tenedos* adores,  
 And whose bright presence gilds thy *Chrysa's* shores:  
 If e'er with wreaths I hung thy sacred fane,  
 Or fed the flames with fat of oxen slain;  
 God of the silver bow! thy shafts employ,  
 Avenge thy servant, and the *Greeks* destroy.

Thus *Chryses* pray'd: The fav'ring Pow'r attends,||  
 And from *Olympus'* lofty top descends.  
 Bent was his bow, the *Grecian* hearts to wound;  
 Fierce as he mov'd, his silver shafts resound.  
 Breathing revenge, a sudden night he spread,  
 And gloomy darkness roll'd around his head.

The

## NOTES.

signifies either *making* the bed, or *partaking* it. Some former commentators insist very much upon it's being taken in the former sense only, for fear of presenting a loose idea to the reader, and of offending against the modesty of the Muse, who is supposed to relate the poem. But that *Agamemnon* was not studying here for civility of expression, appears from the whole tenour of his speech; and that he designed *Chryseis* for more than a servant-maid, may be seen from some other things he says of her, as that he preferred her to his queen *Clytemnestra*, &c.

§ We may take notice here, once for all, that *Homer* is frequently eloquent in his very silence. *Chryses* says not a word in answer to the insults of *Agamemnon*, but walks pensively along the shore: and the melancholy flowing of the verse admirably expresses the condition of the mournful and deserted father.

|| Upon this first prayer in the poem, we may take occasion to observe, that the poet is careful throughout his whole works to let no prayer ever fail entirely which has justice on it's side; but he who prays, either kills his enemy, or has signs given him that he has been heard, or his friends return, or his undertaking succeeds, or some other visible good happens. So far instructive and useful to life has *Homer* made his valuable works.





The fleet in view, he twang'd his deadly bow,\*  
And hissing fly the feather'd fates below.  
On mules and dogs th' infection first began;  
And last, the vengeful arrows fix'd in man.  
For nine long nights, thro' all the dusky air  
The *Pyres* thick-flaming shot a dismal glare.  
But e'er the tenth revolving day was run,  
Inspir'd by *Juno*, *Thetis'* god-like son  
Conven'd to council all the *Grecian* train;  
For much the Goddesses mourn'd her heroes slain.

Th' assembly seated, rising o'er the rest,  
*Achilles* thus the king of men address'd.

Why leave we not the fatal *Trojan* shore,  
And measure back the seas we cross'd before?  
The plague destroying whom the sword would spare,  
'Tis time to save the few remains of war.  
But let some prophet, or some sacred sage,  
Explore the cause of great *Apollo's* rage;  
Or learn the wasteful vengeance to remove,  
By mystic dreams, for dreams descend from *Jove*.†  
If broken vows this heavy curse have laid,  
Let altars smoke, and hecatombs be paid.  
So Heav'n aton'd shall dying *Greece* restore,  
And *Phæbus* dart his burning shafts no more.

He said, and sat: when *Chalcas* thus reply'd,  
*Chalcas* the wise, the *Grecian* priest and guide,  
That sacred seer, whose comprehensive view  
The past, the present, and the future knew.  
Uprising slow, the venerable sage  
Thus spoke the prudence and the fears of age.

Belov'd of *Jove*, *Achilles*! wouldst thou know  
Why angry *Phæbus* bends his fatal bow?  
First give thy faith, and plight a prince's word  
Of sure protection, by thy pow'r and sword.  
For I must speak what wisdom would conceal,  
And truths, invidious to the great, reveal.  
Bold is the task, when subjects grown too wise,  
Instruct a monarch where his error lies;  
For tho' we deem the short-liv'd fury past,  
'Tis sure, the mighty will revenge at last.

## NOTES.

\* In the tenth year of the siege of *Troy* a plague happened in the *Grecian* camp, occasioned perhaps by immoderate heats and gross exhalations. At the introduction of this accident *Homer* begins the *Iliad*, and takes occasion from it to open the scene of action with a most beautiful allegory. He supposes that such afflictions are sent from Heaven for the punishment of our evil actions: and because the sun was a principal instrument of it, he says it was sent to punish *Agamemnon* for despising that God, and injuring his priest.

† This has reference to those who used (after performing proper rites) to lie down at some sacred place, and expect a dream from the Gods upon  
No. 1.

To whom *Pelides*. From thy inmost soul  
Speak what thou know'st, and speak without controul,  
Ev'n by that God I swear, who rules the day,  
To whom thy hands the vows of *Greece* convey,  
And whose blest oracles thy lips declare;  
Long as *Achilles* breathes this vital air,  
No daring *Greek* of all the num'rous band,  
Against his priest shall lift an impious hand:  
Not ev'n the chief, by whom our hosts are led,  
The king of kings, shall touch that sacred head.

Encourag'd thus, the blameless man replies; ‡  
Nor vows unpaid, nor slighted sacrifice,  
But he, our chief, provok'd the raging pest,  
*Apollo's* vengeance for his injur'd priest.  
Nor will the God's awaken'd fury cease,  
But plagues shall spread, and fun'ral fires increase,  
Till the great king, without a ransom paid,  
To her own *Chrysa* send the black-ey'd maid.  
Perhaps, with added sacrifice and pray'r,  
The priest may pardon, and the God may spare.

The prophet spoke; when with a gloomy frown  
The monarch started from his shining throne;  
Black choler fill'd his breast that boil'd with ire,  
And from his eye-balls flash'd the living fire.  
Augur accurst! denouncing mischief still,  
Prophet of plagues, for ever boding ill!  
Still must that tongue some wounding message bring,  
And still thy priestly pride provoke thy king?  
For this are *Phæbus'* oracles explor'd,  
To teach the *Greeks* to murmur at their lord?  
For this with falsehoods is my honour stain'd,  
Is Heav'n offended, and a priest profan'd,  
Because my prize, my beauteous maid I hold,  
And heav'nly charms prefer to proffer'd gold?  
A maid, unmatched in manners as in face,  
Skill'd in each art, and crown'd with every grace.  
Not half so dear were *Clytemnestra's* charms,  
When first her blooming beauties blest my arms,  
Yet if the Gods demand her, let her sail;  
Our cares are only for the public weal:

Let

## NOTES.

any particular subject which they desired. That this was a practice amongst them, appears from the temples of *Amphiaraus* in *Bæotia*, and *Podalirius* in *Apulia*, where the inquirer was obliged to sleep at the altar upon the skin of the beast he had sacrificed, in order to obtain an answer.

‡ The reader may observe that care has not been wanting through this translation, to preserve those epithets which are peculiar to the author, whenever they receive any beauty from the circumstances about them; as this of *blameless* manifestly does in the present passage. It is not only applied to a priest, but to one who being conscious of the truth, prepares with an honest boldness to discover it.

C



Let me be deem'd the hateful cause of all,  
 And suffer, rather than my people fall.  
 The prize, the beauteous prize I will resign,  
 So dearly valu'd, and so justly mine.  
 But since for common good I yield the fair,  
 My private loss let grateful *Greece* repair ;  
 Nor unrewarded let your prince complain,  
 That he alone has fought and bled in vain.  
 Infatiate king,\* (*Achilles* thus replies)  
 Fond of the pow'r, but fonder of the prize!  
 Would'it thou the *Greeks* their lawful prey should yield,  
 The due reward of many a well-fought field?  
 The spoils of cities raz'd, and warriors slain,  
 We share with justice, as with toil we gain :  
 But to resume whate'er thy av'rice craves,  
 (That trick of tyrants) may be borne by slaves.  
 Yet if our chief for plunder only fight,  
 The spoils of *Ilium* shall thy loss requite,  
 Whene'er, by *Jove's* decree, our conqu'ring pow'rs  
 Shall humble to the dust her lofty tow'rs.

Then thus the king. Shall I my prize resign  
 With tame content, and thou possessest of thine?  
 Great as thou art, and like a God in fight,†  
 Think not to rob me of a soldier's right.  
 At thy demand shall I restore the maid?  
 First let the just equivalent be paid ;  
 Such as a king might ask ; and let it be  
 A treasure worthy her, and worthy me.  
 Or grant me this, or with a monarch's claim  
 This hand shall seize some other captive dame.  
 The mighty *Ajax* shall his prize resign,  
*Ulysses'* spoils, or ev'n thy own be mine.  
 The man who suffers, loudly may complain ;  
 And rage he may, but he shall rage in vain.

## NOTES.

\* Here, where this passion of anger grows loud, it seems proper to prepare the reader, and prevent his mistake in the character of *Achilles*, which might shock him in several particulars following. We should know that the poet minutely studied nature in the laying down his character. He resolved to sing the consequences of anger ; he considered what virtues and vices would conduce most to bring his moral out of the fable ; and artfully disposed them in his chief persons after the manner in which we generally find them ; making the fault which most peculiarly attends any good quality, to reside with it. Thus he has placed pride with magnanimity in *Agamemnon*, and craft with prudence in *Ulysses*. And thus we must take his *Achilles*, not as a mere heroic dispassioned character, but as compounded of courage and anger ; one who finds himself almost invincible, and assumes an uncontrolled carriage upon the self-consciousness of his worth ; whose high strain of honour will not suffer him to

But this when time requires—it now remains  
 We launch a bark to plow the wat'ry plains,  
 And waft the sacrifice to *Chrysa's* shores,  
 With chosen pilots, and with lab'ring oars.  
 Soon shall the fair the sable ship ascend,  
 And some deputed prince the charge attend ;  
 This *Creta's* king, or *Ajax* shall fulfil,  
 Or wife *Ulysses* see perform'd our will ;  
 Or, if our royal pleasure shall ordain,  
*Achilles'* self conduct her o'er the main ;  
 Let fierce *Achilles*, dreadful in his rage,  
 The God propitiate, and the pest assuage.

At this, *Pelides*, frowning stern, reply'd :  
 O tyrant, arm'd with insolence and pride !  
 Inglorious slave to interest, ever join'd  
 With fraud, unworthy of a royal mind !  
 What gen'rous *Greek*, obedient to thy word,  
 Shall form an ambush, or shall lift the sword ?  
 What cause have I to war at thy decree ?  
 The distant *Trojans* never injur'd me :  
 To *Phthia's* realms no hostile troops they led,  
 Safe in her vales my warlike couriers fed ;  
 Far hence remov'd, the hoarse-resounding main,  
 And walls of rocks, secure my native reign,  
 Whose fruitful soil luxuriant harvests grace,  
 Rich in her fruits, and in her martial race.  
 Hither we sail'd, a voluntary throng,  
 T' avenge a private, not a public wrong :  
 What else to *Troy* th' assembled nations draws,  
 But thine, ungrateful, and thy brother's cause ?  
 Is this the pay our blood and toils deserve,  
 Disgrac'd and injur'd by the man we serve ?  
 And dar'st thou threat to snatch my prize away, ‡  
 Due to the deeds of many a dreadful day ?

A prize

## NOTES.

betray his friends, or fight against them, even when he thinks they have affronted him ; but whose inexorable resentment will not let him hearken to any terms of accommodation. These are the lights and shades of his character, which *Homer* has heightened and darkened with uncommon skill.

† The phrase of *divine* or *god-like* is not used by the poet to signify perfection in men, but applied to considerable persons upon account of some particular qualification or advantage, which they were possessed of far above the common standard of mankind. Thus it is ascribed to *Achilles* on account of his great valour, to *Ulysses* for his pre-eminence in wisdom ; even to *Paris* for his exceeding beauty, and to *Clytemnestra* for several fair endowments.

‡ The anger of these two princes was equally upon the account of women, but yet it is observable that they are conducted with a different air. *Agamemnon* appears as a lover, *Achilles* as a warrior : the one speaks of *Chryseis* as a beauty whom he valued equal



A prize as small; O tyrant! match'd with thine,  
As thy own actions if compar'd to mine.  
Thine in each conquest is the wealthy prey,  
Tho' mine the sweat and danger of the day.  
Some trivial present to my ships I bear,  
Or barren praises pay the wounds of war.  
But know, proud monarch, I'm thy slave no more;  
My fleet shall waft me to *Theffalia's* shore.  
Left by *Achilles* on the *Trojan* plain,

What spoils, what conquests shall *Atrides* gain?  
To this the king: Fly, mighty warrior! fly,\*  
Thy aid we need not, and thy threats defy.  
There want not chiefs in such a cause to fight,  
And *Jove* himself shall guard a monarch's right.  
Of all the kings (the Gods distinguish'd care)  
To pow'r superior none such hatred bear:  
Strife and debate thy restless soul employ,  
And wars and horrors are thy savage joy.  
If thou hast strength, 'twas Heav'n that strength bestow'd,  
For know, vain man, thy valour is from God.  
Haste, launch thy vessels, fly with speed away,  
Rule thy own realms with arbitrary sway:  
I heed thee not, but prize at equal rate  
Thy short-liv'd friendship, and thy groundless hate.  
Go, threat thy earth-born *Myrmidons*; but here  
'Tis mine to threaten, prince, and thine to fear.  
Know, if the God the beauteous dame demand,  
My bark shall waft her to her native land;  
But then prepare, imperious prince! prepare,  
Fierce as thou art, to yield thy captive fair:  
Ev'n in thy tent I'll seize the blooming prize,  
Thy lov'd *Briseis* with the radiant eyes.  
Hence shalt thou prove my might, and curse the hour,  
Thou stood'st a rival of imperial pow'r;  
And hence to all our host it shall be known,  
That kings are subject to the Gods alone.

*Achilles* heard, with grief and rage oppress'd,  
His heart swell'd high, and labour'd in his breast.

## NOTES.

equal to his wife, and whose merit was too considerable to be easily resigned; the other treats *Briseis* as a slave, whom he is concerned to preserve in point of honour, and as a testimony of his glory. Hence it is that we never hear him ment on her but as his spoil, the reward of war, the gift the *Grecians* gave him, or the like expressions: and accordingly he yields her up, not in grief for a mistress whom he loses, but in fullness for an injury that is done him. Nothing is finer than the moral shown us in this quarrel, of the blindness and partiality of mankind to their own faults: The *Grecians* make a war to recover a woman that was ravished, and are in danger to fail in the attempt by a dispute about another. *Agamemnon*, while he is revenging a rape, commits one; and *Achilles*, while he is in the utmost fury

Distracting thoughts by turns his bosom rul'd,  
Now fir'd by wrath, and now by reason cool'd:  
That prompts his hand to draw the deadly sword,  
Force thro' the *Greeks*, and pierce their haughty lord;  
This whispers soft, his vengeance to controul,  
And calm the rising tempest of his soul.  
Just as in anguish of suspense he stay'd,  
While half unsheath'd appear'd the glitt'ring blade,  
*Minerva* swift descended from above,  
Sent by the sister † and the wife of *Jove*;  
(For both the princes claim'd her equal care)  
Behind the flood, and by the golden hair  
*Achilles* seiz'd; to him alone confest;  
A sable cloud conceal'd her from the rest.  
He sees, and sudden to the Goddess cries,  
Known by the flames that sparkle from her eyes.‡

Descends *Minerva*, in her guardian care,  
A heav'nly witness of the wrongs I bear  
From *Atrides*' son? Then let those eyes that view  
The daring crime, behold the vengeance too.

Forbear! (the progeny of *Jove* replies)  
To calm thy fury I forsake the skies:  
Let great *Achilles*, to the Gods resign'd;  
To reason yield the empire o'er his mind.  
By awful *Juno* this command is giv'n;  
The king and you are both the care of Heav'n.  
The force of keen reproaches let him feel,  
But sheath, obedient, thy revenging steel.  
For I pronounce (and trust a heav'nly pow'r)  
Thy injur'd honour has it's fated hour,  
When the proud monarch shall thy arms implore,  
And bribe thy friendship with a boundless store.  
Then let revenge no longer bear the sway,  
Command thy passion, and the Gods obey.

To her *Pelides*. With regardsful ear  
'Tis just, O Goddess! I thy dictates hear.  
Hard as it is, my vengeance I suppress:  
Those who revere the Gods, the Gods will bless.

He

## NOTES.

himself, reproaches *Agamemnon* for his passionate temper.

\* *Achilles* having threatened to leave them in the former speech, and spoken of his warlike actions; the poet here puts an artful piece of spite in the mouth of *Agamemnon*, making him opprobriously brand his retreat as a flight, and lessen the appearance of his courage, by calling it the love of contention and slaughter.

† *Juno*.

‡ It was the ancient opinion; that, whenever any of the Gods appeared to men, they were particularly distinguishable from terrestrial inhabitants by the brightness of their eyes, which denoted superior wisdom and intelligence.



He said, observant of the blue-ey'd maid;  
Then in the sheath returned the shining blade.  
The Goddess swift to high *Olympus* flies,  
And joins the sacred senate of the skies.

Nor yet the rage his boiling breast forsook,  
Which thus redoubling on *Atrides* broke.  
O monster! mix'd of insolence and fear,  
Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer!  
When wert thou known in ambush'd fights to dare,\*  
Or nobly face the horrid front of war?  
'Tis our's the chance of fighting fields to try,  
Thine to look on, and bid the valiant die.  
So much 'tis safer thro' the camp to go,  
And rob a subject, that despoil a foe.  
Scourge of thy people, violent and base!  
Sent in *Jove's* anger on a slavish race,  
Who lost to sense of gen'rous freedom past,  
Are tam'd to wrongs, or this had been thy last.  
Now by this sacred sceptre, hear me swear,  
Which never more shall leaves or blossoms bear,  
Which sever'd from the trunk (as I from thee)  
On the bare mountains left its parent tree;  
This sceptre, form'd by temper'd steel to prove  
An ensign of the delegates of *Jove*,  
From whom the pow'r of laws and justice springs:  
(Tremendous oath! inviolate to kings)  
By this I swear, when bleeding *Greece* again  
Shall call *Achilles*, she shall call in vain.  
When flush'd with slaughter, *Hector* comes to spread  
The purpled shore with mountains of the dead,  
Then shalt thou mourn th' affront thy madness gave,  
Forc'd to deplore, when impotent to save:

Then rage in bitterness of soul, to know  
This act has made the bravest *Greek* thy foe.†

He spoke; and furious, hurl'd against the ground  
His sceptre starr'd with golden studs around.  
Then sternly silent sat. With like disdain,  
The raging king return'd his frowns again.

To calm their passion with the words of age,  
Slow from his seat arose the *Pylian* sage,  
Experienc'd *Nestor*, in persuasion skill'd,  
Words, sweet as honey, from his lips distill'd:  
Two generations now had past away,  
Wife by his rules, and happy by his sway;  
Two ages o'er his native realm he reign'd,  
And now th' example of the third remain'd.  
All view'd with awe the venerable man;  
Who thus, with mild benevolence, began:

What shame, what woe is this to *Greece*! what joy‡  
To *Troy's* proud monarch, and the friends of *Troy*!  
That adverse Gods commit to stern debate  
The best, the bravest of the *Grecian* state.  
Young as ye are, this youthful heat restrain,  
Nor think your *Nestor's* years and wisdom vain.  
A godlike race of heroes once I knew,  
Such, as no more these aged eyes shall view!  
Lives there a chief to match *Pirithous'* fame,  
*Dryas* the bold, or *Geneus'* deathless name;  
*Theseus*, endu'd with more than mortal might,  
Or *Polyphemus*, like the gods in fight?  
With these of old to toils of battle bred,  
In early youth my hardy days I led;  
Fir'd with the thirst which virtuous envy breeds,  
And smit with love of honourable deeds.

Strongest

#### NOTES.

\* *Homer* has magnified the ambush as the boldest manner of fight. They went upon those parties with a few men only, and generally the most daring of the army, on occasions of the greatest hazard, where they were therefore more exposed than in a regular battle. Thus *Idomeneus*, in the thirteenth book, expressly tells *Meriones*, that the greatest courage appears in this way of service, each man being in a manner singled out to the proof of it.

† It is permitted to a man of merit and figure who is injuriously dealt with, to speak frankly of himself to those who are forgetful and unthankful.

‡ The quarrel having risen to it's highest extravagance, *Nestor* the wisest and most aged *Greek* is raised to quiet the princes, whose speech is therefore framed entirely with an opposite air to all which has been hitherto said, sedate and inoffensive. He begins with a soft affectionate complaint which he opposes to their threats and haughty language; he reconciles their attention in an awful manner, by putting them in mind that they hear one whom their

#### NOTES.

fathers and the greatest heroes had heard with deference. He sides with neither, that he might not anger any one, while he advises them to the proper methods of reconciliation; and he appears to side with both while he praises each, that they may be induced by the recollection of one another's worth to return to their amity which would bring success to the cause. It was not however consistent with the plan of the work that they should entirely be appeased, for then the anger would be at an end, which was proposed as the subject of the poem. *Homer* has not therefore made this speech to have it's full success; and yet that the eloquence of his *Nestor* might not be thrown out of character by it's proving unavailable, he takes care that the violence with which the dispute was managed should abate immediately upon his speaking; *Agamemnon* confesses that all he spoke was right, *Achilles* promises not to fight for *Briseis*, if she should be sent for, and the council dissolves.





Achilles engaged against Agamemnon swears by his Scepter which he throws to the Earth in the midst of the Assembly, never more to assist the Greeks: Nestor endeavours, but in vain to reconcile them.

B.I.

P. Fourdiner sculp.



Strongest of men, they pierc'd the mountain boar,  
 Rang'd the wild desarts red with monsters gore,  
 And from their hill the shaggy *Centaur's* tore.  
 Yet these with soft, persuasive arts I sway'd;  
 When *Nestor* spoke, they listen'd and obey'd.  
 If in my youth, ev'n these esteem'd me wise,  
 Do you, young warriors, hear my age advise.  
*Atrides*, seize not on the beauteous slave;  
 That prize the *Greeks* by common suffrage gave:  
 Nor thou, *Achilles*, treat our prince with pride:  
 Let kings be just, and sov'reign pow'r preside.  
 Thee, the first honours of the war adorn,  
 Like Gods in strength, and of a Goddess born;  
 Him, awful majesty exalts above  
 The pow'rs of earth, and scepter'd sons of *Jove*.  
 Let both unite with well-contenting mind,  
 So shall authority with strength be join'd:  
 Leave me, O king! to calm *Achilles*' rage;  
 Rule thou thyself, as more advanc'd in age.  
 Forbid it Gods! *Achilles* should be lost,  
 The pride of *Greece*, and bulwark of our host.

This said, he ceas'd: The king of men replies:  
 Thy years are awful, and thy words are wise.  
 But that imperious, that unconquer'd soul  
 No laws can limit, no respect controul.  
 Before his pride must his superiors fall,  
 His word the law, and he the lord of all?  
 Him must our hosts, our chiefs, ourself obey?  
 What king can bear a rival in his sway?  
 Grant that the Gods his matchless force have giv'n;  
 Has foul reproach a privilege from heav'n?

Here on the monarch's speech *Achilles* broke,  
 And furious, thus, and interrupting spoke.  
 Tyrant, I well deserv'd thy galling chain,  
 To live thy slave, and still to serve in vain,  
 Should I submit to each unjust decree:  
 Command thy vassals, but command not me.  
 Seize on *Briseis*, whom the *Grecians* doom'd  
 My prize of war, yet tamely see resum'd;  
 And seize secure; no more *Achilles* draws  
 His conqu'ring sword in any woman's cause.  
 The Gods command me to forgive the past;  
 But let this first invasion be the last:  
 For know, thy blood, when next thou dar'st invade,  
 Shall stream in vengeance on my reeking blade.

## NOTES.

\* There was required a very remarkable management to preserve all the characters which are concerned in this nice conjuncture, wherein the heralds were to obey at their peril; *Agamemnon* was to be gratified by an insult on *Achilles*; and *Achilles* was to suffer so as might become his pride, and not have his violent temper provoked. From all this the Poet has found the secret to extricate himself, by only

No. 1.

At this they ceas'd; the stern debate expir'd:  
 The chiefs in sullen majesty retir'd.

*Achilles* with *Patroclus* took his way,  
 Where near his tents his hollow vessels lay.  
 Mean time *Atrides* launch'd with num'rous oars  
 A well-rigg'd ship for *Chrysa's* sacred shores:  
 High on the deck was fair *Chryseis* plac'd,  
 And sage *Ulysses* with the conduct grac'd:  
 Safe in her sides the hecatomb they stow'd,  
 Then swiftly sailing, cut the liquid road.

The host to expiate, next the king prepares,  
 With pure lustrations, and with solemn pray'rs.  
 Wash'd by the briny wave, the pious train  
 Are cleans'd; and cast th' ablutions in the main.  
 Along the shore whole hecatombs were laid,  
 And bulls and goats to *Phœbus*' altars paid.  
 The fable fumes in curling spires arise,  
 And waft their grateful odours to the skies.

The army thus in sacred rites engag'd,  
*Atrides* still with deep resentment rag'd.  
 To wait his will two sacred heralds stood,  
*Talthybius* and *Eurybates* the good.  
 Haste to the fierce *Achilles*' tent, (he cries)  
 Thence bear *Briseis* as our royal prize:  
 Submit he must; or if they will not part,  
 Our self in arms shall tear her from his heart.

Th' unwilling heralds act their lord's commands;

Pensive they walk along the barren sands:  
 Arriv'd, the hero in his tent they find,  
 With gloomy aspect, on his arm reclin'd.  
 At awful distance long they silent stand,\*  
 Loth to advance, or speak their hard command;  
 Decent confusion! This the godlike man  
 Perceiv'd, and thus with accent mild began.

With leave and honour enter our abodes,  
 Ye sacred ministers of men and Gods!  
 I know your message; by constraint you came;  
 Not you, but your imperious lord I blame.  
*Patroclus* haste, the fair *Briseis* bring;  
 Conduct my captive to the haughty king.  
 But witness, heralds, and proclaim my vow,  
 Witness to Gods above, and men below!  
 But first, and loudest, to your prince declare,  
 That lawless tyrant whose commands you bear;

Unmov'd

## NOTES.

taking care to make his heralds stand in sight, and silent. Thus they neither make *Agamemnon's* majesty suffer by uttering their message submissively, nor occasion a rough treatment from *Achilles* by demanding *Briseis* in the peremptory air he ordered; and at the same time *Achilles* is gratified with the opportunity of giving her up, as if he rather sent her than was forced to relinquish her.

D



Unmov'd as death *Achilles* shall remain,  
 Tho' prostrate *Greece* should bleed at ev'ry vein :  
 The raging chief in frantic passion lost,  
 Blind to himself, and useless to his host,  
 Unskill'd to judge the future by the past,  
 In blood and slaughter shall repent at last.

*Patroclus* now th' unwilling beauty brought,  
 She, in soft sorrows, and in pensive thought,  
 Past silent, as the heralds held her hand,  
 And oft look'd back, slow-moving o'er the strand.

Not so his loss the fierce *Achilles* bore ;  
 But sad retiring to the sounding shore,  
 O'er the wild margin of the deep he hung,  
 That kindred deep, from whence his mother sprung:  
 There, bath'd in tears of anger and disdain,  
 Thus loud lamented to the stormy main.

O parent Goddess! since in early bloom  
 Thy son must fall, by too severe a doom ;  
 Sure, to so short a race of glory born,  
 Great *Jove* in justice should this span adorn ;  
 Honour and fame at least the Thund'rer ow'd,\*  
 And ill he pays the promise of a God ;  
 If yon proud monarch thus thy son defies,  
 Obscures my glories, and resumes my prize.

Far in the deep recesses of the main,  
 Where aged *Ocean* holds his wat'ry reign,  
 The Goddess-mother heard. The waves divide ;  
 And like a mist she rose above the tide ;  
 Beheld him mourning on the naked shores,  
 And thus the sorrows of his soul explores.  
 Why grieves my son? thy anguish let me share,  
 Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care.

He deeply sighing said: To tell my woe,  
 Is but to mention what too well you know.  
 From *Thebè* sacred to *Appollo's* name,  
 (*Aëtion's* realm) our conqu'ring army came,  
 With treasure loaded and triumphant spoils,  
 Whose just division crown'd the soldier's toils ;  
 But bright *Chryseis*, heav'nly prize! was led  
 By vote selected, to the gen'ral's bed.  
 The priest of *Phæbus* sought by gifts to gain

His beauteous daughter from the victor's chain ;  
 The fleet he reach'd, and lowly bending down,  
 Held forth the sceptre and the laurel crown,  
 Intreating all: but chief implor'd for grace  
 The brother kings of *Atræus'* royal race :  
 The gen'rous *Greeks* their joint consent declare,  
 The priest to rev'rence, and release the fair ;  
 Not so *Atrides*: He, with wonted pride,  
 The sire insulted, and his gifts deny'd :  
 Th' insulted sire (his God's peculiar care)  
 To *Phæbus* pray'd, and *Phæbus* heard the pray'r :  
 A dreadful plague ensues ; th' avenging darts  
 Incessant fly, and pierce the *Grecian* hearts.  
 A prophet then, inspir'd by heav'n, arose,  
 And points the crime, and thence derives the woes :  
 Myself the first th' assembled chiefs incline  
 T' avert the vengeance of the pow'r divine ;  
 Then rising in his wrath, the monarch storm'd ;  
 Incens'd he threaten'd, and his threats perform'd :  
 The fair *Chryseis* to her sire was sent,  
 With offer'd gifts to make the God relent :  
 But now he seiz'd *Briſeis'* heav'nly charms,  
 And of my valour's prize defrauds my arms,  
 Defrauds the votes of all the *Grecian* train ;  
 And service, faith, and justice plead in vain.  
 But Goddess! thou, thy suppliant son attend,  
 To high *Olympus'* shining court ascend,  
 Urge all the ties to former service ow'd,  
 And sue for vengeance to the thund'ring God.  
 Oft hast thou triumph'd in the glorious boast,  
 That thou stood'st forth, of all th' æthereal host,  
 When bold rebellion shook the realms above,  
 Th' undaunted guard of cloud-compelling *Jove*.  
 When the bright partner of his awful reign,  
 The warlike maid, and monarch of the main,  
 The traitor Gods, by mad ambition driv'n,  
 Durst threat with chains th' omnipotence of heav'n,  
 Then call'd by thee, the monster *Titan* came,  
 (Whom gods *Briareus*, men *Ægeon* name)†  
 Thro' wond'ring skies enormous stalk'd along ;  
 Not he that shakes the solid earth so strong :

With

#### NOTES.

\* This alludes to a story which *Achilles* told the ambassadors of *Agamemnon*: That he had the choice of two fates; one less glorious at home, but blessed with a very long life; the other full of glory at *Troy*, but then he was never to return. The alternative being thus proposed to him, (not from *Jupiter* but *Thetis*, who reveal'd the decree) he chose the latter, which he looks upon as his due, since he gives away length of life for it: and accordingly when he complains to his mother of the disgrace he lies under, it is in this manner he makes a demand of honour. We may here observe, that but for this fore-know-

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ledge of the certainty of his death at *Troy*, *Achilles's* character could have drawn but little esteem from the reader. A hero of a vicious mind, blest only with a superiority of strength, and invulnerable into the bargain, was not very proper to excite admiration; but *Homer* by this exquisite piece of art has made him the greatest of heroes, who is still pursuing glory in contempt of death, and even under that certainty generously devoting himself in every action.

† This manner of making the Gods speak a language different from men (which is frequent in *Homer*)



With giant-pride at *Jove's* high throne he stands,  
And brandish'd round him all his hundred hands;  
Th' affrighted Gods confess'd their awful lord,  
They dropt the fetters, trembled and ador'd.  
This, Goddess, this to his rememb'rance call,  
Embrace his knees, at his tribunal fall;  
Conjure him far to drive the *Grecian* train,  
To hurl them headlong to their fleet and main,  
To heap the shores with copious death, and bring  
The *Greeks* to know the curse of such a king:  
Let *Agamemnon* lift his haughty head  
O'er all his wide dominion of the dead,  
And mourn in blood, that e'er he durst disgrace  
The boldest warrior of the *Grecian* race.

Unhappy son! (fair *Thetis* thus replies,  
While tears celestial trickle from her eyes)  
Why have I borne thee with a mother's throes,  
To fates adverse, and nurs'd for future woes?  
So short a space the light of heav'n to view!  
So short a space! and fill'd with sorrow too!  
O might a parent's careful wish prevail,  
Far, far from *Ilion* should thy vessels sail,  
And thou, from camps remote, the danger shun,  
Which now, alas! too nearly threatens my son.  
Yet (what I can) to move thy suit I'll go  
To great *Olympus* crown'd with fleecy snow.  
Mean time, secure within thy ships from far  
Behold the field, nor mingle in the war.  
The Sire of Gods, and all th' æthereal train,  
On the warm limits of the farthest main,  
Now mix with mortals, nor disdain to grace  
The feasts of *Æthiopia's* blameless race;\*  
Twelve days the pow'rs indulge the genial rite,  
Returning with the twelfth revolving light.  
Then will I mount the brazen dome, and move  
The high tribunal of immortal *Jove*.

The Goddess spoke: The rolling waves uncloze;  
Then down the deep she plung'd from whence she rose,  
And left him sorrowing on the lonely coast,  
In wild resentment for the fair he lost.

In *Chrysa's* port now sage *Ulysses* rode;  
Beneath the deck the destin'd victims stow'd:

The sails they furl'd, they lash'd the mast aside,  
And dropt their anchors, and the pinnace ty'd.  
Next on the shore their hecatomb they land,  
*Chryseis* last descending on the strand.  
Her, thus returning from the furrow'd main,  
*Ulysses* led to *Phœbus's* sacred fane;  
Where at his solemn altar, as the maid  
He gave to *Chryses*, thus the hero said.

Hail rev'rend priest! to *Phœbus* awful dome  
A suppliant I from great *Atrides* come:  
Unransom'd here receive the spotless fair;  
Accept the hecatomb the *Greeks* prepare;  
And may thy God who scatters darts around,  
Aton'd by sacrifice, desist to wound.

At this, the fire embrac'd the maid again,  
So sadly lost, so lately fought in vain.  
Then near the altar of the darting king,  
Dispos'd in rank their hecatomb they bring:  
With water purify their hands, and take  
The sacred off'ring of the salted cake;  
While thus with arms devoutly rais'd in air,  
And solemn voice, the priest directs his pray'r.

God of the silver bow, thy ear incline,  
Whose pow'r encircles *Cilla* the divine;  
Whose sacred eye thy *Tenedos* surveys,  
And gilds fair *Chrysa* with distinguish'd rays!  
If, fir'd to vengeance at thy priest's request,  
Thy direful darts inflict the raging pest;  
Once more attend! avert the wasteful woe,  
And smile propitious, and unbend thy bow.

So *Chryses* pray'd; *Apollo* heard his pray'r:  
And now the *Greeks* their hecatomb prepare;  
Between their horns the salted barley threw,  
And with their heads to heav'n the victims flew:  
The limbs they sever from th' inclosing hide;  
The thighs, selected to the Gods, divide:†  
On these, in double cawls involv'd with art,  
The choicest morsels lay from ev'ry part.  
The priest himself before his altar stands,  
And burns the off'ring with his holy hands,  
Pours the black wine, and sees the flames aspire;  
The youth with instruments surround the fire:

The

#### NOTES.

*Homer*) is a circumstance that as far as it widens the distinction between divine and human natures, so far might tend to heighten the reverence paid the Gods. But besides this, as the difference is thus told in poetry, it is of use to the poets themselves: for it appears like a kind of testimony of their inspiration, or their converse with the Gods, and thereby gives a majesty to their works.

\* The *Æthiopians* are said to be the inventors of pomps, sacrifices, solemn meetings, and other honours paid to the Gods. From hence arose their

#### NOTES.

character of piety, which is here celebrated by *Homer*.

† The reader will naturally inquire why the thighs and fat were selected for the Gods, or why these parts of the sacrifice should be supposed to be more acceptable than the rest. But this was not without a good reason. Sacrifices were significative of worship, and the thighs and fat denoted the most interior worship, or that which is directed with the most fervent devotion; and these being set apart for the Gods, implied that they considered such worship as most acceptable to Heaven.



The thighs thus sacrific'd, and entrails drest,  
Th' assistants part, transfix, and roast the rest:  
Then spread the tables, the repast prepare,  
Each takes his seat, and each receives his share,  
When now the rage of hunger was repress'd,  
With pure libations they conclude the feast;  
The youths with wine the copious goblets crown'd,  
And pleas'd, dispense the flowing bowls around.  
With hymns divine the joyous banquet ends,  
The *Pæans* lengthen'd till the sun descends:  
The *Greeks* restor'd, the grateful notes prolong;  
*Apollo* listens, and approves the song.

'Twas night; the chiefs beside their vessel lie,  
Till rosy morn had purpled o'er the sky:  
Then launch, and hoist the mast; indulgent gales,  
Supply'd by *Phæbus*, fill the swelling sails;  
The milk-white canvas bellying as they blow,  
The parted ocean foams and roars below:  
Above the bounding billows swift they flew,  
Till now the *Grecian* camp appear'd in view.  
Far on the beach they haul their bark to land,  
(The crooked keel divides the yellow sand)  
Then part, where stretch'd along the winding bay  
The ships and tents in mingled prospect lay.

But raging still amidst his navy fate  
The stern *Achilles*, stedfast in his hate;  
Nor mix'd in combat, nor in council join'd;  
But wasting cares lay heavy on his mind:  
In his black thoughts revenge and slaughter roll,  
And scenes of blood rise dreadful in his soul.

Twelve days were past, and now the dawning light  
The Gods had summon'd to th' *Olympian* height:  
*Jove* first ascending from the wat'ry bow'rs,  
Leads the long order of æthereal pow'rs.  
When like the morning mist in early day,  
Rose from the flood the daughter of the sea;  
And to the seats divine her flight address'd.  
There, far apart, and high above the rest,  
The Thund'rer sat; where old *Olympus* shrouds  
His hundred heads in heav'n, and props the clouds.  
Suppliant the Goddesses stood: one hand she plac'd  
Beneath his beard, and one his knees embrac'd.  
If e'er, O father of the Gods, she said,  
My words could please thee, or my actions aid;  
Some marks of honour on my son bestow,  
And pay in glory what in life you owe.  
Fame is at least by heav'nly promise due  
To life so short, and now dishonour'd too.

## NOTES.

\* There are among men three things by which the efficacy of a promise may be made void; the design not to perform it, the want of power to bring it to pass, and the instability of our tempers; from all which *Homer* saw that the divinity must be

Avenge this wrong, O ever just and wise!  
Let *Greece* be humbled, and the *Trojans* rise;  
Till the proud king, and all th' *Achaian* race  
Shall heap with honours him they now disgrace.

Thus *Thetis* spoke, but *Jove* in silence held  
The sacred councils of his breast conceal'd.  
Not so repuls'd, the Goddesses closer press'd,  
Still grasp'd his knees, and urg'd the dear request.  
O Sire of Gods and men! thy suppliant hear,  
Refuse, or grant; for what has *Jove* to fear?  
Or oh! declare, of all the pow'rs above  
Is wretched *Thetis* least the care of *Jove*?

She said, and sighing thus the God replies,  
Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted skies.

What hast thou ask'd? Ah why should *Jove* engage  
In foreign contests, and domestic rage,  
The Gods' complaints, and *Juno's* fierce alarms,  
While I, too partial, aid the *Trojan* arms?  
Go, lest the haughty partner of my sway  
With jealous eyes thy close access survey;  
But part in peace, secure thy pray'r is sped:  
Witness the sacred honours of our head,  
The nod that ratifies the will divine,  
The faithful, fix'd, irrevocable sign; \*  
This seals thy suit, and this fulfils thy vows.—  
He spoke, and awful bends his sable brows;  
Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod;  
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the God:  
High Heav'n with trembling the dread signal took,  
And all *Olympus* to the center shook.

Swift to the seas profound the Goddesses flies,  
*Jove* to his starry mansion in the skies.  
The shining synod of th' immortals wait  
The coming God, and from their thrones of state  
Arising silent, wrapt in holy fear,  
Before the Majesty of Heav'n appear.  
Trembling they stand, while *Jove* assumes the throne,  
All, but the God's imperious Queen alone:  
Late had she view'd the silver-footed dame,  
And all her passions kindled into flame.  
Say, artful manager of Heav'n, (she cries)  
Who now partakes the secrets of the skies?  
Thy *Juno* knows not the decrees of fate,  
In vain the partner of imperial state.  
What fav'rite Goddesses then those cares divides,  
Which *Jove* in prudence from his consort hides?

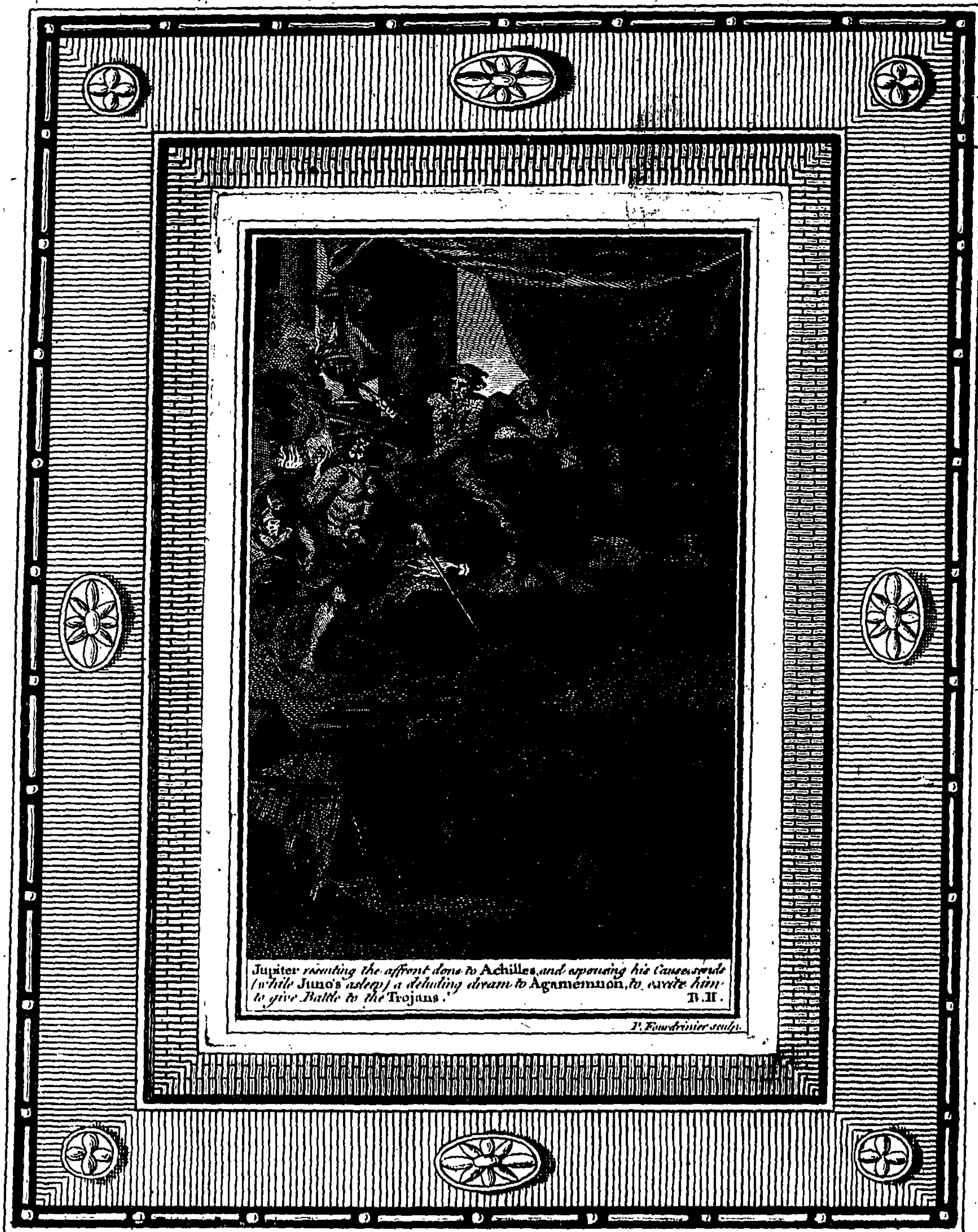
To this the Thund'rer: Seek not thou to find  
The sacred counsels of almighty mind:

Involv'd

## NOTES.

exempted, and therefore he describes the *nod*, or ratification of *Jupiter's* word, as *faithful*, in opposition to *fraud*; *sure* of being performed; in opposition to *weakness*; and *irrevocable*, in opposition to our *repenting* of a promise.





Jupiter resenting the affront done to Achilles, and opening his Cause, sends  
(while Juno's asleep) a deluding dream to Agamemnon, to excite him  
to give Battle to the Trojans.

B. II.

P. Fourdrinier sculp.



Involv'd in darkness lies the great decree,  
Nor can the depths of fate be pierc'd by thee.  
What fits thy knowledge, thou the first shalt know;  
The first of Gods above, and men below:  
But thou, nor they, shall search the thoughts that roll  
Deep in the close recesses of my soul.

Full on the Sire the Goddesses of the skies  
Roll'd the large orbs of her majestic eyes,  
And thus return'd: *Austere Saturnius*, say,  
From whence this wrath, or who controuls thy sway?  
Thy boundless will, for me, remains in force,  
And all thy counsels take the destin'd course.  
But 'tis for *Greece* I fear: for late was seen  
In close consult, the silver-footed Queen.  
*Jove* to his *Thetis* nothing could deny,  
Nor was the signal vain that shook the sky.  
What fatal favour has the Goddess won,  
To grace her fierce, inexorable son?  
Perhaps in *Grecian* blood to drench the plain,  
And glut his vengeance with my people slain.

Then thus the God: Oh restless fate of pride,  
That strives to learn what Heav'n resolves to hide;  
Vain is the search, presumptuous and abhorr'd,  
Anxious to thee, and odious to thy Lord.  
Let this suffice; th' immutable decree  
No force can shake: what *is*, that *ought* to be.  
Goddesses submit, nor dare our will withstand,  
But dread the pow'r of this avenging hand;  
Th' united strength of all the Gods above  
In vain resists th' omnipotence of *Jove*.

The Thund'rer spoke, nor durst the Queen reply:  
A rev'rent horror silenc'd all the sky.  
The feast disturb'd, with sorrow *Vulcan* saw  
His mother menac'd, and the Gods in awe;  
Peace at his heart, and pleasure his design,  
Thus interpos'd th' architect divine.\*  
The wretched quarrels of the mortal state  
Are far unworthy, Gods! of your debate:

## NOTES.

\* This quarrel of the Gods being come to it's height, the poet makes *Vulcan* interpose, who freely puts them in mind of pleasure, inoffensively advises *Juno*, illustrates his advice by an example of his own misfortune, turning the jest on himself to enliven the banquet; and concludes the part he is to support with serving *nectar* about. *Homer* had here his *Minerva*, or *wisdom*, to interpose again, and every other quality of the mind resided in heaven under the appearance of some Deity: so that his introducing *Vulcan*, proceeded not from a want of choice, but an insight into nature. He knew that a friend to mirth often diverts or stops quarrels, especially when he contrives to submit himself to the laugh, and prevails on the angry to part in good humour.

No. x.

Let men their days in senseless strife employ,  
We, in eternal peace, and constant joy.  
Thou, Goddess-mother, with our Sire compy,  
Nor break the sacred union of the sky:  
Lest, rous'd to rage, he shake the blest abodes,  
Launch the red lightning, and dethrone the Gods.  
If you submit, the Thund'rer stands appeas'd;  
The gracious pow'r is willing to be pleas'd.

Thus *Vulcan* spoke; and rising with a bound,  
The double bowl with sparkling *nectar* crown'd,  
Which held to *Juno* in a cheerful way,  
Goddesses, (he cry'd) be patient and obey.  
Dear as you are, if *Jove* his arm extend,  
I can but grieve, unable to defend.  
What God so daring in your aid to move,  
Or lift his hand against the force of *Jove*?  
Once in your cause I felt his matchless might,  
Hurl'd headlong downward from th' etherial height;  
Toft all the day in rapid circles round;  
Nor till the sun descended, touch'd the ground:  
Breathless I fell, in giddy motion lost;

The *Sinthians* rais'd me on the *Lemnian* coast.†  
He said, and to her hands the goblet heav'd,  
Which, with a smile, the white-arm'd queen receiv'd.  
Then to the rest he fill'd; and, in his turn,  
Each to his lips apply'd the *nectar*'d urn.  
*Vulcan* with aukward grace his office plies,  
And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the skies.

Thus the blest Gods the genial day prolong,  
In feasts ambrosial, and celestial song.  
*Apollo* tun'd the lyre; the *Muses* round  
With voice alternate aid the silver sound.  
Mean time the radiant sun, to mortal sight  
Descending swift, roll'd down the rapid light.  
Then to their starry domes the Gods depart,  
The shining monuments of *Vulcan*'s art:  
*Jove* on his couch reclin'd his awful head,  
And *Juno* slumber'd on the golden bed.

## NOTES.

or in a disposition to friendship; when grave representations are sometimes reproaches, sometimes lengthen the debate by occasioning defences, and sometimes introduce new parties into the consequences of it.

† *Vulcan* is supposed to be born in heaven, where philosophers say that element has it's proper place; and is thence derived to the earth, which is signified by the fall of *Vulcan*; that he fell in *Lemnos*, because that island abounds with subterranean fires; and that he contracted a lameness or imperfection by the fall, the fire not being so pure and active below, but mixed and terrestrial. *Vulcan* is also called a divine artificer, from the activity or general use of fire in working.

E

The SECOND



## The SECOND BOOK of the ILIAD.

## A R G U M E N T.

## THE TRIAL OF THE ARMY, AND CATALOGUE OF THE FORCES.

Jupiter, in pursuance of the request of Thetis, sends a deceitful vision to Agamemnon, persuading him to lead the army to battle; in order to make the Greeks sensible of their want of Achilles. The general, who is deluded with the hopes of taking Troy without his assistance, but fears the army was discouraged by his absence and the late plague, as well as by length of time, contrives to make trial of their disposition by a stratagem. He first communicates his design to the princes in council, that he would propose a return to the soldiers, and that they should put a stop to them if the proposal was embraced. Then he assembles the whole host, and upon moving for a return to Greece, they unanimously agree to it, and run to prepare the ships. They are detained by the management of Ulysses, who chastises the insolence of Thersites. The assembly is recalled, several speeches made on the occasion, and at length the advice of Nestor is followed, which was to make a general muster of the troops, and to divide them into their several nations, before they proceeded to battle. This gives occasion to the poet to enumerate all the forces of the Greeks and Trojans, in a large catalogue.

The time employed in this book consists not entirely of one day. The scene lies in the Grecian camp and upon the sea-shore; toward the end it removes to Troy.

NOW pleasing sleep had seal'd each mortal eye,  
Stretch'd in the tents the Grecian leaders lie,  
Th' immortals slumber'd on their thrones above;  
All, but the ever-wakeful eyes of Jove.\*  
To honour Thetis' son he bends his care,  
And plunge the Greeks in all the woes of war:  
Then bids an empty phantom rise to fight,  
And thus commands the vision of the night.  
Fly hence, deluding dream! and light as air,  
To Agamemnon's ample tent repair.  
Bid him in arms draw forth th' embattled train,  
Lead all his Grecians to the dusty plain.  
Declare, ev'n now 'tis given him to destroy  
The lofty tow'rs of wide-extended Troy.

For now no more the Gods with fate contend,  
At Juno's suit the heav'nly factions end.  
Destruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall,  
And nodding Ilium waits th' impending fall.

Swift as the word the vain illusion fled,  
Descends, and hovers o'er Atreides' head; †  
Cloath'd in the figure of the Pylian sage,  
Renown'd for wisdom, and rever'd for age:  
Around his temples spreads his golden wing,  
And thus the flatt'ring dream deceives the king.

Canst thou, with all a monarch's cares oppress,  
O Atreus' son! canst thou indulge thy rest?  
Ill fits a chief who mighty nations guides,  
Directs in council, and in war presides,

To

## NOTES.

\* Nothing could give a better image of the superiority of Jupiter to the other Gods, (or of the supreme Being to all second causes) than the vigilancy here ascribed to him, over all things divine and human.

† The whole action of the dream is beautifully natural, and agreeable to philosophy. It perches on his head, to intimate that part to be the seat of the soul. It is circumfused about him, to express

## NOTES.

that total possession of the senses which fancy has during our sleep. It takes the figure of the person who was dearest to Agamemnon; as whatever we think of most, when awake, is the common object of our dreams. And just at the instant of it's vanishing, it leaves such an impression that the voice seems still to sound in his ear. No description can be more exact or lively.



To whom it's safety a whole people owes,  
To waste long nights in indolent repose.  
Monarch awake ! 'tis *Jove's* command I bear,  
Thou and thy glory claim his heav'nly care.  
In just array draw forth th' embattled train, \*  
Lead all thy *Grecians* to the dusty plain ;  
Ev'n now, O king ! 'tis giv'n thee to destroy  
The lofty tow'rs of wide-extended *Troy*.  
For now no more the Gods with fate contend,  
At *Juno's* suit the heav'nly factions end.  
Destruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall,  
And nodding *Ilion* waits th' impending fall.  
Awake, but waking this advice approve,  
And trust the vision that descends from *Jove*.

The phantom said ; then vanish'd from his sight,  
Resolves to air, and mixes with the night.  
A thousand schemes the monarch's mind employ ;  
Elate in thought, he sacks untaken *Troy* :  
Vain as he was, and to the future blind ;  
Nor saw what *Jove* and secret fate design'd,  
What mighty toils to either host remain,  
What scenes of grief, and numbers of the slain !  
Eager he rises, and in fancy hears  
The voice celestial murmur'ing in his ears.  
First on his limbs a slender vest he drew,  
Around him next the regal mantle threw,  
Th' embroider'd sandals on his feet were ty'd ;  
The starry falchion glitter'd at his side ;  
And last his arm the massy sceptre loads,  
Unstain'd, immortal, and the gift of Gods.

Now roste morn ascends the court of *Jove*,  
Lifts up her light, and opens day above.  
The king dispatch'd his heralds with commands  
To range the camp and summon all the bands :

## NOTES.

\* The dream here repeats the message of *Jupiter* in the same terms that he received it. It is no less than the father of Gods and men who gives the order, and to alter a word were presumption. *Homer* constantly makes his envoys observe this practice as a mark of decency and respect.

† The whole conduct of *Agamemnon* on this occasion is admirable. This prince had nothing so much at heart as to draw the *Greeks* to a battle, yet knew not how to proceed without *Achilles*, who had just retired from the army ; and was apprehensive that the *Greeks*, who were displeased at the departure of *Achilles*, might refuse obedience to his orders, should he absolutely command it. In this circumstance he proposes to the princes in council to make a trial of arming the *Grecians*, and offers an expedient himself ; which was that he should sound their dispositions by exhorting them to set sail for *Greece*, but that then the other princes should be ready to

The gath'ring hosts the monarch's word obey ;  
While to the fleet *Atrides* bends his way,  
In his black ship the *Pylian* prince he found ;  
There calls a senate of the peers around :  
Th' assembly plac'd, the king of men express  
The counsels lab'ring in his artful breast.

Friends and confederates ! with attentive ear  
Receive my words, and credit what you hear.  
Late as I slumber'd in the shades of night,  
A dream divine appear'd before my sight ;  
Whose visionary form like *Nestor* came,  
The same in habit, and in mien the same.  
The heav'nly phantom hover'd o'er my head,  
And, dost thou sleep, O *Atrides' son* ? (he said)  
Ill fits a chief who mighty nations guides,  
Directs in council, and in war presides,  
To whom it's safety a whole people owes,  
To waste long nights in indolent repose.  
Monarch awake ! 'tis *Jove's* command I bear,  
Thou and thy glory claim his heav'nly care ;  
In just array draw forth th' embattled train,  
And lead the *Grecians* to the dusty plain ;  
Ev'n now, O king ! 'tis giv'n thee to destroy  
The lofty tow'rs of wide-extended *Troy*.  
For now no more the Gods with fate contend,  
At *Juno's* suit the heav'nly factions end.  
Destruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall,  
And nodding *Ilion* waits th' impending fall.  
This hear observant, and the Gods obey !  
The vision spoke, and past in air away.  
Now, valiant chiefs ! since heav'n itself alarms,†  
Unite, and rouse the sons of *Greece* to arms.  
But first, with caution, try what yet they dare,  
Worn with nine years of unsuccessful war ?

To

## NOTES.

detain them. If any object to this stratagem, that *Agamemnon's* whole scheme would be ruined if the army should take him at his word, (which was very probable) it is to be answered, that his design lay deeper than they imagine, nor did he depend upon his speech only for detaining them. He had some cause to fear the *Greeks* had a pique against him which they had concealed, and whatever it was, he judged it absolutely necessary to know it before he proceeded to a battle. He therefore furnishes them with an occasion to manifest it, and at the same time provides against any ill effects it might have, by his secret orders to the princes. It succeeds accordingly, and when the troops are running to embark, they are stopped by *Ulysses* and *Nestor*.—One may further observe that this whole stratagem is concerted in *Nestor's* ship, as one whole wisdom and secrecy was most confided in. The story of the vision's appearing in his shape could not but engage him in some



To move the troops to measure back the main,  
Be mine; and your's the province to detain.

He spoke, and sat; when *Nestor* rising said,  
(*Nestor*, whom *Pylus*' sandy realms obey'd)  
Princes of *Greece*, your faithful ears incline,  
Nor doubt the vision of the pow'rs divine;  
Sent by great *Jove* to him who rules the host,  
Forbid it heav'n! this warning should be lost!  
Then let us haste, obey the God's alarms,  
And join to rouse the sons of *Greece* to arms.

Thus spoke the sage: the kings without delay  
Dissolve the council, and their chief obey:  
The sceptred rulers lead; the following host  
Pour'd forth by thousands, darkens all the coast.  
As from some rocky cleft the shepherd sees  
Clust'ring in heaps on heaps the driving bees,  
Rolling, and black'ning, swarms succeeding swarms,  
With deeper murmurs and more hoarse alarms;  
Dusky they spread, a close embody'd croud,  
And o'er the vale descends the living cloud.\*  
So, from the tents and ships, a length'ning train  
Spreads all the beach, and wide o'er shades the plain:  
Along the region runs a deaf'ning sound;  
Beneath their footsteps groans the trembling ground.  
*Fame* flies before, the messenger of *Jove*,  
And shining soars, and claps her wings above.†

## NOTES.

some degree: it looked as if *Jupiter* himself added weight to his counsels by making use of that venerable appearance, and knew this to be the most powerful method of recommending them to *Agamemnon*. It was therefore but natural for *Nestor* to second the motion of the king, and by the help of his authority it prevailed on the other princes.

\* This is the first simile in *Homer*, and we may observe in general that he excels all mankind in the number, variety, and beauty of his comparisons.

† This assembling of the army is full of beauties: the lively description of their overspreading the field; the noble boldness of the figure when *Fame* is represented in person shining at their head; the universal tumult succeeded by a solemn silence; and lastly the graceful rising of *Agamemnon*, all contribute to cast a majesty on this part. In the passage of the sceptre, *Homer* has found an artful and poetical manner of acquainting us with the high descent of *Agamemnon*, and celebrating the hereditary right of his family; as well as finely hinted the original of his power to be derived from heaven, in saying the sceptre was first the gift of *Jupiter*.

‡ It is an exquisite piece of art, when you seem to aim at persuading one thing, and at the same time enforce the contrary. This kind of rhetoric is of great use in all occasions of danger, and of this

Nine sacred heralds now proclaiming loud  
The monarch's will, suspend the list'ning croud.  
Soon as the throngs in order rang'd appear,  
And fainter murmurs dy'd upon the ear,  
The king of kings his awful figure rais'd;  
High in his hand the golden sceptre blaz'd:  
The golden sceptre, of celestial frame,  
By *Vulcan* form'd, from *Jove* to *Hermes* came:  
To *Pelops* he th' immortal gift resign'd;  
Th' immortal gift great *Pelops* left behind,  
In *Atreus*' hand, which not with *Atreus* ends,  
To rich *Thyestes* next the prize descends;  
And now the mark of *Agamemnon*'s reign,  
Subjects all *Argos*, and controuls the main.

On this bright sceptre now the king reclin'd,  
And artful thus pronounc'd the speech design'd:‡  
Ye sons of *Mars*! partake your leader's care,  
Heroes of *Greece*, and brothers of the war!  
Of partial *Jove* with justice I complain,  
And heav'nly oracles believ'd in vain.  
A safe return was promis'd to our toils,  
Renown'd, triumphant, and enrich'd with spoils.  
Now shameful flight alone can save the host,  
Our blood, our treasure, and our glory lost.  
So *Jove* decrees, resistless Lord of all!  
At whose command whole empires rise or fall:

He

## NOTES.

*Homer* has afforded a most powerful example in the oration of *Agamemnon*. It is a method perfectly wonderful, and even carries in it an appearance of absurdity; for all that we generally esteem the faults of oratory, by this means become the virtues of it. Nothing is looked upon as a greater error in a rhetorician, than to alledge such arguments as either are easily answered, or may be retorted upon himself; the former is a weak part, the latter a dangerous one; and *Agamemnon* here designedly deals in both. For it is plain that if a man must not use weak arguments, or such as may make against him, when he intends to persuade the thing he says; then on the other side, when he does not intend it, he must observe the contrary proceeding, and make what are the faults of oratory in general, the excellencies of that oration in particular, or otherwise he will contradict his own intention, and persuade the contrary to what he means.—This whole oration has the air of being spoken in a passion. It begins with a stroke of the greatest rashness and impatience. *Jupiter has been unjust, Heaven has deceived us.* This renders all he shall say of the less authority, at the same time that it conceals his own artifice; for his anger seems to account for the incongruities he utters.



He shakes the feeble props of human trust,  
 And towns and armies humbles to the dust.  
 What shame to *Greece* a fruitless war to wage,  
 Oh lasting shame in ev'ry future age!  
 Once great in arms, the common scorn we grow,  
 Repuls'd and baffled by a feeble foe.  
 So small their number, that if wars were ceas'd,  
 And *Greece* triumphant held a gen'ral feast,  
 All rank'd by ten; whole decads when they dine  
 Must want a *Trojan* slave to pour the wine.  
 But other forces have our hopes o'erthrown,  
 And *Troy* prevails by armies not her own.  
 Now nine long years of mighty *Jove* are run,  
 Since first the labours of this war begun:  
 Our cordage torn, decay'd our vessels lie,  
 And scarce ensure the wretched pow'r to fly.  
 Haste then, for ever leave the *Trojan* wall!  
 Our weeping wives, our tender children call:  
 Love, duty, safety, summon us away,  
 'Tis nature's voice, and nature we obey.  
 Our shatter'd barks may yet transport us o'er,  
 Safe and inglorious, to our native shore.  
 Fly, *Grecians*, fly, your sails and oars employ,  
 And dream no more of heav'n-defended *Troy*.

His deep design unknown, the hosts approve  
*Atrides*' speech. The mighty numbers move.  
 So roll the billows to th' *Icarian* shore,\*  
 From east and south when winds begin to roar,  
 Burst their dark mansions in the clouds, and sweep  
 The whitening surface of the ruffled deep.  
 And as on corn when western gusts descend,  
 Before the blast the lofty harvests bend:  
 Thus o'er the field the moving host appears,  
 With nodding plumes and groves of waving spears.  
 The gath'ring murmur spreads, their trampling feet  
 Beat the loose sands, and thicken to the fleet.  
 With long-resounding cries they urge the train  
 To fit the ships, and launch into the main.  
 They toil, they sweat, thick clouds of dust arise,  
 The doubling clamours echo to the skies.  
 Ev'n then the *Greeks* had left the hostile plain,  
 And fate decreed the fall of *Troy* in vain:  
 But *Jove*'s imperial Queen their flight survey'd,  
 And sighing, thus bespoke the blue-ey'd maid.

Shall then the *Grecians* fly? Oh dire disgrace!  
 And leave unpunish'd this perfidious race?  
 Shall *Troy*, shall *Priam*, and th' adult'rous spouse,  
 In peace enjoy the fruits of broken vows?

## NOTES.

\* One may take notice that *Homer* in these two similitudes has judiciously made choice of the two most wavering and inconstant things in nature, to compare with the multitude; the waves, and ears of corn. The first alludes to the noise and tumult of  
 No. 2.

And bravest chiefs, in *Helen*'s quarrel slain,  
 Lie unreveng'd on yon detested plain?  
 No: let my *Greeks*, unmov'd by vain alarms,  
 Once more refulgent shine in brazen arms.  
 Haste, Goddess, haste! the flying host detain,  
 Nor let one sail be hoisted on the main.

*Pallas* obeys, and from *Olympus*' height  
 Swift to the ships precipitates her flight;  
*Ulysses*, first in public cares, she found,  
 For prudent counsel like the Gods renown'd:  
 Oppress'd with gen'rous grief the hero stood,  
 Nor drew his sable vessels to the flood.  
 And is it thus, divine *Laertes*' son!  
 Thus fly the *Greeks*, (the martial maid begun)  
 Thus to their country bear their own disgrace,  
 And fame eternal leave to *Priam*'s race?  
 Shall beauteous *Helen* still remain unfreed,  
 Still unreveng'd a thousand heroes bleed?  
 Haste gen'rous *Ithacus*! prevent the shame,  
 Recall your armies, and your chiefs reclaim.  
 Your own resistless eloquence employ,  
 And to th' immortals trust the fall of *Troy*.

The voice divine confess'd the warlike maid,  
*Ulysses* heard, nor uninspir'd obey'd:  
 Then meeting first *Atrides*, from his hand  
 Receiv'd th' imperial sceptre of command.  
 Thus grac'd, attention and respect to gain,  
 He runs, he flies thro' all the *Grecian* train,  
 Each prince of name, or chief in arms approv'd,  
 He fir'd with praise, or with persuasion mov'd.  
 Warriors like you, with strength and wisdom blest,  
 By brave examples should confirm the rest.  
 The monarch's will not yet reveal'd appears;  
 He tries our courage, but resents our fears.  
 Th' unwary *Greeks* his fury may provoke;  
 Not thus the king in secret council spoke.  
*Jove* loves our chief, from *Jove* his honour springs,  
 Beware! for dreadful is the wrath of kings.

But if a clam'rous vile plebeian rose,  
 Him with reproof he check'd, or tam'd with blows.  
 Be still, thou slave, and to thy betters yield;  
 Unknown alike in council and in field!  
 Ye Gods, what dastards would our host command?  
 Swept to the war, the lumber of a land.  
 Be silent, wretch, and think not here allow'd  
 That worst of tyrants, an usurping croud.  
 To one sole monarch *Jove* commits the sway;  
 His are the laws, and him let all obey.

With

## NOTES.

the people, in the breaking and rolling of the billows; the second to their taking the same course, like corn bending one way, and both to the easiness with which they are mov'd by every breath.



With words like these the troops *Ulysses* rul'd,  
The loudest silenc'd, and the fiercest cool'd.  
Back to th' assembly roll the thronging train,  
Desert the ships, and pour upon the plain.  
Murm'ring they move, as when old *Ocean* roars,  
And heaves huge surges to the trembling shores:  
The groaning banks are burst with bellowing  
sound,

The rocks remurmur, and the deeps rebound.  
At length the tumult sinks, the noises cease,  
And a still silence lulls the camp to peace.

*Thersites* only clamour'd in the throng,\*  
Loquacious, loud, and turbulent of tongue:  
Aw'd by no shame, by no respect controul'd,  
In scandal busy, in reproaches bold:  
With witty malice studious to defame;  
Scorn all his joy, and laughter all his aim.  
But chief he glory'd with licentious style  
To lash the great, and monarchs to revile.  
His figure such as might his soul proclaim;  
One eye was blinking, and one leg was lame:  
His mountain shoulders half his breast o'erspread,  
Thin hairs bestrew'd his long mis-shapen head.  
Spleen to mankind his envious heart possess'd,  
And much he hated all, but most the best.  
*Ulysses* or *Achilles* still his theme;  
But royal scandal his delight supreme.  
Long had he liv'd the scorn of ev'ry *Greek*,  
Vext when he spoke, yet still they heard him speak.  
Sharp was his voice; which in the shrillest tone,  
Thus with injurious taunts attack'd the throne.

Amidst the glories of so bright a reign,†  
What moves the great *Atrides* to complain?  
'Tis thine whate'er the warrior's breast inflames,  
The golden spoil, and thine the lovely dames.  
With all the wealth our wars and blood bestow,  
Thy tents are crouded, and thy chests o'erflow.

## NOTES.

\* *Homer* has here shewn great judgment in the particulars he has chosen to compose the picture of a pernicious creature of wit; the chief of which are a desire of promoting laughter at any rate, and a contempt of his superiors. And he sums up the whole very strongly, by saying that *Thersites* hated *Achilles* and *Ulysses*; in which he makes it the utmost completion of an ill character to bear a malevolence to the best men. What is farther observable is, that *Thersites* is never heard of after this his first appearance: such a scandalous character is to be no more taken notice of, than just to shew that it is despised. *Homer* has observed the same conduct with regard to the most deformed and most beautiful person of his poem: for *Nireus* is thus mentioned once and no more throughout the *Iliad*. He places a

Thus at full ease in heaps of riches roll'd,  
What grieves the monarch? is it thirst of gold?  
Say, shall we march with our unconquer'd pow'rs,  
(The *Greeks* and I) to *Ilium's* hostile tow'rs,  
And bring the race of royal bastards here,  
For *Troy* to ransom at a price too dear?  
But safer plunder thy own host supplies;  
Say, would'st thou seize some valiant leader's prize?  
Or, if thy heart to gen'rous love be led,  
Some captive fair to bless thy kingly bed?  
Whate'er our master craves, submit we must,  
Plagu'd with his pride, or punish'd for his lust.  
O women of *Achaia*! men no more!  
Hence let us fly, and let him waste his store  
In loves and pleasures on the *Phrygian* shore.  
We may be wanted on some busy day,  
When *Hector* comes: so great *Achilles* may:  
From him he forc'd the prize we jointly gave,  
From him, the fierce, the fearless, and the brave:  
And durst he, as he ought, resent that wrong,  
This mighty tyrant were no tyrant long.

Fierce from his seat, at this, *Ulysses* springs,  
In gen'rous vengeance of the king of kings.  
With indignation sparkling in his eyes,  
He views the wretch, and sternly thus replies.

Peace, factious monster, born to vex the state,  
With wrangling talents form'd for foul debate:  
Curb that impetuous tongue, nor rashly vain,  
And singly mad, asperse the sov'reign reign.  
Have we not known thee, slave! of all our host,  
The man who acts the least, upbraids the most?  
Think not the *Greeks* to shameful flight to bring,  
Nor let those lips profane the name of king.  
For our return we trust the heav'nly pow'rs;  
Be that their care; to fight like men be our's.  
But grant the host with wealth the gen'ral load,  
Except detraction, what hast thou bestow'd?

Suppose

## NOTES.

worthless beauty and an ill-natured wit upon the same footing, and shews that the gifts of the body without those of the mind are not more despicable, than those of the mind itself without virtue.

† There could not be a better artifice thought on to recall the army to their obedience, than this of our author. When they were offended at their general in favour of *Achilles*, nothing could more weaken *Achilles's* interest than to make such a fellow as *Thersites* appear of his party, whose impertinence would give them a disgust of thinking or acting like him. There is no surer method to reduce generous spirits, than to make them see they are pursuing the same views with people of no merit, and such whom they cannot forbear despising themselves.



Suppose some hero should his spoils resign,  
Art thou that hero, could those spoils be thine?  
Gods! let me perish on this hateful shore,  
And let these eyes behold my son no more;  
If, on thy next offence, this hand forbear  
To strip those arms thou ill deserv'st to wear,  
Expel the council were our princes meet,  
And send thee scourg'd, and howling thro' the fleet.

He said, and cowering as the dastard bends,\*  
The weighty sceptre on his back descends:  
On the round bunch the bloody tumours rise;  
The tears spring starting from his haggard eyes:  
Trembling he sat, and shrunk in abject fears,  
From his vile visage wip'd the scalding tears.  
While to his neighbour each express'd his thought;  
Ye Gods! what wonders has *Ulysses* wrought?  
What fruits his conduct and his courage yield?  
Great in the council, glorious in the field.  
Gen'rous he rises in the crown's defence,  
To curb the factious tongue of insolence.  
Such just examples on offenders shown,  
Sedition silence, and assert the throne.

'Twas thus the gen'ral voice the hero prais'd,  
Who rising, high th' imperial sceptre rais'd:  
The blue ey'd *Pallas*, his celestial friend,  
(In form a herald) bad the crouds attend.  
Th' expecting crouds in still attention hung,  
To hear the wisdom of his heav'nly tongue.

## NOTES.

\* The vile figure *Thersites* makes here is a good piece of *grotesque*; the pleasure expressed by the soldiers at this action of *Ulysses* (notwithstanding they are disappointed by him of their hopes of returning) is agreeable to that generous temper, at once honest and thoughtless, which is commonly found in military men; to whom nothing is so odious as a dastard, and who have not naturally the greatest kindness for a wit.

† It is hardly possible to find any where more refined turns of policy, or more artful touches of oratory than what *Homer* continually abounds in. We have no sooner seen *Agamemnon* excel in one sort, but *Ulysses* is to shine no less in another directly opposite to it. When the stratagem of pretending to set sail, had met with too ready a consent from the people, his eloquence appears in all the forms of art. In his first speech he had persuaded the captains with mildness, telling them the people's glory depended upon them, and readily giving a turn to the first design, which had like to have been so dangerous, by representing it only as a project of *Agamemnon* to discover the cowardly. In his second, he had commanded the soldiers with bravery, and

Then deeply thoughtful, pausing e'er he spoke,  
His silence thus the prudent hero broke.

Unhappy monarch! whom the *Grecian* race†  
With shame deserting, heap with vile disgrace.  
Not such at *Argos* was their gen'rous vow,  
Once all their voice, but ah! forgotten now:  
Ne'er to return, was then the common cry,  
Till *Troy's* proud structures should in ashes lie.  
Behold them weeping for their native shore!  
What could their wives or helpless children more?  
What heart but melts to leave the tender train;  
And, one short month, endure the wintry main?  
Few leagues remov'd, we wish our peaceful seat,  
When the ship tosses, and the tempests beat:  
Then well may this long stay provoke their tears,  
The tedious length of nine revolving years.  
Not for their grief the *Grecian* host I blame;  
But vanquish'd! baffled! O eternal shame!  
Expect the time to *Troy's* destruction giv'n,  
And try the faith of *Calchas* and of heav'n.  
What past at *Aulis*, *Greece* can witness bear,  
And all who live to breathe this *Phrygian* air.  
Beside a fountain's sacred brink we rais'd  
Our verdant altars, and the victims blaz'd;  
('Twas where the plane-tree spread it's shades around)  
The altars heav'd; and from the crumbling ground  
A mighty dragon shot, of dire portent;  
From *Jove* himself the dreadful sign was sent.

Strait

## NOTES.

made them know what part they sustained in the war. In his third, he had rebuked the seditious in the person of *Thersites*, by reproofs, threats, and actual chastisement. And now in this fourth, when all are gather'd together, he applies to them in topics which equally affect them all: he raises their hearts by putting them in mind of the promises of heaven, and those prophecies, of which as they had seen the truth in the nine years delay, they might now expect the accomplishment in the tenth year's success: which is a full answer to what *Agamemnon* had said of *Jupiter's* deceiving them.—We may likewise observe one singular piece of art, in *Ulysses's* manner of applying himself to the people when he would insinuate any thing to the princes, and addressing to the princes when he would blame the people. He tells the soldiers, they must not all pretend to be rulers there, let there be one king, one lord; which is manifestly a precept designed for the leaders to take to themselves. In the same manner the beginning of this oration is an oblique representation of the people, upon whom the severity of the reproach is made to fall, while he seems to render the king an object of their pity.



Strait to the tree his sanguine spires he roll'd,  
And curl'd around in many a winding fold.  
The topmost branch a mother-bird possess'd;  
Eight callow infants fill'd the mossy nest;  
Herself the ninth; the serpent as he hung,  
Stretch'd his black jaws, and crash'd the crying young;  
While hov'ring near, with miserable moan,  
The drooping mother wail'd her children gone.  
The mother last, as round the nest she flew,  
Seiz'd by the beating wing, the monster slew:  
Nor long surviv'd; to marble turn'd he stands  
A lasting progeny on *Aulis*' sands.

Such was the will of *Jove*; and hence we dare  
Trust in his omen, and support the war.  
For while around we gaze with wond'ring eyes,  
And trembling sought the pow'rs with sacrifice,  
Full of his God, the rev'rend *Calchas* cry'd,  
Ye *Grecian* warriors! lay your fears aside.  
This wondrous signal *Jove* himself displays,  
Of long, long labours, but eternal praise.  
As many birds as by the snake were slain,  
So many years the toils of *Greece* remain;  
But wait the tenth, for *Ilion*'s fall decreed:  
Thus spoke the prophet, thus the fates succeed.  
Obey, ye *Grecians*! with submission wait,  
Nor let your flight avert the *Trojan* fate.

He said: the shores with loud applauses sound,  
The hollow ships each deaf'ning shout rebound.  
Then *Nestor* thus\* — These vain debates forbear,  
Ye talk like children, not like heroes dare.  
Where now are all your high resolves at last?  
Your leagues concluded, your engagements past?  
Vow'd with libations and with victims then,  
Now vanish'd like their smoke: the faith of men!

## NOTES.

\* Nothing is more observable than *Homer*'s conduct of this whole incident; by what judicious and well-imagined degrees the army is restrained, and wrought up to the desires of the general. We have given the detail of all the methods *Ulysses* proceeded in: The activity of his character is now to be contrasted with the gravity of *Nestor*'s, who covers and strengthens the other's arguments, and likewise superinduces and carries a farther point. *Ulysses* and *Nestor* both compare the *Greeks* to children for their unmanly desire to return home; they both reproach them with their engagements and vows they had pass'd, and were now about to break; they both alledge the prosperous signs and omens received from heaven. Notwithstanding this, the end of their orations is very different. *Ulysses*'s business was to detain the *Grecians* when they were upon the point of flying; *Nestor* finding that work done to his hands, designed to draw them instantly to battle. This was

While useless words consume th' unactive hours,  
No wonder *Troy* so long resists our pow'rs.  
Rise great *Atrides*! and with courage sway;  
We march to war if thou direct the way.  
But leave the few that dare resist thy laws,  
The mean deserters of the *Grecian* cause,  
To grudge the conquests mighty *Jove* prepares,  
And view, with envy, our successful wars.  
On that great day when first the martial train  
Big with the fate of *Ilion*, plow'd the main;  
*Jove*, on the right, a prosp'rous signal sent,  
And thunder rolling shook the firmament.  
Encourag'd hence, maintain the glorious strife,  
Till ev'ry soldier grasp a *Phrygian* wife,  
Till *Helen*'s woes at full reveng'd appear,  
And *Troy*'s proud matrons render tear for tear.  
Before that day, if any *Greek* invite  
His country's troops to base, inglorious flight,  
Stand forth that *Greek*! and hoist his sail to fly;  
And die the dastard first, who dreads to die.  
But now, O monarch! all thy chiefs advise:  
Nor what they offer, thou thyself despise.  
Among those counsels, let not mine be vain;  
In tribes and nations to divide thy train:  
His sep'rate troops let ev'ry leader call,  
Each strengthen each, and all encourage all.  
What chief, or soldier, of the num'rous band,  
Or bravely fights, or ill obeys command,  
When thus distinct they war, shall soon be known,  
And what the cause of *Ilion* not o'erthrown;  
If fate resists, or if our arms are slow,  
If Gods above prevent, or men below.

To him the king: How much thy years excel †  
In arts of council, and in speaking well!

O would

## NOTES.

the utmost *Agamemnon* had aim'd at, which *Nestor*'s artifice brings to pass; for while they imagine by all he says that he is only persuading them to stay, they find themselves unawares put into order of battle, and led under their princes to fight.

† Every one may observe how glorious an elogium of wisdom *Homer* has here given, where *Agamemnon* so far prefers it to valour, as to wish not for ten *Ajax*'s, or *Achilles*'s, but only for ten *Nestors*. For the rest of this speech, we may sum it up as follows. *Agamemnon* being now convinced the *Greeks* were offended at him, on account of the departure of *Achilles*, pacifies them by a generous confession of his fault; but then asserts the character of a supreme ruler, and with the air of command threatens the disobedient. We cannot conclude this part of the speeches without remarking how beautifully they rise above one another, and how they more and more awaken the spirit of war in the *Grecians*. In this  
last



O would the Gods, in love to *Greece*, decree  
 But ten such sages as they grant in thee;  
 Such wisdom soon should *Priam's* force destroy,  
 And soon should fall the haughty tow'rs of *Troy*!  
 But *Jove* forbids, who plunges those he hates  
 In fierce contention and in vain debates.  
 Now great *Achilles* from our aid withdraws,  
 By me provok'd; a captive maid the cause:  
 If e'er as friends we join, the *Trojan* wall  
 Must shake, and heavy will the vengeance fall!  
 But now, ye warriors, take a short repast;  
 And, well-refresh'd, to bloody conflict haste.  
 His sharpen'd spear let ev'ry *Grecian* wield,  
 And ev'ry *Grecian* fix his brazen shield,  
 Let all excite the fiery steeds of war,  
 And all for combat fit the rattling car.  
 This day, this dreadful day, let each contend;  
 No rest, no respite, till the shades descend;  
 Till darkness, or till death shall cover all:  
 Let the war bleed, and let the mighty fall!  
 Till bath'd in sweat be ev'ry manly breast,  
 With the huge shield each brawny arm deprest,  
 Each aking nerve refuse the lance to throw,  
 And each spent courser at the chariot blow.  
 Who dares, inglorious, in his ships to stay,  
 Who dares to tremble on this signal day,  
 That wretch, too mean to fall by martial pow'r,  
 The birds shall mangle, and the dogs devour.

The monarch spoke; and strait a murmur rose,  
 Loud as the surges when the tempest blows,  
 That dash'd on broken rocks tumultuous roar,  
 And foam and thunder on the stony shore.  
 Strait to the tents the troops dispersing bend,  
 The fires are kindled, and the smokes ascend;  
 With hasty feasts they sacrifice, and pray  
 T' avert the dangers of the doubtful day.  
 A steer of five years age, large limb'd, and fed,  
 To *Jove's* high altars *Agamemnon* led:  
 There bade the noblest of the *Grecian* peers;  
 And *Nestor* first, as most advanc'd in years.  
 Next came *Idomeneus* and *Tydeus'* son,  
*Ajax* the less, and *Ajax Telamon*;  
 Then wise *Ulysses* in his rank was plac'd;  
 And *Menelaüs* came unbid, the last.

## NOTES.

last there is a wonderful fire and vivacity, when he prepares them for the glorious toils they were to undergo by a warm and lively description of them.

\* *Homer* does not expressly call it a shield in this place, but it is plain from several other passages that it was so. In the fifth *Iliad*, this *Aegis* is described with a sublimity that is inexpressible. The figure of the *Gorgon's* head upon it is there specified, which will justify the mention of the serpents in the trans-

No. 2.

The chiefs surround the destin'd beast, and take  
 The sacred off'ring of the salted cake:  
 When thus the king prefers his solemn pray'r:  
 Oh thou! whose thunder rends the clouded air,  
 Who in the heav'n of heav'ns has fix'd thy throne,  
 Supreme of Gods! unbounded, and alone!  
 Hear! and before the burning sun descends,  
 Before the night her gloomy veil extends,  
 Low in the dust be laid yon hostile spires,  
 Be *Priam's* palace sunk in *Grecian* fires,  
 In *Hector's* breast be plung'd this shining sword,  
 And slaughter'd heroes groan around their lord!

Thus pray'd the chief: his unavailing pray'r  
 Great *Jove* refus'd, and tost in empty air:  
 The God averse, while yet the fumes arose,  
 Prepar'd new toils, and doubled woes on woes.  
 Their pray'rs perform'd, the chiefs the rite pursue,  
 The barley sprinkled, and the victim slew.  
 The limbs they sever from th' inclosing hide,  
 The thighs, selected to the Gods, divide.  
 On these, in double cauls involv'd with art,  
 The choicest morsels lie from ev'ry part.  
 From the cleft wood the crackling flames aspire,  
 While the fat victim feeds the sacred fire.  
 The thighs thus sacrific'd, and entrails drest,  
 Th' assistants part, transfix, and roast the rest;  
 Then spread the tables, the repast prepare,  
 Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.  
 Soon as the rage of hunger was suppress'd,  
 The gen'rous *Nestor* thus the prince address'd.

Now bid thy heralds sound the loud alarms,  
 And call the squadrons sheath'd in brazen arms:  
 Now seize th' occasion, now the troops survey,  
 And lead to war, when heav'n directs the way.

He said: the monarch issu'd his commands;  
 Strait the loud heralds call the gath'ring bands.  
 The chiefs inclose their king; the hosts divide,  
 In tribes and nations rank'd on either side.  
 High in the midst the blue-ey'd virgin flies;  
 From rank to rank she darts her ardent eyes:  
 The dreadful *Aegis*, *Jove's* immortal shield,\*  
 Blaz'd on her arm, and lighten'd all the field:  
 Round the vast orb an hundred serpents roll'd,  
 Form'd the bright fringe, and seem'd to burn in gold.

With

## NOTES.

lation here. The image of the Goddess of battles blazing with her immortal shield before the army, inspiring every hero, and assisting to range the troops, is agreeable to the bold painting of our author. And the encouragement of a divine power seemed no more than was requisite, to change so totally the dispositions of the *Grecians*, as to make them now more ardent for the combat, than they were before desirous of a return. This finishes the

C

conquest



With this each *Grecian's* manly breast she warms,  
Swell their bold hearts, and string their nervous arms;  
No more they fight, inglorious to return,  
But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.

As on some mountain, thro' the lofty grove,\*  
The crackling flames ascend and blaze above,  
The fires expanding as the winds arise,  
Shoot their long beams, and kindle half the skies:  
So from the polish'd arms, and brazen shields,  
A gleamy splendor flash'd along the fields.  
Not less their number than th' embody'd cranes,  
Or milk-white swans in *Asius'* wat'ry plains,  
That o'er the windings of *Cayster's* springs,  
Stretch their long necks, and clap their rustling wings,  
Now tow'r aloft, and course in airy rounds;  
Now light with noise; with noise the field resounds.  
Thus num'rous and confus'd, extending wide,  
The legions croud *Scamander's* flow'ry side;  
With rushing troops the plains are cover'd o'er,  
And thund'ring footsteps shake the sounding shore:  
Along the river's level meads they stand,  
Thick as in spring the flow'rs adorn the land,  
Or leaves the trees; or thick as insects play,  
The wand'ring nation of a summer's day,  
That drawn by milky fleams, at ev'ning hours,  
In gather'd swarms surround the rural bow'rs;  
From pail to pail with busy murmur run  
The gilded legions glitt'ring in the sun.

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conquest of their inclinations, in a manner at once wonderfully poetical, and correspondent to the moral which is every where spread through *Homer*, that nothing is entirely brought about but by the divine assistance.

\* The imagination of *Homer* was so vast and so lively, that whatsoever objects presented themselves before him, impressed their images so forcibly, that he poured them forth in comparisons equally simple and noble; without forgetting any circumstance which could instruct the reader, and make him see those objects in the same strong light wherein he saw them himself. And in this one of the principal beauties of poetry consists. *Homer*, on the sight of the march of this numerous army, gives us five similes in a breath, but all entirely different. The first regards the splendor of their armour, as a fire, &c. The second the various movements of so many thousands before they can range themselves in battle-array, like the swans, &c. The third respects their number, as the leaves or flowers, &c. The fourth the ardor with which they run to the combat, like the legions of insects, &c. And the fifth the obedience and exact discipline of the troops, ranged without confusion under their leaders, as flocks

So throng'd, so close, the *Grecian* squadrons stood  
In radiant arms, and thirst for *Trojan* blood.  
Each leader now his scatter'd force conjoins  
In close array, and forms the deep'ning lines.  
Not with more ease, the skilful shepherd swain  
Collects his flock from thousands on the plain.  
The king of kings, majestically tall,  
Tow'rs o'er his armies, and outshines them all:  
Like some proud bull that round the pastures leads  
His subject-herds, the monarch of the meads.  
Great as the Gods th' exalted chief was seen,†  
His strength like *Neptune*, and like *Mars* his mien,  
*Jove* o'er his eyes celestial glories spread,  
And dawning conquest play'd around his head.

Say, Virgins, seated round the throne divine,‡  
All-knowing Goddesses! immortal Nine!  
Since earth's wide regions, heav'n's unmeasur'd height,  
And hell's abyss, hide nothing from your sight,  
(We, wretched mortals! lost in doubts below,  
But guess by rumour, and but boast we know)  
O say what heroes, fir'd by thirst of fame,  
Or urg'd by wrongs, to *Troy's* destruction came?  
To count them all, demands a thousand tongues,  
A throat of brass, and adamantine lungs.  
Daughters of *Jove* assist! inspir'd by you  
The mighty labour dauntless I pursue:  
What crouded armies, from what climes they bring,  
Their names, their numbers, and their chiefs I sing.

CATA-

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under their shepherds. This fecundity and variety can never be enough admired.

† *Homer* here describes the figure and port of *Agamemnon* with all imaginable grandeur, in making him appear clothed with the majesty of the greatest of the Gods. This character of majesty, in which *Agamemnon* excels all the other heroes, is preserved in the different views of him throughout the *Iliad*. It is thus he appears on his ship in the catalogue; thus he shines in the eyes of *Priam* in the third book; thus again in the beginning of the eleventh; and so in the rest.

‡ It is hard to conceive any address more solemn, any opening to a subject more noble and magnificent, than this invocation of *Homer* before his catalogue. That omnipresence he gives to the Muses, their post in the highest heaven, their comprehensive survey through the whole extent of the creation, are circumstances greatly imagined. Nor is any thing more perfectly fine, or exquisitely moral, than the opposition of the extensive knowledge of the divinities on the one side, to the blindness and ignorance of mankind on the other. The greatness and importance of his subject is highly raised by his exalted manner of declaring the difficulty of it, *Not*  
*tho'*



# CATALOGUE of the SHIPS employed in the SIEGE of TROY.\*

THE hardy warriors whom *Bæotia* bred,  
*Peneleus*, *Leitus*, *Prothoënor* led :  
 With these *Arcefilaus* and *Clonius* stand,  
 Equal in arms, and equal in command.  
 These head the troops that rocky *Aulis* yields,  
 And *Eteon*'s hills, and *Hyrie*'s wat'ry fields,  
 And *Schænos*, *Scolos*, *Graea* near the main,  
 And *Mylæssa*'s ample piny plain.  
 Those who in *Peteon* or *Ilesion* dwell,  
 Or *Harma* where *Apollo*'s prophet fell;  
*Heleon* and *Hylè*, which the springs o'erflow;  
 And *Medeon* lofty, and *Ocalea* low;  
 Or in the meads of *Haliartus* stray,  
 Or *Thespiæ* sacred to the God of day.

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tho' my lungs were brass, &c. and by the air he gives, as if what follows were immediately inspired, and no less than the joint labour of all the Muses.

\* If we look upon this piece with an eye to ancient learning, it may be observed, that however fabulous the other parts of *Homer*'s poem may be, according to the nature of epic poetry; this account of the people, princes, and countries, is purely historical, founded on the real transactions of those times, and by far the most valuable piece of history and geography left us concerning the state of *Greece* in that early period. *Greece* was then divided into several dynasties, which our author has enumerated under their respective princes; and his division was looked upon so exact, that we are told of many controversies concerning the boundaries of *Grecian* cities, which have been decided upon the authority of this piece. The city of *Calydon* was adjudged to the *Ætolians*, notwithstanding the pretensions of *Æolia*, because *Homer* had ranked it among the towns belonging to the former. *Sestos* was given to those of *Abydos*, upon the plea that he had said the *Abydonians* were possessors of *Sestos*, *Abydos*, and *Arisbe*. When the *Milesians* and people of *Præne* disputed their claim to *Mylæ*, a verse of *Homer* carried it in favour of the *Milesians*. And the *Athenians* were put in possession of *Salamis* by another which was cited by *Solon*. Nay, in so high estimation has this catalogue been held, that there have been laws in some nations for the youth to learn it by heart. But if we consider the catalogue purely as poetical, it will not want it's beauties in that light. We may observe first, what an air of probability is spread over the whole poem by the particu-

*Onchestus*, *Neptune*'s celebrated groves;  
*Copæ*, and *Thisbè*, fam'd for silver doves,  
 For flocks *Erythræ*, *Gliffa* for the vine;  
*Platæa* green, and *Nisa* the divine.  
 And they whom *Thebè*'s well-built walls enclose,  
 Where *Mydè*, *Eutresis*, *Coronè* rose;  
 And *Arnè* rich, with purple harvests crown'd;  
 And *Anthedon*, *Bæotia*'s utmost bound.  
 Full fifty ships they send, and each conveys  
 Twice sixty warriors thro' the foaming seas.  
 To these succeed *Aspledon*'s martial train,  
 Who plow the spacious *Orchomenian* plain.  
 Two valiant brothers rule th' undaunted throng,  
*Iâlmea* and *Ascalaphus* the strong:  
 Sons of *Astyoche*, the heav'nly fair,  
 Whose virgin charms subdu'd the God of war:  
 (In *Aëtor*'s court as she retir'd to rest,  
 The strength of *Mars* the blushing maid compress'd)  
 Their troops in thirty fable vessels sweep  
 With equal oars, the hoarse-resounding deep.

The

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larizing of every nation and people concerned in this war. Secondly, what an entertaining scene he presents to us, of so many countries drawn in their liveliest and most natural colours, while we wander along with him amidst a beautiful variety of towns, havens, forests, vineyards, groves, mountains, and rivers; and are perpetually amused with his observations on the different soils, products, situations, or prospects. Thirdly, what a noble review he passes before us of so mighty an army, drawn out in order troop by troop; which, had the number only been told in the gross, had never filled the reader with so great a notion of the importance of the action. Fourthly, the description of the differing arms and manner of fighting of the soldiers, and the various attitudes he has given to the commanders: of the leaders, the greatest part are either the immediate sons of Gods, or the descendants of Gods; and how great an idea must we have of a war, to the waging of which so many Demi-Gods and heroes are assembled? Fifthly, the several artful compliments he paid by this means to his own country in general, and many of his contemporaries in particular, by a celebration of the genealogies, ancient seats, and dominions of the great men of his time. Sixthly, the agreeable mixture of narrations from passages of history or fables, with which he amuses and relieves us at proper intervals. And lastly, the admirable judgment wherewith he introduces this whole catalogue, just at a time when the posture of affairs in the army rendered such a review of absolute necessity to the *Greeks*; and in a pause of action, while each was refreshing himself to prepare for the ensuing battles.



The *Phocians* next in forty barks repair,  
*Epistrophus* and *Schedius* head the war.  
 From those rich regions where *Cephiſſus* leads  
 His ſilver current thro' the flow'ry meads;  
 From *Panopæa*, *Chryſa* the divine,  
 Where *Anemoria*'s ſtately turrets ſhine,  
 Where *Pytho*, *Daulis*, *Cypariſſus* ſtood,  
 And fair *Lilæa* views the riſing flood.  
 Theſe rang'd in order on the floating tide,  
 Cloſe, on the left, the bold *Bæſtians* ſide.

Fierce *Ajax* led the *Locrian* ſquadrons on,  
*Ajax* the leſs, *Oileus*' valiant ſon;  
 Skill'd to direct the flying dart aright;  
 Swift in purſuit, and active in the fight.  
 Him, as their chief, the choſen troops attend,  
 Which *Beſſa*, *Thronus*, and rich *Cynos* ſend:  
*Opus*, *Calliarus*, and *Scarphe*'s bands;  
 And thoſe who dwell where pleaſing *Augia* ſtands,  
 And where *Boägrus* floats the lowly lands,  
 Or in fair *Tarphe*'s ſylvan ſeats reſide;  
 In forty veſſels cut the yielding tide.

*Eubæa* next her martial ſons prepares,  
 And ſends the brave *Abantes* to the wars:  
 Breathing revenge, in arms they take their way  
 From *Chalcis*' walls, and ſtrong *Eretria*;  
 Th' *Iſteian* fields for gen'rous vines renown'd,  
 The fair *Caryſtos*, and the *Styrian* ground;  
 Where *Dios* from her tow'rs o'erlooks the plain,  
 And high *Cerintus* views the neighb'ring main.  
 Down their broad ſhoulders falls a length of hair;\*  
 Their hands diſmiſs not the long lance in air;  
 But with portended ſpears in fighting fields,  
 Pierce the tough cors'lets and the brazen ſhields.  
 Twice twenty ſhips transport the warlike bands,  
 Which bold *Elphenor*, fierce in arms, commands.

Full fifty more from *Athens* ſtem the main,  
 Led by *Menſtheus* thro' the liquid plain,  
 (*Athens* the fair, where great *Ereſtheus* ſway'd,  
 That ow'd his nurture to the blue-ey'd maid,  
 But from the t'aming furrow took his birth,  
 The mighty offspring of the foodful earth.  
 Him *Pallas* plac'd amidſt her wealthy ſane,  
 Ador'd with ſacrifice and oxen ſlain;  
 Where as the years revolve, her altars blaze,  
 And all the tribes reſound the Goddeſs' praiſe.)  
 No chief like thee, *Menſtheus*! *Greece* could yield,  
 To martial armies in the duſty field,

Th' extended wings of battle to diſplay,  
 Or cloſe th' embody'd hoſt in firm array.  
*Nector* alone, improv'd by length of days,  
 For martial conduct bore an equal praiſe.  
 With theſe appear the *Salaminian* bands,  
 Whom the gigantic *Telamon* commands;  
 In twelve black ſhips to *Troy* they ſteer their  
 courſe,

And with the great *Athenians* join their force.

Next move to war the gen'rous *Argive* train,  
 From high *Træzenè*, and *Maſeta*'s plain,  
 And fair *Ægina* circled by the main:  
 Whom ſtro'g *Tiryntè*'s lofty walls ſurround,  
 And *Epidaure* with viny harveſts crown'd:  
 And where fair *Aſinen* and *Hermion* ſhow  
 Their cliffs above, and ample bay below.  
 Theſe by the brave *Euryalus* were led,  
 Great *Sthenelus*, and greater *Diomed*,  
 But chief *Tydidès* bore the ſov'reign ſway;  
 In fourſcore barks they plow the wat'ry way.

The proud *Mycenè* arms her martial pow'rs,  
*Cleonè*, *Corinth*, with imperial tow'rs,  
 Fair *Aræthyrea*, *Ornia*'s fruitful plain,  
 And *Ægion*, and *Adræſtus*' ancient reign;  
 And thoſe who dwell along the ſandy ſhore,  
 And where *Pellenè* yields her fleecy ſtore,  
 Where *Helicè* and *Hypereſia* lie,  
 And *Gonoëſſa*'s ſpires ſalute the ſky.  
 Great *Agamemnon* rules the num'rous band,  
 A hundred veſſels in long order ſtand,  
 And crouded nations wait his dread command.  
 High on the deck the king of men appears,  
 And his refulgent arms in triumph wears;  
 Proud of his hoſt, unrival'd in his reign,  
 In ſilent pomp he moves along the main.

His brother follows, and to vengeance warms  
 The hardy *Spartans*, exercis'd in arms:  
*Phares* and *Bryſia*'s valiant troops, and thoſe  
 Whom *Lacedæmon*'s lofty hills incloſe:  
 Or *Meſſè*'s tow'rs for ſilver doves renown'd,  
*Amyclæ*, *Laüs*, *Augia*'s happy ground,  
 And thoſe whom *Octylos*' low walls contain,  
 And *Helos*, on the margin of the main:  
 Theſe, o'er the bending ocean, *Helen*'s cauſe  
 In ſixty ſhips with *Menelaüs* draws:  
 Eager and loud, from man to man he flies,\*  
 Revenge and fury flaming in his eyes;

While

#### NOTES.

\* It was the cuſtom of theſe people to ſhave the fore-part of their heads, which they did that their enemies might not take the advantage of ſeizing them by the hair: the hinder-part they let grow, as a valiant race that would never turn their backs. Their manner of fighting was hand to hand, with-

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out quitting their javelins, in the way of our pikemen.

\* The figure *Menelaüs* makes in this place is remarkably diſtinguiſhed from the reſt, and ſufficient to ſhew his concern in the war was perſonal, while the others acted only for intereſt or glory in general.



While vainly fond, in fancy oft he hears  
The fair-one's grief, and sees her falling tears.

In ninety sail, from *Pylus*' sandy coast,  
*Nestor* the sage conducts his chosen host:  
From *Amphigenia*'s ever-fruitful land;  
Where *Æpy* high, and little *Pteleon* stand;  
Where beauteous *Arenè* her structures shows,  
And *Thryon*'s walls *Alpheüs*' streams inclose,  
And *Dorion*, fam'd for *Thamyris*' disgrace,  
Superior once of all the tuneful race,  
Till vain of mortals empty praise, he strove  
To match the seed of cloud-compelling *Jove*!  
Too daring bard! whose unsuccessful pride  
Th' immortal *Muses* in their art defy'd.  
Th' avenging *Muses* of the light of day  
Depriv'd his eyes, and snatch'd his voice away;  
No more his heav'nly voice was heard to sing;  
His hand no more awak'd the silver string.

Where under high *Cyllenè*, crown'd with wood,  
The shaded tomb of old *Æpytus* stood;  
From *Ripè*, *Stratie*, *Tegea*'s bordering towns,  
The *Phenean* fields, and *Orchomenian* downs,  
Where the fat herds in plenteous pasture rove;  
And *Stymphelus* with her surrounding grove,  
*Parrhasia*, on her snowy cliffs reclin'd,  
And high *Enispe* shook by wintry wind,  
And fair *Mantineia*'s ever-pleasing site;  
In sixty sail th' *Arcadian* bands unite.  
Bold *Agapenor*, glorious at their head,  
(*Anceus*' son) the mighty squadron led.  
Their ships, supply'd by *Agamemnon*'s care,  
Thro' roaring seas the wond'ring warriors bear;  
The first to battle on th' appointed plain,  
But new to all the dangers of the main.\*

Those, where fair *Elis* and *Bu'rasium* join;  
Whom *Hyrmin*, here, and *Myrsinus* confine,  
And bounded there, where o'er the valleys rose  
Th' *Olenian* rock; and where *Alisium* flows;  
Beneath four chiefs (a num'rous army) came:  
The strength and glory of th' *Epean* name.  
In sep'rate squadrons these their train divide,  
Each leads ten vessels thro' the yielding tide.  
One was *Amphimachus*, and *Thalpius* one;  
(*Euritus*' this, and that *Tæätus*' son)  
*Diores* sprung from *Amarynceus*' line;  
And great *Polyxenus*, of force divine.

But those who view fair *Elis* o'er the seas  
From the blest islands of th' *Echinades*,  
In forty vessels under *Meges* move,  
Begot by *Phyleus*, the belov'd of *Jove*.  
To strong *Dulichium* from his fire he fled,  
And thence to *Troy* his hardy warriors led.  
*Ulysses* follow'd thro' the watry road,  
A chief, in wisdom equal to a God.  
With those whom *Cephalenia*'s isle inclos'd,  
Or till their fields along the coast oppos'd;  
Or where fair *Ithaca* o'erlooks the floods,  
Where high *Neritos* shakes his waving woods,  
Where *Ægilipa*'s rugged sides are seen,  
*Crocylia* rocky, and *Zacynthus* green.  
These in twelve galleys with vermilion prores,  
Beneath his conduct fought the *Phrygian* shores.

*Thoas* came next, *Andraemon*'s valiant son,  
From *Pleuron*'s walls and chalky *Calydon*,  
And rough *Pylenè*, and th' *Olenian* steep,  
And *Chalcis*, beaten by the rolling deep.  
He led the warriors from th' *Ætolian* shore,  
For now the sons of *Oeneus* were no more!  
The glories of the mighty race were fled!  
*Oeneus* himself, and *Meleager* dead!  
To *Thoas*' care now trust the martial train,  
His forty vessels follow thro' the main.

Next eighty barks the *Cretan* king commands,  
Of *Gnosius*, *Lyctus*, and *Gortyna*'s bands,  
And those who dwell where *Rhytion*'s domes arise,  
Or white *Lycastrus* glitters to the skies,  
Or where by *Phestus* silver *Jardan* runs;  
*Crete*'s hundred cities pour forth all her sons.  
These march'd, *Idomeneus*, beneath thy care,  
And *Merion*, dreadful as the God of war.

*Tlepolemus*, the son of *Hercules*,  
Led nine swift vessels thro' the foamy seas;  
From *Rhodes* with everlasting sunshine bright,  
*Jayssus*, *Lindus*, and *Camirus* white.  
His captive mother fierce *Alcides* bore  
From *Ephyr*'s walls, and *Sellè*'s winding shore,  
Where mighty towns in ruins spread the plain,  
And saw their blooming warriors early slain.  
The hero, when to manly years he grew,  
*Alcides*' uncle, old *Licymnius*, flew;  
For this, constrain'd to quit his native place,  
And thence the vengeance of th' *Herculean* race,

A fleet

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No leader in all the list is represented thus eager and passionate; he is louder than them all in his exhortations; more active in running among the troops; and inspirited with the thoughts of revenge, which he still increases with the secret imagination of *Helen*'s repentance. This behaviour is finely imagined.

#### NOTES.

\* The *Arcadians* being an island people, were unskilled in navigation, for which reason *Agamemnon* furnished them with shipping. Hence it appears, that the power of *Agamemnon* was superior to the rest of the princes of *Greece*, on account of his naval forces, which had rendered him master of the sea.



A fleet he built, and with a num'rous train  
Of willing exiles, wander'd o'er the main;  
Where many seas, and many suff'rings past,  
On happy *Rhodes* the chief arriv'd at last:  
There in three tribes divides his native band,  
And rules them peaceful in a foreign land;  
Increas'd and prosper'd in their new abodes,  
By mighty *Jove*, the sire of men and Gods;  
With joy they saw the growing empire rise,  
And show'rs of wealth descending from the skies.

Three ships with *Nireus* fought the *Trojan*  
shore,\*

*Nireus*, whom *Aglæ* to *Charopus* bore,  
*Nireus*, in faultless shape, and blooming grace,  
The loveliest youth of all the *Grecian* race;  
*Pelides* only match'd his early charms;  
But few his troops, and small his strength in arms.

Next thirty galleys cleave the liquid plain,  
Of those, *Calydnæ's* sea-girt isles contain;  
With them the youth of *Nisyros* repair,  
*Casus* the strong, and *Crapathus* the fair;  
*Cos*, where *Eurypylus* possess the sway,  
Till great *Alcides* made the realms obey:  
These *Antiphus* and bold *Phidippus* bring,  
Sprung from the God, by *Thessalus* the king.

Now, muse, recount *Pelasgic Argos'* pow'rs,  
From *Alos*, *Alopè*, and *Trechin's* tow'rs;  
From *Phthia's* spacious vales; and *Hella*, blest  
With female beauty far beyond the rest.

Full fifty ships beneath *Achilles'* care  
Th' *Achaïans*, *Myrmidons*, *Hellenians* bear;  
*Thessalians* all, tho' various in their name,  
The same their nation, and their chief the same.  
But now inglorious, stretch'd along the shore,  
They hear the brazen voice of war no more;  
No more the foe they face in dire array:  
Close in his fleet their angry leader lay;  
Since fair *Briseïs* from his arms was torn,  
The noblest spoil from sack'd *Lyrnessus* borne,  
Then, when the chief the *Theban* walls o'erthrew,  
And the bold sons of great *Evenus* flew.

There mourn'd *Achilles*, plung'd in depth of care,  
But soon to rise in slaughter, blood, and war.

To these the youth of *Phylacè* succeed,  
*Itoma*, famous for her fleecy breed,

And grassy *Pteleon* deck'd with cheerful greens,  
The bow'rs of *Ceres*, and the sylvan scenes,  
Sweet *Pyrrhæus*, with blooming flourets crown'd,  
And *Antron's* watry dens, and cavern'd ground.  
These own'd as chief *Protesilas* the brave,  
Who now lay silent in the gloomy grave:  
The first who boldly touch'd the *Trojan* shore,  
And dy'd a *Phrygian* lance with *Grecian* gore;  
There lies, far distant from his native plain;  
Unfinish'd, his proud palaces remain,  
And his sad consort beats her breast in vain.

His troops in forty ships *Podarces* led,  
*Iphiclus'* son, and brother to the dead;  
Nor he unworthy to command the host;  
Yet still they mourn'd their ancient leader lost.

The men who *Glaphyra's* fair soil partake,  
Where hills encircle *Bæbe's* lowly lake,  
Where *Pheræ* hears the neighb'ring waters fall,  
Or proud *Iolcus* lifts her airy wall,  
In ten black ships embark'd for *Ilion's* shore,  
With bold *Eumelus*, whom *Alcestè* bore:  
All *Pelias'* race *Alcestè* far outshin'd,  
The grace and glory of the beauteous kind.†

The troops *Methonè*, or *Thaumacia* yields,  
*Olizon's* rocks, or *Melibœa's* fields,  
With *Philoctetes* sail'd, whose matchless art  
From the tough bow directs the feather'd dart.  
Sev'n were his ships; each vessel fifty row,  
Skill'd in the science of the dart and bow,  
But he lay raging on the *Lemnian* ground,  
A pois'nous *Hydra* gave the burning wound;  
There groan'd the chief in agonizing pain,  
Whom *Greece* at length shall wish, nor wish in vain.  
His forces *Medon* led from *Lemnos'* shore,  
*Oileus'* son, whom beauteous *Rhena* bore.

Th' *Oechalian* race, in those high tow'rs contain'd,  
Where once *Eurytus* in proud triumph reign'd,  
Or where her humbler turrets *Tricca* rears,  
Or where *Ithomè*, rough with rocks, appears;

In thirty sail the sparkling waves divide,  
Which *Podalirius* and *Machaon* guide.  
To these, his skill their ‡ parent God imparts,  
Divine professors of the healing arts.

The bold *Ormenian* and *Asterian* bands  
In forty barks *Eurypylus* commands,

Where

#### NOTES.

\* This leader is nowhere mentioned but in these lines. *Homer* himself gives us the reason, because *Nireus* had but a small share of worth and valour; his quality only gave him a privilege to be named among men. The poet has caused him to be remembered no less than *Achilles* or *Ulysses*, but yet in no better manner than he deserved, whose only qualification was his beauty: it is by a bare repetition of his name three times, which just leaves

#### NOTES.

some impression of him on the mind of the reader. Many others of as trivial memory as *Nireus*, have been preserved by poets from oblivion; but few poets have ever done this favour to want of merit, with so much judgment.

† *Homer* gives *Alcestis* this elogy of the glory of her sex, for her conjugal piety, who died to preserve the life of her husband *Admetus*.

‡ *Æsculapius*.



Where *Titan* hides his hoary head in snow,  
And where *Hyperia*'s silver fountains flow.

Thy troops, *Argissa*, *Polypætes* leads,  
And *Eleon*, shelter'd by *Olympus*' shades,  
*Gyrtonè*'s warriors; and where *Orthè* lies,  
And *Oloësson*'s chalky cliffs arise.  
Sprung from *Pirithous* of immortal race,  
The fruit of fair *Hippodamè*'s embrace,  
(That day, when hurl'd from *Pelion*'s cloudy head,  
To distant dens the shaggy *Centaurs* fled)  
With *Polypætes* join'd in equal sway  
*Leonteus* leads, and forty ships obey.

In twenty sail the bold *Perrhæbians* came  
From *Cyphus*, *Guneus* was their leader's name.  
With these the *Enians* join'd, and those who freeze  
Where cold *Dodona*' lifts her holy trees;  
Or where the pleasing *Titaresius* glides,  
And into *Peneus* rolls his easy tides;  
Yet o'er the silver surface pure they flow,  
The sacred stream unmix'd with streams below,  
Sacred and awful! from the dark abodes  
*Styx* pours them forth, the dreadful oath of Gods!

Last under *Prothous* the *Magnestians* stood,  
*Prothous* the swift, of old *Tenthredon*'s blood;  
Who dwell where *Pelion*, crown'd with piny boughs,  
Obscures the glade, and nods his shaggy brows;  
Or where thro' flow'ry *Tempè* *Peneus* stray'd,  
(The region stretch'd beneath his mighty shade)  
In forty fable barks they stem'd the main;  
Such were the chiefs, and such the *Grecian* train.

Say next, O muse! of all *Achaia* breeds,  
Who bravest fought, or rein'd the noblest steeds? \*  
*Eumelus*' mares were foremost in the chace,  
As eagles fleet, and of *Pheretian* race;  
Bred where *Pieria*'s fruitful fountains flow,  
And train'd by him who bears the silver bow.

## NOTES.

\* *Homer* every where treats horses with peculiar regard. We need not wonder at this inquiry, which were the best horses? from him, who makes his horses of heavenly extraction as well as his heroes; who makes his warriors address them with speeches, and excite them by all those motives which affect a human breast; who describes them shedding tears of sorrow, and even capable of voice and prophecy.

† The image in these lines of the amusements of the *Myrmidons*, while *Achilles* detained them from the fight, has an exquisite propriety in it. Though they are not in action, their very diversions are military, and a kind of exercise of arms. The covered chariots and feeding horses make a natural part of the picture; and nothing is finer than the manly concern of the captains, who as they are supposed more sensible of glory than the soldiers, take no share in their diversions, but wander sorrowfully round

Fierce in the fight, their nostrils breath'd a flame,  
Their height, their colour, and their age the same;  
O'er fields of death they whirl the rapid car,  
And break the ranks, and thunder thro' the war.  
*Ajax* in arms the first renown acquir'd,  
While stern *Achilles* in his wrath retir'd;  
(His was the strength that mortal might exceeds,  
And his th' unrival'd race of heav'nly steeds)  
But *Thetis*' son now shines in arms no more;  
His troops, neglected on the sandy shore, †  
In empty air their sportive jav'lines throw,  
Or whirl the disk, or bend an idle bow:  
Unstain'd with blood his cover'd chariots stand;  
Th' immortal coursers graze along the strand;  
But the brave chiefs th' inglorious life deplor'd,  
And wand'ring o'er the camp, requir'd their lord.

Now, like a deluge, cov'ring all around,  
The shining armies sweep along the ground;  
Swift as a flood of fire, when storms arise,  
Floats the wide field, and blazes to the skies,  
Earth groan'd beneath them; as when angry *Jove* †  
Hurls down the forked lightning from above,  
On *Arimè* when he the thunder throws,  
And fires *Typhæus* with redoubled blows,  
Where *Typhon* prest beneath the burning load,  
Still feels the fury of th' avenging God.

But various *Iris*, *Jove*'s commands to bear,  
Speeds on the wings of winds thro' liquid air;  
In *Priam*'s porch the *Trojan* chiefs she found,  
The old consulting, and the youths around.  
*Polites*' shape, the monarch's son, she chose,  
Who from *Æetes*' tomb observ'd the foes,  
High on the mound; from whence in prospect lay  
The fields, the tents, the navy, and the bay.  
In this dissembled form, she hasts to bring  
Th' unwelcome message to the *Phrygian* king.

Cease

## NOTES.

the camp, and lament their being kept from the battle. This difference betwixt the soldiers and the leaders is a decorum of the highest beauty.

† The comparison preceding this, of a fire which runs through the corn and blazes to heaven, had express'd at once the dazzling of their arms and the swiftness of their march. After which *Homer* having mentioned the sound of their feet, superadds another simile, which comprehends both the ideas of the brightness and the noise: for here the earth appears to burn and groan at the same time. Indeed the first of these similes is so full and so noble, that it scarce seem'd possible to be exceeded by any image drawn from nature. But *Homer*, to raise it yet higher, has gone into the marvellous, given a prodigious and supernatural prospect, and brought down *Jupiter* himself, arrayed in all his terrors, to discharge his lightnings and thunders on *Typhæus*.



Cease to consult, the time for action calls,  
 War, horrid war, approaches to your walls,  
 Assembled armies oft' have I beheld;  
 But ne'er till now such numbers charg'd a field.  
 Thick as autumnal leaves, or driving sand,  
 The moving squadrons blacken all the strand.  
 Thou, godlike *Hector*! all thy force employ,  
 Assemble all th' united bands of *Troy*;  
 In just array let ev'ry leader call

The foreign troops: this day demands them all.  
 The voice divine the mighty chief alarms;  
 The council breaks, the warriors rush to arms.  
 The gates unfolding pour forth all their train,  
 Nations on nations fill the dusky plain,  
 Men, steeds, and chariots shake the trembling ground;  
 The tumult thickens, and the skies resound.

Amidst the plain in sight of *Ilium* stands  
 A rising mount, the work of human hands;  
 (This for *Myrmidon's* tomb th' immortals know,  
 Tho' call'd *Bateia* in the world below)  
 Beneath their chiefs in martial order here,  
 Th' auxiliar troops and *Trojan* hosts appear.

The godlike *Hector*, high above the rest,  
 Shakes his huge spear, and nods his plumed crest:  
 In throngs around his native bands repair,  
 And groves of lances glitter in the air.

Divine *Aeneas* brings the *Dardan* race,  
*Anchises'* son, by *Venus'* stol'n embrace,  
 Born in the shades of *Ida's* secret grove,  
 (A mortal mixing with the Queen of Love)  
*Archilochus* and *Acamas* divide

The warrior's toils, and combat by his side.

Who fair *Zeleea's* wealthy valleys till,  
 Fast by the foot of *Ida's* sacred hill;  
 Or drink, *Aesepus*, of thy fable flood;  
 Were led by *Pandarus*, of royal blood.  
 To whom his art *Apollo* deign'd to show,  
 Grac'd with the present of his shafts and bow.

From rich *Apasus* and *Adrestia's* tow'rs,  
 High *Terce's* summits, and *Pityea's* bow'rs;  
 From these the congregated troops obey  
 Young *Amphius* and *Adrastus'* equal sway;  
 Old *Alerops'* sons; whom, skill'd in fates to come,  
 The fire forewarn'd, and prophesy'd their doom;  
 Fate urg'd them on! the fire forewarn'd in vain,  
 They rush'd to war, and perish'd on the plain.

From *Practius'* stream, *Percote's* pasture lands,  
 And *Sestos*, and *Abydos'* neighb'ring strands,  
 From great *Arisba's* walls and *Selle's* coast,  
*Asius Hyrtacides* conducts his host:  
 High on his car he shakes the flowing reins,  
 His fiery couriers thunder o'er the plains.

The fierce *Pelagaei* next, in war renown'd,  
 March from *Larissa's* ever-fertile ground:

In equal arms their brother leaders shine,  
*Hippothous* bold, and *Pyleus* the divine.

Next *Acamas* and *Pyrus* lead their hosts  
 In dread array, from *Thracia's* wintry coasts;  
 Round the bleak realms where *Hellepontus* roars,  
 And *Boreas* beats the hoarse-resounding shores.

With great *Euphemus* the *Ciconians* move,  
 Sprung from *Træzenian Ceüs*, lov'd by *Jove*.  
*Pyræchmes* the *Pæonian* troops attend,  
 Skill'd in the fight their crooked bows to bend;  
 From *Axiüs'* ample bed he leads them on,  
*Axiüs*, that laves the distant *Amydon*,  
*Axiüs*, that swells with all his neighb'ring rills,  
 And wide around the floated region fills.

The *Paphlagonians Pylæmenes* rules,  
 Where rich *Henetia* breeds her savage mules,  
 Where *Erythinus'* rising cliffs are seen,  
 Thy groves of box, *Cyturus!* ever green;  
 And where *Aegyæus* and *Cromna* lie,  
 And lofty *Sesamus* invades the sky;  
 And where *Parthenius* roll'd thro' banks of flow'rs,  
 Reflects her bord'ring palaces and bow'rs.

Here march'd in arms the *Halizonian* band,  
 Whom *Odius* and *Epistrophus* command,  
 From those far regions where the sun refines  
 The ripening silver in *Alybean* mines.

There, mighty *Chromis* led the *Mysian* train,  
 And augur *Ennomus*, inspir'd in vain,  
 For stern *Achilles* lopt his sacred head,  
 Roll'd down *Scamander* with the vulgar dead.

*Phorcys* and brave *Ascanius* here unite  
 Th' *Ascanian Phrygians*, eager for the fight.

Of those who round *Mæonia's* realms reside,  
 Or whom the vales in shade of *Timolus* hide,  
*Mestles* and *Antiphus* the charge partake;  
 Born on the banks of *Gyges'* silent lake.  
 There, from the fields where wild *Mæander* flows,  
 High *Mycale*, and *Latmos'* shady brows,  
 And proud *Miletus*, came the *Carian* throngs,  
 With mingled clamours, and with barb'rous tongues.  
*Amphimachus* and *Nausies* guide the train,  
*Nausies* the bold, *Amphimachus* the vain,  
 Who trick'd with gold, and glitt'ring on his car,  
 Rode like a woman to the field of war,  
 Fool that he was! by fierce *Achilles* slain,  
 The river swept him to the briny main:

There whelm'd with waves the gaudy warrior lies;  
 The valiant victor seiz'd the golden prize.

The forces last in fair array succeed,  
 Which blameless *Glaucus* and *Sarpedon* lead;  
 The warlike bands that distant *Lycia* yields,  
 Where gulphy *Xanthus* foams along the fields.



## The THIRD BOOK of the ILIAD.\*

## A R G U M E N T.

## THE DUEL OF MENELAUS AND PARIS.

*The armies being ready to engage, a single combat is agreed upon between Menelaus and Paris, (by the intervention of Hector) for the determination of the war. Iris is sent to call Helena to behold the fight. She leads her to the walls of Troy, where Priam sat with his counsellors observing the Grecian leaders on the plain below, to whom Helen gives an account of the chief of them. The kings on either part take the solemn oath for the conditions of the combat. The duel ensues, wherein Paris being overcome, is snatched away in a cloud by Venus, and transported to his apartment. She then calls Helen from the walls, and brings the lovers together. Agamemnon, on the part of the Grecians, demands the restoration of Helen, and the performance of the articles.*

*The three and twentieth day still continues throughout this book. The scene is sometimes in the fields before Troy, and sometimes in Troy itself.*

**T**HUS by their leader's care each martial  
band  
Moves into ranks, and stretches o'er the  
land.

With shouts the Trojans rushing from afar,  
Proclaim their motions, and provoke the war:  
So when inclement winters vex the plain  
With piercing frosts, or thick-descending rain,

To

## NOTES.

\* Of all the books of the *Iliad*, there is scarce any more pleasing than the third. It may be divided into five parts, each of which has a beauty different from the other. The first contains what passed before the two armies, and the proposal of the combat between *Paris* and *Menelaus*: the attention and suspense of these mighty hosts, which were just upon the point of joining battle, and the lofty manner of offering and accepting this important and unexpected challenge, have something in them wonderfully pompous, and of an amusing solemnity. The second part, which describes the behaviour of *Helena* in this juncture, her conference with the old king and his counsellors, with the review of the heroes from the battlements, is an episode entirely of another sort, which excels in the natural and pathetic. The third consists of the ceremonies of the oath on both sides, and the preliminaries to the combat; with the beautiful retreat of *Priam*, who, in the tenderness of a parent, withdraws from the sight of the duel: these particulars detain the reader in expectation, and heighten his impatience for the fight itself. The fourth is the description of the duel, an exact piece of painting, where we see every attitude,

No. 2.

## NOTES.

motion, and action of the combatants particularly and distinctly, and which concludes with a surprising propriety, in the rescue of *Paris* by *Venus*. The machine of that Goddess, which makes the fifth part, and whose end is to reconcile *Paris* and *Helena*, is admirable in every circumstance: the remonstrance she holds with the Goddess, the reluctance with which she obeys her, the reproaches she casts upon *Paris*, and the flattery and courtship with which he so soon wins her over to him. *Helen* (the main cause of this war) was not to be made an odious character; she is drawn by this great master with the finest strokes, as a frail, but not as an abandoned creature. She has perpetual struggles of virtue on the one side, and softnesses which overcome them on the other. Our author has been remarkably careful to tell us this; whenever he but slightly names her in the foregoing part of his work, she is represented at the same time as repentant; and it is thus we see her at large at her first appearance in the present book; which is one of the finest of the whole *Iliad*, but in recompence has beauties almost in every line, and most of them so obvious that to acknowledge them we need only to read them.



To warmer seas the cranes embody'd fly, \*  
 With noise, and order, thro' the mid-way sky;  
 To pigmy nations wounds and death they bring,  
 And all the war descends upon the wing.  
 But silent, breathing rage, resolv'd and skill'd  
 By mutual aids to fix a doubtful field,  
 Swift march the *Greeks*: the rapid dust around  
 Dark'ning arises from the labour'd ground.  
 Thus from his flaggy wings when *Notus* sheds  
 A night of vapours round the mountain-heads,  
 Swift-gliding mists the dusky fields invade,  
 To thieves more grateful than the midnight shade;  
 While scarce the swains their feeding flocks survey,  
 Lost and confus'd amidst the thicken'd day:  
 So wrapt in gath'ring dust, the *Grecian* train,  
 A moving cloud, swept on, and hid the plain.

Now front to front the hostile armies stand,  
 Eager of fight, and only wait command;  
 When, to the van, before the sons of fame  
 Whom *Troy* sent forth, the beauteous *Paris* came: †  
 In form a God! the panther's speckled hyde  
 Flow'd o'er his armour with an easy pride,  
 His bended bow across his shoulders flung,  
 His sword beside him negligently hung,

## NOTES.

\* If wit has been truly described to be a similitude in ideas, and is more excellent as that similitude is more surprizing; there cannot be a truer kind of wit than what is shewn in apt comparisons, especially when compos'd of such subjects as having the least relation to each other in general, have yet some particular that agrees exactly. Of this nature is the simile of the *cranes* to the *Trojan* army, where the fancy of *Homer* flew to the remotest part of the world for an image which no reader could have expected. But it is no less exact than surprizing. The likeness consists in two points, the *noise* and the *order*; the latter is so observable, as to have given some of the ancients occasion to imagine, the embattling of an army was first learned from the close manner of the flight of these birds.

† The picture here given of *Paris's* air and dress, is exactly correspondent to his character; you see him endeavouring to mix the fine gentleman with the warrior; and this idea of him *Homer* takes care to keep up, by describing him not without the same regard, when he is arming to encounter *Menelaus* afterwards in a close fight, as he shews here, where he is but preluding and flourishing in the gaiety of his heart. And when he tells us, in that place, that he was in danger of being strangled by the strap of his helmet, he takes notice that it was *embroidered*.

Two pointed spears he shook with gallant grace,  
 And dar'd the bravest of the *Grecian* race.

As thus with glorious air and proud disdain,  
 He boldly stalk'd, the foremost on the plain,  
 Him *Menelaus*, lov'd of *Mars*, espies,  
 With heart elated, and with joyful eyes:  
 So joys a lion, if the branching deer  
 Or mountain goat, his bulky prize, appear;  
 In vain the youths oppose, the mastives bay,  
 The lordly savage rends the panting prey.  
 Thus fond of vengeance, with a furious bound,  
 In clanging arms he leaps upon the ground  
 From his high chariot: Him, approaching near,  
 The beauteous champion views with marks of fear,  
 Smit with a conscious sense, retires behind,  
 And shuns the fate he well deserv'd to find.  
 As when some shepherd from the rustling trees  
 Shot forth to view, a scaly serpent sees;  
 Trembling and pale, he starts with wild affright,  
 And all confus'd precipitates his flight.  
 So from the king the shining warrior flies,  
 And plung'd amid the thickest *Trojans* lies.

As god-like *Hector* sees the prince retreat, ‡  
 He thus upbraids him with a gen'rous heat.

Unhappy

## NOTES.

‡ This is the first place of the poem where *Hector* makes a figure, and here it seems proper to give an idea of his character, since if he is not the chief hero of the *Iliad*, he is at least the most amiable. There are several reasons which render *Hector* a favourite character with every reader, some of which shall here be offered. The chief moral of *Homer* was to expose the ill effects of discord; the *Greeks* were to be shewn disunited, and to render that disunion the more probable, he has designedly given them *mixt* characters. The *Trojans*, on the other hand, were to be represented making all advantages of the others disagreement, which they could not do without a strict union among themselves. *Hector* therefore, who commanded them, must be endued with all such qualifications as tended to the preservation of it; as *Achilles* with such as promoted the contrary. The one stands in contrast to the other, an accomplished character of valour unruffled by rage and anger, and uniting his people by his prudence and example. *Hector* has also a foil to set him off in his own family; we are perpetually opposing in our own minds the incontinence of *Paris*, who exposes his country, to the temperance of *Hector* who protects it. And indeed it is this love of his country, which appears his principal passion, and the motive of all his actions. He has no other blemish than that he fights in an unjust cause,



Unhappy *Paris*! but to women brave!  
 So fairly form'd, and only to deceive! \*  
 O hadst thou dy'd when first thou saw'st the light,  
 Or dy'd at least before thy nuptial rite!  
 A better fate than vainly thus to boast,  
 And fly, the scandal of thy *Trojan* host.  
 Gods! how the scornful *Greeks* exult to see  
 Their fears of danger undeceiv'd in thee!  
 Thy figure promis'd with a martial air,  
 But ill thy soul supplies a form so fair.  
 In former days, in all thy gallant pride,  
 When thy tall ships triumphant stem'd the tide,  
 When *Greece* beheld thy painted canvas flow,  
 And crouds stood wond'ring at the passing show;  
 Say, was it thus, with such a baffled mien,  
 You met th' approaches of the *Spartan* queen,  
 Thus from her realm convey'd the beauteous prize,  
 And both her warlike lords† outshin'd in *Helen*'s eyes?  
 This deed, thy foes delight, thy own disgrace,  
 Thy father's grief, and ruin of thy race;  
 This deed recalls thee to the proffer'd fight;  
 Or hast thou injur'd whom thou dar'st not right?

## NOTES.

cause, which *Homer* has yet been careful to tell us he would not do, if his opinion were followed. But since he cannot prevail, the affection he bears to his parents and kindred, and his desire of defending them, incites him to do his utmost for their safety. We may add, that *Homer* having so many *Greeks* to celebrate, makes them shine in their turns, and singly in their several books, one succeeding in the absence of another: whereas *Hector* appears in every battle the life and soul of his party, and the constant bulwark against every enemy: he stands against *Agamemnon*'s magnanimity, *Diomed*'s bravery, *Ajax*'s strength, and *Achilles*'s fury.

\* It may be observed in honour of *Homer*'s judgment, that the words which *Hector* is made to speak here, very strongly mark his character. They contain a warm reproach of cowardice, and shew him to be touched with so high a sense of glory, as to think life insupportable without it. His calling to mind the gallant figure which *Paris* had made in his amours to *Helen*, and opposing it to the image of his flight from her husband, is a sarcasm of the utmost bitterness and vivacity.

† *Theseus* and *Menelaus*.

‡ *Homer*, who celebrates the *Greeks* for their long hair, and *Achilles* for his skill on the harp, makes *Hector* in this place object them both to *Paris*. The *Greeks* nourished their hair to appear more dreadful to the enemy, and *Paris* to please the eyes of women. *Achilles* sung to his harp the acts of heroes,

Soon to thy cost the field would make thee know  
 Thou keep'st the consort of a braver foe.  
 Thy graceful form instilling soft desire,  
 Thy curling tresses, and thy silver lyre, ‡  
 Beauty and youth, in vain to these you trust,  
 When youth and beauty shall be laid in dust:  
*Troy* yet may wake, and one avenging blow  
 Crush the dire author of his country's woe.

His silence here, with blushes, *Paris* breaks;  
 'Tis just, my brother, what your anger speaks: §  
 But who like thee can boast a soul sedate,  
 So firmly proof to all the shocks of fate?  
 Thy force, like steel, a temper'd hardness shows,  
 Still edg'd to wound, and still untir'd with blows,  
 Like steel, uplifted by some strenuous swain,  
 With falling woods to strow the waisted plain.  
 Thy gifts I praise; nor thou despise the charms  
 With which a lover golden *Venus* arms;  
 Soft moving speech, and pleasing outward show,  
 No wish can gain 'em, but the Gods bestow.  
 Yet, would'st thou have the proffer'd combat stand,  
 The *Greeks* and *Trojans* seat on either hand;

Then

## NOTES.

and *Paris* the amours of lovers. The same reason which makes *Hector* here displeased at them, made *Alexander* afterwards refuse to see this lyre of *Paris*, when offered to be shewn to him.

§ This speech is a farther opening of the true character of *Paris*. He is a master of civility, no less well-bred to his own sex, than courtly to the other. The reproof of *Hector* was of a severe nature, yet he receives it as from a brother and a friend, with candour and modesty. This answer is remarkable for it's fine address; he gives the hero a decent and agreeable reproof for having too rashly depreciated the gifts of nature. He allows the quality of courage it's utmost due, but desires the same justice to those softer accomplishments, which he lets him know are no less the favour of heaven. Then he removes from himself the charge of want of valour, by proposing the single combat with the very man he had just declined to engage; which having shewn him void of any malevolence to his rival on the one hand, he now proves himself free from the imputation of cowardice on the other. *Homer* draws him (as we have seen) soft of speech, the natural quality of an amorous temper; vainly gay, in war as well as love; with a spirit that can be surprized and recollected, that can receive impressions of shame or apprehension on the one side, or of generosity and courage on the other; the usual disposition of easy and courteous minds, which are most subject to the rule of fancy and passion. Upon the



Then let a mid-way space our hosts divide,  
 And, on that stage of war, the cause be try'd:  
 By *Paris* there the *Spartan* king be fought,  
 For beauteous *Helen* and the wealth she brought;  
 And who his rival can in arms subdue,  
 His be the fair, and his the treasure too.  
 Thus with a lasting league your toils may cease,  
 And *Troy* possess her fertile fields in peace;  
 Thus may the *Greeks* review their native shore,  
 Much fam'd for gen'rous steeds, for beauty more.

He said. The challenge *Hector* heard with joy,\*  
 Then with his spear restrain'd the youth of *Troy*,  
 Held by the midst, athwart; and near the foe  
 Advanc'd with steps majestically slow.  
 While round his dauntless head the *Grecians* pour  
 Their stones and arrows in a mingled show'r.

Then thus the monarch great *Atrides* cry'd;  
 Forbear ye warriors! lay the darts aside:  
 A parley *Hector* asks, a message bears;  
 We know him by the various plume he wears.  
 Aw'd by his high command the *Greeks* attend,  
 The tumult silence, and the fight suspend.

While from the center *Hector* rolls his eyes  
 On either host, and thus to both applies.  
 Hear, all ye *Trojans*, all ye *Grecian* bands! †  
 What *Paris*, author of the war, demands.  
 Your shining swords within the sheath restrain,  
 And pitch your lances in the yielding plain.

## NOTES.

the whole, this is no worse than the picture of a gentle knight, and one might fancy the heroes of the modern romance were formed upon the model of *Paris*.

\* *Hector* stays not to reply to his brother, but runs away with the challenge immediately. He looks upon all the *Trojans* as disgraced by the late flight of *Paris*, and thinks not a moment is to be lost to regain the honour of his country. The activity he shews in all this affair wonderfully agrees with the spirit of a soldier.

† It has been asked how the different nations could understand one another in these conferences, since we have no mention in *Homer* of any interpreter between them? Some reasons may be offered that they both spoke the same language; for the *Trojans* were of *Grecian* extraction originally. *Dardanus* the first of their kings was born in *Arcadia*; and even their names were originally *Greek*, as *Hector*, *Anchises*, *Andromache*, *Astyanax*, &c. But however it be, this is no more than the just privilege of poetry; for the language of the poet is supposed to be universally intelligible, not only between different countries, but between earth and heaven itself.

Here, in the midst, in either army's fight,  
 He dares the *Spartan* king to single fight;  
 And wills, that *Helen* and the ravish'd spoil  
 That caus'd the contest, shall reward the toil.  
 Let these the brave triumphant victor grace,  
 And diff'ring nations part in leagues of peace.

He spoke: in still suspense on either side  
 Each army stood: the *Spartan* chief reply'd.

Me too ye warriors hear, whose fatal right  
 A world engages in the toils of fight.

To me the labour of the field resign;

Me *Paris* injur'd; all the war be mine.

Fall he that must, beneath his rival's arms,  
 And live the rest secure of future harms.

Two lambs, devoted by your country's rite, ‡

To *Earth* a fable, to the *Sun* a white,

Prepare ye *Trojans*! while a third we bring  
 Select to *Jove*, th' inviolable King.

Let rev'rend *Priam* in the truce engage,

And add the sanction of confid'rate age;

His sons are faithless, headlong in debate,

And youth itself an empty wav'ring state:

Cool age advances venerably wise,

Turns on all hands it's deep-discerning eyes;

Sees what befel, and what may yet befall,

Concludes from both, and best provides for all.

The nations hear, with rising hopes possess, §

And peaceful prospects dawn in ev'ry breast.

Within

## NOTES.

‡ The *Trojans* (by this proposal) were required to sacrifice two lambs; one male of a white colour, to the *Sun*, and one female, and black, to the *Earth*: as the *Sun* is father of light, and the *Earth* the mother and nurse of men. The *Greeks* were to offer a third to *Jupiter*, perhaps to *Jupiter Xenius*, because the *Trojans* had broken the laws of hospitality: on which account we find *Menelaus* afterwards invoking him in the combat with *Paris*.

§ It seemed no more than what the reader would reasonably expect, in the narration of this long war, that a period might have been put to it by the single danger of the parties chiefly concerned, *Paris* and *Menelaus*. *Homer* has therefore taken care toward the beginning of his poem to obviate that objection; and contrived such a method to render this combat of no effect, as should naturally make way for all the ensuing battles, without any future prospect of a determination but by the sword. It is farther worth observing, in what manner he has improved into poetry the common history of this action. When *Paris* (says he) being wounded by the spear of *Menelaus* fell to the ground, just as his adversary was rushing upon him with his sword, he was shot by an arrow from *Pandarus*,



Within the lines they drew their steeds around,  
And from their chariots issu'd on the ground:  
Next all unbuckling the rich mail they wore,  
Lay'd their bright arms along the sable shore.  
On either side the meeting hosts are seen,  
With lances fix'd, and close the space between.  
Two heralds now dispatch'd to *Troy*, invite  
The *Phrygian* monarch to the peaceful rite;  
*Talthybius* hastens to the fleet, to bring  
The lamb for *Jove*, th' inviolable King.

Mean time, to beauteous *Helen*, from the skies\*  
The various Goddesses of the rain-bow flies:  
(Like fair *Laodice* in form and face,  
The loveliest nymph of *Priam's* royal race)  
Her in the palace, at her loom she found;  
The golden web her own sad story crown'd. †  
The *Trojan* wars she weav'd, (herself the prize)  
And the dire triumphs of her fatal eyes.  
To whom the Goddesses of the painted bow;  
Approach, and view the wond'rous scene below!  
Each hardy *Greek*, and valiant *Trojan* knight,  
So dreadful late, and furious for the fight,  
Now rest their spears, or lean upon their shields;  
Ceas'd is the war, and silent all the fields.

## NOTES.

*Pandarus*, which prevented his revenge in the moment he was going to take it. Immediately on the sight of this perfidious action, the *Greeks* rose in a tumult; the *Trojans* rising at the same time, came on, and rescued *Paris* from his enemy. *Homer* has with great art and invention mingled all this with the marvellous, and raised it in the air of fable. The Goddesses of *Love* rescues her favourite; *Jupiter* debates whether or no the war shall end by the defeat of *Paris*; *Juno* is for the continuance of it; *Minerva* incites *Pandarus* to break the truce, who thereupon shoots at *Menelaus*. This heightens the grandeur of the action, without destroying the verisimilitude, diversifies the poem, and exhibits a fine moral; That whatever seems in the world the effect of common causes, is really owing to the decree and disposition of the Gods.

\* The following part, where we have the first sight of *Helena*, is equal to any in the poem. The reader has naturally an aversion to this pernicious beauty, and is apt enough to wonder at the *Greeks* for endeavouring to recover her at such an expence. But her amiable behaviour here, the secret wishes that rise in favour of her rightful lord, her tenderness for her parents and relations, the relentings of her soul for the mischiefs her beauty had been the cause of, the confusion she appears in, the veiling her face, and dropping a tear; are particulars so

No. 2.

*Paris* alone and *Sparta's* king advance,  
In single fight to toss the beamy lance;  
Each met in arms, the fate of combat tries,  
Thy love the motive, and thy charms the prize.  
This said, the many-colour'd maid inspires  
Her husband's love, and wakes her former fires;  
Her country, parents, all that once were dear,  
Rush to her thought, and force a tender tear.  
O'er her fair face a snowy veil she threw,  
And, softly sighing, from the loom withdrew.  
Her handmaids *Clymenè* and *Æthra* wait  
Her silent footsteps to the *Scæan* gate.

There sat the seniors of the *Trojan* race,  
(Old *Priam's* chiefs, and most in *Priam's* grace)  
The king the first; *Thymætès* at his side;  
*Lampus* and *Clytius*, long in council try'd;  
*Panthus* and *Hicetæon*, once the strong;  
And next, the wisest of the rev'rend throng,  
*Antenor* grave, and sage *Ucalegon*,  
Lean'd on the walls, and bask'd before the sun.  
Chiefs, who no more in bloody fights engage,  
But wise thro' time, and narrative with age,  
In summer-days, like grasshoppers rejoice, ‡  
A bloodless race, that send a feeble voice.

These

## NOTES.

beautifully natural, as to make every reader no less than *Menelaus* himself, inclin'd to forgive her at least, if not to love her. We are afterwards confirmed in this partiality by the sentiment of the old counsellors upon the sight of her, which one would think *Homer* put into their mouths with that very view. We excuse her no more than *Priam* does himself, and all those do who felt the calamities she occasioned. And this regard for her is heighten'd by all she says herself; in which there is scarce a word, that is not big with repentance and good-nature.

† This is a very agreeable fiction, to represent *Helena* weaving in a large veil, or piece of tapestry, the story of the *Trojan* war. One would think that *Homer* inherited this veil, and that his *Iliad* is only an explication of that admirable piece of art.

‡ This is one of the justest and most natural images in the world. The garrulity so common to old men, their delight in associating with each other, the feeble sound of their voices, the pleasure they take in a sun-shiny day, the effects of decay in their chillness, leanness, and scarcity of blood, are all circumstances exactly paralleled in this comparison. To make it yet more proper to the old men of *Troy*, we may observe that *Homer* found a hint for this simile in the *Trojan* story, where *Tithon* was feigned to have been transformed into a grasshopper

K



These, when the *Spartan* queen approach'd the tow'r,\*  
In secret own'd resistless beauty's pow'r :  
They cry'd, No wonder, such celestial charms  
For nine long years have set the world in arms ;  
What winning graces ! what majestic mien !  
She moves a Goddess, and she looks a Queen !  
Yet hence, oh heav'n ! convey that fatal face,  
And from destruction save the *Trojan* race.

The good old *Priam* † welcom'd her, and cry'd,  
Approach, my child, and grace thy father's side.  
See on the plain thy *Grecian* spouse appears,  
The friends and kindred of thy former years.  
No crime of thine our present suff'rings draws,  
Not thou, but heav'n's disposing will, the cause ;  
The Gods these armies and this force employ,  
The hostile Gods conspire the fate of *Troy*.  
But lift thy eyes, and say, what *Greek* is he ‡  
(Far as from hence these aged orbs can see)  
Around whose brow such martial graces shine,  
So tall, so awful, and almost divine ?

## NOTES.

hopper in his old age, perhaps on account of his being so exhausted by years, as to have nothing left him but voice.

\* There was never a greater panegyric upon beauty, than what *Homer* has found the art to give it in this place. An assembly of venerable old counsellors, who had suffered all the calamities of a tedious war, and were consulting upon the methods to put a conclusion to it, seeing the only cause of it approaching towards them, are struck with her charms, and cry out, *No wonder !* &c. Nevertheless they afterwards recollect themselves, and conclude to part with her for the public safety. If *Homer* had carried these old men's admiration any farther, he had been guilty of outraging nature, and offending against probability. The old are capable of being touched with beauty by the eye ; but age secures them from the tyranny of passion, and the effect is but transitory, for prudence soon regains it's dominion over them. *Homer* always goes as far as he should, but constantly stops just where he ought.

† The character of a benevolent old man is very well preserved in *Priam's* behaviour to *Helena*. Upon the confusion he observes her in, he encourages her, by attributing the misfortunes of the war to the Gods alone, and not to her fault. This sentiment is also very agreeable to the natural piety of old age ; those who have had the longest experience of human accidents and events, being most inclined to ascribe the disposal of all things to the will of heaven. It is this piety that renders *Priam* a favourite of *Jupiter*,

Tho' some of larger stature tread the green,  
None match his grandeur and exalted mien :  
He seems a monarch, and his country's pride.  
Thus ceas'd the king, and thus the fair reply'd.

Before thy presence, § father, I appear  
With conscious shame and reverential fear.  
Ah ! had I dy'd, ere to these walls I fled,  
False to my country, and my nuptial bed,  
My brothers, friends, and daughter left behind,  
False to them all, to *Paris* only kind !  
For this I mourn, till grief or dire disease  
Shall waste the form whose crime it was to please !  
The king of kings, *Atrides*, you survey,  
Great in the war, and great in arts of sway : ¶  
My brother once, before my days of shame ;  
And oh ! that still he bore a brother's name !

With wonder *Priam* view'd the godlike man,  
Extoll'd the happy prince, || and thus began.  
O blest *Atrides* ! born to prosp'rous fate,  
Successful monarch of a mighty state !

How

## NOTES.

(as we find in the beginning of the fourth book) which for some time delays the destruction of *Troy* ; while his soft nature and indulgence for his children makes him continue a war which ruins him. These are the two principal points of *Priam's* character, though there are several lesser particularities, among which we may observe the curiosity and inquisitive humour of old age, which gives occasion to the following episode.

‡ This view of the *Grecian* leaders from the walls of *Troy*, is justly looked upon as an episode of great beauty, as well as a masterpiece of conduct in *Homer* ; who by this means acquaints the readers with the figure and qualifications of each hero in a more lively and agreeable manner.

§ *Helen* is so overwhelmed with grief and shame, that she is unable to give a direct answer to *Priam* without first humbling herself before him, acknowledging her crime, and testifying her repentance. And she no sooner answers by naming *Agamemnon*, but her sorrows renew at the name ; *He was once my brother, but I am now a wretch unworthy to call him so.*

¶ This was the verse which *Alexander* the Great preferred to all others in *Homer*, and which he proposed as the pattern of his own actions, as including whatever can be desired in a prince.

|| It was very natural for *Priam*, on this occasion, to compare the declining condition of his kingdom with the flourishing state of *Agamemnon's*, and to oppose his own misery (who had lost most of his sons and his bravest warriors) to the felicity of the other, in



How vast thy empire ! Of yon matchless train  
 What numbers lost, what numbers yet remain !  
 In *Phrygia* once were gallant armies known,  
 In ancient time, when *Oireus* fill'd the throne,  
 When godlike *Mygdon* led their troops of horse,  
 And I, to join them, rais'd the *Trojan* force :  
 Against the manlike *Amazons* we stood,  
 And *Sangar's* stream ran purple with their blood.  
 But far inferior those, in martial grace  
 And strength of numbers, to this *Grecian* race.

This said, once more he view'd the warrior-train :  
 What's he, whose arms lie scatter'd on the plain ?  
 Broad is his breast, his shoulders larger spread,  
 Tho' great *Atrides* overtops his head.  
 Nor yet appear his care and conduct small ;  
 From rank to rank he moves,\* and orders all.  
 The stately ram thus measures o'er the ground,  
 And, master of the flocks, surveys them round.

Then *Helen* thus. Whom your discerning eyes  
 Have singled out, is *Ithacus* the wise :  
 A barren island boasts his glorious birth ;  
 His fame for wisdom fills the spacious earth.

*Antenor* took the word, and thus began :  
 Myself, O king ! have seen that wondrous man ;  
 When trusting *Jove* and hospitable laws,  
 To *Troy* he came, to plead the *Grecian* cause ;  
 (Great *Menelaüs* urg'd the same request)  
 My house was honour'd with each royal guest :  
 I knew their persons,† and admir'd their parts,  
 Both brave in arms, and both approv'd in arts.  
 Erect, the *Spartan* most engag'd our view,  
*Ulysses* seated, greater rev'rence drew.  
 When *Atræus'* son harangu'd the list'ning train,  
 Just was his sense, and his expression plain,

## NOTES.

in being yet master of so gallant an army. After this the humour of old age breaks out, in the narration of what armies he had formerly seen, and bore a part in the command of ; as well as what feats of valour he had then performed. Besides which, this praise of the *Greeks* from the mouth of an enemy, was no small encomium of *Homer's* countrymen.

\* The vigilance and inspection of *Ulysses* were very proper marks to distinguish him, and agree with his character of a wise man, no less than the grandeur and majesty before described are conformable to that of *Agamemnon*, as the supreme ruler ; whereas we find *Ajax* afterwards taken notice of only for his bulk, as a heavy hero, without parts or authority. This decorum is observable.

† In this view of the leaders of the army, it had been an oversight in *Homer* to have taken no notice of *Menelaus*, who was not only one of the principal

His words succinct, yet full, without a fault ;  
 He spoke no more than just the thing he ought.  
 But when *Ulysses* rose, in thought profound,  
 His modest eyes he fix'd upon the ground,  
 As one unskill'd or dumb, he seem'd to stand,  
 Nor rais'd his head, nor stretch'd his sceptred hand ;  
 But, when he speaks, what elocution flows !  
 Soft as the fleeces of descending snows,  
 The copious accents fall, with easy art ;  
 Melting they fall, and sink into the heart !  
 Wond'ring we hear, and fix'd in deep surprise  
 Our ears refute the censure of our eyes.

The king then ask'd, (as yet the camp he view'd)  
 What chief is that, with giant strength endu'd,  
 Whose brawny shoulders, and whose swelling chest,  
 And lofty stature far exceed the rest ?

*Ajax* the great (the beauteous queen reply'd)  
 Himself a host : the *Grecian* strength and pride.

See ! bold *Idomeneus* superior tow'rs  
 Amidst yon circle of his *Cretan* pow'rs,  
 Great as a God ! I saw him once before,  
 With *Menelaüs*, on the *Spartan* shore.  
 The rest I know, and could in order name ;  
 All valiant chiefs, and men of mighty fame.  
 Yet two are wanting of the num'rous train,  
 Whom long my eyes have fought, but fought in vain ;  
*Castor* and *Pollux*, first in martial force,  
 One bold on foot, and one renown'd for horse.  
 My brothers these ; the same our native shore,  
 One house contain'd us, as one mother bore.  
 Perhaps the chiefs, from warlike toils at ease,  
 For distant *Troy* refus'd to sail the seas :  
 Perhaps their sword some nobler quarrel draws, ‡  
 Asham'd to combat in their sister's cause.

So

## NOTES.

of them, but was immediately to engage the observation of the reader in the single combat. On the other hand, it had been a high indecorum to have made *Helen* speak of him. He has therefore put his praises into the mouth of *Antenor* ; which was also a more artful way than to have presented him to the eye of *Priam* in the same manner with the rest : it appears from hence, what a regard he has had both to decency and variety, in the conduct of his *Iliad*.

‡ This is another stroke of *Helen's* concern : the sense of her crime is perpetually afflicting her, and awakes upon every occasion. The lines that follow, wherein *Homer* gives us to understand that *Castor* and *Pollux* were now dead, are finely introduced, and in the spirit of poetry ; the muse is supposed to know every thing, past and to come, and to see things distant as well as present.



So spoke the fair, nor knew her brothers' doom,  
Wrapt in the cold embraces of the tomb;  
Adorn'd with honours in their native shore,  
Silent they slept, and heard of wars no more.

Mean time the heralds, thro' the croud'd town,  
Bring the rich wine and destin'd victims down.  
*Idæus*' arms the golden goblets prest,  
Who thus the venerable king address'd.  
Arise, O father of the *Trojan* state!  
The nations call, thy joyful people wait,  
To seal the truce, and end the dire debate.  
*Paris* thy son, and *Sparta*'s king advance,  
In measur'd lists to toss the weighty lance;  
And who his rival shall in arms subdue,  
His be the dame, and his the treasure too.  
Thus with a lasting league our toils may cease,  
And *Troy* possess her fertile fields in peace;  
So shall the *Greeks* review their native shore,  
Much fam'd for gen'rous steeds, for beauty more.

With grief he heard, and bade the chiefs prepare  
To join his milk-white courfers to the car:  
He mounts the seat, *Antenor* at his side;  
The gentle steeds thro' *Scaë*'s gates they guide:  
Next from the car descending on the plain,  
Amid the *Grecian* host and *Trojan* train  
Slow they proceed: the sage *Ulysses* then  
Arose, and with him rose the king of men.  
On either side a sacred herald stands,  
The wine they mix, and on each monarch's hands  
Pour the full urn; then draws the *Grecian* lord  
His cutlace sheath'd beside his pond'rous sword;  
From the sign'd victims crops the curling hair,\*  
The heralds part it, and the princes share;  
Then loudly thus before th' attentive bands  
He calls the Gods, and spreads his lifted hands.

O first and greatest pow'r! whom all obey.  
Who high on *Ida*'s holy mountain sway,  
Eternal *Jove*! and you bright orb that roll  
From east to west, and view from pole to pole!  
Thou mother *Earth*! and all ye living *Floods*!  
Infernal *Furies*, and *Tartarean* Gods,  
Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare  
For perjur'd kings, and all who falsely swear!  
Hear, and be witness. If, by *Paris* slain,  
Great *Menelaüs* press the fatal plain;  
The dame and treasures let the *Trojan* keep,  
And *Greece* returning plow the watry deep.

If by my brother's lance the *Trojan* bleed;  
Be his the wealth and beauteous dame decreed:  
Th' appointed fine let *Ilion* justly pay,  
And ev'ry age record the signal day.  
This if the *Phrygians* shall refuse to yield,  
Arms must revenge, and *Mars* decide the field.  
With that the chief the tender victims slew,  
And in the dust their bleeding bodies threw:  
The vital spirit issu'd at the wound,  
And left the members quiv'ring on the ground.  
From the same urn they drink the mingled wine,  
And add libations to the pow'rs divine.  
While thus their pray'rs united mount the sky;  
Hear mighty *Jove*! and hear ye Gods on high!  
And may their blood, who first the league con-  
found,

Shed like this wine, distain the thirsty ground;  
May all their comforts serve promiscuous lust,  
And all their race be scatter'd as the dust!  
Thus either host their imprecations join'd,  
Which *Jove* refus'd, and mingled with the wind.  
The rites now finish'd, rev'rend *Priam* rose,  
And thus express'd a heart o'ercharg'd with woes.  
Ye *Greeks* and *Trojans*, let the chiefs engage,  
But spare the weakness of my feeble age:  
In yonder walls that object let me shun,  
Nor view the danger of so dear a son.  
Whose arms shall conquer, and what prince shall fall,  
Heav'n only knows, for heav'n disposes all.

This said, the hoary king no longer stay'd,  
But on his car the slaughter'd victims laid;  
Then seiz'd the reins his gentle steeds to guide,  
And drove to *Troy*, *Antenor* at his side.

Bold *Hector* and *Ulysses* now dispose  
The lists of combat, and the ground inclose;  
Next to decide by sacred lots prepare,  
Who first shall launch his pointed spear in air.  
The people pray with elevated hands,  
And words like these are heard thro' all the bands.  
Immortal *Jove*! high heav'n's superior lord,  
On lofty *Ida*'s holy mount ador'd!  
Who'er involv'd us in this dire debate,  
Oh give that author of the war to fate  
And shades eternal! let division cease,  
And joyful nations join in leagues of peace.

With eyes averted *Hector* hastes to turn  
The lots of fight, and shakes the brazen urn.

Then,

#### NOTES.

\* We have here the whole ceremonial of the solemn oath, as it was observed anciently by the nations our author describes. We may take this occasion of remarking that we might spare ourselves the trouble of reading most books of *Grecian anti-*

#### NOTES.

quities, only by being well versed in *Homer*. They are generally bare transcriptions of him, but with this unnecessary addition, that after having quoted any thing in verse, they say the same over again in prose.





*After a solemn Treaty between the Greeks and Trojans, Menelaus and Paris engage in a single Combat. Paris ready to sink under the blows of Menelaus is suddenly relieved by Venus who carries him away to Troy in a Cloud.*

*H. III.*

*L. Fouldrinie sculp.*



Then, *Paris*, thine leap'd forth; by fatal chance  
Ordain'd the first to whirl the weighty lance.

Both armies sat, the combat to survey,  
Beside each chief his azure armour lay,  
And round the lists the gen'rous couriers neigh.

The beauteous warrior now arrays for fight,  
In gilded arms magnificently bright:

The purple cuisses clasp his thighs around,  
With flow'rs adorn'd, with silver buckles bound:

*Lycaon's* cors'let his fair body drest,  
Brac'd in, and fitted to his softer breast;

A radiant baldrick, o'er his shoulder ty'd,  
Sustain'd the sword that glitter'd at his side:

His youthful face a polish'd helm o'erspread;  
The waving horse-hair nodded on his head:

His figur'd shield, a shining orb, he takes,  
And in his hand a pointed jav'lin shakes.

With equal speed, and fir'd by equal charms,  
The *Spartan* hero sheaths his limbs in arms.

Now round the lists th' admiring armies stand,  
With jav'lins fix'd, the *Greek* and *Trojan* band.

Amidst the dreadful vale, the chiefs advance,  
All pale with rage, and shake the threat'ning lance.

The *Trojan* first his shining jav'lin threw;  
Full on *Atrides'* ringing shield it flew,

Nor pierc'd the brazen orb, but with a bound  
Leap'd from the buckler blunted on the ground.

*Atrides* then his massy lance prepares,  
In act to throw, but first prefers his pray'rs.

Give me, great *Jove!* to punish lawless lust,\*  
And lay the *Trojan* gasping in the dust:

Destroy th' aggressor, aid my righteous cause,  
Avenge the breach of hospitable laws!

Let this example future times reclaim,  
And guard from wrong fair friendship's holy name.

He said, and pois'd in air the jav'lin sent,  
Thro' *Paris'* shield the forceful weapon went,

His cors'let pierces, and his garment rends,  
And glancing downward, near his flank descends.

The wary *Trojan* bending from the blow,  
Eludes the death, and disappoints his foe:

But fierce *Atrides* wav'd his sword, and struck  
Full on his casque; the crested helmet shook;

The brittle steel, unfaithful to his hand,  
Broke short: the fragments glitter'd on the sand.†

The raging warrior to the spacious skies  
Rais'd his upbraiding voice, and angry eyes:

Then is it vain in *Jove* himself to trust?  
And is it thus the Gods assist the just?

When crimes provoke us, heav'n success denies;  
The dart falls harmless, and the falchion flies.

Furious he said, and tow'rd the *Grecian* crew  
(Seiz'd by the crest) th' unhappy warrior drew;

Struggling he follow'd, while th' embroider'd  
thong,

That ty'd his helmet, dragg'd the chief along.  
Then had his ruin crown'd *Atrides'* joy,

But *Venus* trembled for the prince of *Troy*:  
Unseen she came, and burst the golden band:

And left an empty helmet in his hand.  
The casque, enrag'd, amidst the *Greeks* he threw;

The *Greeks* with smiles the polish'd trophy view.  
Then, as once more he lifts the deadly dart,

In thirst of vengeance, at his rival's heart,  
The *Queen* of love her favour'd champion shrouds

(For Gods can all things) in a veil of clouds.  
Rais'd from the field the panting youth she led,

And gently laid him on the bridal bed,  
With pleasing sweets his fainting sense renews,

And all the dome perfumes with heav'nly dews.  
Mean time the brightest of the female kind,

The matchless *Helen* o'er the walls reclin'd:  
To her, beset with *Trojan* beauties, came

In borrow'd form, the laughter-loving dame.‡  
(She seem'd an ancient maid, well-skill'd to cull

The snowy fleece, and wind the twisted wool.)  
The Goddess softly shook her silken vest,§

That shed perfumes, and whisp'ring thus address'd.  
Haste,

## NOTES.

\* *Homer* puts a prayer in the mouth of *Menelaus*, but none in *Paris's*; *Menelaus* is the person injured and innocent, and may therefore apply to God for justice; but *Paris*, who is the criminal, remains silent.

† This verse is cut, to express the thing it describes, the snapping short of the sword. It is observable on this line of the original, that we do not only see the action, but imagine we hear the sound of the breaking sword in the words themselves. This beauty we have endeavoured to preserve in the translation, in the best manner the English language will permit.

‡ *Venus*.

No. 3.

## NOTES.

§ *Venus* having conveyed *Paris* in safety to his chamber, goes to *Helen*, who had been spectator of his defeat, in order to draw her to his love. The better to bring this about, she first takes upon her the most proper form in the world, that of a favourite servant-maid, and awakens her passion by representing to her the beautiful figure of his person. Next, assuming her own shape, she frightens her into a compliance, notwithstanding all the struggles of shame, fear, and anger, which break out in her speech to the Goddess. This machine is allegorical, and means no more than the power of love triumphing over all the considerations of honour, ease, and safety. It has an excellent effect as to the poem,

L

in



Haste, happy nymph! for thee thy *Paris* calls,  
Safe from the fight, in yonder lofty walls,  
Fair as a God! with odours round him spread  
He lies, and waits thee on the well-known bed:  
Not like a warrior parted from the foe,  
But some gay dancer in the public show.

She spoke, and *Helen's* secret soul was mov'd; \*  
She scorn'd the champion, but the man she lov'd.  
Fair *Venus's* neck, her eyes that sparkled fire,  
And breast, reveal'd the Queen of soft desire.  
Struck with her presence, strait the lively red  
Forsook her cheek; and, trembling, thus she said.  
Then is it still thy pleasure to deceive?  
And woman's frailty always to believe?  
Say, to new nations must I cross the main,  
Or carry wars to some soft *Asian* plain?  
For whom must *Helen* break her second vow?  
What other *Paris* is thy darling now?  
Left to *Atrides*, (victor in the strife)  
An odious conquest and a captive wife,  
Hence let me sail: and if thy *Paris* bear  
My absence ill, let *Venus* ease his care.  
A hand-maid Goddess at his side to wait,  
Renounce the glories of thy heav'nly state,  
Be fix'd for ever to the *Trojan* shore,  
His spouse, or slave; and mount the skies no more.  
For me, to lawless love no longer led, †  
I scorn the coward, and detest his bed;  
Else should I merit everlasting shame,  
And keen reproach, from ev'ry *Phrygian* dame:.

## NOTES.

in preserving still in some degree our good opinion of *Helen*, whom we look upon with compassion, as constrained by a superior power, and whose speech tends to justify her in the eye of the reader.

\* Nothing is more fine than this; the first thought of *Paris's* beauty overcomes (unawares to herself) the contempt she had that moment conceived of him upon his overthrow. This motion is but natural, and before she perceives the Deity. When the affections of a woman have been thoroughly gained, though they may be alienated for a while, they soon return upon her. *Homer* knew what a woman is capable of, who had once loved.

† We have here another branch of the female character, which is, to be ruled in their attaches by success. *Helen* finding the victory belonged to *Menelaus*, accuses herself secretly of having forsaken him for the other, and immediately entertains a high opinion of the man she had once despised. One may add, that the fair sex are generally admirers of courage, and naturally friends to great soldiers. *Paris* was no stranger to this disposition

Ill suits it now the joys of love to know,  
Too deep my anguish, and too wild my woe.

Then thus incens'd, the *Paphian* Queen replies;  
Obey the pow'r from whom thy glories rise:  
Should *Venus* leave thee, ev'ry charm must fly, ‡  
Fade from thy cheek, and languish in thy eye.  
Cease to provoke me, lest I make thee more  
The world's aversion, than their love before;  
Now the bright prize for which mankind engage,  
Then, the sad victim of the public rage.

At this, the fairest of her sex obey'd,  
And veil'd her blushes in a silken shade;  
Unseen, and silent, from the train she moves,  
Led by the Goddesses of the Smiles and Loves.

Arriv'd, and enter'd at the palace-gate,  
The maids officious round their mistress wait;  
Then all dispersing, various tasks attend;  
The Queen and Goddesses to the prince ascend.  
Full in her *Paris's* sight, the Queen of Love  
Had plac'd the beauteous progeny of *Jove*;  
Where, as he view'd her charms, she turn'd away §  
Her glowing eyes, and thus began to say.

Is this the chief, who lost to sense of shame  
Late fled the field, and yet survives his fame?  
O hadst thou dy'd beneath the righteous sword  
Of that brave man whom once I call'd my lord!  
The boaster *Paris* oft' desir'd the day  
With *Sparta's* king to meet in single fray:  
Go now, once more thy rival's rage excite,  
Provoke *Atrides*, and renew the fight:

Yet

## NOTES.

of them, and had formerly endeavoured to give his mistress that opinion of him; as appears from her reproach of him afterwards.

‡ This was the most dreadful of all threats, loss of beauty and of reputation. *Helen*, who had been proof to the personal appearance of the Goddesses, and durst even reproach her with bitterness just before, yields to this, and obeys all the dictates of love.

§ This interview of the two lovers, placed opposite to each other, and overlooked by *Venus*, *Paris* gazing on *Helen*, she turning away her eyes, shining at once with anger and love, are particulars finely drawn, and painted up to all the life of nature. She looked aside in the consciousness of her own weakness, as apprehending that the beauty of *Paris* might cause her to relent. Her bursting out into passion and reproaches while she is in this state of mind, is no ill picture of frailty; *Venus* does not leave her, and fondness will immediately succeed to these reproaches.



Yet *Helen* bids thee stay, lest thou unkill'd  
Should'st fall an easy conquest on the field.

The prince replies; Ah cease, divinely fair,\*  
Nor add reproaches to the wounds I bear;  
This day the foe prevail'd by *Pallas'* pow'r;  
We yet may vanquish in a happier hour:  
There want not Gods to favour us above;  
But let the business of our life be love:  
These softer moments let delights employ,  
And kind embraces snatch the hasty joy.  
Not thus I lov'd thee, when from *Sparta's* shore†  
My forc'd, my willing heav'nly prize I bore,  
When first entranc'd in *Cranaë's* isle I lay,  
Mix'd with thy soul, and all dissolv'd away!  
Thus having spoke, th' enamour'd *Phrygian* boy  
Rush'd to the bed, impatient for the joy.  
Him *Helen* follow'd slow with bashful charms,  
And clasp'd the blooming hero in her arms.

## NOTES.

\* This answer of *Paris* is the only one he could possibly have made with any success in his circumstance. There was no other method to reconcile her to him, but that which is generally most powerful with the sex, and which *Homer* (who was learned every way) here makes use of.

† It is worth looking backward, to observe the *allegory* here carried on with respect to *Helen*, who lives through this whole book in a whirl of passions, and is agitated by turns with sentiments of honour and love. The Goddesses made use of, to cast the appearance of fable over the story, are *Iris* and *Venus*. When *Helen* is called to the tower to behold her former friends, *Iris* the messenger of *Juno* (the Goddess of Honour) is sent for her; and when invited to the bed-chamber of *Paris*, *Venus* is to beckon her out of the company. The forms they take to carry on these different affairs, are properly chosen: the one assuming the person of the daughter of *Antenor*, who pressed most for her being restored to *Menelaus*; the other the shape of an old maid, who was privy to the intrigue with *Paris* from the beginning. And in the consequences, as

While these to love's delicious rapture yield,  
The stern *Atrides* rages round the field:  
So some fell lion, whom the woods obey,  
Roars thro' the desert, and demands his prey.  
*Paris* he seeks, impatient to destroy,  
But seeks in vain along the troops of *Troy*;  
Ev'n those had yielded to a foe so brave  
The recreant warrior, hateful as the grave.  
Then speaking thus, the king of kings arose;  
Ye *Trojans*, *Dardans*, all our gen'rous foes!  
Hear and attest! from heav'n with conquest crown'd,  
Our brother's arms the just success have found:  
Be therefore now the *Spartan* wealth restor'd,  
Let *Argive Helen* own her lawful lord;  
Th' appointed fine let *Ilion* justly pay,  
And age to age record this signal day.

He ceas'd; his army's loud applauses rise,  
And the long shout runs echoing thro' the skies.

## NOTES.

the one inspires the love of her former empire, friends and country; so the other instils the dread of being cast off by all if she forlook her second choice, and causes the return of her tenderness to *Paris*. But if she has a struggle for honour, she is in a bondage to love; which gives the story its turn that way, and makes *Venus* oftener appear than *Iris*. There is in one place a lover to be protected, in another a love-quarrel to be made up, in both which the Goddess is kindly officious. She conveys *Paris* to *Troy* when he had escaped the enemy; which may signify his love for his mistress, that hurried him away to justify himself before her. She softens and terrifies *Helen*, in order to make up the breach between them: and even when that affair is finished, we do not find the poet dismisses her from the chamber, whatever privacies the lovers had a mind to: in which circumstance he seems to draw aside the veil of his allegory, and to let the reader at last into the meaning of it, That the Goddess of Love has been all the while nothing more than the Passion of it.





## The FOURTH BOOK of the ILIAD.

## A R G U M E N T.

## THE BREACH OF THE TRUCE, AND THE FIRST BATTLE.

*The Gods deliberate in council concerning the Trojan war: they agree upon the continuation of it, and Jupiter sends down Minerva to break the truce. She persuades Pandarus to aim an arrow at Menelaus, who is wounded, but cured by Machaon. In the mean time some of the Trojan troops attack the Greeks. Agamemnon is distinguished in all the parts of a good general; he reviews the troops, and exhorts the leaders, some by praises, and others by reproofs. Nestor is particularly celebrated for his military discipline. The battle joins, and great numbers are slain on both sides.*

*The same day continues through this, as through the last book, (as it does also through the two following, and almost to the end of the seventh book). The scene is wholly in the field before Troy.*

AND now Olympus' shining gates unfold:  
The Gods, with Jove, assume their thrones  
of gold:  
Immortal Hebe, fresh with bloom divine,\*  
The golden goblet crowns with purple wine:  
While the full bowls flow round, the pow'rs  
employ  
Their careful eyes on long-contended Troy.  
When Jove, dispos'd to tempt Saturnia's spleen,  
Thus wak'd the fury of his partial Queen.

Two pow'rs divine the son of Atreus' aid;†  
Imperial Juno, and the martial maid;  
But high in heav'n they sit, and gaze from far,  
The tame spectators of his deeds of war.  
Not thus fair Venus helps her favour'd knight,  
The Queen of Pleasures shares the toils of fight,  
Each danger wards, and constant in her care  
Saves in the moment of the last despair.  
Her act has rescu'd Paris' forfeit life,  
Tho' great Atreides gain'd the glorious strife.‡  
Then

## NOTES.

\* The Goddess of Youth is introduced as an attendant upon the banquets of the Gods, to shew that the divine beings enjoy an eternal youth, and that their life is a felicity without end.

† Jupiter's reproaching these two Goddesses with neglecting to assist Menelaus, proceeds from the affection he bore to Troy: since if Menelaus by their help had gained a complete victory, the siege had been raised, and the city delivered. On the contrary, Juno and Minerva might suffer Paris to escape, as the method to continue the war to the total destruction of Troy. And accordingly a few lines after we find them plotting together, and contriving a new scene of miseries to the Trojans.

‡ Jupiter here makes it a question, whether the foregoing combat should determine the controversy, or the peace be broken? His putting it thus, *that Paris is not killed, but Menelaus has the victory*, gives

## NOTES.

a hint for a dispute whether the conditions of the treaty were valid or annulled; that is to say, whether the controversy was to be determined by the *victory* or by the *death* of one of the combatants. Accordingly it has been disputed whether the articles were really binding to the Trojans, or not? In the first proposal of the challenge, Paris mentions only the victory, *And who his rival shall in arms subdue*: Nor does Hector, who carries it, say any more. However, Menelaus understands it of the death by what he replies: *Fall he that must beneath his rival's arms, And live the rest*—Iris to Helen speaks only of the former; and Idæus to Priam repeats the same words. But in the solemn oath Agamemnon specifies the latter, *If by Paris slain—and If by my brother's arms the Trojans bleed*. Priam also understands it of both, saying at his leaving the field, *What prince shall fall, heav'n only knows*. Paris himself confesses he





Jupiter having assembled the Gods in his Palace, by Juno's advice sends Minerva to the Trojan Camp, to induce them to break the Treaty made with the Greeks, and Oblige them to recommence Hostilities.

B. IV.

*P. Boudier del.*



Then say, ye pow'rs! what signal issue waits  
To crown this deed, and finish all the Fates:  
Shall heav'n by peace the bleeding kingdoms spare,  
Or rouse the Furies, and awake the war?  
Yet, would the Gods for human good provide,  
*Atrides* soon might gain his beauteous bride,  
Still *Priam's* walls in peaceful honours grow,  
And thro' his gates the crouding nations flow.

Thus while he spake, the Queen of heav'n, enrag'd,  
And Queen of war, in close consult engag'd:  
Apart they sit, their deep designs employ,  
And meditate the future woes of *Troy*.  
Tho' secret anger swell'd *Minerva's* breast,\*  
The prudent Goddess yet her wrath suppress;  
But *Juno*, impotent of passion, broke  
Her sullen silence, and with fury spake.

Shall then, O tyrant of the ætherial reign,  
My schemes, my labours, and my hopes be vain?  
Have I, for this, shook *Ilion* with alarms,  
Assembled nations, set two worlds in arms?  
To spread the war, I flew from shore to shore;  
Th' immortal couriers scarce the labour bore.  
At length ripe vengeance o'er their heads impends;  
But *Jove* himself the faithless race defends:

Loth as thou art to punish lawless lust,  
Not all the Gods are partial and unjust.  
The Sire, whose thunder shakes the cloudy skies,  
Sighs from his inmost soul, and thus replies;  
On lasting rancour! oh insatiate hate!  
To *Phrygia's* monarch, and the *Phrygian* state!  
What high offence has fired the wife of *Jove*,  
Can wretched mortals harm the pow'rs above?  
That *Troy* and *Troy's* whole race thou wouldst  
confound,

And yon fair structures level with the ground?  
Haste, leave the skies, fulfil thy stern desire,  
Burst all her gates, and wrap her walls in fire!

## NOTES.

he has lost the victory, in his speech to *Helen*, which he would hardly have done had the whole depended on that alone: and lastly, *Menelaus* (after the conquest is clearly his by the flight of *Paris*) is still searching round the field to kill him, as if all were of no effect without the death of his adversary. It appears from hence, that the *Trojans* had no ill pretence to break the treaty, so that *Homer* ought not to be accused of making *Jupiter* the author of perjury in what follows.

\* *Minerva*, who in the first book had restrained the anger of *Achilles*, had now an opportunity of exerting the same conduct in respect to herself. We may bring the parallel close, by observing that she had before her in like manner a superior, who had provoked her by sharp expressions, and whose

Let *Priam* bleed! if yet thou thirst for more,  
Bleed all his sons, and *Ilion* float with gore,  
To boundless vengeance the wide realm be giv'n,  
Till vast destruction glut the Queen of Heav'n!  
So let it be, and *Jove* his peace enjoy,  
When heav'n no longer hears the name of *Troy*.  
But should this arm prepare to wreak our hate  
On thy lov'd realms, whose guilt demands their  
fate,

Presume not thou the lifted bolt to stay,  
Remember *Troy*, and give the vengeance way.  
For know, of all the num'rous towns that rise  
Beneath the rolling sun, and starry skies,  
Which Gods have rais'd, or earth-born men enjoy,  
None stands so dear to *Jove* as sacred *Troy*.  
No mortals merit more distinguish'd grace,  
Than god-like *Priam*, or than *Priam's* race.  
Still to our name their hecatombs expire,  
And altars blaze with unextinguish'd fire.

At this the Goddess roll'd her radiant eyes,  
Then on the thund'rer fix'd them, and replies.  
Three towns are *Juno's* on the *Grecian* plains,  
More dear than all th' extended earth contains,  
*Mycenæ*, *Argos*, and the *Spartan* wall;  
These thou may'st raze, nor I forbid their fall:  
'Tis not in me the vengeance to remove;  
The crime's sufficient that they share my love.  
Of pow'r superior why should I complain?  
Resent I may, but must resent in vain.  
Yet some distinction *Juno* might require,  
Sprung with thyself from one celestial Sire,  
A Goddess born to share the realms above,  
And styl'd the consort of the thund'ring *Jove*;  
Nor thou a wife and sister's right deny;  
Let both consent, and both by turns comply;  
So shall the Gods our joint decrees obey,  
And heav'n shall act as we direct the way.

See

## NOTES.

counsels ran against her sentiments. In all which the poet takes care to preserve her still in the practice of that wisdom of which she was Goddess.

† *Homer* in this place has made *Jupiter* to prophesy the destruction of *Mycenæ*, the favoured city of *Juno*, which happened a little before the time of our author. The *Trojan* war being over, and the kingdom of *Agamemnon* destroyed, *Mycenæ* daily decreased after the return of the *Heracidae*: for these becoming masters of *Peloponnesus*, cast out the old inhabitants; so that they who possessed *Argos* overcame *Mycenæ* also; and contracted both into one body. A short time after, *Mycenæ* was destroyed by the *Argives*, and not the least remains of it are now to be found.



See ready *Pallas* waits thy high commands,  
To raise in arms the *Greek* and *Phrygian* bands;  
Their sudden friendship by her arts may cease,  
And the proud *Trojans* first infringe the peace.

The Sire of men, and Monarch of the sky  
Th' advice approv'd, and bade *Minerva* fly,\*  
Dissolve the league, and all her arts employ  
To make the breach the faithless act of *Troy*.

Fir'd with the charge, she headlong urg'd her flight,  
And shot like light'ning from *Olympus*' height.  
As the red comet, from *Saturnius* sent

To fright the nations with a dire portent,  
(A fatal sign to armies on the plain,  
Or trembling sailors on the wintry main)  
With sweeping glories glides along in air,  
And shakes the sparkles from it's blazing hairs:

Between both armies thus, in open fight,  
Shot the bright Goddess in a trail of light.  
With eyes erect the gazing hosts admire  
The pow'r descending, and the heav'ns on fire!  
The Gods (they cry'd) the Gods this signal sent,  
And fate now labours with some vast event:  
*Jove* seals the league, or bloodier scenes prepares;  
*Jove*, the great arbiter of peace and wars!

They said, while *Pallas* thro' the *Trojan* throng  
(In shape a mortal) pass'd disguis'd along.  
Like bold *Laödocus*, her course she bent,  
Who from *Antenor* trac'd his high descent.  
Amidst the ranks *Lycaön's* son she found,  
The warlike *Pandarus*, for strength renown'd,†  
Whose squadrons, led from black *Aësepus*' flood,  
With flaming shields in martial circle stood.

## NOTES.

\* *Homer's* heaven may be considered as an ideal world of abstracted beings, and so every motion which rises in the mind of man is attributed to the quality to which it belongs, with the name of the Deity who is supposed to preside over that quality superadded to it: in this sense the present allegory is easy enough. *Pandarus* thinks it *prudence* to gain honour and wealth at the hands of the *Trojans* by destroying *Menelaus*. This sentiment is also incited by a notion of *glory*, of which *Juno* is represented as Goddess. *Jupiter*, who is supposed to know the thoughts of men, permits the action which he is not author of; but sends a prodigy at the same time to give warning of a coming mischief, and accordingly we find both armies descanting upon the sight of it in the following lines.

† *Homer* makes not the Gods to use all persons indifferently as their second agents, but each according to the powers he is endued with by art or nature. For a proof of this, he puts us in mind how *Minerva*, when she would persuade the *Greeks*,

To him the Goddess: *Phrygian*, canst thou hear  
A well-tim'd counsel with a willing ear?  
What praise were thine, could'st thou direct thy dart  
Amidst his triumph, to the *Spartan's* heart?  
What gifts from *Troy*, from *Paris* would'st thou gain,  
Thy country's foe, the *Grecian* glory slain?  
Then seize th' occasion, dare the mighty deed,  
Aim at his breast, and may that aim succeed!  
But first, to speed the shaft, address thy vow  
To *Lycian Phæbus* with the silver bow,  
And swear the firstlings of thy flock to pay  
On *Zelia's* altars to the God of day.

He heard, and madly at the motion pleas'd,  
His polish'd bow with hasty rashness seiz'd.  
'Twas form'd of horn, and smooth'd with artful  
toil;

A mountain goat resign'd the shining spoil,  
Who pierc'd long since beneath his arrows bled;  
The stately quarry on the cliffs lay dead,  
And sixteen palms his brows large honours spread:  
The workman join'd, and shap'd the bended horns,  
And beaten gold each taper point adorns.  
This, by the *Greeks* unseen, the warrior bends,  
Screen'd by the shields of his surrounding friends.  
There meditates the mark; and couching low,  
Fits the sharp arrow to the well-strung bow.  
One, from a hundred feather'd deaths he chose,  
Fated to wound, and cause of future woes.  
Then offers vows with hecatombs to crown  
*Apollo's* altars in his native town.‡

Now with full force the yielding horn he bends,  
Drawn to an arch, and joins the doubling ends;

Close

## NOTES.

seeks for *Ulysses*; when she would break the truce, for *Pandarus*; and when she would conquer, for *Diomed*. Several reasons may be given why *Pandarus* was particularly proper for this occasion. The Goddess went not to the *Trojans*, because they hated *Paris*, and (as we are told in the end of the foregoing book) would rather have given him up, than have done an ill action for him. She therefore looks among the allies, and finds *Pandarus* who was of a nation noted for perfidiousness, and had a soul avaritious enough to be capable of engaging in this treachery for the hopes of a reward from *Paris*: as appears by his being so covetous as not to bring horses to the siege for fear of the expence or loss of them; as he tells *Aeneas* in the fifth book.

‡ The poet having held us through the foregoing book, in expectation of a peace, makes the conditions be here broken after such a manner, as should oblige the *Greeks* to act through the war with that irreconcilable fury, which affords him the opportunity of exerting the full fire of his own genius.

The



Close to his breast he strains the nerve below,  
Till the barb'd point approach the circling bow;  
Th' impatient weapon whizzes on the wing;  
Sounds the tough horn, and twangs the quiv'ring string.

But thee, *Atrides*! in that dang'rous hour  
The Gods forget not, nor thy guardian pow'r.  
*Pallas* assists, and (weaken'd in it's force)  
Diverts the weapon from it's destin'd course:  
So from her babe, when slumber seals his eye,  
The watchful mother wafts th' envenom'd fly.\*  
Just where his belt with golden buckles join'd,  
Where linen folds the double corset lin'd,  
She turn'd the shaft, which hissing from above,  
Pass'd the broad belt, and thro' the corset drove;  
The folds it pierc'd, the plaited linen tore,  
And raz'd the skin, and drew the purple gore.  
As when some stately trappings are decreed †  
To grace a monarch on his bounding steed,

A nymph in *Caria* or *Mæonia* bred,  
Stains the pure iv'ry with a lively red;  
With equal lustre various colours vie,  
The shining whiteness, and the *Tyrian* dye.  
So, great *Atrides*! show'd by sacred blood,  
As down thy snowy thigh distill'd the streaming flood.  
With horror seiz'd, the king of men descry'd  
The shaft infix'd, and saw the gushing tide:  
Nor less the *Spartan* fear'd, before he found  
The shining barb appear above the wound.  
Then, with a sigh that heav'd his manly breast,  
The royal brother thus his grief express'd,  
And grasp'd his hand; while all the *Greeks* around  
With answering sighs return'd the plaintive sound.

O dear as life! did I for this agree ‡  
The solemn truce, a fatal truce to thee!  
Wert thou expos'd to all the hostile train,  
To fight for *Greece*, and conquer, to be slain?

The

## NOTES.

The shot of *Pandarus* being therefore of such consequence, it was thought fit not to pass it over in a few words, like the flight of every common arrow, but to give it a description some way corresponding to it's importance. For this, he surrounds it with a train of circumstances; the history of the bow, the bending it, the covering *Pandarus* with shields, the choice of the arrow, the prayer, and posture of the shooter, the sound of the string, and flight of the shaft; all most beautifully and lively painted. It may be observed too, how proper a time it was to expatiate in these particulars; when the armies being unemployed, and only one man acting, the poet and his readers had leisure to be the spectators of a single and deliberate action.

\* This is one of those humble comparisons which *Homer* sometimes uses to diversify his subject, but a very exact one in it's kind, and corresponding in all it's parts. The care of the Goddess, the unsuspecting security of *Menelaus*, the ease with which she diverts the danger, and the danger itself, are all included in this short compass. To which may be added, that if the providence of heavenly powers to their creatures is express'd by the love of a mother to her child, if men in regard to them are but as heedless sleeping infants, and if those dangers which may seem great to us, are by them as easily warded off as the simile implies; there will appear something sublime in this conception, however little or low the image may be thought at first sight in respect to a hero. A higher comparison would but have tended to lessen the disparity between the Gods and men, and the justness of the simile had been lost, as well as the grandeur of the sentiment.

† Some have judged the circumstances in this

## NOTES.

simile to be superfluous, and think it foreign to the purpose to take notice, that this ivory was intended for the bosses of a bridle, was laid up for a prince, or that a woman of *Caria* or *Mæonia* dyed it. But we are of a different opinion, and think this passage beautiful for the variety it presents, and the learning it includes. We learn from hence that the *Lydians* and *Carians* were famous in the first times for their staining in purple, and that the women excelled in works of ivory: as also that there were certain ornaments which only kings and princes were privileged to wear. But without having recourse to antiquities to justify this particular, it may be alledged, that the simile does not consist barely in the colours; it was but little to tell us, that the blood of *Menelaus* appearing on the whiteness of his skin, vied with the purple ivory; but this implies, that the honourable wounds of a hero are the beautiful dress of war, and becomes him as much as the most gallant ornaments in which he takes the field.

‡ This incident of the wound of *Menelaus* gives occasion to *Homer* to draw a fine description of fraternal love in *Agamemnon*. On the first sight of it, he is struck with amaze and confusion, and now breaks out in tenderness and grief. He first accuses himself as the cause of this misfortune, by having consented to expose his brother to the single combat which had drawn on this fatal consequence. Next he inveighs against the *Trojans* in general for their perfidiousness, as not yet knowing that it was the act of *Pandarus* only. He then comforts himself with the confidence that the Gods will revenge him upon *Troy*; but doubts by what hands this punishment may be inflicted, as fearing the death of *Menelaus* will force the *Greeks* to return with shame to their



The race of *Trojans* in thy ruin join,  
 And faith is scorn'd by all the perjur'd line.  
 Not thus our vows, confirm'd with wine and gore,  
 Those hands we plighted, and those oaths we swore,  
 Shall all be vain: when heav'n's revenge is slow,  
*Jove* but prepares to strike the fiercer blow.  
 The day shall come, that great avenging day,  
 Which *Troy's* proud glories in the dust shall lay,  
 When *Priam's* pow'rs and *Priam's* self shall fall,  
 And one prodigious ruin swallow all.  
 I see the God, already, from the pole  
 Bare his red arm, and bid the thunder roll;  
 I see th' Eternal all his fury shed,  
 And shake his *Aegis* o'er their guilty head:  
 Such mighty woes on perjur'd princes wait;  
 But thou, alas! deserv'st a happier fate.  
 Still must I mourn the period of thy days,  
 And only mourn, without my share of praise?  
 Depriv'd of thee, the heartless *Greeks* no more  
 Shall dream of conquests on the hostile shore;  
*Troy* seiz'd of *Helen*, and our glory lost,  
 Thy bones shall moulder on a foreign coast:  
 While some proud *Trojan* thus insulting cries,\*  
 (And spurns the dust where *Menelaüs* lies)  
 "Such are the trophies *Greece* from *Ilium* brings,  
 "And such the conquests of her king of kings!  
 "Lo his proud vessels scatter'd o'er the main,  
 "And unreveng'd, his mighty brother slain."  
 Oh! ere that dire disgrace shall blast my fame,  
 O'erwhelm me, earth! and hide a monarch's shame.

He said: a leader's and a brother's fears  
 Possess his soul, which thus the *Spartan* cheers:  
 Let not thy words the warmth of *Greece* abate;†  
 The feeble dart is guiltless of my fate:  
 Stiff with the rich embroider'd work around,  
 My vary'd belt repell'd the flying wound.

## NOTES.

their country. There is no contradiction in all this, but on the other side a great deal of nature, in the confused sentiments of *Agamemnon* on the occasion.

\* *Agamemnon* here calls to mind how, upon the death of his brother, the ineffectual preparations and actions against *Troy* must become a derision to the world. This is in it's own nature a very irritating sentiment, though it were ever so carelessly expressed; but the poet has found out a peculiar air of aggravation, in making him bring all the consequences before his eyes, in a picture of their *Trojan* enemies gathering round the tomb of the unhappy *Menelaüs*, elated with pride, insulting the dead, and throwing out disdainful expressions and curses against him and his family. There is nothing which could

To whom the king. My brother and my friend,  
 Thus, always thus, may heav'n thy life defend!  
 Now seek some skilful hand, whose pow'rful art  
 May stanch th' effusion, and extract the dart.  
 Herald! be swift, and bid *Machaön* bring  
 His speedy succour to the *Spartan* king;  
 Pierc'd with a winged shaft, (the deed of *Troy*)  
 The *Grecian's* sorrow, and the *Dardan's* joy.

With hasty zeal the swift *Talthybius* flies;  
 Thro' the thick files he darts his searching eyes,  
 And finds *Machaön*, where sublime he stands  
 In arms encircled with his native bands.  
 Then thus: *Machaön*, to the king repair,  
 His wounded brother claims thy timely care;  
 Pierc'd by some *Lycian* or *Dardanian* bow,  
 A grief to us, a triumph to the foe.

The heavy tidings griev'd the godlike man;  
 Swift to his succour thro' the ranks he ran:  
 The dauntless king yet standing firm he found,  
 And all the chiefs in deep concern around.  
 Where to the steely point the reed was join'd,  
 The shaft he drew, but left the head behind.  
 Strait the broad belt with gay embroid'ry grac'd,  
 He loos'd; the corslet from his breast unbrac'd;  
 Then suck'd the blood, and sov'reign balm infus'd,  
 Which *Chiron* gave, and *Æsculapius* us'd.

While round the prince the *Greeks* employ their care,  
 The *Trojans* rush tumultuous to the war:‡  
 Once more they glitter in refulgent arms,  
 Once more the fields are fill'd with dire alarms.  
 Nor had you seen the king of men appear  
 Confus'd, unactive, or surpriz'd with fear;  
 But fond of glory, with severe delight,  
 His beating bosom claim'd the rising fight.  
 No longer with his warlike steeds he stay'd,  
 Or press'd the car with polish'd brass inlay'd:

But

## NOTES.

more effectually represent a state of anguish, than the drawing such an image as this, which shews a man increasing his present unhappiness by the prospect of a future train of misfortunes.

† In *Agamemnon*, *Homer* has shewn an example of a tender nature and fraternal affection; and now in *Menelaüs* he gives us one of a generous warlike patience and presence of mind. He speaks of his own case with no other regard, but as this accident of his wound may tend to the discouragement of the soldiers; and exhorts the general to beware of dejecting their spirits from the prosecution of the war.

‡ They advanced to the enemy in the belief that the shot of *Pandarus* was made by order of the generals.



But left *Eurymedon* the reins to guide;  
 The fiery courfers snorted at his side.  
 On foot thro' all the martial ranks he moves,\*  
 And these encourages, and those reproves.  
 Brave men! he cries, (to such who boldly dare  
 Urge their swift steeds to face the coming war)  
 Your ancient valour on the foes approve;  
*Jove* is with *Greece*, and let us trust in *Jove*.  
 'Tis not for us, but guilty *Troy* to dread,  
 Whose crimes sit heavy on her perjurd head;  
 Her sons and matrons *Greece* shall lead in chains,  
 And her dead warriors strow the mournful plains.

Thus with new ardor he the brave inspires;  
 Or thus the fearful with reproaches fires.  
 Shame to your country, scandal of your kind!  
 Born to the fate ye well deserve to find!  
 Why stand ye gazing round the dreadful plain,  
 Prepar'd for flight, but doom'd to fly in vain?  
 Confus'd and panting, thus, the hunted deer  
 Falls as he flies, a victim to his fear.  
 Still must ye wait the foes, and still retire,  
 Till yon tall vessels blaze with *Trojan* fire?

## NOTES.

\* In the following review of the army, which takes up a great part of this book, we see all the spirit, art, and industry of a complete general; together with the proper characters of those leaders whom he incites. *Agamemnon* considers at this sudden exigence, that he should first address himself to all in general; he divides his discourse to the brave and the fearful, using arguments which arise from confidence or despair, passions which act upon us most forcibly: to the brave, he urges their secure hopes of conquest, since the Gods must punish perjury; to the timorous, their inevitable destruction, if the enemy should burn their ships. After this he flies from rank to rank, applying himself to each ally with particular artifice: he caresses *Idomeneus* as an old friend, who had promised not to forsake him; and meets with an answer in that hero's true character, short, honest, hearty, and soldier-like. He praises the *Ajaxes* as warriors whose examples fired the army; and is received by them without any reply, as they were men who did not profess speaking. He passes next to *Nestor*, whom he finds talking to his soldiers as he marshalled them; here he was not to part without a complement on both sides; he wishes him the strength he had once in his youth, and is answered with an account of something which the old hero had done in his former days. From hence he goes to the troops which lay farthest from the place of action; where he finds *Meneleus* and *Ulysses*, not entirely unprepared, nor

Or trust ye, *Jove* a valiant foe shall chace,  
 To save a trembling, heartless, dastard race?  
 This said, he stalk'd with ample strides along,  
 To *Crete's* brave monarch and his martial throng;  
 High at their head he saw the chief appear,  
 And bold *Meriones* excite the rear.  
 At this the king his gen'rous joy express'd,  
 And clasp'd the warrior to his armed breast.  
 Divine *Idomeneus*! what thanks we owe  
 To worth like thine? what praise shall we bestow?  
 To thee the foremost honours are decreed,  
 First in the fight, and ev'ry graceful deed.  
 For this, in banquets, when the gen'rous bowls †  
 Restore our blood, and raise the warriors souls,  
 Tho' all the rest with stated rules we bound,  
 Unmix'd, unmeasur'd are thy goblets crown'd.  
 Be still thyself; in arms a mighty name;  
 Maintain thy honours, and enlarge thy fame.  
 To whom the *Cretan* thus his speech address'd;  
 Secure of me, O king! exhort the rest:  
 Fix'd to thy side, in ev'ry toil I share,  
 Thy firm associate in the day of war.

But

## NOTES.

yet in motion, as being ignorant of what had happened. He reproves *Ulysses* for this, with words agreeable to the hurry he is in, and receives an answer which suits not ill with the twofold character of a wise and a valiant man: hereupon *Agamemnon* appears present to himself, and excuses his hasty expressions. The next he meets is *Diomed*, whom he also rebukes for backwardness, but after another manner, by setting before him the example of his father. Thus is *Agamemnon* introduced, praising, terrifying, exhorting, blaming, excusing himself, and again relapsing into reproofs; a lively picture of a great mind in the highest emotion. And at the same time the variety is so kept up, with a regard to the different characters of the leaders, that our thoughts are not tired with running along with him over all his army.

† The ancients usually in their feasts divided to the guests by equal portions, except when they took some particular occasion to shew distinction, and give the preference to any one person. It was then looked upon as the highest mark of honour to be allotted the best portion of meat and wine, and to be allowed an exemption from the laws of the feast, in drinking wine unmingled and without flint. This custom was much more ancient than the time of the *Trojan* war, and we find it practised in the banquet given by *Joseph* to his brethren in *Egypt*, *Gen.* 43.



But let the signal be this moment giv'n ;  
To mix in fight is all I ask of heav'n.  
The field shall prove how perjuries succeed,  
And chains or death avenge their impious deed.

Charm'd with this heat, the king his course pursues,  
And next the troops of either *Ajax* views :  
In one firm orb the bands were rang'd around,  
A cloud of heroes blacken'd all the ground.  
Thus from the lofty promontory's brow  
A swain surveys the gath'ring storm below ;  
Slow from the main the heavy vapours rise,  
Spread in dim streams, and sail along the skies,  
Till black as night the swelling tempest shows,  
The cloud condensing as the west wind blows :  
He dreads th' impending storm, and drives his flock  
To the close covert of an arching rock.

Such, and so thick, th' embatt'ed squadrons stood,  
With spears erect, a moving iron wood ;  
A shady light was shot from glimm'ring shields,  
And their brown arms obscur'd the dusky fields.

O heroes ! worthy such a dauntless train,  
Whose godlike virtue we but urge in vain,  
(Exclaim'd the king) who raise your eager bands  
With great examples, more than loud commands.  
Ah would the Gods but breathe in all the rest  
Such souls as burn in your exalted breast !  
Soon should our arms with just success be crown'd,  
And *Troy's* proud walls lie smoking on the ground.

Then to the next the gen'ral bends his course ;  
(His heart exults, and glories in his force).  
There rev'rend *Nestor* ranks his *Pylian* bands,\*  
And with inspiring eloquence commands ;  
With strictest order sets his train in arms,  
The chiefs advises, and the soldiers wars.  
*Alastor*, *Chromius*, *Hæmon* round him wait,  
*Bias* the good, and *Pelagon* the great.  
The horse and chariots to the front assign'd,  
The foot (the strength of war) he rang'd behind ;

The middle space suspected troops supply, †  
Inclos'd by both, nor left the pow'r to fly :  
He gives command to curb the fiery speed,  
Nor cause confusion, nor the ranks exceed ;  
Before the rest let none too rash'y ride ;  
No strength nor skill, but just in time, be try'd :  
The charge once made, no warrior turn the rein,  
But fight, or fall ; a firm embody'd train.  
He whom the fortune of the field shall cast  
From forth his chariot, mount the next in haste ;  
Nor seek unpractis'd to direct the car,  
Content with jav'lines to provoke the war.  
Our great forefathers held this prudent course,  
Thus rul'd their ardor, thus preserv'd their force,  
By laws like these immortal conquests made,  
And earth's proud tyrants low in ashes laid.

So spoke the master of the martial art,  
And touch'd with transport great *Atrides'* heart.  
Oh ! hadst thou strength to match thy brave desires,  
And nerves to second what thy soul inspires !  
But wasting years, that wither human race,  
Exhaust thy spirits, and thy arms unbrace.  
What once thou wert, oh ever might'st thou be !  
And age the lot of any chief but thee.

Thus to th' experienc'd prince *Atrides* cry'd ;  
He shook his hoary locks, and thus reply'd.  
Well might I wish, could mortal wish renew  
That strength which once in boiling youth I knew ;  
Such as I was, when *Ereuthalion* slain  
Beneath this arm fell prostrate on the plain.  
But heav'n it's gifts not all at once bestows,  
These years with wisdom crowns, with action those ;  
The field of combat fits the young and bold,  
The solemn council best becomes the old :  
To you the glorious conflict I resign,  
Let sage advice, the palm of age, be mine.

He said. With joy the monarch march'd before,  
And found *Meneſtheus* on the dusty shore,

With

#### NOTES.

\* This is the prince whom *Homer* chiefly celebrates for martial discipline ; of the rest he is content to say they were valiant, and ready to fight ; the years, long observation, and experience of *Nestor*, rendered him the fittest person to be distinguished on this account. The disposition of his troops in this place (together with what he is made to say, that their forefathers used the same method) may be a proof that the art of war was well known in *Greece* before the time of *Homer*. Nor indeed can it be imagined otherwise, in an age when all the world made their acquisitions by force of arms only. What is most to be wondered at, is, that they had not the use of *cavalry*, all men engaging either on

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foot, or from *chariots* (a particular necessary to be known by every reader of *Homer's* battles). In these chariots there were always two persons, one of whom only fought, the other was wholly employed in managing the horses.

† This artifice of placing those men, whose behaviour was most to be doubted, in the middle, (so as to put them under a necessity of engaging even against their inclinations) was followed by *Hannibal* in the battle of *Zama* ; as is observed and praised by *Polybius*, who quotes this verse on that occasion, in acknowledgment of *Homer's* skill in military discipline.



With whom the firm *Athenian* phalanx stands;  
And next *Ulysses*, with his subject bands.  
Remote their forces lay, nor knew so far\*  
The peace infrig'd, nor heard the sounds of war;  
The tumult late begun, they stood intent  
To watch the motion, dubious of th'event.  
The king, who saw their squadrons yet unmov'd,  
With hasty ardour thus the chiefs reprov'd.

Can *Peteus*' son forget a warrior's part,  
And fears *Ulysses*, skill'd in ev'ry art?  
Why stand you distant, and the rest expect  
To mix in combat which yourselves neglect?  
From you 'twas hop'd among the first to dare  
The shock of armies, and commence the war.  
For this your names are call'd, before the rest,  
To share the pleasures of the genial feast:

And can you, chiefs! without a blush survey  
Whole troops before you lab'ring in the fray?  
Say, is it thus those honours you requite?  
The first in banquets, but the last in fight?

*Ulysses* heard: the hero's warmth o'erspread  
His cheek with blushes: and severe, he said:  
Take back th' unjust reproach! behold we stand  
Sheath'd in bright arms, and but expect command.  
If glorious deeds afford thy soul delight,  
Behold me plunging in the thickest fight.  
Then give thy warrior-chief a warrior's due,  
Who dares to act whate'er thou dar'st to view.

Struck with his gen'rous wrath, the king replies;  
Oh great in action, and in council wise!  
With our's, thy care and ardour are the same,  
Nor need I to command, nor ought to blame.  
Sage as thou art, and learn'd in human kind,  
Forgive the transport of a martial mind.  
Haste to the fight, secure of just amends;  
The Gods that make, shall keep the worthy, friends.

## NOTES.

\* This is a reason why the troops of *Ulysses* and *Meneſtheus* were not yet in motion. Though another may be added in respect to the former, that it did not consist with the wisdom of *Ulysses* to fall on with his forces till he was well assured. Though courage be no inconsiderable part of his character, yet it is always joined with great caution. Thus we see him soon after in the very heat of battle, when his friend was just slain before his eyes, first looking carefully about him, before he would throw his spear to revenge him.

† This long narration concerning the history of *Tydeus*, is not a cold story, but a warm reproof, while the particularizing the actions of the father is made the highest incentive to the son. Accordingly the air of this speech is inspired above the common narrative style.

He said, and pass'd where great *Tydidēs* lay,  
His steeds and chariots wedg'd in firm array:  
(The warlike *Sthenelus* attends his side)  
To whom with stern reproach the monarch cry'd;  
Oh son of *Tydeus*! (he, whose strength could tame  
The bounding steed, in arms a mighty name)  
Canst thou, remote, the mingling hosts descry,  
With hands unactive, and a careless eye?  
Not thus thy sire the fierce encounter fear'd;  
Still first in front the matchless prince appear'd:  
What glorious toils, what wonders they recite,  
Who view'd him lab'ring thro' the ranks of fight!  
I saw him once, when gath'ring martial pow'rs †  
A peaceful guest, he sought *Mycenæ's* tow'rs;  
Armies he ask'd, and armies had been giv'n,  
Not we deny'd, but *Jove* forbad from heav'n:  
While dreadful comets glaring from afar  
Forewarn'd the horrors of the *Theban* war.  
Next, sent by *Greece* from where *Asopus* flows,  
A fearless envoy, he approach'd the foes;  
*Thebe's* hostile walls, unguarded and alone,  
Dauntless he enters, and demands the throne.  
The tyrant feasting with his chiefs he found,  
And dar'd to combat all those chiefs around;  
Dar'd and subdu'd, before their haughty lord;  
For *Pallas* strung his arm, and edg'd his sword.  
Stung with the shame, within the winding way,  
To bar his passage fifty warriors lay;  
Two heroes led the secret squadron on,  
*Mæon* the fierce, and hardy *Lycophon*;  
Those fifty slaughter'd in the gloomy vale,  
He spar'd but one to bear the dreadful tale.  
Such *Tydeus* was, and such his martial fire;  
Gods! how the son degen'rates from the sire?

No words the godlike *Diomed* return'd, ‡  
But heard respectful, and in secret burn'd:

Not

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‡ When *Diomed* is reproved by *Agamemnon*, he holds his peace in respect to his general; but *Sthenelus* retorts upon him with boasting and insolence. It is here worth observing in what manner *Agamemnon* behaves himself; he passes by *Sthenelus* without affording any reply; whereas just before, when *Ulysses* testified his resentment, he immediately returned him an answer. For as it is a mean and servile thing, and unbecoming the majesty of a prince, to make apologies to every man in justification of what he has said or done; so to treat all men with equal neglect is more pride and excess of folly. We also see of *Diomed*, that though he refrains from speaking in this place, when the time demanded action; he afterwards expresses himself in such a manner, as shews him not to have been insensible of this unjust rebuke: (in the ninth book)

when



Not so fierce *Capaneus*' undaunted son,  
Stern as his fire, the boaster thus begun.

What needs, O monarch, this invidious praise,  
Ourselves to lessen, while our fires you raise?  
Dare to be just, *Atrides*! and confess  
Our valour equal, tho' our fury less.  
With fewer troops we storm'd the *Theban* wall,\*  
And happier, saw the sev'nfold city fall.  
In impious acts the guilty fathers died;  
The sons subdu'd, for heav'n was on their side.  
Far more than heirs of all our parent's fame,  
Our glories darken their diminish'd name.

To him *Tydidēs* thus. My friend, forbear,  
Suppress thy passion, and the king revere:  
His high concern may well excuse this rage,  
Whose cause we follow, and whose war we wage;  
His the first praise, were *Iliōn*'s tow'rs o'erthrown,  
And, if we fail, the chief disgrace his own.  
Let him the *Greeks* to hardy toils excite,  
'Tis our's to labour in the glorious fight.

He spoke, and ardent, on the trembling ground  
Sprung from his car; his ringing arms resound.  
Dire was the clang, and dreadful from afar,  
Of arm'd *Tydidēs* rushing to the war.  
As when the winds, ascending by degrees, †  
First move the whitening surface of the seas,  
The billows float in order to the shore,  
The wave behind rolls on the wave before;

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when he tells the king, he was the first who had dared to reproach him with want of courage.

\* The first *Theban* war, of which *Agamemnon* spoke in the preceding lines, was seven and twenty years before the war of *Troy*. *Sthenelus* here speaks of the second *Theban* war, which happened ten years after the first: when the sons of the seven captains conquered the city, before which their fathers were destroyed. *Tydeus* expired gnawing the head of his enemy, and *Capaneus* was thunder-struck while he blasphemed *Jupiter*.

† This is the first battle in *Homer*, and it is worthy observation with what grandeur it is described, and raised by one circumstance above another, till all is involved in horror and tumult: the foregoing simile of the winds, rising by degrees into a general tempest, is an image of the progress of his own spirit in this description. We see first an innumerable army moving in order, and are amused with the pomp and silence; then awakened with the noise and clamour; next they join; the adverse Gods are let down among them; the imaginary persons of *Terror*, *Flight*, *Discord*, succeed to re-inforce them; then all is undistinguished fury,

Till, with the growing storm, the deeps arise,  
Foam o'er the rocks, and thunder to the skies.  
So to the fight the thick battalions throng,  
Shields urg'd on shields, and men drove men along.  
Sedate and silent move the num'rous bands;  
No sound, no whisper but the chief's commands,  
Those only heard; with awe the rest obey,  
As if some God had snatch'd their voice away.  
Not so the *Trojans*; from their host ascends  
A gen'ral shout that all the region rends.  
As when the fleecy flocks unnumber'd stand  
In wealthy folds, and wait the milker's hand,  
The hollow vales incessant bleating fills,  
The lambs reply from all the neighb'ring hills:  
Such clamours rose from various nations round,  
Mix'd was the murmur, and confus'd the sound.  
Each host now joins, and each a God inspires,  
These *Mars* incites, and those *Minerva* fires.  
Pale *Flight* around, and dreadful *Terror* reign;  
And *Discord* raging bathes the purple plain:  
*Discord*! dire sister of the slaught'ring pow'r,  
Small at her birth, but rising ev'ry hour, ‡  
While scarce the skies her horrid head can bound,  
She stalks on earth, and shakes the world around;  
The nations bleed, where-e'er her step she turns,  
The groan still deepens, and the combat burns.

Now shield with shield, with helmet helmet clos'd, §  
To armour armour, lance to lance oppos'd,

Host

## NOTES.

and a confusion of horrors, only that at different openings we behold the distinct deaths of several heroes, and then are involved again in the same confusion.

‡ This passage has been highly extolled as one of the most signal instances of the noble sublimity of the author. The image here drawn of *Discord*, whose head touched the heavens, and whose feet were on earth, may as justly be applied to the vast reach and elevation of the genius of *Homer*. There have not however been wanting critics, who, incapable of discerning the beauties of allegory, have thought this a forced and extravagant hyperbole. But it seems not only the fate of great genius's to have met with the most malignant critics, but of the finest and noblest passages in them to have been particularly pitched upon for impertinent criticisms. These are the divine boldnesses, which in their very nature provoke ignorance and short-sightedness to shew themselves; and which whoever is capable of attaining, must also certainly know, that they will be attacked by such, as cannot reach them.

§ The verses which follow in the original are perhaps excelled by none in *Homer*; and that he had



Host against host with shadowy squadrons drew,  
The founding darts in iron tempests flew,  
Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous cries,  
And shrilling shouts and dying groans arise;  
With streaming blood the slipp'ry fields are dy'd,  
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.

As torrents roll, increas'd by num'rous rills,\*  
With rage impetuous down their echoing hills;  
Rush to the vales, and pour'd along the plain,  
Roar thro' a thousand channels to the main;  
The distant shepherd trembling hears the sound:  
So mix both hosts, and so their cries rebound.

The bold *Antilochus* the slaughter led,†  
The first who struck a valiant *Trojan* dead:  
At great *Echepolus* the lance arrives,  
Raz'd his high crest, and thro' his helmet drives;  
Warm'd in the brain the brazen weapon lies,  
And shades eternal settle o'er his eyes.  
So sinks a tow'r, that long assaults had stood  
Of force and fire; it's walls besmear'd with blood.  
Him, the bold ‡ leader of th' *Abantian* throng  
Seiz'd to despoil, and dragg'd the corps along:-  
But while he strove to tug th' inserted dart,  
*Agenor's* jav'lin reach'd the hero's heart.  
His flank, unguarded by his ample shield,  
Admits the lance: he falls, and spurns the field;  
The nerves unbrac'd support his limbs no more;  
The soul comes floating in a tide of gore.

*Trojans* and *Greeks* now gather round the slain;  
The war renews, the warriors bleed again;  
As o'er their prey rapacious wolves engage,  
Man dies on man, and all is blood and rage.

In blooming youth fair *Simoisius* fell, §  
Sent by great *Ajax* to the shades of hell:  
Fair *Simoisius*, whom his mother bore  
Amid the flocks on silver *Simois'* shore:  
The nymph descending from the hills of *Ida*,  
To seek her parents on his flow'ry side,  
Brought forth the babe, their common care and joy,  
And thence from *Simois* nam'd the lovely boy.

## NOTES.

had himself a particular fondness for them, may be imagined from his inserting them again in the same words in the eighth book.

\* This comparison of rivers meeting and roaring, with two armies mingling in battle, is an image of that nobleness, which (to say no more) was worthy the invention of *Homer*, and the imitation of succeeding poets.

† *Antilochus* the son of *Nestor* is the first who begins the engagement. It seems as if the old hero having done the greatest service he was capable of at his years, in disposing the troops in the best order, (as we have seen before) had taken care to set his son

No. 3.

Short was his date! by dreadful *Ajax* slain  
He falls, and renders all their cares in vain!  
So falls a poplar, that in watry ground  
Rais'd high the head, with stately branches crown'd,  
(Fell'd by some artist with his shining steel,  
To shape the circle of the bending wheel)  
Cut down it lies, tall, smooth, and largely spread,  
With all it's beauteous honours on it's head;  
There left a subject to the wind and rain,  
And scorch'd by suns, it withers on the plain.  
Thus pierc'd by *Ajax*, *Simoisius* lies  
Stretch'd on the shore, and thus neglected dies.

At *Ajax*, *Antiphus* his jav'lin threw;  
The pointed lance witherring fury flew,  
And *Leucus*, lov'd by wife *Ulysses*, flew. }  
He drops the corps of *Simoisius* slain,  
And sinks a breathless carcass on the plain.  
This saw *Ulysses*, and with grief enrag'd  
Strode where the foremost of the foes engag'd;  
Arm'd with his spear, he meditates the wound,  
In act to throw; but cautious, look'd around.  
Struck at his sight the *Trojans* backward drew,  
And trembling heard the jav'lin as it flew.  
A chief stood nigh who from *Abydos* came,  
Old *Priam's* son, *Democoön* was his name;  
The weapon center'd close above his ear,  
Cold thro' his temples glides the whizzing spear;  
With piercing shrieks the youth resigns his breath,  
His eye-balls darken with the shades of death;  
Pond'rous he falls; his clanging arms resound;  
And his broad buckler rings against the ground.  
Seiz'd with affright the boldest foes appear;  
Ev'n godlike *Hector* seems himself to fear;  
Slow he gave way, the rest tumultuous fled;  
The *Greeks* with shouts press on, and spoil the dead.

But *Phæbus* now from *Ilium's* tow'ring height ||  
Shines forth reveal'd and animates the fight.  
*Trojans* be bold, and force with force oppose;  
Your foaming steeds urge headlong on the foes!

Nor

## NOTES.

at the head of them, to give him the glory of beginning the battle.

‡ *Elphenor*.

§ This prince received his name from the river *Simois*, on whose banks he was born. It was the custom of the eastern people to give names to their children derived from the most remarkable accidents of their birth. The holy scripture is full of examples of this kind. It is also usual in the Old Testament to compare princes to trees, cedars, &c. as *Simoisius* is here resembled to a poplar.

|| *Homer* here introduces *Apollon* on the side of the *Trojans*: He had given them the assistance of *Mars*:

( )

at



Nor are their bodies rocks, nor ribb'd with steel;  
Your weapons enter, and your strokes they feel.  
Have ye forgot what seem'd your dread before?  
The great, the fierce *Achilles* fights no more.\*

*Apollo* thus from *Ilium's* lofty tow'rs  
Array'd in terrors, rous'd the *Trojan* pow'rs:  
While War's fierce Goddess fires the *Grecian* foe,  
And shouts and thunders in the fields below.

Then great *Dionus* fell, by doom divine,  
In vain his valour and illustrious line.  
A broken rock the force of *Pirus* threw,  
(Who from cold *Ænus* led the *Thracian* crew)  
Full on his ankle dropt the pond'rous stone,  
Burst the strong nerves, and crash'd the solid bone:  
Supine he tumbles on the crimson'd sands,  
Before his helpless friends, and native bands,  
And spreads for aid his unavailing hands.  
The foe rush'd furious as he pants for breath,  
And thro' his navel drove the pointed death:  
His gushing entrails smok'd upon the ground,  
And the warm life came issuing from the wound.

His lance bold *Thoas* at the conqueror sent,  
Deep in his breast above the pap it went,  
Amid the lungs was fix'd the winged wood,  
And quiv'ring in his heaving bosom stood:

## NOTES.

at the beginning of this battle; but *Mars* (which signifies courage without conduct) proving too weak to resist *Minerva* (or courage with conduct) which the poet represents as constantly aiding his *Greeks*; they want some prudent management to rally them again: he therefore brings in a *Wisdom* to assist *Mars*, under the appearance of *Apollo*.

\* *Homer* from time to time put his readers in mind of *Achilles*, during his absence from the war; and finds occasions of celebrating his valour with the highest praises. There cannot be a greater encomium than this, where *Apollo* himself tells the *Trojans* they have nothing to fear, since *Achilles* fights no longer against them.

† The turning off in this place from the actions of the field, to represent to us a man with security and calmness walking through it, without being able to reprehend any thing in the whole action; this is not only a fine praise of the battle, but as it were a breathing-place to the poetical spirit of the author,

Till from the dying chief, approaching near,  
Th' *Ætolian* warrior tugg'd his weighty spear;  
Then sudden wav'd his flaming faulchion round,  
And gash'd his belly with a ghastly wound,  
The corps now breathless on the bloody plain,  
To spoil his arms the victor strove in vain;  
The *Thracian* bands against the victor press;  
A grove of lances glitter'd at his breast.  
Stern *Thoas*, glaring with revengeful eyes,  
In sullen fury slowly quits the prize.

Thus fell two heroes; one the pride of *Thrace*,  
And one the leader of th' *Epeian* race;  
Death's sable shade at once o'ercast their eyes,  
In dust the vanquish'd, and the victor lies.  
With copious slaughter all the fields are red,  
And heap'd with growing mountains of the dead.

Had some brave chief this martial scene beheld,†  
By *Pallas* guarded thro' the dreadful field,  
Might darts be bid to turn their points away,  
And swords around him innocently play,  
The war's whole art with wonder had he seen,  
And counted heroes where he counted men.

So fought each host, with thirst of glory fir'd,  
And crouds on crouds triumphantly expir'd.

## NOTES.

after having rapidly run along with the heat of the engagement. He seems like one who having got over a part of his journey, stops upon an eminence to look back upon the space he has passed, and concludes the book with an agreeable pause or respite. — The reader will excuse our taking notice of such a trifle, as that it was an old superstition, that this fourth book of the *Iliads* being laid under the head, was a cure for the *Quartan Ague*. *Serenus Sammonicus*, a celebrated physician in the time of the younger *Gordian*, and preceptor to that Emperor, has gravely prescribed it among other receipts in his medicinal precepts. We believe it will be found a true observation, that there never was any thing so absurd or ridiculous, but has at one time or other been written even by some author of reputation. A reflection it may not be improper for writers to make, as being at once some mortification to their vanity, and some comfort to their infirmity.



## The FIFTH BOOK of the ILIAD.

## A R G U M E N T.

## THE ACTS OF DIOMED.

Diomed, assisted by Pallas, performs wonders in this day's battle. Pandarus wounds him with an arrow, but the Goddess cures him, enables him to discern Gods from mortals, and prohibits him from contending with any of the former, excepting Venus. Æneas joins Pandarus to oppose him; Pandarus is killed, and Æneas in great danger but for the assistance of Venus; who, as she is removing her son from the fight, is wounded on the hand by Diomed. Apollo seconds her in his rescue, and at length carries off Æneas to Troy, where he is healed in the temple of Pergamus. Mars rallies the Trojans, and assists Hector to make a stand. In the mean time Æneas is restored to the field, and they overthrow several of the Greeks; among the rest Tlepolemus is slain by Sarpedon. Juno and Minerva descend to resist Mars; the latter incites Diomed to go against that God; he wounds him, and sends him groaning to heaven.

The first battle continues through this book. The scene is the same as in the former.

**B**UT Pallas now Tydides' soul inspires,\*  
Fills with her force, and warms with all her fires  
Above the Greeks his deathless fame to raise,  
And crown her hero with distinguish'd praise.

High on his helm celestial lightnings play,  
His beamy shield emits a living ray;  
Th' unweary'd blaze incessant streams supplies,  
Like the red star that fires the autumnal skies,  
When

## NOTES.

\* As in every just history-picture there is one principal figure, to which all the rest refer and are subservient; so in each battle of the *Iliad* there is one principal person, that may properly be called the hero of that day or action. This conduct preserves the unity of the piece, and keeps the imagination from being distracted and confused with a wild number of independent figures, which have no subordination to each other. To make this probable, *Homer* supposes these extraordinary measures of courage to be the immediate gift of the Gods; who bestow them sometimes upon one, sometimes upon another, as they think fit to make them the instruments of their designs; an opinion conformable to true theology. Whoever reflects upon this, will not blame our author for representing the same heroes brave at one time, and dispirited at another; just as the Gods assist, or abandon them on different occasions.

That we may enter into the spirit and beauty of this book, it will be proper to settle the true charac-

## NOTES.

ter of *Diomed*, who is the hero of it. *Achilles* is no sooner retired, but *Homer* raises his other *Greeks* to supply his absence; like stars that shine each in his due revolution, till the principal hero rises again, and eclipses all others. As *Diomed* is the first in this office, he seems to have more of the character of *Achilles* than any besides. He has naturally an excess of boldness, and too much fury in his temper, forward and intrepid like the other; and running after Gods or men promiscuously as they offer themselves. But what differences his character is, that he is soon reclaimed by advice, hears those that are more experienced, and in a word, obeys *Minerva* in all things. He is assisted by the patroness of wisdom and arms, as he is eminent both for prudence and valour. That which characterises his prudence, is a quick sagacity and presence of mind in all emergencies, and an undisturbed readiness in the very article of danger. And what is particular in his valour is agreeable to these qualities, his actions being always performed with remarkable dexterity, activity,



When fresh he rears his radiant orb to fight,  
And bath'd in ocean, shoots a keener light.  
Such glories *Pallas* on the chief bestow'd,  
Such, from his arms, the fierce effulgence flow'd:  
Onward she drives him, furious to engage,  
Where the fight burns, and where the thickest rage.

The sons of *Dares* first the combat sought,  
A wealthy priest, but rich without a fault;  
In *Vulcan*'s fane the father's days were led,  
The sons to toils of glorious battle bred;

These singled from their troops the fight maintain,  
These from their steeds, *Tydidēs* on the plain.  
Fierce for renown the brother chiefs draw near,  
And first bold *Phœgeus* cast his sounding spear,  
Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course,  
And spent in empty air its erring force.  
No so, *Tydidēs*, flew thy lance in vain,  
But pierc'd his breast, and stretch'd him on the plain.  
Seiz'd with unusual fear, *Idæus* fled,\*  
Left the rich chariot, and his brother dead.

And

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activity, and dispatch. As the gentle and manageable turn of his mind seems drawn with an opposition to the boisterous temper of *Achilles*, so his bodily excellencies seem designed as in contrast to those of *Ajax*, who appears with great strength, but heavy and unwieldy. As he is forward to act in the field, so he is ready to speak in the council: but it is observable that his counsels still incline to war, and are biased rather on the side of bravery than caution. Thus he advises to reject the proposals of the *Trojans* in the seventh book, and not to accept of *Helen* herself, though *Paris* should offer her. In the ninth he opposes *Agamemnon*'s proposition to return to *Greece*, in so strong a manner, as to declare he will stay and continue the siege himself, if the general should depart. And thus he hears without concern *Achilles*'s refusal of a reconciliation, and doubts not to be able to carry on the war without him. As for his private character, he appears a gallant lover of hospitality in his behaviour to *Glaucus* in the sixth book; a lover of wisdom in his assistance of *Nestor* in the eighth, and his choice of *Ulysses* to accompany him in the tenth; upon the whole, an open sincere friend, and a generous enemy.—The wonderful actions he performs in this battle, seem to be the effect of a nobler resentment at the reproach he had received from *Agamemnon* in the foregoing book, to which these deeds are the answer. He becomes immediately the second hero of *Greece*, and dreaded equally with *Achilles* by the *Trojans*. At the first sight of him his enemies make a question, whether he is a man or a God. *Æneas* and *Pandarus* go against him, whose approach terrifies *Sthenelus*, and the apprehension of so great a warrior marvellously exalts the intrepidity of *Diomed*. *Æneas* himself is not saved but by the interposing of a Deity: he pursues and wounds that Deity, and *Æneas* again escapes only by the help of a stronger power, *Apollo*. He attempts *Apollo* too, retreats not till the God threatens him in his own voice, and even then retreats but a few steps. When he sees *Hector* and *Mars* himself in open arms against him,

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he had not retired though he was wounded, but in obedience to *Minerva*, and then retires with his face toward them. But as soon as she permits him to engage with that God, he conquers, and sends him groaning to heaven. What invention and what conduct appears in this whole episode? What boldness in raising a character to such a pitch, and what judgment in raising it by such degrees? While the most daring flights of poetry are employed to move our admiration, and at the same time the justest and closest allegory, to reconcile those flights to moral truth and probability? It may be further remarked, that the high degree to which *Homer* elevates this character, enters into the principal design of his whole poem; which is to shew, that the greatest personal qualities and forces are of no effect, when union is wanting among the chief rulers, and that nothing can avail till they are reconciled so as to act in concert.

\* Some have thought it ridiculous in *Idæus* to descend from his chariot to fly, which he might have done faster by the help of his horses. but three things may be said in answer to this: First, that *Idæus* knowing the passion which *Diomed* had for horses, might hope the pleasure of seizing these would retard him from pursuing him. Next, that *Homer* might design to represent in this action of *Idæus* the common effect of fear, which disturbs the understanding to such a degree, as to make men abandon the surest means to save themselves. And then, that *Idæus* might have some advantage of *Diomed* in swiftness, which he had reason to confide in. But we may add another solution, which will better account for this passage. *Idæus* made an effort to save his brother's body, which proving impracticable, he was obliged to fly with the utmost precipitation. His alighting from his chariot was not that he could run faster on foot, but that he could sooner escape by mixing with the croud of common soldiers. There is a particular exactly of the same nature of the book of *Judges*, Ch. iv. 15; where *Sisera* alights to fly in the same manner.



And had not *Vulcan* lent celestial aid,  
He too had sunk to death's eternal shade ;  
But in a smoky cloud the God of fire  
Preserv'd the son, in pity to the fire.  
The steeds and chariot, to the navy led,  
Increas'd the spoils of gallant *Diomed*.

Struck with amaze, and shame, the *Trojan* crew  
Or slain, or fled, the sons of *Dares* view ;  
When by the blood-stain'd hand *Minerva* prest  
The God of battles, and this speech addrest.

Stern pow'r of war ! by whom the mighty fall,\*  
Who bathe in blood, and shake the lofty wall !  
Let the brave chiefs their glorious toils divide ;  
And whose the conquest, mighty *Jove* decide :  
While we from interdicted fields retire,  
Nor tempt the wrath of heaven's avenging Sire.

Her words allay th' impetuous warrior's heat,  
The God of arms and martial maid retreat ;†  
Remov'd from fight, on *Xanthus*' flow'ry bounds  
They sat, and listen'd to the dying sounds.

Meantime the *Greeks* the *Trojan* race pursue,‡  
And some bold chieftain ev'ry leader flew :  
First *Odius* falls, and bites the bloody sand,  
His death ennobled by *Atrides*' hand ;

## NOTES.

\* It may seem something unnatural, that *Pallas*, at a time when she is endeavouring to work upon *Mars* under the appearance of benevolence and kindness, should make use of terms which seem so full of bitter reproaches ; but these will appear very properly applied to this warlike Deity. For persons of this martial character, who scorning equity and reason, carry all things by force, are better pleased to be celebrated for their power than their virtue. Statues are raised to the conquerors, that is, the destroyers of nations, who are complemented for excelling in the arts of ruin.

† The retreat of *Mars* from the *Trojans* intimates that courage forsook them. It may be said then, that *Minerva*'s absence from the *Greeks* will signify that wisdom deserted them also. It is true she does desert them, but it is at a time when there was more occasion for gallant actions than for wise counsels.

‡ *Homer* always appears very zealous for the honour of *Greece*, which alone might be a proof of his being of that country, against the opinion of those who would have him of other nations. It is observable through the whole *Iliad*, that he endeavours every where to represent the *Greeks* as superior to the *Trojans* in valour and the art of war. In the beginning of the third book he describes the *Trojans* rushing on to the battle in a barbarous and confused

No. 3.

As he to flight his wheeling car addrest,  
The speedy javelin drove from back to breast.  
In dust the mighty *Halizonian* lay,  
His arms resound, the spirit wings it's way.

Thy fate was next, O *Phæstus* ! doom'd to feel  
The great *Idomeneus*' protended steel ;  
Whom *Borus* sent (his son and only joy)  
From fruitful *Tarne* to the fields of *Troy*.  
The *Cretan* javelin reach'd him from afar,  
And pierc'd his shoulder as he mounts his car ;  
Back from the car he tumbles to the ground,§  
And everlasting shades his eyes surround.

Then dy'd *Scamandrius*, expert in the chace,  
In woods and wiles to wound the savage race ;  
*Diana* taught him all her sylvan arts,  
To bend the bow, and aim unerring darts :  
But vainly here *Diana*'s arts he tries,  
The fatal lance arrests him as he flies ;  
From *Menelaus*' arm the weapon sent,  
Thro' his broad back and heaving bosom went :  
Down sinks the warrior with a thund'ring sound,  
His brazen armour rings against the ground.

Next artful *Phereclus* untimely fell ; ||  
Bold *Merion* sent him to the realms of hell.

Thy

## NOTES.

manner, with loud shouts and cries, while the *Greeks* advance in the most profound silence and exact order. And in the latter part of the fourth book, where the two armies march to the engagement, the *Greeks* are animated by *Pallas*, while *Mars* instigates the *Trojans* ; the poet attributing by this plain allegory to the former a well-conducted valour, to the latter rash strength and brutal force : so that the abilities of each nation are distinguished by the characters of the Deities who assist them. But in this place, the poet being willing to shew how much the *Greeks* excelled their enemies, when they engag'd only with their proper force, and when each side was alike destitute of divine assistance, takes occasion to remove the Gods out of the battle, and then each *Grecian* chief gives signal instances of valour superior to the *Trojans*.

§ It is in poetry as in painting, the postures and attitudes of each figure ought to be different : *Homer* takes care not to draw two persons in the same posture ; one is tumbled from his chariot, another is slain as he ascends it, a third as he endeavours to escape on foot, a conduct which is every where observed by the poet.

|| This character of *Phereclus* is finely imagined, and presents a noble moral in an uncommon manner. There ran a report, that the *Trojans* had formerly received an oracle, commanding them to follow  
P husbandry,



Thy father's skill, O *Pherclus*, was thine,  
 The graceful fabric and the fair design;  
 For lov'd by *Pallas*, *Pallas* did impart  
 To him the shipwright's and the builder's art.  
 Beneath his hand the fleet of *Paris* rols,  
 The fatal cause of all his country's woes;  
 But he, the mystic will of heav'n unknown,  
 Nor saw his country's peril, nor his own.  
 The hapless artist, while confus'd he fled,  
 The spear of *Merion* mingled with the dead.  
 Thro' his right hip with forceful fury cast,  
 Between the bladder and the bone it past:  
 Prone on his knees he falls with fruitless cries,  
 And death in lasting slumber seals his eyes.

From *Meges*' force the swift *Pedæus* fled,  
*Antenor*'s offspring from a foreign bed,  
 Whose gen'rous spouse, *Theano*, heav'nly fair,\*  
 Nurs'd the young stranger with a mother's care.  
 How vain those cares! when *Meges* in the rear  
 Full in his nape infix'd the fatal spear;  
 Swift thro' his crackling jaws the weapon glides,  
 And the cold tongue and grinning teeth divides.

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husbandry, and not apply themselves to navigation. *Homer* from hence takes occasion to feign, that the shipwright who presumed to build the fleet of *Paris* when he took his fatal voyage to *Greece*, was overtaken by the divine vengeance so long after as in this battle. One may take notice too in this, as in many other places, of the remarkable disposition *Homer* shews to *mechanics*; he never omits an opportunity either of describing a piece of workmanship, or of celebrating an artist.

\* *Homer* in this remarkable passage commends the fair *Theano* for breeding up a bastard of her husband's with the same tenderness as her own children. This lady was a woman of the first quality, and (as it appears in the sixth book of the *Iliad*) the high Priestess of *Minerva*: so that one cannot imagine the education of this child was imposed upon her by the authority or power of *Antenor*; *Homer* himself takes care to remove any such derogatory notion, by particularizing the motive of this unusual piece of humanity, to have been to please her husband. Nor ought we to lessen this commendation by thinking the wives of those times in general were more complaisant than those of our own. The stories of *Phanx*, *Clytemnestra*, *Medea*, and many others, are plain instances how highly the keeping of mistresses was resented by the married ladies. But there was a difference between the *Greeks* and *Asiatics* as to their notions of marriage: for it is certain the latter allowed plurality of wives. *Priam* had many law-

Then dy'd *Hyppenor*, gen'rous and divine,  
 Sprung from the brave *Dolopion*'s mighty line,  
 Who near ador'd *Scamander* made abode,  
 Priest of the stream, and honour'd as a God.  
 On him, amidst the flying numbers found,  
*Eurypylus* inflicts a deadly wound;  
 On his broad shoulder fell the forceful brand,  
 Thence glancing downward lopp'd his holy hand,  
 Which stain'd with sacred blood the blushing sand. }  
 Down sunk the priest: the purple hand of death †  
 Clos'd his dim eye, and fate suppress'd his breath.  
 Thus toil'd the chiefs, in diff'ring parts engag'd,  
 In ev'ry quarter fierce *Tydidæ* rag'd,  
 Amid the *Greek*, amid the *Trojan* train.  
 Rapt thro' the ranks he thunders o'er the plain,  
 Now here, now there, he darts from place to place,  
 Pours on the rear or lightens in their face.  
 Thus from high hills the torrents swift and  
 strong ‡

Deluge whole fields, and sweep the trees along,  
 Thro' ruin'd moles the rushing wave resounds,  
 O'erwhelms the bridge, and bursts the lofty bound;  
 The

## NOTES.

ful ones, and some of them princesses who brought great dowries. *Theano* was an *Asiatic*, and that is the most we can grant; for the son she nursed so carefully was apparently not by a wife, but by a mistress; and her passions were naturally the same with those of the *Grecian* women. As to the degree of regard then shewn to the bastards, they were carefully enough educated, though not (like this of *Antenor*) as the lawful issue, nor admitted to an equal share of inheritance. Upon the whole, *Homer* was very favourable to bastards, and has paid them more compliments than one in his works. If we are not mistaken, *Ulysses* reckons himself one in the *Odyssey*. *Agamemnon* in the eighth book of the *Iliad*, plainly accounts it no disgrace, when charmed with the noble exploits of young *Teucer*, and praising him in the raptures of his heart, he just then takes occasion to mention his illegitimacy as a kind of panegyric upon him.

† *Homer* makes him die upon the cutting off his arm, which is an instance of his skill; for the great flux of blood that must follow such a wound, would be the immediate cause of death.

‡ This whole passage is extremely beautiful. It describes the hero carried by an enthusiastic valour into the midst of his enemies, and so mingled with their ranks as if himself were a *Trojan*. And the simile wonderfully illustrates this fury, proceeding from an uncommon infusion of courage from heaven, in resembling it not to a constant river, but a torrent



The yellow harvests of the ripen'd year,  
And flatted vineyards, one sad waste appear!  
While *Jove* descends in fluicy sheets of rain,  
And all the labours of mankind are vain.

So rag'd *Tydidēs*, boundless in his ire,  
Drove armies back, and made all *Troy* retire.  
With grief the \* leader of the *Lycian* band  
Saw the wide waste of his destructive hand:  
His bended bow against the chief he drew;  
Swift to the mark the thirsty arrow flew,  
Whose forky point the hollow breast-plate tore,  
Deep in his shoulder pierc'd, and drank the gore:  
The rushing stream his brazen armour dy'd,  
While the proud archer thus exulting cry'd.

Hither ye *Trojans*, hither drive your steeds!  
Lo! by our hand the bravest *Grecian* bleeds.  
Not long the deathful dart he can sustain;  
Or *Phæbus* urg'd me to these fields in vain.

So spoke he, boastful; but the winged dart  
Stopt short of life, and mock'd the shooter's art.  
The wounded chief behind his car retir'd,  
The helping hand of *Sthenelus* requir'd;  
Swift from his seat he leap'd upon the ground,  
And tugg'd the weapon from the gushing wound;  
When thus the king his guardian pow'r address'd,  
The purple current wand'ring o'er his vest.

O progeny of *Jove*! unconquer'd maid!  
If e'er my godlike fire deserv'd thy aid,  
If e'er I felt thee in the fighting field;  
Now, Goddess, now, thy sacred succour yield.  
Oh give my lance to reach the *Trojan* knight,  
Whose arrow wounds the chief thou guard'st in fight;  
And lay the boaster grov'ling on the shore,  
That vaunts these eyes shall view the light no more.

Thus pray'd *Tydidēs*, and *Minerva* heard,  
His nerves confirm'd, his languid spirits chear'd;  
He feels each limb with wonted vigor light;  
His beating bosom claims the promis'd fight.

## NOTES.

torrent rising from an extraordinary burst of rain. This simile is one of those that draws along with it some foreign circumstances. We must not always expect from *Homer* those minute resemblances in every branch of a comparison, which are the pride of modern similes. If that which one may call the main action of it, or the principal point of likeness, be preserved; he affects, as to the rest, rather to present the mind with a great image, than to fix it down to an exact one. He is sure to make a fine picture in the whole, without drudging on the under parts.

\* *Pandarus*.

Be bold, (she cry'd) in ev'ry combat shine,  
War be thy province, thy protection mine;  
Rush to the fight, and ev'ry foe controul;  
Wake each paternal virtue in thy soul:  
Strength swells thy boiling breast, infus'd by me,  
And all thy godlike father breathes in thee!  
Yet more, from mortal mists I purge thy eyes,†  
And set to view the warring Deities.  
These see thou shun, thro' all th' embattled plain,  
Nor rashly strive where human force is vain.  
If *Venus* mingle in the martial band,  
Her shalt thou wound: so *Pallas* gives command.

With that, the blue-ey'd virgin wing'd her flight;  
The hero rush'd impetuous to the fight;  
With tenfold ardor now invades the plain,  
Wild with delay, and more enrag'd by pain.  
As on the fleecy flocks, when hunger calls,  
Amidst the field a brindled lion falls;  
If chance some shepherd with a distant dart  
The savage wound, he rouses at the smart,  
He foams, he roars; the shepherd dares not stay,  
But trembling leaves the scatt'ring flocks a prey.  
Heaps fall on heaps; he bathes with blood the ground,  
Then leaps victorious o'er the lofty mound.  
Not with less fury stern *Tydidēs* flew;  
And two brave leaders at an instant flew;  
*Astynous* breathless fell, and by his side  
His people's pastor, good *Hypenor*, dy'd;  
*Astynous*' breast the deadly lance receives,  
*Hypenor*'s shoulder his broad falchion cleaves.  
Those slain he left; and sprung with noble rage  
*Abas* and *Polydus* to engage;  
Sons of *Eurydamas*, who wife and old,  
Could fates foresee, and mystic dreams unfold;  
The youths return'd not from the doubtful plain,  
And the sad father try'd his arts in vain;  
No mystic dream could make their fates appear,‡  
Tho' now determin'd by *Tydidēs*' spear.

Young

## NOTES.

† This fiction of *Homer* is founded upon an important truth of religion, not unknown to the Pagans, that God only can open the eyes of men, and enable them to see what they cannot discover by their own capacity. There are frequent examples of this in the Old Testament. God opens the eyes of *Hagar* that she might see the fountain, in *Gen.* xxi. 14. So in *Numb.* xxii. 31. *The Lord opened the eyes of Balaam, and he saw the Angel of the Lord standing in his way, and his sword drawn in his hand.* A passage much resembling this of our author.

‡ The whole of this passage seems natural and poetical, and tends to move compassion, which is almost constantly the design of the poet, in his frequent



Young *Xanthus* next, and *Thoon* felt his rage,  
The joy and hope of *Phænops*' feeble age;  
Vast was his wealth, and these the only heirs  
Of all his labours, and a life of cares,  
Cold death o'ertakes them in their blooming years,  
And leaves the father unavailing tears:  
To strangers now descends his heapy store,\*  
The race forgotten, and the name no more.

Two sons of *Priam* in one chariot ride,  
Glitt'ring in arms, and combat side by side.  
As when the lordly lion seeks his food  
Where grazing heifers range the lonely wood,  
He leaps amidst them with a furious bound,  
Bends their strong necks, and tears them to the ground.  
So from their seats the brother-chiefs are torn,  
Their steeds and chariot to the navy borne.

With deep concern divine *Aeneas* view'd †  
The foe prevailing, and his friends pursu'd,  
Thro' the thick storm of singing spears he flies,  
Exploring *Pandarus* with careful eyes.

At length he found *Lycaon*'s mighty son;  
To whom the chief of *Venus*' race begun.

Where, *Pandarus*, are all thy honours now,  
Thy winged arrows and unerring bow,  
Thy matchless skill, thy yet unrivall'd fame,  
And boasted glory of the *Lycian* name?  
Oh pierce that mortal! if we mortal call  
That wondrous force by which whole armies fall;

Or God incens'd, who quits the distant skies  
To punish *Troy* for slighted sacrifice;  
(Which oh avert from our unhappy state!  
For what so dreadful as celestial hate?)  
Whoe'er he be, propitiate *Jove* with pray'r;  
If man, destroy; if God, intreat to spare.

To him the *Lycian*. Whom your eyes behold,  
If right I judge, is *Diomed* the bold.  
Such courses whirl him o'er the dusty field,  
So tow'rs his helmet, and so flames his shield.  
If 'tis a God, he wears the chief's disguise;  
Or if that chief, some guardian of the skies  
Involv'd in clouds, protects him in the fray,  
And turns unseen the frustrate dart away.  
I wing'd an arrow, which not idly fell,  
The stroke had fix'd him to the gates of hell,  
And, but some God, some angry God withstands,  
His fate was due to these unerring hands.

Skill'd in the bow, on foot I fought the war, ‡  
Nor join'd swift horses to the rapid car.  
Ten polish'd chariots I possess'd at home, §  
And still they grace *Lycaon*'s princely dome:  
There veil'd in spacious coverlets they stand;  
And twice ten coursers wait their lord's command.  
The good old warrior bade me trust to these,  
When first for *Troy* I sail'd the sacred seas;  
In fields, aloft, the whirling car to guide,  
And thro' the ranks of death triumphant ride.

But

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quent short digressions concerning the circumstances and relations of dying persons.

\* This is a circumstance, than which nothing could be imagined more tragical, considering the character of the father. *Homer* says the trustees of the remote collateral relations seized the estate before his eyes (according to a custom of those times) which to a covetous old man must be the greatest of miseries.

† It is here *Aeneas* begins to act, and if we take a view of the whole episode of this hero in *Homer*, we shall find his character strongly marked for piety and valour. Indeed as to his valour, he is second only to *Hector*, and in personal bravery as great in the *Greek* author as in the *Roman*. He is made to exert himself on emergencies of the first importance and hazard, rather than on common occasions: he checks *Diomed* here in the midst of his fury; in the thirteenth book defends his friend *Deiphobus* before it was his turn to fight, being placed in one of the hindmost ranks (which *Homer*, to take off all objections to his valour, tells us happened because *Priam* had an animosity to him, though he was one of the bravest of the army.) He is one of those who

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rescue *Hector* when he is overthrown by *Ajax* in the fourteenth book. And what alone were sufficient to establish him a first-rate hero, he is the first that dares resist *Achilles* himself at his return to the fight in all his rage for the loss of *Patroclus*. He indeed avoids encountering two at once in the present book; and shews upon the whole a sedate and deliberate courage, which if not so glaring as that of some others, is yet more just.

‡ We see through this whole discourse of *Pandarus* the character of a vain-glorious passionate prince, who being skilled in the use of the bow, was highly valued by himself and others for this excellence; but having been successful in two different trials of his skill, he is raised into an outrageous passion, which vents itself in vain threats on his guiltless bow.

§ Among the many pictures *Homer* gives us of the simplicity of the heroic ages, he mingles from time to time some hints of an extraordinary magnificence. We have here a prince who has all these chariots for pleasure at one time, with their particular sets of horses to each, and the most sumptuous coverings in their stables. But we must remember,







But vain with youth, and yet to thrift inclin'd,\*  
I heard his counsels with unheedsful mind,  
And thought the steeds (your large supplies unknown)  
Might fail of forage in the straiten'd town:  
So took my bow and pointed darts in hand,  
And left the chariots in my native land.

Too late, O friend! my rashness I deplore;  
These shafts, once fatal, carry death no more.  
*Tydeus*' and *Atræus*' sons their points have found,  
And undissembled gore pursu'd the wound.†  
In vain they bled: this unavailing bow  
Serves, not to slaughter, but provoke the foe.  
In evil hour these bended horns I strung,  
And seiz'd the quiver where it idly hung.  
Curs'd be the fate that sent me to the field,  
Without a warrior's arms, the spear and shield!  
If e'er with life I quit the *Trojan* plain,  
If e'er I see my spouse and fire again,  
This bow, unfaithful to my glorious aims,  
Broke by my hand, shall feed the blazing flames.

To whom the leader of the *Dardan* race:  
Be calm, nor *Phæbus*' honour'd gift disgrace.  
The distant dart be prais'd, tho' here we need  
The rushing chariot, and the bounding steed.  
Against yon hero let us bend our course,  
And, hand to hand, encounter force with force.  
Now mount my seat, and from the chariot's height  
Observe my father's steeds, renown'd in fight;  
Practis'd alike to turn, to stop, to chace,  
To dare the shock, or urge the rapid race:  
Secure with these, thro' fighting fields we go,  
Or safe to *Troy*, if *Jove* assist the foe.  
Haste, seize the whip, and snatch the guiding rein;‡  
The warrior's fury let this arm sustain;  
Or if to combat thy bold heart incline,  
Take thou the spear, the chariot's care be mine.

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member, that he speaks of an *Asiatic* prince, those barbarians living in great luxury.

\* *Pandarus* probably did this out of avarice, to save the expence of his horses. Indeed nothing seems more judicious, than to give a man of a perfidious character a strong tincture of avarice.

† He says he is sure it was real blood that followed his arrow; because it was anciently a custom, particularly among the *Spartans*, to have ornaments and figures of a purple colour on their breast-plates, that the blood they lost might not be seen by the soldiers, and tend to their discouragement.

‡ *Homer* means not here, that one of the heroes should alight or descend from the chariot, but only that he should quit the reins to the management of the other, and stand on foot upon the chariot to

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O Prince! (*Lycaon*'s valiant son reply'd)  
As thine the steeds, be thine the task to guide.  
The horses practis'd to their lord's command,  
Shall hear the rein, and answer to thy hand.  
But if unhappy, we desert the fight,  
Thy voice alone can animate their flight:  
Else shall our fates be number'd with the dead,  
And these, the victor's prize, in triumph led.  
Thine be the guidance then: with spear and shield  
Myself will charge this terror of the field.

And now both heroes mount the glitt'ring car;  
The bounding coursers rush amidst the war.  
Their fierce approach bold *Sthenelus* espy'd,  
Who thus, alarm'd, to great *Tydidæ* cry'd.

O friend! two chiefs of force immense I see,  
Dreadful they come, and bend their rage on thee:  
Lo the brave heir of old *Lycaon*'s line,  
And great *Aeneas*, sprung from race divine!  
Enough is giv'n to fame. Ascend thy car;  
And save a life, the bulwark of our war.

At this the hero cast a gloomy look,  
Fix'd on the chief with scorn, and thus he spoke.

Me dost thou bid to shun the coming fight?  
Me would'st thou move to base, inglorious flight?  
Know, 'tis not honest in my soul to fear,  
Nor was *Tydidæ* born to tremble here.  
I hate the cumb'rous chariots slow advance,  
And the long distance of the flying lance;  
But while my nerves are strong, my force entire,  
Thus front the foe, and emulate my fire.  
Nor shall yon steeds that fierce to fight convey  
Those threat'ning heroes, bear them both away;  
One chief at least beneath this arm shall die; §  
So *Pallas* tells me, and forbids to fly.  
But if the dooms, and if no God withstand,  
That both shall fall by one victorious hand;

Then

## NOTES.

fight from thence. As one might use the expression, *to descend from the ship*, to signify to quit the helm or oar, in order to take up arms.

§ It is the manner of our author to make his persons have some intimation from within, either of prosperous or adverse fortune, before it happens to them. In the present instance, we have seen *Aeneas*, astonished at the great exploits of *Diomed*, proposing to himself the means of his escape by the swiftness of his horses, before he advances to encounter him. On the other hand, *Diomed* is so filled with assurance, that he gives orders here to *Sthenelus* to seize those horses, before they come up to him. The opposition of these two is very observable.

Q



Then heed my words: my horses here detain,  
 Fix'd to the chariot by the straiten'd rein;  
 Swift to *Jove's* empty seat proceed,  
 And seize the couriers of ætherial breed.\*  
 The race of those, which once the thund'ring God  
 For ravish'd *Ganymede* on *Tros* bestow'd,  
 The best that e'er on earth's broad surface run,  
 Beneath the rising or the setting sun.  
 Hence great *Anchises* stole a breed, unknown,  
 By mortal mares, from fierce *Laomedon*:  
 Four of this race his ample stalls contain,  
 And two transport *Aeneas* o'er the plain.  
 These, were the rich immortal prize our own,  
 Thro' the wide world should make our glory known.

Thus while they spoke, the foe came furious  
 on,  
 And stern *Lycaon's* warlike race begun.

Prince, thou art met. Tho' late in vain assail'd,  
 The spear may enter where the arrow fail'd.

He said; then shook the pond'rous lance, and flung,  
 On his broad shield the sounding weapon rung,  
 Pierc'd the tough orb, and in his cuirass hung. }  
 He bleeds! the pride of *Greece*! (the boaster cries)  
 Our triumph now the mighty warrior lies!  
 Mistaken vaunter! *Diomed* reply'd;

Thy dart has err'd, and now my spear be try'd:  
 Ye 'scape not both; one, headlong from his car,  
 With hostile blood shall glut the God of war.

He spoke; and rising hurl'd his forceful dart,  
 Which driv'n by *Pallas*, pierc'd a vital part;  
 Full in his face it enter'd, and betwixt †  
 The nose and eye-ball the proud *Lycian* fixt;

Crash'd all his jaws, and cleft the tongue within,  
 Till the bright point look'd out beneath the skin.  
 Headlong he falls, his helmet knocks the ground;  
 Earth groans beneath him, and his arms rebound;  
 The starting couriers tremble with affright,  
 The soul indignant seeks the realms of night.

To guard his slaughter'd friend, *Aeneas* flies, †  
 His spear extending where the carcase lies;  
 Watchful he wheels, protects it ev'ry way,  
 As the grim lion stalks around his prey.  
 O'er the fall'n trunk his ample shield display'd,  
 He hides the hero with his mighty shade,  
 And threats aloud: the *Greeks* with longing eyes  
 Behold at distance, but forbear the prize.  
 Then fierce *Tydidēs* stoops, and from the fields  
 Heav'd with vast force, a rocky fragment wields.  
 Not two strong men th' enormous weight could raise,  
 Such men as live in these degenerate days. §  
 He swung it round; and gath'ring strength to throw,  
 Discharg'd the pond'rous ruin at the foe.  
 Where to the hip th' inserted thigh unites,  
 Full on the bone the pointed marble lights;  
 Thro' both the tendons broke the rugged stone,  
 And stripp'd the skin, and crack'd the solid bone.  
 Sunk on his knees, and stagg'ring with his pains,  
 His falling bulk his bended arm sustains;  
 Lost in a dizzy mist the warrior lies;  
 A sudden cloud comes swimming o'er his eyes.  
 There the brave chief who mighty numbers sway'd,  
 Oppress'd had sunk to death's eternal shade;  
 But heav'nly *Venus*, mindful of the love  
 She bore *Anchises* in th' *Idean* grove,

His

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\* We have already observed the great delight *Homer* takes in horses, as well as heroes, of celestial race: and if he has been thought too fond of the genealogies of some of his warriors, in relating them even in a battle; we find him here as willing to trace that of his horses in the same circumstance. These were of that breed which *Jupiter* bestowed upon *Tros*, and far superior to the common strain of *Trojan* horses.

† It has been asked, how *Diomed*, being on foot, could naturally be supposed to give such a wound as is described here. Were it ever so improbable, the express mention that *Minerva* conducted the javelin to that part, would render this passage unexceptionable. But without having recourse to a miracle, such a wound might be received by *Pandarus*, either if he stooped, or if his enemy took the advantage of a rising ground, by which means he might not impossibly stand higher, though the other were in a chariot. This solution may be confirmed by the lowness of the chariots at that time in use.

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‡ This protecting of the dead body was not only an office of piety agreeable to the character of *Aeneas* in particular, but looked upon as a matter of great importance in those times. It was believed that the very soul of the deceased suffered by the body's remaining destitute of the rites of sepulture, as has already been observed in a former note, page 7. Whoever considers this, will not be surprized at those long and obstinate combats for the bodies of the heroes, so frequent in the *Iliad*. *Homer* thought it of such weight, that he has put this circumstance of want of burial into the *proposition* at the beginning of his poem, as one of the chief misfortunes that befel the *Greeks*.

§ This opinion of a degeneracy of human size and strength in the process of ages, has been very general. The active life and temperance of the first men, before their native powers were prejudiced by luxury, may be supposed to have given them this advantage.



His danger views with anguish and despair,  
And guards her offspring with a mother's care.  
About her much-lov'd son her arms she throws,  
Her arms whose whiteness match the falling snows.  
Screen'd from the foe behind her shining veil,\*  
The swords wave harmless, and the jav'lines fail:  
Safe thro' the rushing horse, and feather'd flight  
Of sounding shafts, she bears him from the fight.

Nor *Sthenelus*, with unassisting hands,  
Remain'd unheedful of his lord's commands:  
His panting steeds, remov'd from out the war,  
He fix'd with straiten'd traces to the car.  
Next rushing to the *Dardan* spoil, detains  
The heav'nly couriers with the flowing manes:  
These in proud triumph to the fleet convey'd,  
No longer now a *Trojan* lord obey'd.

That charge to bold *Deipylus* he gave,  
(Whom most he lov'd, as brave men love the brave)  
Then mounting on his car, resum'd the rein,  
And follow'd where *Tydidēs* swept the plain.

Mean while (his conquest ravish'd from his eyes)  
The raging chief in chace of *Venus* flies: †  
No Goddess she commission'd to the field,  
Like *Pallas* dreadful with her sable shield,  
Or fierce *Bellona* thund'ring at the wall,  
While flames ascend, and mighty ruins fall;  
He knew soft combats suit the tender dame,  
New to the field, and still a foe to fame.

Thro' breaking ranks his furious course he bends;  
And at the Goddess his broad lance extends:  
Thro' her bright veil the daring weapon drove,  
Th' ambrosial veil, which all the Graces wove:  
Her snowy hand the razing steel profan'd,  
And the transparent skin with crimson stain'd.  
From the clear vein a stream immortal flow'd,  
Such stream as issues from a wounded God; ‡  
Pure emanation! uncorrupted flood!

Unlike our gross, diseas'd, terrestrial blood! §  
(For not the bread of man their life sustains,  
Nor wine's inflaming juice supplies their veins.)  
With tender shrieks the Goddess fill'd the place,  
And dropt her offspring from her weak embrace.  
Him *Phæbus* took: he casts a cloud around  
The fainting chief, and wards the mortal wound.

Then with a voice that shook the vaulted skies,  
The king insults the Goddess as she flies.  
Ill with *Jove's* daughter bloody fights agree,  
The field of combat is no scene for thee:  
Go, let thy own soft sex employ thy care,  
Go lull the coward, or delude the fair.  
Taught by this stroke, renounce the war's alarms,  
And learn to tremble at the name of arms.

*Tydidēs* thus. The Goddess, seiz'd with dread,  
Confus'd, distracted, from the conflict fled.  
To aid her, swift the winged *Iris* flew,  
Wrapt in a mist above the warring crew.

The

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\* *Homer* says, she spread her veil that it might be a defence against the darts. How comes it then afterwards to be pierced through, when *Venus* is wounded? It is manifest the veil was not impenetrable, and is said here to be a defence only as it rendered *Aeneas* invisible, by being interposed.

† We have seen with what ease *Venus* takes *Paris* out of the battle in the third book, when his life was in danger from *Menelaus*; but here when she has a charge of more importance and nearer concern, she is not able to preserve herself or her son from the fury of *Diomed*. The difference of success in two attempts so like each other, is occasioned by that penetration of sight with which *Pallas* had endued her favourite. For the Gods in their intercourse with men are not ordinarily seen, but when they please to render themselves visible; wherefore *Venus* might think herself and her son secure from the insolence of this daring mortal; but was in this deceived, being ignorant of that faculty, wherewith the hero was enabled to distinguish Gods as well as men.

‡ In our author's days they had a notion of Gods that were *corporeal*, to whom they ascribed bodies, though of a more subtle kind than those of mortals.

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So in this very place he supposes them to have blood, but blood of a finer or superior nature. This particular of the wounding of *Venus* seems to be a fiction of *Homer's* own brain, naturally deducible from this doctrine of corporeal Gods; and considered as poetry, it is no way shocking. Yet our author, as if he had foreseen some objection, has very artfully inserted a justification of this bold stroke, in the speech *Dione* soon after makes to *Venus*. For as it was natural to comfort her daughter, by putting her in mind that many other Deities had received as ill treatment from mortals by the permission of *Jupiter*; so it was of great use to the poet, to enumerate those ancient fables to the same purpose, which being then generally assented to, might obtain credit for his own.

§ The opinion of the incorruptibility of celestial matter seems to have been received in the time of *Homer*. For he makes the immortality of the Gods to depend upon the incorruptible nature of the nutriment by which they are sustained: as the mortality of men to proceed from the corruptible materials of which they are made, and by which they are nourished.



The Queen of love with faded charms she found,  
 Pale was her cheek, and livid look'd the wound.  
 To *Mars*, who sat remote, they bent their way!  
 Far on the left, with clouds involv'd he lay;  
 Beside him stood his lance, distain'd with gore,  
 And, rein'd with gold, his foaming steeds before.  
 Low at his knee, she begg'd, with streaming eyes,\*  
 Her brother's car, to mount the distant skies,  
 And shew'd the wound by fierce *Tydidēs* giv'n,  
 A mortal man, who dares encounter heav'n.  
 Stern *Mars* attentive hears the Queen complain,  
 And to her hand commits the golden rein;  
 She mounts the seat oppress'd with silent woe,  
 Driv'n by the Goddess of the painted bow.  
 The last resounds, the rapid chariot flies,  
 And in a moment scales the lofty skies.  
 There stopp'd the car, and there the couriers stood,  
 Fed by fair *Iris* with ambrosial food.  
 Before her mother, love's bright Queen appears,  
 O'erwhelm'd with anguish, and dissolv'd in tears;  
 She rais'd her in her arms, beheld her bleed,  
 And ask'd, what God had wrought this guilty deed?  
 Then she: This insult from no God I found,  
 An impious mortal gave the daring wound!  
 Behold the deed of haughty *Diomed*!  
 'Twas in the son's defence the mother bled.

## NOTES.

\* All the former *English* translators make it, *she fell on her knees*, an oversight occasioned by the want of a competent knowledge in antiquities (without which no man can tolerably understand this author.) For the custom of praying on the knees was unknown to the *Greeks*, and in use only among the *Hebrews*.

† It is remarkable, that all former commentators have been totally at a loss how to account for the whole of the above transaction. Some of them, for want of understanding the sublimity of *Homer*, have accused him of making Gods of his heroes, and mortals of his Gods. They have been offended with him, for putting it into the power of mankind to wound or afflict the Gods. But this censure is entirely founded on their ignorance of the origin of *Grecian* mythology, which, when rightly understood, removes every difficulty, and renders the whole passage plain, intelligible, and singularly beautiful. Let the following brief explanation therefore suffice. In ancient times, long before the days of *Homer*, it was well known, that men after death still continued to live as men, in complete human forms, but far more perfect, on which account they were called Gods, as having attained to a superior and more exalted state of existence. Their place of habitation was

The war with *Troy* no more the *Grecians* wage;  
 But with the Gods (th' immortal Gods) engage.  
*Dione* then. Thy wrongs with patience bear,  
 And share those griefs inferior pow'rs must share;  
 Unnumber'd woes mankind from us sustain;  
 And men with woes afflict the Gods again.†  
 The mighty *Mars* in mortal fetters bound,  
 And lodg'd in brazen dungeons under ground,  
 Full thirteen moons imprison'd roar'd in vain;  
*Otus* and *Ephialtes* held the chain:  
 Perhaps had perish'd; had not *Hermes*' care  
 Restor'd the groaning God to upper air.  
 Great *Juno*'s self has borne her weight of pain,  
 Th' imperial partner of the heav'nly reign;  
*Amphitryon*'s son infix'd the deadly dart,  
 And fill'd with anguish her immortal heart.  
 Ev'n hell's grim king *Alcides*' pow'r confest,  
 The shaft found entrance in his iron breast;  
 To *Jove*'s high palace for a cure he fled,  
 Pierc'd in his own dominions of the dead;  
 Where *Pæon* sprinkling heav'nly balm around,  
 Assuag'd the glowing pangs, and clos'd the wound.  
 Rash, impious man! to stain the blest abodes,  
 And drench his arrows in the blood of Gods!  
 But thou, (tho' *Pallas* urg'd thy frantic deed)  
 Whose spear ill-fated makes a Goddess bleed,

Know

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understood to be, not in the air, or above the clouds, but in the minds of surviving men, whereby they were capable of inciting all their affections and thoughts, and thus instigating them to such and such actions agreeable thereto: and on the other hand it was believed, that men had the power of re-acting according to their freedom of choice and determination, and in a certain way affecting those spirits who were associated with them. This reciprocal connection between men and spirits was accounted essential to the subsistence of both, and in this manner they thought the great chain of existence was continued from the Supreme Being down to man on earth. Now if we consider *Homer*'s history of Gods and Goddesses according to this light, it will evidently appear, that he availed himself of these general notions of the ancients, which, with a variety of other knowledges connected therewith, formed the basis of heathen mythology. Thus in the passage before us, where it is said, that men afflict the Gods with woes, we are to understand that power which man possesses of resisting or not obeying any impression arising in his mind, in which case the associate spirit that presides over that particular affection, in quality of God, or Goddess, is supposed to be affected with pain.



Know thou, whoe'er with heav'nly pow'r contends,  
Short is his date, and soon his glory ends;  
From fields of death when late he shall retire,  
No infant on his knees shall call him sire.\*  
Strong as thou art, some God may yet be found,  
To stretch thee pale and gasping on the ground;  
Thy distant wife, *Ægiale* the fair,†  
Starting from sleep with a distracted air,  
Shall rouse thy slaves, and her lost lord deplore,  
The brave, the great, the glorious, now no more!

This said, she wip'd from *Venus'* wounded palm  
The sacred *Ichor*, and infus'd the balm.

*Juno* and *Pallas* with a smile survey'd,  
And thus to *Jove* began the blue-ey'd maid.

Permit thy daughter, gracious *Jove*! to tell  
How this mischance the *Cyprian* queen befel.  
As late she try'd with passion to inflame  
The tender bosom of a *Grecian* dame,  
Allur'd the fair with moving thoughts of joy,  
To quit her country for some youth of *Troy*;  
The clasping zone, with golden buckles bound,  
Raz'd her soft hand with this lamented wound.

The Sire of Gods and men superior smil'd,‡  
And, calling *Venus*, thus address'd his child.

Not these, O daughter, are thy proper cares,  
Thee milder arts besit, and softer wars;  
Sweet smiles are thine, and kind endearing charms,  
To *Mars* and *Pallas* leave the deeds of arms.

Thus they in heav'n: while on the plain below  
The fierce *Tydid* charg'd his *Dardan* foe,  
Flush'd with celestial blood pursu'd his way,  
And fearless dar'd the threat'ning God of day:  
Already in his hopes he saw him kill'd,  
Tho' screen'd behind *Apollo's* mighty shield.  
Thrice rushing furious, at the chief he struck:  
His blazing buckler thrice *Apollo* shook:  
He try'd the fourth: when breaking from the cloud,  
A more than mortal voice was heard aloud.

O son of *Tydeus*, cease! be wise, and see  
How vast the diff'rence of the Gods and thee;  
Distance immense! between the pow'rs that shine  
Above, eternal, deathless, and divine,  
And mortal man! a wretch of humble birth,  
A short-liv'd reptile in the dust of earth.

So spoke the God who darts celestial fires;  
He dreads his fury, and some steps retires.§  
Then *Phæbus* bore the chief of *Venus'* race  
To *Troy's* high fane, and to his holy place;

*Latona*

#### NOTES.

\* This is *Homer's* manner of foretelling that he shall perish unfortunately in battle, which is infinitely a more artful way of conveying that thought than by a direct expression. He does not simply say he shall never return from the war, but intimates as much by describing the loss of the most sensible and affecting pleasure that a warrior can receive at his return. Of the like nature is the prophecy at the end of this speech of the hero's death, by representing it in a dream of his wife's. There are many fine strokes of this kind in the prophetic parts of the Old Testament. Nothing is more natural than *Dione's* forming these images of revenge upon *Diomed*, the hope of which vengeance was so proper a topic of consolation to *Venus*.

† The poet here seems to complement the fair sex at the expence of truth, by concealing the character of *Ægiale*, whom he has described with the disposition of a faithful wife; though the history of those times represents her as an abandoned prostitute, who gave up her own person and her husband's crown to her lover. So that *Diomed* at his return from *Troy*, when he expected to be received with all the tenderness of a loving spouse, found his bed and throne possessed by an adulterer, was forced to fly his country, and seek refuge and subsistence in foreign lands. Thus the offended Goddess executed her vengeance by the proper effects of her own power, by involving the

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hero in a series of misfortunes proceeding from the incontinence of his wife.

‡ One may observe the decorum and decency our author constantly preserves on this occasion: *Jupiter* only smiles, the other Gods laugh out. That *Homer* was no enemy to mirth, may appear from several places of his poem; which, so serious as it is, is interspersed with many gaieties. Raillery could never be more natural than when two of the female sex had an opportunity of triumphing over another whom they hated. *Homer* makes wisdom herself not able, even in the presence of *Jupiter*, to resist the temptation. She breaks into a ludicrous speech, and the Supreme Being himself vouchsafes to smile at it. But this is not introduced without judgment and precaution. For we see he makes *Minerva* first beg *Jupiter's* permission for this piece of freedom, *Permit thy daughter, gracious Jove*; in which he asks the reader's leave to enliven his narration with this piece of gaiety.

§ *Diomed* still maintains his intrepid character; he retires but a step or two even from *Apollo*. The conduct of *Homer* is remarkably just and rational here. He gives *Diomed* no sort of advantage over *Apollo*, because he would not feign what was entirely incredible, and what no allegory could justify. He wounds *Venus* and *Mars*, as it is morally possible to overcome the irregular passions which are repre-

R

sented



*Latona* there and *Phœbe* heal'd the wound,  
 With vigour arm'd him, and with glory crown'd.  
 'This done, the patron of the silver bow  
 A phantom rais'd, the same in shape and show \*  
 With great *Æneas*; such the form he bore,  
 And such in fight the radiant arms he wore.  
 Around the spectre bloody wars are wag'd,  
 And *Greece* and *Troy* with clashing shields engag'd.  
 Meantime on *Ilium's* tow'r *Apollo* stood,  
 And calling *Mars*, thus urg'd the raging God.

Stern pow'r of arms, by whom the mighty fall,  
 Who bathe in blood, and shake th' embattled wall,  
 Rise in thy wrath! to hell's abhor'd abodes  
 Dispatch yon *Greek*, and vindicate the Gods.  
 First rosy *Venus* felt his brutal rage;  
 Me next he charg'd, and dares all heav'n engage:  
 The wretch would brave high heav'n's immortal Sire,  
 His triple thunder, and his bolts of fire.

The God of battle issues on the plain,  
 Stirs all the ranks, and fires the *Trojan* train;  
 In form like *Acamas*, the *Thracian* guide,  
 Enrag'd, to *Troy's* retiring chiefs he cry'd:

How long, ye sons of *Priam*! will ye fly,  
 And unreveng'd see *Priam's* people die?  
 Still unresisted shall the foe destroy,  
 And stretch the slaughter to the gates of *Troy*?  
 Lo brave *Æneas* sinks beneath his wound,  
 Not godlike *Hector* more in arms renown'd:  
 Haste all, and take the gen'rous warrior's part.  
 He said; new courage swell'd each hero's heart.  
*Sarpedon* first his ardent soul express'd,  
 And, turn'd to *Hector*, these bold words address'd.

Say, chief, is all thy ancient valour lost, †  
 Where are thy threats, and where thy glorious boast,  
 That propt alone by *Priam's* race should stand  
*Troy's* sacred walls, nor need a foreign hand?

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sented by those Deities. But it is impossible to vanquish *Apollo*, in whatsoever capacity he is considered, either as the *Sun*, or as *Destiny*. One may shoot at the sun, but not hurt him; and one may strive against destiny, but not surmount it.

\* The fiction of a God's placing a phantom instead of the hero, to delude the enemy and continue the engagement, means no more than that the enemy thought he was in the battle. This is the language of poetry, which prefers a marvellous fiction to a plain and simple truth, the recital whereof would be cold and unaffecting. Thus *Minerva's* guiding a javelin, signifies only that it was thrown with art and dexterity; *Mars* taking upon him the shape of *Acamas*, that the courage of *Acamas* incited him to do so, and in like manner of the rest.

† It will be hard to find a speech more warm and

Now, now thy country calls her wanted friends,  
 And the proud vaunt in just derision ends.  
 Remote they stand, while alien troops engage,  
 Like trembling hounds before the lion's rage.  
 Far distant hence I held my wide command,  
 Where foaming *Xanthus* laves the *Lycian* land,  
 With ample wealth (the wish of mortals) blest,  
 A beauteous wife, and infant at her breast;  
 With those I left whatever dear could be;  
*Greece*, if she conquers, nothing wins from me.  
 Yet first in fight my *Lycian* bands I cheer,  
 And long to meet this mighty man ye fear.  
 While *Hector* idle stands, nor bids the brave  
 Their wives, their infants, and their altars save.  
 Haste, warrior, haste! preserve thy threaten'd state;  
 Or one vast burst of all-involving fate  
 Full o'er your tow'rs shall fall, and sweep away  
 Sons, fires, and wives, an undistinguish'd prey.  
 Rouze all thy *Trojans*, urge thy aids to fight;  
 These claim thy thoughts by day, thy watch by night:  
 With force incessant the brave *Greeks* oppose;  
 Such cares thy friends deserve, and such thy foes.

Stung to the heart the gen'rous *Hector* hears,  
 But just reproof with decent silence bears.  
 From his proud car the prince impetuous springs;  
 On earth he leaps; his brazen armour rings.  
 Two shining spears are brandish'd in his hands;  
 Thus arm'd, he animates his drooping bands,  
 Revives their ardour, turns their steps from flight,  
 And wakes anew the dying flames of fight:  
 They turn, they stand: the *Greeks* their fury dare,  
 Condense their pow'rs, and wait the growing war.

As when, on *Ceres'* sacred floor, the swain  
 Spreads the wide fan to clear the golden grain,  
 And the light chaff, before the breezes borne,  
 Ascends in clouds from off the heapy corn;

The

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spirited than this of *Sarpedon*, or which comprehends so much in so few words. Nothing could be more artfully thought upon to pique *Hector*, who was so jealous of his country's glory, than to tell him he had formerly conceived too great a notion of the *Trojan* valour; and to exalt the auxiliaries above his countrymen. The description *Sarpedon* gives of the little concern or interest himself had in the war, in opposition to the necessity and imminent danger of the *Trojans*, greatly strengthens this preference, and lays the charge very home upon their honour. In the latter part, which prescribes *Hector* his duty, there is a particular reprimand, in telling him how much it behoves him to animate and encourage the auxiliaries; for this is to say in other words, you should exhort them, and they are forced on the contrary to exhort you.



The grey dust, rising with collected winds,  
 Drives o'er the barn, and whitens all the hinds. \*  
 All white with dust the *Grecian* host appears,  
 From trampling steeds, and thund'ring charioteers.  
 The dusky clouds from labour'd earth arise,  
 And roll in smoking volumes to the skies.  
*Mars* hovers o'er them with his sable shield,  
 And adds new horrors to the darken'd field:  
 Pleas'd with his charge, and ardent to fulfil  
 In *Troy's* defence *Apollo's* heav'nly will:  
 Soon as from fight the blue-ey'd maid retires,  
 Each *Trojan* bosom with new warmth he fires.  
 And now the God, from forth his sacred fane,  
 Produc'd *Aeneas* to the shouting train;  
 Alive, unharm'd, with all his peers around,  
 Erect he stood, and vig'rous from his wound:  
 Inquiries none they made; the dreadful day  
 No pause of words admits, no dull delay;  
 Fierce *Discord* storms, *Apollo* loud exclaims,  
*Flame* calls, *Mars* thunders, and the field's in flames.

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\* *Homer* calls the threshing-floor *sacred* not only as it was consecrated to *Ceres*, but in regard of it's great use and advantage to human kind; in which sense also he frequently gives the same epithet to cities, &c. This simile is of an exquisite beauty.

† This simile contains as proper a comparison, and as fine a picture of nature as any in *Homer*: however it is to be feared the beauty and propriety of it will not be very obvious to many readers, because it is the description of a natural appearance which they have not had an opportunity to remark, and which can be observed only in a mountainous country. It happens frequently in very calm weather, that the atmosphere is charged with thick vapours; whose gravity is such that they neither rise nor fall, but remain pois'd in the air at a certain height, where they continue frequently for several days together. In a plain country this occasions no other visible appearance, but of an uniform clouded sky; but in a hilly region these vapours are to be seen covering the tops, and stretched along the sides of the mountain; the clouded parts above being terminated and distinguished from the clear parts below by a strait line running parallel to the horizon, as far as the mountains extend. The whole compass of nature cannot afford a nobler and more exact representation of a numerous army, drawn up in line of battle, and expecting the charge. The long-extended even front, the closeness of the ranks, the firmness, order, and silence of the whole, are all drawn with great resemblance in this one comparison. The poet adds, that this appearance is

Stern *Diomed* with either *Ajax* stood,  
 And great *Ulysses*, bath'd in hostile blood.  
 Embodied close, the lab'ring *Grecian* train  
 The fiercest shock of charging hosts sustain;  
 Unmov'd and silent, the whole war they wait,  
 Serenely dreadful, and as fix'd as fate.  
 So when th' embattled clouds in dark array †  
 Along the skies their gloomy lines display,  
 When now the *North* his boist'rous rage has spent;  
 And peaceful sleeps the liquid element,  
 The low-hung vapours, motionless and still,  
 Rest on the summits of the shaded hill;  
 Till the mass scatters as the winds arise,  
 Dispers'd and broken thro' the ruffled skies.

Nor was the gen'ral wanting to his train,  
 From troop to troop he toils through all the plain.  
 Ye *Greeks*, be men! the charge of battle bear; ‡  
 Your brave associates, and yourselves revere! §  
 Let glorious acts more glorious acts inspire,  
 And catch from breast to breast the noble fire!

On

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while *Boreas* and the other boisterous winds, which disperse and break the clouds, are laid asleep. This is as exact as it is poetical; for when the winds arise, this regular order is soon dissolved. This circumstance is added to the description, as an ominous anticipation of the flight and dissipation of the *Greeks*, which soon ensued when *Mars* and *Hector* broke in upon them.

‡ If *Homer* in the longer speeches of the *Iliad*, says all that could be said by eloquence, in the shorter he says all that can be said with judgment. Whatever some few modern critics have thought, it will be found upon due reflection, that the length or brevity of his speeches is determined as the occasions either allow leisure or demand haste. This concise oration of *Agamemnon* is a master-piece in the *laconic* way. The exigence required he should say something very powerful, and no time was to be lost. He therefore warms the brave and the timorous by one and the same exhortation, which at once moves by the love of glory, and the fear of death. It is short and full, like that of the brave *Scotch* general under *Gustavus*, who upon sight of the enemy, said only this; "See ye those lads? Either sell them, or they'll sell you."

§ This noble exhortation of *Agamemnon* is correspondent to the wise scheme of *Nestor* in the second book: where he advised to rank the soldiers of the same nation together, that being known to each other, all might be incited either by a generous emulation or a decent shame.



On valour's side the odds of combat lie,  
The brave live glorious, or lamented die;  
The wretch who trembles in the field of fame,  
Meets death, and worse than death, eternal shame.

These words he seconds with his flying lance,  
To meet whose point was strong *Deiocoön's* chance;  
*Aeneas'* friend, and in his native place  
Honour'd and lov'd like *Priam's* royal race:  
Long had he fought the foremost in the field;  
But now the monarch's lance transpierc'd his shield:  
His shield too weak the furious dart to stay,  
Thro' his broad belt the weapon forc'd it's way;  
The grisly wound dismiss'd his soul to hell,  
His arms around him rattled as he fell.

Then fierce *Aeneas* brandishing his blade,  
In dust *Orsilochus* and *Crethobol* laid,  
Whose sire *Diöcleus*, wealthy, brave, and great,  
In well-built *Phææ* held his lofty seat:  
Sprung from *Alpheüs*, plenteous stream! that yields  
Increase of harvests to the *Pylia* fields.  
He got *Orsilochus*, *Diöcleus* he,  
And these descended in the third degree.  
Too early expert in the martial toil,  
In fable ships they left their native foil,  
T'avenge *Atrides*: now, untimely slain,  
They fell with glory on the *Phrygian* plain.  
So two young mountain lions, nurs'd with blood  
In deep recesses of the gloomy wood,  
Rush fearless to the plains, and uncontroul'd  
Depopulate the stalls, and waste the fold;  
Till pierc'd at distance from their native den,  
O'erpower'd they fall beneath the force of men.  
Prostrate on earth their beauteous bodies lay,  
Like mountain firs, as tall and strait as they.  
Great *Menelaüs* views with pitying eyes,  
Lifts his bright lance, and at the victor flies;  
*Mars* urg'd him on; yet, ruthless in his hate,\*  
The God but urg'd him to provoke his fate.

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\* This is a striking instance of what has been in general observed by commentators on the battles of *Homer*, his artful manner of making us measure one hero by another. We have here an exact scale of the valour of *Aeneas* and of *Menelaus*; how much the former outweighs the latter, appears by what is said of *Mars* in these lines, and by the necessity of *Antilochus's* assisting *Menelaus*: as afterwards what overbalance that assistance gave him, by *Aeneas's* retreating from them both. How very nicely are these degrees marked on either hand? This knowledge of the difference which nature itself sets between one man and another, makes our author

He thus advancing, *Nestor's* valiant son  
Shakes for his danger, and neglects his own;  
Struck with the thought, should *Helen's* lord be  
slain,

And all his country's glorious labours vain.  
Already met the threat'ning heroes stand;  
The spears already tremble in their hand:  
In rush'd *Antilochus*, his aid to bring,  
And fall or conquer by the *Spartan* king.  
These seen, the *Dardan* backward turn'd his course,  
Brave as he was, and shunn'd unequal force.  
The breathless bodies to the *Greeks* they drew;  
Then mix in combat, and their toils renew.

First *Pylæmenes*, great in battle, bled,  
Who sheath'd in brais the *Paphlagonians* led.  
*Atrides* mark'd him where sublime he stood;  
Fix'd in his throat, the jav'lin drank his blood.  
The faithful *Mydon*, as he turn'd from fight  
His flying couriers, sunk to endless night:  
A broken rock by *Nestor's* son was thrown;  
His bended arm receiv'd the falling stone,  
From his numb'd hand the iv'ry-studded reins  
Dropt in the dust, are trail'd along the plains:  
Mean while his temples feel a deadly wound;  
He groans in death, and pond'rous sinks to ground:  
Deep drove his helmet in the sands, and there  
The head stood fix'd, the quiv'ring legs in air:  
Till trampled flat beneath the courser's feet,  
The youthful victor mounts his empty seat,  
And bears the prize in triumph to the fleet.

Great *Hector* saw, and raging at the view  
Pours on the *Greeks*: the *Trojan* troops pursue;  
He fires his host with animating cries,  
And brings along the Furies of the skies.  
*Mars*, stern destroyer! and *Bellona* dread,†  
Flame in the front, and thunder at their head;  
This swells the tumult and the rage of fight;  
That shakes a spear that casts a dreadful light;

Where

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neither blame these two heroes for going against one who was superior to each of them in strength; nor that one, for retiring from both, when their conjunction made them an overmatch to him. There is great judgment in all this.

† There is a great nobleness in this passage. With what pomp is *Hector* introduced into the battle, where *Mars* and *Bellona* are his attendants? The retreat of *Diomed* is no less beautiful; *Minerva* had removed the mist from his eyes, and he immediately discovers *Mars* assisting *Hector*. His surprise on this occasion is finely imaged by that of the traveller on the sudden sight of the river.



Where *Hector* march'd, the God of battles shin'd,  
Now storm'd before him, and now rag'd behind.

*Tydidēs* paus'd amidst his full career;  
Then first the hero's manly breast knew fear.  
As when some simple swain his cot forsakes,  
And wide thro' fens an unknown journey takes;  
If chance a swelling brook his passage stay,  
And foam impervious cross the wanderer's way,  
Confus'd he stops, a length of country past,  
Eyes the rough waves, and tir'd, returns at last.  
Amaz'd no less the great *Tydidēs* stands;  
He stay'd, and turning, thus address'd his bands.

No wonder, *Greeks*! that all to *Hector* yield,  
Secure of fav'ring Gods, he takes the field;  
His strokes they second, and avert our spears:  
Behold where *Mars* in mortal arms appears!  
Retire then warriors; but sedate and slow;  
Retire, but with your faces to the foe.  
Trust not too much your unavailing might;  
'Tis not with *Troy*, but with the Gods ye fight.

Now near the *Greeks* the black battalions drew;  
And first two leaders valiant *Hector* slew,  
His force *Anchialus* and *Mnesthes* found,  
In ev'ry art of glorious war renown'd;  
In the same car the chiefs to combat ride,  
And fought united, and united dy'd.  
Struck at the sight, the mighty *Ajax* glows  
With thirst of vengeance, and assaults the foes.  
His massy spear with matchless fury sent,  
Thro' *Amphius*' belt and heaving belly went:  
*Amphius Apæsus*' happy soil possess'd,  
With herds abounding, and with treasure blest'd;  
But fate resistless from his country led  
The chief, to perish at his people's head.  
Shook with his fall his brazen armour rung,  
And fierce, to seize it, conqu'ring *Ajax* sprung;  
Around his head an iron tempest rain'd;  
A wood of spears his ample shield sustain'd;  
Beneath one foot the yet warm corpse he prest,  
And drew his jav'lin from the bleeding breast:  
He could no more; the show'ring darts deny'd  
To spoil his glitt'ring arms, and plummy pride.  
Now foes on foes came pouring on the fields,  
With bristling lances, and compacted shields;

Till in the steely circle straiten'd round,  
Forc'd he gives way, and sternly quits the ground.

While thus they strive, *Tlepolemus* the great,  
Urg'd by the force of unresisted fate,  
Burns with desire *Sarpedon*'s strength to prove;  
*Alcides*' offspring meets the son of *Jove*.  
Sheath'd in bright arms each adverse chief came on,  
*Jove*'s great descendant, and his greater son.  
Prepar'd for combat, ere the lance he tost,  
The daring *Rhodian* vents his haughty boast.

What brings this *Lycian* counsellor so far,\*  
To tremble at our arms, not mix in war?  
Know thy vain self, nor let their flatt'ry move,  
Who style thee son of cloud-compelling *Jove*.  
How far unlike those chiefs of race divine,  
How vast the diff'rence of their deeds and thine!  
*Jove* got such heroes as my sire, whose soul  
No fear could daunt, nor earth, nor hell controul.  
*Troy* felt his arm, and yon proud ramparts stand †  
Rais'd on the ruins of his vengeful hand:  
With six small ships, and but a slender train,  
He left the town, a wide deserted plain.  
But what art thou? who deedless look'st around,  
While unreveng'd thy *Lycians* bite the ground:  
Small aid to *Troy* thy feeble force can be,  
But wert thou greater, thou must yield to me.  
Pierc'd by my spear to endless darkness go!  
I make this present to the shades below.

The son of *Hercules*, the *Rhodian* guide,  
Thus haughty spoke. The *Lycian* king reply'd.  
Thy sire, O prince! o'erturn'd the *Trojan* state,  
Whose perjur'd monarch well deserv'd his fate;  
Those heav'nly steeds the hero fought so far,  
False he detain'd, the just reward of war:  
Nor so content, the gen'rous chief defy'd,  
With base reproaches and unmanly pride. ‡  
But you, unworthy the high race you boast,  
Shall raise my glory when thy own is lost:  
Now meet thy fate, and by *Sarpedon* slain,  
Add one more ghost to *Pluto*'s gloomy reign.

He said: both jav'lins at an instant flew:  
Both struck, both wounded, but *Sarpedon*'s flew:  
Full in the boaster's neck the weapon flood,  
Transfix'd his throat, and drank the vital blood;

The

#### NOTES.

\* There is a particular sarcasm in *Tlepolemus*'s calling *Sarpedon* in this place *Lycian counsellor*, one better skilled in oratory than war; as he was the governor of a people who had long been in peace, and probably (if we may guess from his character in *Homer*) remarkable for his speeches.

† He alludes to the history of the first destruction of *Troy* by *Hercules*, occasioned by *Laomedon*'s re-  
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fusing that hero the horses, which were the reward promised him for the delivery of his daughter *Hesione*.

‡ These words include the chief string of *Sarpedon*'s answer to *Tlepolemus*. He tells him *Laomedon* deserved his misfortune, not only for his perfidy, but for injuring a brave man with unmanly and scandalous reproaches; alluding to those which *Tlepolemus* had just before cast upon him.



The soul disdainful seeks the caves of night;  
And his seal'd eyes for ever lose the light.

Yet not in vain, *Tlepolemus*, was thrown  
Thy angry lance; which piercing to the bone  
*Sarpedon's* thigh, had robb'd the chief of breath;  
But *Jove* was present, and forbad the death.  
Borne from the conflict by his *Lycian* throng,  
The wounded hero dragg'd the lance along.  
(His friends, each busy'd in his sev'ral part,  
Thro' haste, or danger, had not drawn the dart.)  
The *Greeks* with slain *Tlepolemus* retir'd;  
Whose fall *Ulysses* view'd, with fury fir'd;  
Doubtful if *Jove's* great son he should pursue,  
Or pour his vengeance on the *Lycian* crew.  
But heav'n and fate the first design withstand,  
Nor this great death must grace *Ulysses's* hand.  
*Minerva* drives him on the *Lycian* train;  
*Alastor*, *Cronius*, *Halius*, strow'd the plain,  
*Alexander*, *Prytanis*, *Noëmon* fell,  
And numbers more his sword had sent to hell:  
But *Hector* saw; and furious at the sight,  
Rush'd terrible amidst the ranks of fight.  
With joy *Sarpedon* view'd the wish'd relief,  
And, faint, lamenting, thus implor'd the chief.

## NOTES.

\* *Homer* is in nothing more admirable than in the excellent use he makes of the *silence* of the persons he introduces. It would be endless to collect all the instances of this truth throughout his poem; yet we cannot but put together those that have already occurred in the course of this work, and leave to the reader the pleasure of observing it in what remains. The silence of the two heralds, when they were to take *Briseis* from *Achilles*, in book 1. In the third book, when *Iris* tells *Helen* the two rivals were to fight in her quarrel, and that all *Troy* were standing spectators; that guilty princess makes no answer, but casts a veil over her face and drops a tear; and when she comes just after into the presence of *Priam*, she speaks not, till after he has in a particular manner encouraged and commanded her. *Paris* and *Meneclaus* being just upon the point to encounter, the latter declares his wishes and hopes of conquest to heaven; the former being engaged in an unjust cause, says not a word. In the fourth book, when *Jupiter* has expressed his desire to favour *Troy*, *Juno* declaims against him, but the *Goddess of Wisdom*, though much concerned, holds her peace. When *Agamemnon* too rashly reproves *Diomed*, that hero remains silent, and in the true character of a rough warrior, leaves it to his actions to speak for him. In the present book, when *Sarpedon* had reproached *Hector* in an open and generous manner, *Hector* pre-

Oh suffer not the foe to bear away  
My helpless corps, an unassisted prey:  
If I, unblest, must see my son no more,  
My much-lov'd consort, and my native shore,  
Yet let me die in *Ilion's* sacred wall;  
*Troy*, in whose cause I fell, shall mourn my fall.

He said, nor *Hector* to the chief replies,\*  
But shakes his plume, and fierce to combat flies,  
Swift as a whirlwind drives the scatt'ring foes,  
And dyes the ground with purple as he goes.

Beneath a beech, *Jove's* consecrated shade,  
His mournful friends divine *Sarpedon* laid:  
Brave *Pelagon*, his fav'rite chief, was nigh,  
Who wrench'd the jav'lin from his sinewy thigh.  
The fainting soul stood ready wing'd for flight,  
And o'er his eye-balls swum the shades of night;  
But *Boreas* rising fresh with gentle breath,†  
Recall'd his spirit from the gates of death.

The gen'rous *Greeks* recede with tardy pace,‡  
Tho' *Mars* and *Hector* thunder in their face;  
None turn their backs to mean ignoble flight,  
Slow they retreat, and ev'n retreating, fight.  
Who first, who last, by *Mars* and *Hector's* hand  
Stretch'd in their blood, lay gasping on the sand? §

*Teuthras*

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serving the same warlike character, returns no answer, but immediately hastens to the business of the field; as he also does in this place, where he instantly brings off *Sarpedon*, without so much as telling him he will endeavour his rescue.

† *Sarpedon's* fainting at the extraction of the dart, and reviving by the free air, shews the great judgment of our author in these matters. But how poetically has he told this truth, in raising the God *Boreas* to his hero's assistance, and making a little machine of but one line? This manner of representing common things in figure and person, was perhaps the effect of *Homer's Egyptian* education.

‡ This slow and orderly retreat of the *Greeks*, with their front constantly turned to the enemy, is a fine encomium both of their courage and discipline. This manner of retreat was in use among the ancient *Lacedaemonians*, as were many other martial customs described by *Homer*. This practice took its rise among that brave people, from the apprehensions of being slain with a wound received in their backs. Such a misfortune was not only attended with the highest infamy, but they had found a way to punish them who suffered thus even after their death, by denying them the rites of burial.

§ This manner of breaking into an interrogation, amidst the description of a battle, is what serves very much to awaken the reader. It is here an invocation



*Teuthras* the great, *Orestes* the renown'd,  
For manag'd steeds, and *Trechus* press'd the ground;  
Next *Oenomaus*, and *Oenops*' offspring dy'd;  
*Orestes* last fell groaning at their side:  
*Orestes*, in his painted mitre gay,  
In fat *Bœotia* held his wealthy sway,  
Where lakes surround low *Hyle's* watry plain;  
A prince and people studious of their gain.

The carnage *Juno* from the skies survey'd,  
And touch'd with grief bespoke the blue-ey'd maid.  
O fight accurst! shall faithless *Troy* prevail,  
And shall our promise to our people fail?  
How vain the word to *Menelaus* giv'n  
By *Jove's* great daughter and the Queen of Heav'n,  
Beneath his arms that *Priam's* tow'rs should fall;  
If warring Gods for ever guard the wall?  
*Mars*, red with slaughter, aids our hated foes:  
Haste, let us arm, and force with force oppose!

She spoke; *Minerva* burns to meet the war:  
And now Heav'n's Empress calls her blazing car.\*  
At her command rush forth the steeds divine;  
Rich with immortal gold their trappings shine.  
Bright *Hebe* waits; by *Hebe*, ever young,  
The whirling wheels are to the chariot hung.  
On the bright axle turns the bidden wheel  
Of sounding brass; the polish'd axle steel.  
Eight brazen spokes in radiant order flame;  
The circles gold, of uncorrupted frame,

Such as the heav'ns produce: and round the gold  
Two brazen rings of work divine were roll'd:  
The bossy naves of solid silver shone;  
Braces of gold suspend the moving throne:  
The car behind an arching figure bore;  
The bending concave form'd an arch before.  
Silver the beam, th' extended yoke was gold,  
And golden reins th' immortal coursers hold.  
Herself, impatient, to the ready car  
The coursers joins, and breathes revenge and war.  
*Pallas* disrobes; her radiant veil unty'd,†  
With flow'rs adorn'd, with art diversify'd,  
(The labour'd veil her heav'nly fingers wove)  
Flows on the pavement of the court of *Jove*:  
Now heav'n's dread arms her mighty limbs invest,  
*Jove's* cuirass blazes on her ample breast;  
Deck'd in sad triumph for the mournful field,  
O'er her broad shoulders hangs his horrid shield,  
Dire, black, tremendous! round the margin roll'd,  
A fringe of serpents hissing guards the gold:‡  
Here all the terrors of grim war appear,  
Here rages Force, here tremble Flight and Fear,  
Here storm'd Contention, and here Fury frown'd,  
And the dire orb portentous *Gorgon* crown'd.  
The massy golden helm she next assumes,  
That dreadful nods with four o'erthading plumes;  
So vast, the broad circumference contains §  
A hundred armies on a hundred plains.

The

## NOTES.

invocation to the Muse that prepares us for something uncommon.

\* *Homer* seems never more delighted than when he has some occasion of displaying his skill in mechanics. The detail he gives us of this chariot is a beautiful example of it, where he takes occasion to describe every different part with a happiness rarely to be found in descriptions of this nature.

† This fiction of *Pallas* arraying herself with the arms of *Jupiter*, finely intimates that she is nothing else but the wisdom of the Almighty. The ancients marked this place with a star, to distinguish it as one of those that were perfectly admirable. Indeed there is a greatness and sublimity in the whole passage, which is astonishing, and superior to any imagination but that of *Homer*, nor is there any that might better give occasion for that celebrated saying, That he was the only man who had seen the forms of the Gods, or the only man who had shewn them. With what nobleness he describes the chariot of *Juno*, the armour of *Minerva*, the *Aegis* of *Jupiter*, filled with the figures of *Horror*, *Affright*, *Discord*, and all the terrors of war, the effects of his wrath against men; and that spear with which his power

## NOTES.

and wisdom overturns whole armies, and humbles the pride of the kings who offend him! But we shall not wonder at the unusual majesty of all these ideas, if we consider that they have a near resemblance to some descriptions of the same kind in the sacred writings, where the Almighty is represented armed with terror, and descending in majesty to be revenged on his enemies. The *chariot*, the *bow*, and the *shield of God*, are expressions frequent in the *Psalms*.

‡ Our author does not particularly describe this fringe of the *Aegis*, as consisting of serpents; but that it did so, may be learned from *Herodotus* in his fourth book. "The *Greeks* (say he) borrowed the vest and shield of *Minerva* from the *Lybians*, only with this difference, that the *Lybian* shield was fringed with thongs of leather, the *Greek* with serpents."

§ The words in the original are capable of two meanings; either that this helmet of *Jupiter* was sufficient to have covered the armies of an hundred cities, or that the armies of an hundred cities were engraved upon it. It is here translated in such a manner that it may be taken either way, though the learned are most inclined to the former sense, as that



The Goddess thus th' imperial car ascends;  
Shook by her arm the mighty jav'lin bends,  
Pond'rous and huge; that when her fury burns,  
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns.

Swift at the scourge th' ethereal coursers fly,  
While the smooth chariot cuts the liquid sky;  
Heav'n's gates spontaneous open to the pow'rs,\*  
Heav'n's golden gates, kept by the winged hours;†  
Commission'd in alternate watch they stand,  
The sun's bright portals and the skies command,  
Involve in clouds th' eternal gates of day,  
Or the dark barrier roll with ease away.  
The sounding hinges ring: on either side  
The gloomy volumes, pierc'd with light, divide.  
The chariot mounts, where deep in ambient skies  
Confus'd, *Olympus*' hundred heads arise;  
Where far apart the Thund'rer fills his throne,  
O'er all the Gods, superior and alone.  
There with her snowy hand the Queen restrains  
The fiery steeds, and thus to *Jove* complains.

O Sire! can no resentment touch thy soul?  
Can *Mars* rebel, and does no thunder roll?  
What lawless rage on yon forbidden plain,  
What rash destruction! and what heroes slain!  
*Venus*, and *Phæbus* with the dreadful bow,  
Smile on the slaughter, and enjoy my woe.  
Mad, furious pow'r! whose unrelenting mind  
No God can govern, and no justice bind.  
Say, mighty father! shall we scourge his pride,  
And drive from fight th' impetuous homicide?

To whom assenting, thus the Thund'rer said:  
Go! and the great *Minerva* be thy aid.

To tame the monster-god *Minerva* knows,‡  
And oft afflicts his brutal breast with woes.

He said; *Saturnia*, ardent to obey,  
Lash'd her white steeds along th' aerial way.  
Swift down the steep of heav'n the chariot rolls,  
Between th' expanded earth and starry poles.  
Far as a shepherd, from some point on high, §  
O'er the wide main extends his boundless eye;  
Thro' such a space of air, with thund'ring sound,  
At ev'ry leap th' immortal coursers bound:  
*Troy* now they reach'd, and touch'd those banks divine  
Where silver *Simois* and *Scamander* join.  
There *Juno* stopp'd, and (her fair steeds unloos'd)  
Of air condens'd a vapour circumfus'd:  
For these, impregnate with celestial dew,  
On *Simois*' brink ambrosial herbage grew.  
Thence to relieve the fainting *Argive* throng,  
Smooth as the sailing doves, they glide along. ||  
The best and bravest of the *Grecian* band  
(A warlike circle) round *Tydidēs* stand:  
Such was their look as lions bath'd in blood,  
Or foaming boars, the terror of the wood.  
Heav'n's Empress mingles with the mortal croud,  
And shouts, in *Stentor*'s sounding voice, aloud:  
*Stentor* the strong, endu'd with brazen lungs, ¶  
Whose throat surpass'd the force of fifty tongues.  
Inglorious *Argives*! to your race a shame,  
And only men in figure and in name!  
Once from the walls your tim'rous foes engag'd,  
While fierce in war divine *Achilles* rag'd,  
Now issuing fearless they possess the plain,  
Now win the shores, and scarce the seas remain.

Her

## NOTES.

that idea is greater and more extraordinary; indeed more agreeable to *Homer*'s bold manner, and not extravagant if we call in the allegory to our assistance, and imagine it an allusion to the providence of God that extends over all the universe.

\* This marvellous circumstance of the gates of heaven opening themselves of their own accord to the divinities that pass through them, is a beauty that cannot be sufficiently admired. The expression is in the *Eastern* manner, where they said the gates of heaven, or of earth, for the entrance or extremities of heaven or earth; a phrase usual in the scriptures.

† By the *hours* here are meant the seasons.

‡ It is only wisdom that can master strength. It is worth while here to observe the conduct of *Homer*. He makes *Minerva*, and not *Juno*, to fight with *Mars*; because a combat between *Mars* and *Juno* could not be supported by any allegory to have authorized it: whereas the allegory of a battle between *Mars* and *Minerva* is very open and intelligible.

## NOTES.

§ A celebrated writer citing these verses as a noble instance of the sublime, speaks to this effect: "In what a wonderful manner does *Homer* exalt his deities; measuring the leaps of their very horses by the whole breadth of the horizon? Who is there that considering the magnificence of this hyperbole, would not cry out with reason, That if these heavenly steeds were to make a second leap, the world would want room for a third?"

|| This simile is intended to express the lightness and smoothness of the motion of these Goddesses. This kind of movement was appropriated to the Gods by the *Ægyptians*, from whom *Homer* might possibly have taken this notion.

¶ There was a necessity for cryers whose voices were stronger than ordinary, in those ancient times, before the use of trumpets was known in their armies. There is a farther propriety in *Homer*'s attributing this voice to *Juno*; because *Juno* is no other than the air, and because the air is the medium of sound.



Her speech new fury to their hearts convey'd ;  
While near *Tydidēs* stood th' *Athenian* maid ;  
The king beside his panting steeds she found,  
O'erspent with toil, reposing on the ground :  
To cool his glowing wound he sat apart,  
(The wound inflicted by the *Lycian* dart)  
Large drops of sweat from all his limbs descend,  
Beneath his pond'rous shield his sinews bend,  
Whose ample belt that o'er his shoulder lay,  
He eas'd ; and wash'd the clotted gore away.  
The Goddess leaning o'er the bended yoke,  
Beside his courser, thus her silence broke.

Degen'rate prince ! and not of *Tydeus*' kind, \*  
Whose little body lodg'd a mighty mind ;  
Foremost he press'd in glorious toils to share,  
And scarce refrain'd when I forbade the war.  
Alone, unguarded, once he dar'd to go ;  
And 'feast encircled by the *Theban* foe ;  
There brav'd, and vanquish'd, many a hardy knight ;  
Such nerves I gave him, and such force in fight.  
Thou too no less hast been my constant care ;  
Thy hands I arm'd, and sent thee forth to war :  
But thee, or fear deters, or sloth detains ;  
No drop of all thy father warms thy veins.

The chief thus answer'd mild. Immortal maid !  
I own thy presence, and confess thy aid.  
Not fear, thou know'st, withholds me from the plains,  
Nor sloth hath seiz'd me, but thy word restrains :  
From warring Gods thou bad'st me turn my spear,  
And *Venus* only found resistance here.  
Hence, Goddess ! heedful of thy high commands,  
Loth I gave way, and warn'd our *Argive* bands :  
For *Mars*, the homicide, these eyes beheld,  
With slaughter red, and raging round the field.

Then thus *Minerva*. Brave *Tydidēs*, hear !  
Not *Mars* himself, nor ought immortal fear.

## NOTES.

\* This speech of *Minerva* to *Diomed* derives its whole force and efficacy from the offensive comparison she makes between *Tydeus* and his son. *Tydeus* when he was single in the city of his enemy, fought and overcame the *Thebans*, even though *Minerva* forbade him ; *Diomed* in the midst of his army, and with enemies inferior in number, declines the fight, though *Minerva* commands him. *Tydeus* disobeys her, to engage in the battle ; *Diomed* disobeys her to avoid engaging ; and that too after he had upon many occasions experienced the assistance of the Goddess.

† *Minerva* in this place very well paints the manners of *Mars*, whose business was always to fortify the weaker side, in order to keep up the broil. The

No. 4.

Full on the God impel thy foaming horse :  
*Pallas* commands, and *Pallas* lends thee force.  
Rash, furious, blind, from these to those he flies, †  
And ev'ry side of wav'ring combat tries ;  
Large promise makes, and breaks the promise made ;  
Now gives the *Grecians*, now the *Trojans* aid.

She said, and to the steeds approaching near,  
Drew from his seat the martial charioteer.  
The vig'rous pow'r the trembling car ascends,  
Fierce for revenge ; and *Diomed* attends.  
The groaning axle bent beneath the load ;  
So great a hero, and so great a God.  
She snatch'd the reins, she lash'd with all her force,  
And full on *Mars* impell'd the foaming horse :  
But first, to hide her heav'nly visage, spread  
Black *Orcus*' helmet o'er her radiant head. ‡  
Just then gigantic *Periphas* lay slain,  
The strongest warrior of th' *Ætolian* train ;  
The God who slew him, leaves his prostrate prize  
Stretch'd where he fell, and at *Tydidēs* flies.  
Now rushing fierce, in equal arms appear,  
The daring *Greek* ; the dreadful God of war !  
Full at the chief, above his courser's head,  
From *Mars* his arm th' enormous weapon fled :  
*Pallas* oppos'd her hand, and caus'd to glance  
Far from the car, the strong immortal lance.  
Then threw the force of *Tydeus*' warlike son ;  
The jav'lin hiss'd ; the Goddess urg'd it on :  
Where the broad cincture girt his armour round,  
It pierc'd the God : his groin receiv'd the wound.  
From the rent skin the warrior tugs again  
The smoking steel. *Mars* bellows with the pain :  
Loud, as the roar encount'ring armies yield, §  
When shouting millions shake the thund'ring field.  
Both armies start, and trembling gaze around ;  
And earth and heav'n re-bellow to the sound.

As

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passage includes a fine allegory of the nature of war. *Mars* is called *inconstant*, and a *breaker of his promises*, because the chance of war is wavering, and uncertain victory is perpetually changing sides.

‡ As every thing that goes into the dark empire of *Pluto*, or *Orcus*, disappears and is seen no more ; the *Greeks* from thence borrowed this figurative expression, to put on *Pluto's helmet*, that is to say, to become invisible.

§ This hyperbole to express the roaring of *Mars*, so strong as it is, yet is not extravagant. It wants not a qualifying circumstance or two ; the voice is not human, but that of a Deity ; and the comparison being taken from an army, renders it more natural with respect to the God of war.

T



As vapours blown by *Auster's* sultry breath,\*  
Pregnant with plagues, and shedding seeds of death;  
Beneath the rage of burning *Sirius* rise,  
Choak the parch'd earth, and blacken all the skies;  
In such a cloud the God from combat driv'n,  
High o'er the dusty whirlwind scales the heav'n.  
Wild with his pain, he fought the bright abodes,  
There sullen sat beneath the Sire of Gods,  
Shew'd the celestial blood, and with a groan  
Thus pour'd his complaints before th' immortal throne.

Can *Jove*, supine, flagitious facts survey,  
And brook the furies of this daring day?  
For mortal men celestial pow'rs engage,  
And Gods on Gods exert eternal rage.  
From thee, O father! all these ills we bear,  
And thy fell daughter with the shield and spear:  
Thou gav'st that fury to the realms of light,  
Pernicious, wild, regardless of the right.†  
All heav'n beside reveres thy sov'reign sway,  
Thy voice we hear, and thy behests obey:  
'Tis her's t' offend, and ev'n offending share  
Thy breasts, thy counsels, thy distinguish'd care:  
So boundless she, and thou so partial grown,  
Well may we deem the wond'rous birth thy own.

## NOTES.

\* *Mars*, after a sharp engagement, amidst the rout of the *Trojans*, wrapt in a whirlwind of dust, which was raised by so many thousand combatants, flies towards *Olympus*. *Homer* compares him in this estate, to those black clouds, which, during a scorching southern wind in the dog-days, are sometimes borne towards heaven; for the wind at that time gathering the dust together, forms a dark cloud of it. The heat of the fight, the precipitation of the *Trojans*, together with the clouds of dust that flew above the army, and took *Mars* from the sight of his enemy, supplied *Homer* with this noble image.

† It is very artful in *Homer*, to make *Mars* accuse *Minerva* of all those faults and enormities he was himself so eminently guilty of: Those people who are the most unjust and violent, accuse others, even the best, of the same crimes: every irrational man is a distorted rule, tries every thing by that wrong measure, and forms his judgment accordingly.

‡ Those are mistaken who imagine our author represents his Gods as mortal. He only represents the inferior or corporeal Deities as capable of pains and punishments, during the will of *Jupiter*, which is not inconsistent with true theology. If *Mars* is said in *Dione's* speech to *Venus* to have been near perishing by *Otus* and *Ephialtes*, it means no more than lasting misery, such as *Jupiter* threatens him

Now frantic *Diomed*, at her command,  
Against th' Immortals lifts his raging hand:  
The heav'nly *Venus* first his fury found,  
Me next encount'ring, me he dar'd to wound;  
Vanquish'd I fled: ev'n I the God of fight,  
From mortal madness scarce was sav'd by flight.  
Else had thou seen me sink on yonder plain,  
Heap'd round, and heaving under loads of slain!  
Or pierc'd with *Grecian* darts, for ages lie,  
Condemn'd to pain, tho' fated not to die.‡

Him thus upbraiding, with a wrathful look  
The Lord of thunders view'd, and stern bespoke.  
To me, perfidious! this lamenting strain?  
Of lawless force shall lawless *Mars* complain?  
Of all the Gods who tread the spangled skies,  
Thou most unjust, most odious in our eyes! §  
Inhuman discord is thy dire delight,  
The waste of slaughter, and the rage of fight;  
No bound, no law thy fiery temper quells,  
And all thy mother in thy soul rebels.  
In vain our threats, in vain our pow'r we use;  
She gives th' example, and her son pursues.  
Yet long th' inflicted pangs thou shalt not mourn,  
Sprung since thou art from *Jove*, and heav'nly born.  
Else,

## NOTES.

with when he speaks of precipitating him into *Tartarus*. *Homer* takes care to tell us both of this God and of *Pluto*, when *Pæon* cured them, that they were not mortal.

§ *Jupiter's* reprimand of *Mars* is worthy the justice and goodness of the great governor of the world, and seems to be no more than was necessary in this place. *Homer* hereby admirably distinguishes between *Minerva* and *Mars*, that is to say, between *Wisdom* and ungoverned *Fury*; the former is produced from *Jupiter* without a mother, to shew that it proceeds from God alone; and *Homer's* alluding to that fable in the preceding speech shews that he was not unacquainted with this opinion. The latter is born of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, because whatever is created by the ministry of second causes, and the concurrence of matter, partakes of that original spirit of division which reigned in the *chaos*, and is of a corrupt and rebellious nature. The reader will find this allegory pursued with great beauty in these two speeches; especially where *Jupiter* concludes with saying he will not destroy *Mars*, because he comes from himself; God will not annihilate *passion*, which he created to be of use to *reason*: wisdom has occasion for passion, in the same manner as princes have need of guards. Therefore reason and wisdom correct and keep passion in subjection, but do not entirely destroy and ruin it.



Else, sing'd with light'ning, hadst thou hence been  
thrown,

Where chain'd on burning rocks the *Titans* groan.

Thus he who shakes *Olympus* with his nod ;

Then gave to *Pæon's* care the bleeding God.

With gentle hand the balm he pour'd around,

And heal'd th' immortal flesh, and clos'd the wound.

As when the fig's prest juice, infus'd in cream,\*

To curds coagulates the liquid stream,

## NOTES.

\* The sudden operation of the remedy administered by *Pæon*, is well expressed by this similitude. It is necessary just to take notice, that they anciently made use of the juice or sap of a fig for runnet, to cause their milk to coagulate.

The allegory of this whole book lies open, is carried on with closeness, and wound up with fulness and strength. The great moral of it is, that a brave man should not contend against heaven, but resist only *Venus* and *Mars*, incontinence and ungoverned fury. *Diomed* is proposed as an example of a great and enterprising nature, which would perpetually be venturing too far, and committing extravagancies or impieties, did it not suffer itself to be checked and guided by *Minerva* or prudence ; for it is this wisdom (as we are told in the very first lines of the book) that raises a hero above all others. Nothing is more observable than the particular care *Homer* has taken to shew he designed this moral. He never omits any occasion throughout the book, to put it in express terms into the mouths of the Gods, or persons of the greatest weight. *Minerva*, at the

Sudden the fluids fix, the parts combin'd ;

Such, and so soon, th' ætherial texture join'd.

Cleans'd from the dust and gore, fair *Hebe* dress'd

His mighty limbs in an immortal vest.

Glorious he sat, in majesty restor'd,

Fast by the throne of heav'n's superior Lord.

*Juno* and *Pallas* mount the blest abodes,

Their task perform'd, and mix among the Gods.

## NOTES.

beginning of the battle, is made to give this precept to *Diomed* ; " Fight not against the Gods, but give way to them, and resist only *Venus*." The same Goddess opens his eyes, and enlightens him so far as to perceive when it is heaven that acts immediately against him, or when it is man only that opposes him. The hero himself, as soon as he has performed her dictates in driving away *Venus*, cries out, not as to the Goddess, but as to the passion, " Thou hast no business with warriors, is it not enough that thou deceivest weak women ?" Even the mother of *Venus*, while she comforts her daughter, bears testimony to the moral : " That man (says she) is not long-liv'd who contends with the Gods." And when *Diomed*, transported by his nature, proceeds but a step too far, *Apollo* discovers himself in the most solemn manner, and declares this truth in his own voice, as it were by direct revelation : " Mortal, forbear ! consider, and know the vast difference there is between the Gods and thee. They are immortal and divine, but man a miserable reptile of the dust."





## The SIXTH BOOK of the ILIAD.

## A R G U M E N T.

THE EPISODES OF GLAUCUS AND DIOMED, AND OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

*The Gods having left the field, the Grecians prevail. Helenus, the chief augur of Troy, commands Hector to return to the city, in order to appoint a solemn procession of the queen and the Trojan matrons to the temple of Minerva, to intreat her to remove Diomed from the fight. The battle relaxing during the absence of Hector, Glaucus and Diomed have an interview between the two armies; where coming to the knowledge of the friendship and hospitality past between their ancestors, they make exchange of their arms. Hector having performed the orders of Helenus, prevailed upon Paris to return to the battle, and taken a tender leave of his wife Andromache, hastens again to the field.*

*The scene is first in the field of battle, between the rivers Simois and Scamander, and then changes to Troy.*

NOW heav'n forsakes the fight: th' immortals  
yield

To human force and human skill, the field:

Dark show'rs of javelins fly from foes to foes;

Now here, now there, the tide of combat flows;

While Troy's fam'd \* streams that bound the death-  
ful plain

On either side run purple to the main.

Great Ajax first to conquest led the way,†

Broke the thick ranks, and turn'd the doubtful day,

The Thracian Acamus his faulchion found,‡

And hew'd th' enormous giant to the ground;

His thund'ring arm a deadly stroke imprest

Where the black horse-hair nodded o'er his crest:

Fix'd in his front the brazen weapon lies,

And seals in endless shades his swimming eyes.

Next Teuthras' son distain'd the sands with blood,

Axylus, hospitable, rich, and good:§

In fair Arisba's walls, (his native place)

He held his seat; a friend to human race.

Fast

## NOTES.

\* Scamander and Simois.

† Ajax performs his exploits immediately upon the departure of the Gods from the battle. It is observed that this hero is never assisted by the Deities, as most of the rest are.

‡ This Thracian prince is the same in whose likeness Mars appears in the preceding book, rallying the Trojans, and forcing the Greeks to retire. In the present description of his strength and size, we see with what propriety this personage was selected by the poet, as fit to be assumed by the God of war.

§ This beautiful character of Axylus is evidently a panegyric on generosity, and not improbably on the memory of some excellent, but unfortunate man in that country, whom the poet honours with the

## NOTES.

noble title of a friend of mankind. It is indeed a severe reproof of the ingratitude of men, and a kind of satire on the human race, while he represents this lover of his species miserably perishing, without assistance from any of those numbers he had obliged. This death is very moving, and the circumstance of a faithful servant's dying by his side, well imagined, and natural to such a character. His manner of keeping house near a frequented highway, and relieving all travellers, is agreeable to that ancient hospitality which we now only read of. There is abundance of this spirit every where in the *Odyssey*. The patriarchs in the Old Testament sit at their gates to see those who pass by, and intreat them to enter into their houses: This



Fast by the road, his ever open door  
Oblig'd the wealthy, and reliev'd the poor.  
To stern *Tydidēs* now he falls a prey,  
No friend to guard him in the dreadful day!  
Breathless the good man fell, and by his side  
His faithful servant, old *Calestus* dy'd.

By great *Euryalus* was *Dreſus* slain,  
And next he laid *Opheltius* on the plain.  
Two twins were near, bold, beautiful, and young,  
From a fair *Naiad* and *Bucolion* sprung:  
(*Laomedon's* white flocks *Bucolion* fed,  
That monarch's first-born by a foreign bed;  
In secret woods he won the *Naiad's* grace,  
And two fair infants crown'd his strong embrace:)  
Here dead they lay in all their youthful charms;  
The ruthless victor stripp'd their shining arms.

*Astyalus* by *Polypoetes* fell;  
*Ulyſſes'* spear *Pidytes* sent to hell;  
By *Teucer's* shaft brave *Areteön* bled,  
And *Nestor's* son laid stern *Ablerus* dead;  
Great *Agamemnon*, leader of the brave,  
The mortal wound of rich *Elatus* gave,  
Who held in *Pedafus* his proud abode,  
And till'd the banks where silver *Satnio* flow'd.  
*Melanthius* by *Eurypylus* was slain;  
And *Phylacus* from *Leitus* flies in vain.

Unblest *Adrastus* next at mercy lies  
Beneath the *Spartan* spear, a living prize.  
Scar'd with the din and tumult of the fight,  
His headlong steeds, precipitate in flight,  
Rush'd on a *Tamarisk's* strong trunk, and broke  
The shatter'd chariot from the crooked yoke;  
Wide o'er the field, resistless as the wind,  
For *Troy* they fly, and leave their lord behind.

Prone on his face he sinks beside the wheel:  
*Atrides* o'er him shakes his vengeful steel;  
The fallen chief in suppliant posture press'd  
The victor's knees, and thus his pray'r address'd.

O spare my youth, and for the life I owe\*  
Large gifts of price my father shall bestow;  
When fame shall tell, that not in battle slain  
Thy hollow ships his captive son detain,  
Rich heaps of brass shall in thy tent be told;  
And steel well-temper'd, and persuasive gold.  
He said: compassion touch'd the hero's heart,  
He stood suspended with the lifted dart:  
As pity pleaded for his vanquish'd prize,  
Stern *Agamemnon* swift to vengeance flies,  
And furious, thus. O impotent of mind!  
Shall these, shall these *Atrides'* mercy find?  
Well hast thou known proud *Troy's* perfidious land,  
And well her natives merit at thy hand!  
Not one of all the race, nor sex, nor age,  
Shall save a *Trojan* from our boundless rage:  
*Ilion* shall perish whole, and bury all;  
Her babes, her infants at the breast, shall fall.  
A dreadful lesson of example'd fate,  
To warn the nations, and to curb the great!

The monarch spoke; the words with warmth address'd  
To rigid justice steel'd his brother's breast.  
Fierce from his knees the hapless chief he thrust;  
The monarch's jav'lin stretch'd him in the dust.  
Then pressing with his foot his panting heart,  
Forth from the slain he tugg'd the reeking dart.  
Old *Nestor* saw, and rous'd the warrior's rage;  
Thus, heroes! thus the vigorous combat wage!  
No son of *Mars* descend, for servile gains,  
To touch the booty, while a foe remains.†

Behold

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cordial manner of invitation is particularly described in the 18th and 19th chapters of *Genesis*. The *Eastern* nations seem to have had a peculiar disposition to these exercises of humanity, which continues in a great measure to this day. It is yet a piece of charity frequent with the *Turks*, to erect *Caravanſerahs*, or inns for the reception of travellers. *Diodorus Siculus* writes of *Gallias* of *Agrigentum*, that having built several inns for the relief of strangers, he appointed persons at the gates to invite all who travelled to make use of them; and that this example was followed by many others who were inclined after the ancient manner to live in a humane, and beneficent correspondence with mankind. That this *Gallias* entertained and cloathed at one time no less than five hundred horsemen; and that there were in his cellars three hundred vessels, each of which contained an hundred hogheads of

No. 4,

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wine. The same author tells us of another *Agri-gentine*, that at the marriage of his daughter feasted all the people of his city, who at that time were above twenty thousand.

\* This passage, where *Agamemnon* takes away that *Trojan's* life whom *Menelaus* had pardoned, and is not blamed by *Homer* for so doing, must be ascribed to the uncivilized manners of those times, when mankind was not united by the bonds of a rational society, and is not therefore to be imputed to the poet, who followed nature as it was in his days. The historical books of the Old Testament abound in instances of the like cruelty to conquered enemies.

† This important maxim of war is very naturally introduced, upon *Nestor's* having seen *Menelaus* ready to spare an enemy for the sake of a ransom. It was for such lessons as these that *Alexander* so

U

much.



Behold you glitt'ring host, your future spoil!  
First gain the conquest, then reward the toil.

And now had *Greece* eternal fame-acquir'd,  
And frighted *Troy* within her walls retir'd;  
Had not sage *Helenus* her state redrest,  
Taught by the Gods that mov'd his sacred breast;  
Where *Hector* stood, with great *Aeneas* join'd,  
The seer reveal'd the counsels of his mind.

Ye gen'rous chiefs! on whom th' immortals lay  
The cares and glories of this doubtful day,  
On whom your aids, your country's hopes depend,  
Wise to consult, and active to defend! \*  
Here, at our gates, your brave efforts unite,  
Turn back the routed, and forbid the flight;  
Ere yet their wives soft arms the cowards gain,  
The sport and insult of the hostile train.

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much esteemed *Homer*, and studied his poem. He made his use of this precept in the battle of *Arbela*, when *Parmenio* being in danger of weakening the main body to defend the baggage, he sent this message to him: Leave the baggage there; for if we gain the victory, we shall not only recover what is our own, but be masters of all that is the enemy's. Histories ancient and modern are filled with examples of enterprizes that have miscarried, and battles that have been lost, by the greediness of soldiers for pillage.

\* This is a twofold branch of praise, expressing the excellence of these princes both in council and in battle.

† Some modern would-be critics have objected to *Homer's* conduct, that *Hector*, upon whom the whole fate of the day depended, is made to retire from the battle, only to carry a message to *Troy* concerning a sacrifice, which might have been done as well by any other. They think it absurd in *Helenus* to advise this, and in *Hector* to comply with it. What occasioned this false criticism, was, that they imagined it to be a piece of advice, and not a command. *Helenus* was a priest and augur of the highest rank, he enjoins it as a point of religion, and *Hector* obeys him as one inspired from heaven. The *Trojan* army was in the utmost distress, occasioned by the prodigious slaughter made by *Diomed*: there was therefore more reason and necessity to propitiate *Minerva* who assisted that hero; which *Helenus* might know, though *Hector* would have chosen to have stayed and trusted to the arm of flesh. Here is nothing but what may agree with each of their characters. *Hector* goes as he was obliged in religion, but not before he animated the troops, re-established the combat, repulsed the *Greeks* to some distance, received a promise from *Helenus* that they

When your commands have hearten'd ev'ry band,  
Ourselves, here fix'd, will make the dang'rous stand;  
Press'd as we are, and sore of former fight,  
These straits demand our last remains of might,  
Meanwhile, thou *Hector* to the town retire, †  
And teach our mother what the Gods require:  
Direct the queen to lead th' assembled train  
Of *Troy's* chief matrons to *Minerva's* fane;  
Unbar the sacred gates, and seek the pow'r  
With offer'd vows, in *Ilion's* topmost tow'r.  
The largest mantle her rich wardrobes hold,  
Most priz'd for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,  
Before the Goddess' honour'd knees be spread;  
And twelve young heifers to her altars led.  
If so the pow'r aton'd by fervent pray'r, ‡  
Our wives, our infants, and our city spare,

And

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would make a stand at the gates, and given one himself to the army that he would soon return to the fight: all which *Homer* has been careful to specify, to save the honour, and preserve the character, of this hero. As to *Helenus's* part, he saw the straits his countrymen were reduced to, he knew his authority as a priest, and designed to revive the courage of the troops by a promise of divine assistance. Nothing adds more courage to the minds of men than superstition, and perhaps it was the only expedient then left; much like a modern practice in the army, to enjoin a *fast* when they wanted provision. *Helenus* could no way have made his promise more credible, than by sending away *Hector*; which looked like an assurance that nothing could prejudice them during his absence on such a religious account. No leader of less authority than *Hector* could so properly have enjoined this solemn act of religion; and lastly, no other, whose valour was less known than his, could have left the army in this juncture without a taint upon his honour. *Homer* makes this piety succeed; *Paris* is brought back to the fight, the *Trojans* afterwards prevail, and *Jupiter* appears openly in their favour, book 8. Though after all, it may be, that the poet's chief intention in this, was to introduce that fine episode of the parting of *Hector* and *Andromache*. This change of the scene to *Troy* furnishes him with a great number of beauties. By this means his poem is for a time divested of the fierceness and violence of battles, and being as it were washed from slaughter and blood, becomes calm and smiling by the beauty of these various episodes.

‡ The author here plainly supposes *Helenus*, by his skill in augury or some other divine inspiration, well informed that the might of *Diomed*, which wrought such great destruction among the *Trojans*,



And far avert *Tydidēs'* wastful ire,  
That mows whole troops, and makes all *Troy* retire.  
Not thus *Achilles* taught our hosts to dread,  
Sprung tho' he was from more than mortal bed;  
Not thus resistless rul'd the stream of fight,  
In rage unbounded, and unmatch'd in might.

*Hektor* obedient heard; and, with a bound,  
Leap'd from his trembling chariot to the ground;  
Thro' all his host, inspiring force, he flies,  
And bids the thunder of the battle rise.  
With rage recruited the bold *Trojans* glow,  
And turn the tide of conflict on the foe:  
Fierce in the front he shakes two dazzling spears;  
All *Greece* recedes, and 'midst her triumph fears.  
Some God, they thought, who rul'd the fate of wars,  
Shot down avenging, from the vault of stars.

Then thus, aloud. Ye dauntless *Dardans* hear!  
And you whom distant nations send to war!

## NOTES.

was the gift of *Pallas* incensed against them. The prophet therefore directs prayers, offerings, and sacrifices to be made to appease the anger of this offended Goddess; not to invoke the mercy of any propitious Deity. This is conformable to the whole system of *Pagan* superstition, the worship whereof being grounded, not on love but fear, seems directed rather to avert the malice and anger of a wrathful and mischievous dæmon, than to implore the assistance and protection of a benevolent being.

\* It was usual in ancient times for soldiers to talk together before they encountered. *Homer* is full of examples of this sort, and he very well deserves we should be so just as to believe he had never done it so often, but that it was agreeable to the manners of his age. But this is not only a thing of custom, but founded on reason itself. The ties of hospitality in those times were held more sacred than those of blood; and it is on that account *Diomed* gives so long an audience to *Glaucus*, whom he acknowledges to be his guest, with whom it was not lawful to engage in combat. *Homer* makes an admirable use of this conjecture, to introduce an entertaining history after so many battles as he has been describing, and to unbend the mind of his reader by a recital of so much variety as the story of the family of *Sisyphus*. It may be farther observed, with what address and management he places this long conversation; it is not during the heat of an obstinate battle, which had been too unseasonable to be excused by any custom whatever; but he brings it in after he has made *Hektor* retire into *Troy*, when the absence of so powerful an enemy had given *Diomed* that leisure which he could not

Be mindful of the strength your fathers bore;  
Be still yourselves, and *Hektor* asks no more.  
One hour demands me in the *Trojan* wall,  
To bid our altars flame, and victims fall:  
Nor shall, I trust, the matron's holy train,  
And rev'rend elders, seek the Gods in vain.

This said, with ample strides the hero past;  
The shield's large orb behind his shoulder cast,  
His neck o'er shading, to his ancle hung;  
And as he march'd, the brazen buckler rung.

Now paus'd the battle, (godlike *Hektor* gone)  
When daring *Glaucus* and great *Tydeus'* son \*  
Between both armies met: the chiefs from far †  
Observ'd each other, and had mark'd for war.  
Near as they drew, *Tydidēs* thus began.

What art thou, boldest of the race of man?  
Our eyes, till now, that aspect ne'er beheld,  
Where fame is reap'd amid th' embattled field:

Yet

## NOTES.

have had otherwise. The poet, after having caused *Hektor* to go out of the fight, interrupts the violence of wars, and gives some relaxation to the reader, in causing him to pass from the confusion and disorder of the action to the tranquillity and security of an historical narration. For by means of the happy episode of *Glaucus*, he casts a thousand pleasing wonders into his poem; as fables, that include beautiful allegories, histories, genealogies, sentences, ancient customs, and several other graces that tend to the diversifying of his work, and which by breaking (as one may say) the monotony of it, agreeably instruct the reader. Let us observe, in how fine a manner our author has hereby praised both *Diomed* and *Hektor*. For he makes us know, that as long as *Hektor* is in the field, the *Greeks* have not the least leisure to take breath; and that as soon as he quits it, all the *Trojans*, however they had regained all their advantages, were not able to employ *Diomed* so far as to prevent his entertaining himself with *Glaucus* without any danger to his party.

† It is usual with our inimitable author, before he introduces a hero, to make as it were a halt, to render him the more remarkable. Nothing could more prepare the attention and expectation of the reader, than this circumstance at the first meeting of *Diomed* and *Glaucus*. Just at the time when the mind begins to be weary with the battle, it is diverted with the prospect of a single combat, which of a sudden turns to an interview of friendship, and an unexpected scene of sociable virtue. The whole air of the conversation between these two heroes has something heroically solemn in it.



Yet far before the troops thou dar'st appear,  
 And meet a lance the fiercest heroes fear.  
 Unhappy they, and born of luckless fires,  
 Who tempt our fury when *Minerva* fires!  
 But if from heav'n, celestial thou descend; \*  
 Know, with immortals we no more contend.  
 Not long *Lycurgus* view'd the golden light, †  
 That daring man who mix'd with Gods in fight;  
*Bacchus*, and *Bacchus*' votaries, he drove  
 With brandish'd steel from *Nysa*'s sacred grove,  
 Their consecrated spears lay scatter'd round,  
 With curling vines and twisted ivy bound;  
 While *Bacchus* headlong sought the briny flood,  
 And *Thetis*' arm receiv'd the trembling God.  
 Nor fail'd the crime th' immortals wrath to move,  
 (Th' immortals blest with endless ease above)  
 Depriv'd of sight by their avenging doom,  
 Cheerless he breath'd, and wander'd in the gloom:  
 Then sunk unpitied to the dire abodes,  
 A wretch accurst, and hated by the Gods!  
 I brave not heav'n: but if the fruits of earth  
 Sustain thy life, and human be thy birth;

## NOTES.

\* A quick change of mind from the greatest impiety to as great superstition, is frequently observable in men, who having been guilty of the most heinous crimes without any remorse, on the sudden are filled with doubts and scruples about the most lawful or indifferent actions. This seems the present case of *Diomed*, who having knowingly wounded and insulted the Deities, is now afraid to engage the first man he meets, lest perhaps a God might be concealed in that shape. This disposition of *Diomed* produces the question he puts to *Glaucus*, which without this consideration will appear impertinent, and so naturally occasions that agreeable episode of *Bellerophon*, which *Glaucus* relates in answer to *Diomed*.

† What *Diomed* here says is the effect of remorse, as if he had exceeded the commission of *Pallas* in encountering with the Gods, and dreaded the consequences of proceeding too far. At least he had no such commission now, and besides, was no longer capable of distinguishing them from men (a faculty she had given him in the foregoing book): he therefore mentions this story of *Lycurgus* as an example that sufficed to terrify him from so rash an undertaking. The ground of the fable they say is this: *Lycurgus* caused most of the vines of his country to be rooted up, so that his subjects were obliged to mix it with water, when it was less plentiful. Hence it was feigned that *Thetis* received *Bacchus* into her bosom.

Bold as thou art, too prodigal of breath,  
 Approach, and enter the dark gates of death. ‡  
 What, or from whence I am, or who my sire,  
 (Reply'd the chief) can *Tydeus*' son inquire?  
 Like leaves on trees the race of man is found, §  
 Now green in youth, now with'ring on the ground;  
 Another race the following spring supplies,  
 They fall successive, and successive rise;  
 So generations in their course decay,  
 So flourish these, when those are past away.  
 But if thou still persist to search my birth,  
 Then hear a tale that fills the spacious earth.

A city stands on *Argos*' utmost bound,  
 (*Argos* the fair for warlike steeds renown'd)  
*Eolian Sisyphus*, with wisdom blest,  
 In ancient time the happy walls possess,  
 Then call'd *Ephyre*: || *Glaucus* was his son;  
 Great *Glaucus*, father of *Bellerophon*,  
 Who o'er the sons of men in beauty shin'd,  
 Lov'd for that valour which preserves mankind. ¶  
 Then mighty *Prætus Argos*' sceptres sway'd,  
 Whose hard commands *Bellerophon* obey'd.

With

## NOTES.

‡ This haughty air which *Homer* gives his heroes was doubtless a copy of the manners and hyperbolic speeches of those times. Thus *Goliath* to *David*, 1 *Sam.* ch. xvii. "Approach, and I will give thy flesh to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field." The Orientals speak the same language to this day.

§ There is a noble gravity in the beginning of this speech of *Glaucus*, according to the true style of antiquity, "Few and evil are our days." This beautiful thought of our author, whereby the race of men are compared to the leaves of trees, is celebrated by the imitation of many succeeding poets. Though this comparison be justly admired for it's beauty in this obvious application to the mortality and succession of human life, it seems however designed by the poet in this place as a proper emblem of the transitory state, not of men, but of families, which being by their misfortunes or follies fallen and decayed, do again in a happier season revive and flourish in the same and virtues of their posterity. In this sense it is a direct answer to what *Diomed* had asked, as well as a proper preface to what *Glaucus* relates of his own family, which having been extinct in *Corinth*, had recovered new life in *Lycia*.

|| It was the same which was afterwards called *Corinth*.

¶ This distinction of true valour, which has the good of mankind for it's end, in opposition to



With direful jealousy the monarch rag'd,  
 And the brave prince in num'rous toils engag'd.  
 For him, *Antea* burn'd with lawless flame,  
 And strove to tempt him from the paths of fame:  
 In vain she tempted the relentless youth,  
 Endu'd with wisdom, sacred fear, and truth.  
 Fir'd at his scorn the queen to *Prætus* fled,  
 And begg'd revenge for her insulted bed:  
 Incens'd he heard, resolving on his fate;  
 But hospitable laws restrain'd his hate:  
 To *Lycia* the devoted youth he sent,  
 With tablets seal'd, that told his dire intent.  
 Now blest by ev'ry pow'r who guards the good,  
 The chief arriv'd at *Xanthus'* silver flood:  
 There *Lycia's* monarch paid him honours due;  
 Nine days he feasted, and nine bulls he slew.  
 But when the tenth bright morning orient glow'd,  
 The faithful youth his monarch's mandate shew'd: \*

The fatal tablets, till that instant seal'd,  
 The deathful secret to the king reveal'd.  
 First, dire *Chimæra's* conquest was enjoin'd; †  
 A mingled monster, of no mortal kind;  
 Behind, a dragon's fiery tail was spread;  
 A goat's rough body bore a lion's head;  
 Her pitchy nostrils flaky flames expire;  
 Her gaping throat emits infernal fire.

This pest he slaughter'd (for he read the skies,  
 And trusted heav'n's informing prodigies)  
 Then met in arms the *Solymæan* crew, ‡  
 (Fiercest of men) and those the warrior slew.

## NOTES.

to the valour of tyrants or oppressors, is beautifully hinted by *Homer* in an epithet which signifies *amiable valour*. Such as was that of *Bellerophon*, who freed the land from monsters, and creatures destructive to his species. It is applied to this young hero with particular judgment and propriety, if we consider the innocence and gentleness of his manners appearing from the following story, which every one will observe has a great resemblance with that of *Joseph* in the scriptures.

\* It has been observed by a great writer on the subject of curiosity, that a man of curiosity is void of all faith, and it is better to trust letters or any important secrets to servants, than to friends and familiars of an inquisitive temper. *Bellerophon*, when he carried letters that ordered his own destruction, did not unseal them, but forbore touching the king's dispatches with the same continence, as he had refrained from injuring his bed: for curiosity is an incontinence as well as adultery.

No. 5.

Next the bold *Amazon's* whole force defy'd;  
 And conquer'd still, for heav'n was on his side.

Nor ended here his toils: his *Lycian* foes  
 At his return, a treach'rous ambush rose,  
 With levell'd spears along the winding shore;  
 There fell they breathless, and return'd no more.

At length the monarch with repentant grief  
 Confess'd the Gods, and god-descended chief;  
 His daughter gave, the stranger to detain,  
 With half the honours of his ample reign.  
 The *Lycians* grant a chosen space of ground, §  
 With woods, with vineyards, and with harvests crown'd.

There long the chief his happy lot possess'd,  
 With two brave sons and one fair daughter blest'd;  
 (Fair ev'n in heav'nly eyes; her fruitful love  
 Crown'd with *Sarpedon's* birth th' embrace of *Jove*).  
 But when at last, distracted in his mind,  
 Forsook by heav'n, forsaking human kind,  
 Wide o'er th' *Aleian* field he chose to stray,  
 A long, forlorn, uncomfortable way!  
 Woes heap'd on woes consum'd his wasted heart;  
 His beauteous daughter fell by *Phæbe's* dart;  
 His eldest born by raging *Mars* was slain,  
 In combat on the *Solymæan* plain.  
*Hippolochus* surviv'd; from him I came,  
 The honour'd author of my birth and name;  
 By his decree I fought the *Trojan* town,  
 By his instructions learn to win renown,  
 To stand the first in worth as in command,  
 To add new honours to my native land.

Before

## NOTES.

† *Chimæra* was feigned to have the head of a lion breathing flames, the body of a goat, and the tail of a dragon; because the mountain of that name in *Lycia* had a volcano on it's top, and nourished lions; the middle part afforded pasture for goats, and the bottom part was infested with serpents. *Bellerophon* destroying these, and rendering the mountain habitable, was said to have conquered *Chimæra*.

‡ These *Solymi* were an ancient nation inhabiting the mountainous parts of *Asia Minor*, between *Lycia* and *Pisidia*. *Pliny* mentions them as an instance of a people so entirely destroyed, that no footsteps of them remained in his time.

§ It was usual in the ancient times, upon any signal piece of service performed by the kings or great men, to have a portion of land decreed by the public as a reward to them. Thus when *Sarpedon* in the twelfth book incites *Glaucus* to behave himself valiantly, he puts him in mind of these possessions granted by his countrymen.

W



Before my eyes my mighty fires to place,  
And emulate the glories of our race.

He spoke, and transport fill'd *Tydidēs'* heart;  
In earth the gen'rous warrior fix'd his dart,  
Then friendly, thus, the *Lycian* prince address'd,  
Welcome, my brave hereditary guest!  
Thus ever let us meet, with kind embrace,  
Nor stain the sacred friendship of our race.  
Know, chief, our grandsires have been guests of old;\*  
*Oeneus* the strong, *Bellerophon* the bold:  
Our ancient sea his honour'd presence grac'd,  
Where twenty days in genial rites he pass'd.  
The parting heroes mutual presents left;  
A golden goblet was thy grandsire's gift;  
*Oeneus* a belt of matchless work bestow'd,  
That rich with *Tyrian* dye refulgent glow'd.  
(This from his pledge I learn'd, which safely stor'd  
Among my treasures, still adorns my board:  
For *Tydeus* left me young, when *Thebē's* wall  
Beheld the sons of *Greece* untimely fall.)  
Mindful of this, in friendship let us join;  
If heav'n our steps to foreign lands incline,  
My guest in *Argos* thou, and I in *Lycia* thine.  
Enough of *Trojans* to this lance shall yield,  
In the full harvest of yon ample field;  
Enough of *Greeks* shall dye thy spear with gore;  
But thou and *Diomed* be foes no more.

Now change we arms, and prove to either host  
We guard the friendship of the line we boast.

Thus having said, the gallant chiefs alight,  
Their hands they join, their mutual faith they plight,  
Brave *Glaucus* then each narrow thought resign'd,  
(*Jove* warm'd his bosom and enlarg'd his mind)

## NOTES.

\* The laws of hospitality were anciently held in great veneration. The friendship contracted hereby was so sacred, that they preferred it to all the bands of consanguinity and alliance, and accounted it obligatory even to the third and fourth generation. We have seen in the foregoing story of *Bellerophon*, that *Proetus*, a prince under the supposition of being injured in the highest degree, is yet afraid to revenge himself upon the criminal on this account. He is forced to send him into *Lycia* rather than be guilty of a breach of this law in his own country. And the king of *Lycia* having entertained the stranger before he unsealed the letters, put him upon expeditions abroad, in which he might be destroyed, rather than at his court. We here see *Diomed* and *Glaucus* agreeing not to be enemies during the whole course of a war, only because their grandfathers had been mutual guests. And we afterwards find *Tencher* engaged with the *Greeks* on this account against the

For *Diomed's* brass arms, of mean device,  
For which nine oxen paid (a vulgar price),  
He gave his own, of gold divinely wrought,  
A hundred beeves the shining purchase bought.†

Meantime the guardian of the *Trojan* state,  
Great *Hector*, enter'd at the *Scaean* gate.  
Beneath the beech-tree's consecrated shades,  
The *Trojan* matrons and the *Trojan* maids  
Around him flock'd, all press'd with pious care  
For husbands, brothers, sons, engag'd in war.  
He bids the train in long procession go,  
And seek the Gods, t' avert th' impending woe.  
And now to *Priam's* stately courts he came,  
Rais'd on arch'd columns of stupendous frame;  
O'er these a range of marble structure runs,  
The rich pavilions of his fifty sons,  
In fifty chambers lodg'd: and rooms of state  
Oppos'd to those, where *Priam's* daughters sat:  
Twelve domes for them and their lov'd spouses shone,  
Of equal beauty, and of polish'd stone.  
Hither great *Hector* pass'd, nor pass'd unseen  
Of royal *Hecuba*, his mother queen.  
(With her *Laodice*, whose beauteous face  
Surpass'd the nymphs of *Troy's* illustrious race)  
Long in a strict embrace she held her son,  
And press'd his hand, and tender thus begun.

O *Hector*! say, what great occasion calls  
My son from fight, when *Greece* surrounds our walls?  
Com'st thou to supplicate th' almighty pow'r,  
With lifted hands from *Ilion's* lofty tow'r?  
Stay, till I bring the cup with *Bacchus* crown'd.  
In *Jove's* high name, to sprinkle on the ground,  
And pay due vows to all the Gods around.

Then

## NOTES.

*Trojans*, though he was himself of *Trojan* extraction, the nephew of *Priam* by the mother's side, and cousin german of *Hector*, whose life he pursues with the utmost violence. They preserved in their families the presents which had been made on these occasions, as obliged to transmit to their children the memorials of the right of hospitality.

† We may remark from this place, that the proportion of the value of gold to brass in the time of the *Trojan* war, was but as an hundred to nine; allowing these armours of equal weight; which, as they belonged to men of equal strength, is a reasonable supposition. As to this manner of computing the armour by beeves or oxen, it might be either because the money was anciently stamped with those figures; or (which is most probable in this place) because in those times they generally purchased by exchange of commodities.



Then with a plenteous draught refresh thy soul,  
And draw new spirits from the gen'rous bowl;  
Spent as thou art with long laborious fight,  
The brave defender of thy country's right.

Far hence be *Bacchus'* gifts (the chief rejoin'd)\* }  
Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind,  
Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noble mind. }  
Let chiefs abstain, and spare the sacred juice  
To sprinkle to the Gods, it's better use.  
By me that holy office were prophan'd:  
Ill fits it me, with human gore distain'd, †  
To the pure skies those horrid hands to raise,  
Or offer heav'n's great Sire polluted praise.  
You, with your matrons, go! a spotless train,  
And burn rich odours in *Minerva's* fane.  
The largest mantle your full wardrobes hold,  
Most priz'd for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,  
Before the Goddess' honour'd knees be spread,  
And twelve young heifers to her altar led.  
So may the pow'r, aton'd by fervent pray'r,  
Our wives, our infants, and our city spare,  
And far avert *Tydid's* wastful ire,  
Who mows whole troops, and makes all *Troy* retire.  
Be this, O mother, your religious care;  
I go to rouse soft *Paris* to the war;  
If yet, not lost to all the sense of shame,  
The recreant warrior hear the voice of fame.  
Oh would kind earth the hateful wretch embrace,  
That pest of *Troy*, that ruin of our race!  
Deep to the dark abyss might he descend,  
*Troy* yet should flourish, and my sorrows end.

## NOTES.

\* This maxim of *Hector's* concerning wine, has a great deal of truth in it. It is a vulgar mistake to imagine the use of wine either raises the spirits, or increases strength. The best physicians agree with *Homer* in this point; whatever our modern soldiers may object to this old heroic regimen. One may take notice that *Sampson* as well as *Hector* was a water-drinker; for he was a *Nazarite* by vow, and as such was forbid the use of wine.

† The custom which prohibits persons polluted with blood to perform any offices of divine worship before they were purified, is so ancient and universal, that it may in some sort be esteemed a precept of natural religion, tending to inspire an uncommon dread and religious horror of bloodshed. Hence it may be concluded how impossible it is that human sacrifices should be acceptable to the Gods, since they do not permit any defiled with blood, or even polluted with the touch of a dead body, to come near their altars.

‡ An ancient writer acquaints us that *Paris* re-

This heard, she gave command; and summon'd  
came

Each noble matron, and illustrious dame.  
The *Phrygian* queen to her rich wardrobe went,  
Where treasur'd odours breath'd a costly scent.  
There lay the vestures, of no vulgar art,  
*Sidonian* maids embroider'd ev'ry part, †  
Whom from soft *Sidon* youthful *Paris* bore,  
With *Helen* touching on the *Tyrian* shore.  
Here as the queen revolv'd with careful eyes  
The various textures and the various dyes,  
She chose a veil that shone superior far,  
And glow'd refulgent as the morning star.  
Herself with this the long procession leads;  
The train majestically slow proceeds.  
Soon as to *Ilion's* topmost tow'r they come,  
And awful reach the high *Palladian* dome,  
*Antenor's* consort, fair *Theano*, waits  
As *Pallas'* priestess, and unbars the gates.  
With hands uplifted and imploring eyes, §  
They fill the dome with supplicating cries.  
The priestess then the shining veil displays,  
Plac'd on *Minerva's* knees, and thus she prays.

O awful Goddess! ever-dreadful maid, ||  
*Troy's* strong defence, unconquer'd *Pallas*, aid!  
Break thou *Tydid's* spear, and let him fall  
Prone on the dust before the *Trojan* wall.  
So twelve young heifers, guiltless of the yoke,  
Shall fill thy temple with a grateful smoke.  
But thou, aton'd by penitence and pray'r,  
Ourselves, our infants, and our city spare! ¶

So

## NOTES.

turned not directly to *Troy* after the rape of *Helen*, but fetched a compass, probably to avoid pursuit. He touched at *Sidon*, where he surprized the king of *Phoenicia* by night, and carried off many of his treasures and captives, among which probable were these *Sidonian* women. We find in the scriptures, that *Tyre* and *Sidon* were famous for works in gold, embroidery, &c. and for whatever regarded magnificence and luxury.

§ The only gesture described by *Homer*, as used by the ancients in the invocation of the Gods, is the lifting up their hands to heaven.

|| This procession of the *Trojan* matrons to the temple of *Minerva*, with their offering, and the ceremonies, is a passage that particularly pleased *Virgil*; and therefore he has copied it more than once in his *Æneid*.

¶ *Helenus* only ordered that prayers should be made to *Minerva* to drive *Diomed* from before the walls. But *Theano* prays that *Diomed* may perish, and perish flying, which is included in his falling forward.



So pray'd the priestess in her holy fane;  
So vow'd the matrons, but they vow'd in vain.

While these appear before the pow'r with pray'rs,  
*Hector* to *Paris*' lofty dome repairs.

Himself the mansion rais'd, from ev'ry part \*

Assembling architects of matchless art.

Near *Priam*'s court and *Hector*'s palace stands

The pompous structure, and the town commands.

A spear the hero bore of wond'rous strength,

Of full ten cubits was the lance's length,

The steely point with golden ringlets join'd,

Before him brandish'd, at each motion shin'd.

Thus ent'ring in the glitt'ring rooms he found

His brother-chief, whose useless arms lay round,

His eyes delighting with their splendid show,

Bright'ning the shield, and polishing the bow.

Beside him *Helen* with her virgins stands,

Guides their rich labours, and instructs their hands.

## NOTES.

forward. It has been observed by some on this passage, that women are seldom moderate in the prayers they make against their enemies, and therefore are seldom heard.

\* We must own we are not so great enemies to *Paris* as some of the commentators. His blind passion is the unfortunate occasion of the ruin of his country; and he has the ill fate to have all his fine qualities swallowed up in that. And indeed we cannot say he endeavours much to be a better man than his nature made him. But as to his parts and turn of mind, nothing is to be seen that is either weak, or wicked, the general manners of those times considered. On the contrary, a gentle soul, patient of good advice, though indolent enough to forget it; and liable only to the frailty of love. So very amorous a constitution, and so incomparable a beauty to provoke it, might be temptation enough even to a wise man, and in some degree make him deserve compassion, if not pardon. It is remarkable, that *Homer* does not paint him and *Helen* (as some other poets would have done) like monsters, odious to Gods and men, but allows their characters such esteemable qualifications as could consist, and in truth generally do, with tender frailties. He gives *Paris* several polite accomplishments, and in particular a turn to those sciences that are the result of a fine imagination. He makes him have a taste and addition to *curious works* of all sorts, which caused him to transport *Sidonian* artists to *Troy*, and employ himself at home in adorning and finishing his armour: and now we are told that he assembled the most skilful builders from all parts of the country, to render his palace a complete piece of *architecture*. This, together with what *Homer* has said elsewhere

Him thus unactive, with an ardent look  
The prince beheld, and high-resenting spoke.

Thy hate to *Troy*, is this the time to show? †  
(O wretch ill-fated, and thy country's foe!)

*Paris* and *Greece* against us both conspire,

Thy close resentment, and their vengeful ire:

For thee great *Ilion*'s guardian heroes fall,

Till heaps of dead alone defend her wall!

For thee the soldier bleeds, the matron mourns,

And wasteful war in all it's fury burns.

Ungrateful man! deserves not this thy care,

Our troops to hearten, and our toils to share?

Rise, or behold the conqu'ring flames ascend,

And all the *Phrygian* glories at an end.

Brother, 'tis just, (reply'd the beauteous youth) ‡

Thy free remonstrance proves thy worth and truth:

Yet charge my absence less, oh gen'rous chief!

On hate to *Troy*, than conscious shame and grief:

Here,

## NOTES.

of his skill on the *harp*, which in those days included both *music* and *poetry*, may, we think, establish him a *belle esprit*, and a *fine genius*.

† This speech of *Hector* is a fine piece of artifice; he seems to imagine that the retirement of *Paris* proceeds only from his resentment against the *Trojans*, and not from his indolence, luxury, or any other cause. As a discreet physician rather chuses to cure his patient by diet or rest, than by castoreum or scammony; so a good friend, a good master, or a good father, are always better pleased to make use of commendation than reproof, for the reformation of manners: for nothing so much assists a man who reprehends with frankness and liberty, nothing renders him less offensive, or better promotes his good design, than to reprove with calmness, affection, and temper. He ought not, therefore, to urge them too severely if they deny the fact, nor forestall their justification of themselves, but rather try to help them out, and furnish them artificially with honest and colourable pretences to excuse them; and though he sees that their fault proceeded from a more shameful cause, he should yet impute it to something less criminal. Thus *Hector* deals with *Paris*, when he tells him, This is not the time to manifest your anger against the *Trojans*: as if his retreat from the battle had not been absolutely a flight, but merely the effect of resentment and indignation.

‡ *Paris* readily lays hold of the pretext *Hector* had furnished him with, and confesses he has partly touched upon the true reason of his retreat, but that it was also partly occasioned by the concern he felt at the victory of his rival. Next he professes his readiness for the fight; but nothing can be a finer trait



Here, hid from human eyes, thy brother sat,  
And mourn'd in secret, his, and *Ilium's* fate.  
'Tis now enough: now glory spreads her charms,  
And beauteous *Helen* calls her chief to arms.  
Conquest to-day my happier sword may bless,  
'Tis man's to fight, but heav'n's to give success.  
But while I arm, contain thy ardent mind;  
Or go, and *Paris* shall not lag behind.

He said, nor answer'd *Priam's* warlike son;  
When *Helen* thus with lowly grace begun.

O gen'rous brother! if the guilty dame \*  
That caus'd these woes, deserves a sister's name!  
Would heav'n, ere all these dreadful deeds were done!  
The day, that show'd me to the golden sun,  
Had seen my death! Why did not whirlwinds bear  
The fatal infant to the fowls of air?  
Why sunk I not beneath the whelming tide,  
And 'midst the roarings of the waters dy'd?  
Heav'n fill'd up all my ills, and I accurst  
Bore all, and *Paris* of those ills the worst.  
*Helen* at least a braver spouse might claim,  
Warm'd with some virtue, some regard of fame!  
Now tir'd with toils, thy fainting limbs recline,  
With toils, sustain'd for *Paris's* sake and mine:  
The Gods have link'd our miserable doom,  
Our present woe, and infamy to come:  
Wide shall it spread, and last thro' ages long,  
Example sad! and theme of future song.

## NOTES.

trait (if we consider his character) than what *Homer* puts into his mouth just in this place, that he is now exhorted to it by *Helen*: which shews that not the danger of his country and parents, neither private shame, nor public hatred, could so much prevail upon him, as the commands of his mistress, to go and recover his honour.

\* The repentance of *Helena* (which we have before observed our author never loses an opportunity of manifesting) is finely touched again here. Upon the whole, we see the Gods are always concerned in what befalls an unfortunate beauty: her stars foredoomed all the mischief, and Heaven was to blame in suffering her to live: then she fairly gets quit of the infamy of her lover, and shews she has higher sentiments of honour than he. How very natural is all this in the like characters to this day?

† *Homer* undoubtedly shines most upon the great subjects, in raising our admiration or terror: pity, and the softer passions, are not so much of the nature of his poem, which is formed upon anger and the violence of ambition. But we have cause to think his genius was no less capable of touching the heart with tenderness, than of firing it with glory, from the few sketches he has left us of his excellence in

The chief reply'd: This time forbids to rest:  
The *Trojan* bands, by hostile fury prest,  
Demand their *Hector*, and his arm require:  
The combat urges, and my soul's on fire.  
Urge thou thy knight to march where glory calls,  
And timely join me, ere I leave the walls.  
Ere yet I mingle in the direful fray,  
My wife, my infant, claim a moment's stay;  
This day (perhaps the last that sees me here)  
Demands a parting word, a tender tear:  
This day, some God who hates our *Trojan* land  
May vanquish *Hector* by a *Grecian* hand.

He said, and part with sad presaging heart †  
To seek his spouse, his soul's far dearer part;  
At home he sought her, but he sought in vain:  
She, with one maid of all her menial train,  
Had thence retir'd; and with her second joy,  
The young *Assyanax*, the hope of *Troy*.  
Pensive she stood on *Ilium's* tow'ry height, ‡  
Beheld the war, and sicken'd at the sight:  
There her sad eyes in vain her lord implore,  
Or weep the wounds her bleeding country bore.

But he who found not whom his soul desir'd,  
Whose virtue charm'd him as her beauty fir'd;  
Stood in the gates, and ask'd what way she bent  
Her parting step? If to the fane she went,  
Where late the mourning matrons made resort;  
Or fought her sisters in the *Trojan* court?

Not

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that way too. In the present episode of the parting of *Hector* and *Andromache*, he has assembled all that love, grief, and compassion could inspire. This episode tends very much to raise the character of *Hector*, and endear him to every reader. This hero, though doubtful if he should ever see *Troy* again, yet goes not to his wife and child, till after he has taken care for the sacrifice, exhorted *Paris* to the fight, and discharged every duty to the Gods, and to his country; his love of which, as we formerly remarked, makes his chief character. What a beautiful contrast has *Homer* made between the manners of *Paris* and those of *Hector*, as he here shews them one after the other in this domestic light, and in their regards to the fair sex! What a difference between the characters and behaviour of *Helen* and of *Andromache*! And what an amiable picture of conjugal love, opposed to that of unlawful passion!

‡ It is a fine imagination to represent the tenderness of *Andromache* for *Hector*, by her standing upon the tower of *Troy*, and watching all his motions in the field; even the religious procession to *Minerva's* temple could not draw her from this place, at a time when she thought her husband in danger.



Not to the court, (reply'd th' attendant train)  
Nor mix'd with matrons to *Minerva's* fane:  
To *Ilion's* steepy tow'r she bent her way,  
To mark the fortunes of the doubtful day.  
*Troy* fled, she heard, before the *Grecian* sword;  
She heard, and trembled for her absent lord:  
Distracted with surprize, she seem'd to fly,  
Fear on her cheek, and sorrow in her eye.  
The nurse attended with her infant boy,  
The young *Astyanax*, the hope of *Troy*.

*Hector*, this heard, return'd without delay;\*  
Swift thro' the town he trod his former way,  
Thro' streets of palaces, and walks of state;  
And met the mourner at the *Scæan* gate.  
With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,  
His blameless wife, *Acton's* wealthy heir:  
(*Cilician Thebè Acton* sway'd,  
And *Hippoplacus'* wide-extended shade)  
The nurse stood near, in whose embraces prest  
His only hope hung smiling at her breast,  
Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,  
Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn.  
To this lov'd infant *Hector* gave the name  
*Scamandrius*, from *Scamander's* honour'd stream;†  
*Astyanax* the *Trojans* call'd the boy,  
From his great father, the defence of *Troy*.

## NOTES.

\* *Hector* does not stay to seek his wife on the tower of *Ilion*, but hastens where the business of the field calls him. *Homer* is never wanting in point of honour and decency, and while he constantly obeys the strictest rules, finds a way to make them contribute to the beauty of his poem. Here for instance he has managed it so, that this observance of *Hector's* is the cause of a very pleasing surprize to the reader; for at first he is not a little disappointed to find that *Hector* does not meet *Andromache*, and is no less pleased afterwards to see them encounter by chance, which gives him a satisfaction he thought he had lost.

† This manner of giving proper names to children, derived from any place, accident, or quality belonging to them or their parents, is very ancient, and was customary among the *Hebrews*. The *Trojans* called the son of *Hector*, *Astyanax*, because (as it is said here and at the end of the twenty-second book) his father defended the city. There are many instances of the same kind in the thirtieth chapter of *Genesis*, where the names given to *Jacob's* children, and the reasons of these names, are enumerated.

‡ Nothing was more natural in *Andromache*, than to recollect her past calamities, in order to repre-

Silent the warrior smil'd, and pleas'd resign'd:  
To tender passions all his mighty mind:  
His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,  
Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke;  
Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,  
And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.

Too daring prince! ah whither dost thou run?  
Ah too forgetful of thy wife and son!  
And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,  
A widow I, an helpless orphan he!  
For sure such courage length of life denies,  
And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.  
*Greece* in her single heroes strove in vain;  
Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain!  
Oh grant me, Gods! ere *Hector* meets his doom,  
All I can ask of heav'n, an early tomb!

So shall my days in one sad tenour run,  
And end with sorrows as they first begun.  
No parent now remains, my griefs to share,  
No father's aid, no mother's tender care.  
The fierce *Achilles* wrapt our walls in fire, ‡  
Lay'd *Thebè* waste, and slew my warlike sire!  
His fate compassion in the victor bred;  
Stern as he was, he yet rever'd the dead,  
His radiant arms preserv'd from hostile spoil, §  
And lay'd him decent on the fun'ral pile;

Then

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sent her present distress to *Hector* in a stronger light, and shew her utter desertion if he should perish. What could more effectually work upon a generous and tender mind, like that of *Hector*? What could therefore be more proper to each of their characters? If *Hector* be induced to refrain from the field, it proceeds from compassion to *Andromache*: if *Andromache* endeavours to persuade him, it proceeds from her fear for the life of *Hector*. *Homer* had yet a farther view in this recapitulation; it tends to raise his chief hero *Achilles*, and acquaints us with those great achievements of his which preceded the opening of the poem. Since there was a necessity that this hero should be absent from the action during a great part of the *Iliad*, the poet has shewn his art in nothing more, than in the methods he takes from time to time to keep up our great idea of him, and to awaken our expectation of what he is to perform in the progress of the work.

§ This circumstance of *Acton's* being burned with his arms, will not appear trivial in this relation, when we reflect with what eager passion these ancient heroes fought to spoil and carry off the armour of a vanquished enemy; and therefore this action of *Achilles* is mentioned as an instance of uncommon favour and generosity.



Then rais'd a mountain where his bones were burn'd,  
The mountain nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd,  
*Jove's* sylvan daughters bade their elms bestow  
A barren shade, and in his honour grow.\*

By the same arm my sev'n brave brothers fell,  
In one sad day beheld the gates of hell;  
While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed,  
Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled!  
My mother liv'd to bear the victor's bands,  
The queen of *Hippoplacia's* sylvan lands:  
Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again  
Her pleasing empire and her native plain,  
When ah! oppress'd by life-consuming woe,  
She fell a victim to *Diana's* bow.†

Yet while my *Hector* still survives, I see  
My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee.  
Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all,  
Once more will perish if my *Hector* fall.  
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share:  
Oh prove a husband's and a father's care!  
That quarter most the skilful *Greeks* annoy,  
Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of *Troy*;‡  
Thou, from this tow'r defend th' important post;  
There *Agamemnon* points his dreadful host,  
That pass *Tyrides*, *Ajax*, strive to gain,  
And there the vengeful *Spartan* fires his train.  
Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have giv'n,  
Or led by hopes, or dictated from heav'n.  
Let others in the field their arms employ,  
But stay my *Hector* here, and guard his *Troy*.

The chief reply'd: That post shall be my care,  
Nor that alone, but all the works of war.  
How would the sons of *Troy*, in arms renown'd,  
And *Troy's* proud dames, whose garments sweep the  
ground,

Attain the lustre of my former name,  
Should *Hector* basely quit the field of fame?  
My early youth was bred to martial pains,  
My soul impels me to th' embattled plains:  
Let me be foremost to defend the throne,  
And guard my father's glories, and my own.  
Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates!  
(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!)  
The day when thou, imperial *Troy*! must bend,  
And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.  
And yet no dire preface so wounds my mind,  
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,  
Not *Priam's* hoary hairs defil'd with gore,  
Not all my brothers gasping on the shore;  
As thine, *Andromache*! thy griefs I dread;  
I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led!  
In *Argive* looms our battles to design,  
And woes, of which so large a part was thine!  
To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring  
The weight of waters from *Hyperia's* spring. §  
There, while you groan beneath the load of life,  
They ery, behold the mighty *Hector's* wife!  
Some haughty *Greek*, who lives thy tears to see,  
Embitters all thy woes, by naming me.  
The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,  
A thousand griefs, shall waken at the name!  
May I lie cold before that dreadful day,  
Press'd with a load of monumental clay!  
Thy *Hector*, wrapt in everlasting sleep,  
Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep.  
Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of  
*Troy*.

Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy. ||  
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,  
Scar'd at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.

With

#### NOTES.

\* It was the custom to plant about tombs only such trees as elms, elders, &c. that bear no fruit, as being most suitable to the dead. This passage alludes to that piece of antiquity.

† The *Greeks* ascribed all sudden deaths of women to *Diana*. So *Ulysses*, in *Odyss.* II. asks *Anticlia*, among the shades, if she died by the darts of *Diana*? And in the present book, *Laodame*, the daughter of *Bellerophon*, is said to have perished young by the arrows of this Goddess.

‡ The artifice *Andromache* here uses to detain *Hector* in *Troy*, is very beautifully imagined. She takes occasion from the three attacks that had been made by the enemy upon this place, to give him an honourable pretence for staying at that rampart to defend it. If we consider that those attempts must have been known to all in the city, we shall not

#### NOTES.

think she talks like a soldier, but like a woman, who naturally enough makes use of any incident that offers, to persuade her lover to what she desires. The ignorance too which she expresses, of the reasons that moved the *Greeks* to attack this particular place, was what we doubt not *Homer* intended, to reconcile it the more to a female character.

§ Drawing water was the office of the meanest slaves. This appears by the holy scripture, where the *Gibeonites* who had deceived *Joshua* are made slaves, and subjected to draw water. *Joshua* pronounces the curse against them in these words: "Now therefore ye are cursed, and there shall none of you be freed from being bondmen, and hewers of wood, and drawers of water." *Josh.* ix. 23.

|| There never was a finer piece of painting than this.



With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,  
And *Hector* halted to relieve his child,  
The glitt'ring terrors from his brows unbound,  
And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground.  
Then kiss'd the child, and lifting high in air,  
Thus to the Gods prefer'd a father's pray'r.

O thou! whose glory fills th' æthereal throne,\*  
And all ye deathless pow'rs, protect my son!  
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,  
To guard the *Trojans*, to defend the crown,  
Against his country's foes the war to wage,  
And rise the *Hector* of the future age!  
So when triumphant from successful toils,  
Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,  
Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim,  
And say, This chief transcends his father's fame:†

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this. *Hector* extends his arms to embrace his child; the child affrighted at the glittering of his helmet and the shaking of the plume; shrinks backward to the breast of his nurse; *Hector* unbraces his helmet, lays it on the ground, takes the infant in his arms, lifts him towards heaven, and offers a prayer for him to the Gods; then returns him to the mother *Andromache*, who receives him with a smile of pleasure, but at the same instant the fears for her husband make her burst into tears. All these are but small circumstances, but so artfully chosen, that every reader immediately feels the force of them, and represents the whole in the utmost liveliness to his imagination. This alone might be a confutation of that false criticism, some have fallen into, who affirm that a poet ought only to collect the great and noble particulars in his paintings. But it is in the images of things as in the characters of persons; where a small action, or even a small circumstance of an action, lets us more into the knowledge and comprehension of them, than the material and principal parts themselves. As we find this in a history, so we do in a picture, where sometimes a small motion or turn of a finger will express the character and action of the figure more than all the other parts of the design. The inimitable *Homer* is allowed to be the only poet who best knew how to make use of important and beautiful circumstances, and to avoid the mean and superstitious ones. There is a vast difference betwixt a small circumstance and a trivial one, and the smallest become important if they are well chosen, and not confused.

\* It may be asked how *Hector's* prayer, that his son might protect the *Trojans*, could be consistent with what he had said just before, that he certainly

While pleas'd amidst the gen'ral shouts of *Troy*,  
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy.‡

He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,  
Restor'd the pleasing burthen to her arms;  
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,  
Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.  
The troubled pleasure soon chas'd by fear,  
She mingled with the smile a tender tear.  
The soften'd chief with kind compassion view'd,  
And dry'd the falling drops, and thus pursu'd.

*Andromache*! my soul's far better part,  
Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart?  
No hostile hand can antedate my doom,  
Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.  
Fix'd is the term to all the race of earth,§  
And such the hard condition of our birth.

No.

## NOTES.

knew *Troy* and his parents would perish. We ought to reflect that this is only a prayer: *Hector*, in the excess of a tender emotion for his son, intreats the Gods to preserve *Troy*, and permit *Astyanax* to rule there. It is at all times allowable to beseech heaven to appease its anger, and change its decrees; and we are taught that prayers can alter destiny. Besides, it cannot be inferred from hence, that *Hector* had any divine foreknowledge of his own fate, and the approaching ruin of his country; since in many following passages we find him possessed with strong hopes and firm assurances to raise the siege, by the flight or destruction of the *Greeks*. So that these forebodings of his fate were only the apprehensions and misgivings of a soul dejected with sorrow and compassion, by considering the great dangers to which he saw all that was dear to him exposed.

‡ The commendation *Hector* here gives himself, is not only agreeable to the openness of a brave man, but very becoming on such a solemn occasion; and a natural effect from the testimony of his own heart to his honour; at this time especially, when he knew not but he was speaking his last words.

‡ Though the chief beauty of this prayer consists in the paternal piety shewn by *Hector*, yet it wants not a fine stroke at the end, to continue him in the character of a tender lover of his wife, when he makes one of the motives of his wish, to be the joy she shall receive on hearing her son applauded.

§ The reason which *Hector* here urges to allay the affliction of his wife, is grounded on a very ancient and common opinion, that the fatal period of life is appointed to all men at the time of their birth; which as no precaution can avoid, so no danger can hasten. This sentiment is as proper to give comfort to the distressed, as to inspire courage to the desponding;





Hector coming to Troy while the Greeks and Trojans are engaged is melted with the Grief of Andromache & the Tears of his Son whom he tenderly embraces before he returns to the Fight.

B.VI.

P. Boudinot sculp.



No force can then resist, no flight can save,  
All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.  
No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home,  
There guide the spindle, and direct the loom:  
Me glory-summons to the martial scene,  
The field of combat is the sphere for men;  
Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,  
The first in danger as the first in fame.

Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes  
His tow'ry helmet, black with shading plumes,  
His princess parts with a prophetic sigh,  
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye  
That stream'd at every look: then moving slow,  
Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe.  
There, while her tears deplor'd the godlike man,  
Thro' all her train the soft-infection ran,  
The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,  
And mourn the living *Hector* as the dead.

But now, no longer deaf to honour's call,  
Forth issues *Paris* from the palace wall.\*  
In brazen arms that cast a gleamy ray,  
Swift thro' the town the warrior bends his way.  
The wanton courser thus, with reins unbound,†  
Breaks from his stall, and beats the trembling ground;  
Pamper'd and proud, he seeks the wonted tides,  
And laves, in height of blood, his shining sides;

## NOTES.

ding; since nothing is so fit to quiet and strengthen our minds in times of difficulty, as a firm assurance that our lives are exposed to no real hazards, in the greatest appearances of danger.

\* *Paris* stung by the reproaches of *Hector*, goes to the battle. It is a just remark that all the reproofs and remonstrances in *Homer* have constantly their effect. The poet by this shews the great use of reprehensions when properly applied, and finely intimates that every worthy mind will be the better for them.

† Nothing can excel this beautiful comparison. *Paris* had been indulging his ease within the walls of

His head now freed, he tosses to the skies;  
His mane dishevel'd o'er his shoulders flies;  
He snuffs the females in the distant plain,  
And springs, exulting, to his fields again.  
With equal triumph, sprightly, bold and gay,  
In arms refulgent as the God of day,  
The son of *Priam*, glorying in his might,  
Rush'd forth with *Hector* to the fields of fight.

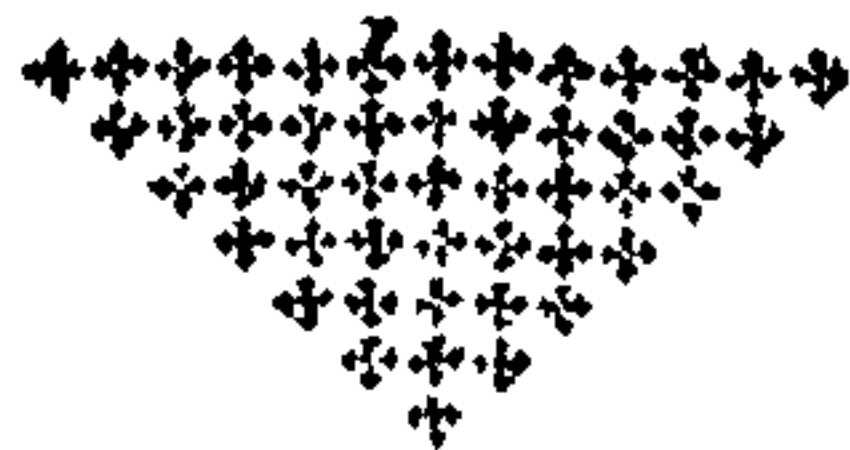
And now the warriors passing on the way,  
The graceful *Paris* first excus'd his stay.  
To whom the noble *Hector* thus reply'd:  
O chief! in blood, and now in arms, ally'd!  
Thy pow'r in war with justice none contest;  
Known is thy courage, and thy strength confess.‡  
What pity, sloth should seize a soul so brave,  
Or godlike *Paris* live a woman's slave!  
My heart weeps blood at what the *Trojans* say,  
And hopes thy deeds shall wipe the stain away.  
Haste then, in all their glorious labours share;  
For much they suffer, for thy sake, in war.  
These ills shall cease, whene'er by *Jove's* decree  
We crown the bowl to *Heav'n* and *Liberty*:§  
While the proud foe his frustrate triumphs mourns,  
And *Greece* indignant thro' her seas returns.

## NOTES.

his palace, as the horse in his stable. The beauty and wantonness of the steed agrees also exactly with the character of *Paris*, whose soft indulgences finely correspond with the ease and luxuriancy of the pampered courser bathing in the flood.

‡ *Hector* here confesses the natural valour of *Paris*, but observes it to be overcome by the indolence of his temper and the love of pleasure.

§ The *Greeks* celebrated the recovery of their liberty by a bowl, in which they made libations to *Jupiter*. The expression resembles those of the *Hebrews*; The cup of salvation, the cup of sorrow, the cup of benediction, &c.





## The SEVENTH BOOK of the ILIAD.

## A R G U M E N T.

## THE SINGLE COMBAT OF HECTOR AND AJAX.

*The battle renewing with double ardor upon the return of Hector, Minerva is under apprehensions for the Greeks. Apollo seeing her descend from Olympus, joins her near the Scæan gate. They agree to put off the general engagement for that day, and incite Hector to challenge the Greeks to a single combat. Nine of the princes accepting the challenge, the lot is cast, and falls upon Ajax. These heroes, after several attacks, are parted by the night. The Trojans calling a council, Antenor proposes the delivery of Helen to the Greeks, to which Paris will not consent, but offers to restore them her riches. Priam sends a herald to make this offer, and to demand a truce for burning the dead, the last of which only is agreed to by Agamemnon. When the funerals are performed, the Greeks, pursuant to the advice of Nestor, erect a fortification to protect their fleet and camp, flanked with towers, and defended by a ditch and palisades. Neptune testifies his jealousy at this work, but is pacified by a promise from Jupiter. Both armies pass the night in feasting; but Jupiter disheartens the Trojans with thunder and other signs of his wrath.*

*The three and twentieth day ends with the duel of Hector and Ajax. The next day the truce is agreed. Another is taken up in the funeral rites of the slain; and one more in building the fortification before the ships. So that somewhat above three days is employed in this book. The scene lies wholly in the field.*

**S**O spoke the guardian of the Trojan state,  
Then rush'd impetuous thro' the Scæan gate.\*  
Him Paris follow'd to the dire alarms;  
Both breathing slaughter, both resolv'd in arms:  
As when to sailors lab'ring thro' the main,  
That long had heav'd the weary oar in vain,  
Jove bids at length th' expected gales arise;  
The gales blow grateful, and the vessel flies:  
So welcome these to Troy's desiring train;  
The bands are cheer'd, the war awakes again.

Bold Paris first the works of death begun,  
On great Menestheus, Arcithous' son;

Sprung from the fair Philomeda's embrace,  
The pleasing Arnè was his native place.  
Then sunk Eioneus to the shades below,  
Beneath his steely casque he felt the blow.  
Full on his neck, from Hector's weighty hand;  
And roll'd, with limbs relax'd, along the land.  
By Glaucus' spear the bold Iphinous bleeds,  
Fix'd in the shoulder as he mounts his steeds;  
Headlong he tumbles: his slack nerves unbound,  
Drop the cold, useless members on the ground.

When now Minerva saw her Argives slain, ‡  
From vast Olympus to the gleaming plain

Pierce

## NOTES.

\* This gate is not here particularized by Homer, but it appears by the 491st verse of the sixth book that it could be no other.

† This simile makes it plain that the battle had relaxed during the absence of Hector in Troy; and consequently that the conversation of Diomed and Glaucus, in the former book, was not in the heat of the engagement.

## NOTES.

‡ This machine of the two Deities meeting to part the two armies is very noble. Minerva represents the prudent valour of the Greeks, and Apollo who stood for the Trojans, the power of destiny: so that the meaning of the allegory may be, that the valour and wisdom of the Greeks had now conquered Troy, had not destiny withstood. Minerva therefore complies with Apollo, an intimation that wisdom



Fierce she descends: *Apollo* mark'd her flight,  
Nor shot less swift from *Ilion's* tow'ry height:  
Radiant they met, beneath the beechen shade;  
When thus *Apollo* to the blue-ey'd maid.

What cause, O daughter of almighty *Jove*!  
Thus wings thy progress from the realms above?  
Once more impetuous dost thou bend thy way,  
To give to *Greece* the long-divided day?

Too much has *Troy* already felt thy hate,  
Now breathe thy rage, and hush the stern debate:  
This day, the business of the field suspend;  
War soon shall kindle, and great *Ilion* bend;  
Since vengeful Goddesses confed'rate join \*  
To raze her walls, tho' built by hands divine.

To whom the progeny of *Jove* replies.  
I left for this the council of the skies:  
But who shall bid conflicting hosts forbear,  
What art shall calm the furious sons of war?  
To her the God: Great *Hector's* soul incite  
To dare the boldest *Greek* to single fight,  
Till *Greece*, provok'd, from all her numbers show  
A warrior worthy to be *Hector's* foe.

At this agreed, the heav'nly pow'rs withdrew;  
Sage *Helenus* their secret counsels knew: †

## NOTES.

can never oppose fate. But if you take them in the literal sense as a real God and Goddess, it may be asked what necessity there was for the introduction of two such Deities? To this we may answer, that the last book was the only one in which both armies were destitute of the aid of Gods: in consequence of which there is no gallant action achieved, nothing extraordinary done, especially after the retreat of *Hector*; but here the Gods are again introduced to usher in a new scene of great actions. We shall here offer this other solution: *Hector* finding the *Trojan* army overpowered, considers how to stop the fury of the present battle; this he thinks may best be done by the proposal of a single combat: thus *Minerva*, by a very easy and natural fiction, may signify that wisdom or courage (she being the Goddess of both) which suggests the necessity of diverting the war; and *Apollo* that reasonable stratagem by which he effected it.

\* *Minerva* and *Juno*.

† *Helenus* was the priest of *Apollo*, and might therefore be supposed to be informed of this by his God, or taught by an oracle that such was his will. Or else being an *augur*, he might learn it from the flight of those birds, into which the Deities are here feigned to transform themselves (perhaps for that reason, as it would be a very poetical manner of expressing it). The fiction of these Divinities sitting

*Hector* inspir'd he fought: to him address'd,  
Thus told the dictates of his sacred breast.  
O son of *Priam*! let thy faithful ear  
Receive my words; thy friend and brother hear!  
Go forth persuasive, and awhile engage  
The warring nations to suspend their rage;  
Then dare the boldest of the hostile train  
To mortal combat on the list'd plain.

For not this day shall end thy glorious date; ‡  
The Gods have spoke it, and their voice is fate.

He said: the warrior heard the word with joy;  
Then with his spear restrain'd the youth of *Troy*, §  
Held by the midst athwart. On either hand  
The squadrons part; th' expecting *Trojans* stand.  
Great *Agamemnon* bids the *Greeks* forbear;  
They breathe, and hush the tumult of the war.  
Th' *Athenian* maid, and glorious God of day,  
With silent joy the settling hosts survey:  
In form like vultures, on the beech's height  
They sit conceal'd, and wait the future fight.

The thronging troops obscure the dusky fields,  
Horrid with bristling spears, and gleaming shields.  
As when a gen'ral darkness veils the main, ¶  
(Soft zephyr curling the wide wat'ry plain)

The

## NOTES.

on the beech-tree in the shape of *vultures*, is imitated by *Milton* in the fourth book of *Paradise Lost*, where *Satan* leaping over the boundaries of *Eden*, sits in the form of a cormorant upon the tree of life.

‡ *Homer* here takes from the greatness of *Hector's* intrepidity, by making him foreknow that he should not fall in this combat; whereas *Ajax* encounters without any such encouragement. It may, perhaps, be difficult to give a reason for this management of the poet, unless we ascribe it to that commendable prejudice, and honourable partiality he bears his countrymen, which makes him give a superiority of courage to the heroes of his own nation.

§ The warriors of those times (having no trumpets, and because the voice of the loudest herald would be drowned in the noise of a battle) addressed themselves to the eyes, and that grasping the middle of the spear denoted a request that the fight might a while be suspended, the holding the spear in that position not being the posture of a warrior; and thus *Agamemnon* understands it without any farther explication.

¶ The thick ranks of the troops composing themselves, in order to sit and hear what *Hector* was about to propose, are compared to the waves of the sea just stirred by the *West* wind; the simile partly consisting in the *darkness* and *stillness*. This is plainly different from those images of the sea, given



The waves scarce heave, the face of ocean sleeps,  
And a still horror saddens all the deeps :  
Thus in thick orders settling wide around,  
At length compos'd they sit, and shade the ground.  
Great *Hector* first amidst both armies broke  
The solemn silence, and their pow'rs bespoke.

Hear all ye *Trojan*, all ye *Grecian* bands,\*  
What my soul prompts, and what some God commands.  
Great *Jove*, averse our warfare to compose,  
O'erwhelms the nations with new toils and woes ;  
War with a fiercer tide once more returns,  
Till *Ilium* falls, or till yon navy burns.  
You then, O princes of the *Greeks* ! appear ;  
'Tis *Hector* speaks, and calls the Gods to hear :  
From all your troops select the boldest knight,  
And him, the boldest, *Hector* dares to fight.  
Here if I fall, by chance of battle slain,  
Be his my spoil, and his these arms remain ;

## NOTES.

given us on other occasions, where the armies in their engagement and confusion are compared to the waves in their agitation and tumult. The design of *Homer* was to convey an image both of the gentle motion that arose over the field from the helmets and spears before their armies were quite settled ; and of the repose and awe which ensued, when *Hector* began to speak.

\* The appearance of *Hector*, his formal challenge, and the affright of the *Greeks* upon it, have a near resemblance to the description of the challenge of *Goliath* in the first book of *Samuel*, chap. 17. There is a fine air of gallantry and bravery in this challenge of *Hector*. If he seems to speak too vainly, we should consider him under the character of a challenger, whose business it is to defy the enemy. Yet at the same time we find a decent modesty in his manner of expressing the conditions of the combat : he says simply, *If my enemy kills me* ; but of himself, *If Apollo grant me victory*. It was an imagination equally agreeable to a man of generosity, and a lover of glory, to mention the monument to be erected over his vanquished enemy ; though we see he considers it not so much an honour paid to the conquered, as a trophy to the conqueror. It was natural too to dwell most upon the thought that pleased him best ; for he takes no notice of any monument that should be raised over himself, if he should fall unfortunately. He no sooner allows himself to expatiate, but the prospect of glory carries him away thus far beyond his first intention, which was only to allow the enemy to inter their champion with decency.

† It was the manner of the ancients to dedicate

But let my body, to my friends return'd,  
By *Trojan* hands and *Trojan* flames be burn'd.  
And if *Apollo*, in whose aid I trust,  
Shall stretch your daring champion in the dust ;  
If mine the glory to despoil the foe ;  
On *Phœbus*' temple I'll his arms bestow ; †  
The breathless carcase to your navy sent,  
*Greece* on the shore shall raise a monument ; ‡  
Which when some future mariner surveys,  
Wash'd by broad *Hellepont*'s resounding seas,  
Thus shall he say, " A valiant *Greek* lies there,  
" By *Hector* slain, the mighty man of war."  
The stone shall tell your vanquish'd hero's name,  
And distant ages learn the victor's fame.

This fierce defiance *Greece* astonish'd heard, §  
Blush'd to refuse, and to accept it fear'd.  
Stern *Menelaus* first the silence broke,  
And inly groaning, thus opprobrious spoke.

*Women*

## NOTES.

trophies of this kind to the temples of the Gods. The particular reason for consecrating the arms in this place to *Apollo*, is not only as he was the constant protector of *Troy*, but as this thought of the challenge was inspired by him.

† *Homer* took the hint of this from several tombs of the ancient heroes who had fought at *Troy*, remaining in his time upon the shore of the *Hellepont*. He gives that sea the epithet *broad*, to distinguish the particular place of those tombs, which was on the *Rhaetian* or *Sigæan* coast, where the *Hellepont* (which in other parts is narrow) opens itself to the *Ægean* sea. This is one among a thousand proofs of our author's exact knowledge in geography and antiquities. Time has destroyed those tombs which were to have preserved *Hector*'s glory ; but the immortal *Homer*'s poetry, more lasting than monuments, and proof against ages, will for ever support and convey it to the latest posterity.

§ It seems natural to inquire, why the *Greeks*, before they accepted *Hector*'s challenge, did not demand reparation for the former treachery of *Pandarus*, and insist upon delivering up the author of it ; which had been the shortest way for the *Trojans* to have wiped off that stain : it was very reasonable for the *Greeks* to reply to this challenge, that they could not venture a second single combat, for fear of such another insidious attempt upon their champion. One may make some sort of answer to this, if we consider the clearness of *Hector*'s character ; and his words at the beginning of the foregoing speech, where he first complains of the revival of the war as a misfortune common to them both, (which is at once very artful and decent) and lays the blame



*Women of Greece!* oh scandal of your race,\*  
Whose coward souls your manly form disgrace!  
How great the shame, when every age shall know  
That not a *Grecian* met this noble foe!  
Go then! resolve to earth, from whence ye grew,  
A heartless, spiritless, inglorious crew!  
Be what ye seem, unanimated clay!  
My self will dare the danger of the day.  
'Tis man's bold task the gen'rous strife to try,  
But in the hands of God is victory.

These words scarce spoke, with gen'rous ardour prest,  
His manly limbs in azure arms he drest:  
That day, *Atrides!* a superior hand  
Had stretch'd thee breathless on the hostile strand;  
But all at once, thy fury to compose,  
The kings of *Greece*, an awful band, arose:  
Ev'n he their chief, great *Agamemnon*, prest'd,  
Thy daring hand, and this advice address'd.  
Whither, *O Menelaüs!* would'st thou run,  
And tempt a fate, which prudence bids thee shun?

## NOTES.

blame of it upon *Jupiter*. Though by the way, his charging the *Trojan* breach of faith upon the Deity, looks a little like the reasoning of some modern saints in the doctrine of absolute reprobation, making God the author of sin, and may serve for an instance of the antiquity of that false tenet.

\* There is a great deal of fire in this speech of *Menelaus*, which very well agrees with his character and circumstances. While he speaks one almost sees him in a posture of emotion, pointing with contempt at the commanders about him. He upbraids their cowardice, and wishes they may become (according to the literal words) *earth and water*; that is, be resolved into those principles they sprung from, or die.

† The poet every where takes occasion to set the brotherly love of *Agamemnon* toward *Menelaus* in the most agreeable light: when *Menelaus* is wounded, *Agamemnon* is more concerned than he; and here dissuades him from a danger, which he offers immediately after to undertake himself. He makes use of *Hector's* superior courage to bring him to a compliance; and tells him that even *Achilles* dares not engage with *Hector*. This is not true, but only the affection for his brother thus breaks out into a kind extravagance. *Agamemnon* likewise consults the honour of *Menelaus*, for it will be no disgrace to him to decline encountering a man whom *Achilles* himself is afraid of. Thus he artfully provides for his safety and honour at the same time.

‡ It cannot with certainty be concluded from the words of *Homer*, who is the person to whom *Agamemnon* applies the last lines of this speech. Some

No. 5.

Griev'd tho' thou art, forbear the rash design:  
Great *Hector's* arm is mightier far than thine.  
Ev'n fierce *Achilles* learn'd it's force to fear, †  
And trembling met this dreadful son of war.  
Sit thou secure amidst thy social band;  
*Greece* in our cause shall arm some pow'rful hand.  
The mightiest warrior of th' *Achaian* name, ‡  
Tho' bold, and burning with desire of fame;  
Content, the doubtful honour might forego,  
So great the danger, and so brave the foe.

He said, and turn'd his brother's vengeful mind:  
He stoop'd to reason, and his rage resign'd,  
No longer bent to rush on certain harms;  
His joyful friends unbrace his azure arms.

He, from whose lips divine persuasion flows,  
Grave *Nestor*, then, in graceful act arose.  
Thus to the kings he spoke. What grief, what shame §  
Attend on *Greece*, and all the *Grecian* name!  
How shall, alas! her hoary heroes mourn  
Their sons degen'rate, and their race a scorn?

What

## NOTES.

would have it understood of *Hector*, that the *Greeks* would send such an antagonist against him, from whose hands *Hector* might be glad to escape. But this interpretation seems contrary to the plain design of *Agamemnon's* discourse, which only aims to deter his brother from so rash an undertaking as engaging with *Hector*. So that instead of dropping any expression which might depreciate the power or courage of this hero, he endeavours rather to represent him as the most formidable of men, and dreadful even to *Achilles*. This passage therefore will be most consistent with *Agamemnon's* design, if it be considered as an argument offered to *Menelaus*, at once to dissuade him from the engagement, and to comfort him under the appearance of so great a disgrace as refusing the challenge, by telling him that any warrior, how bold and intrepid soever, might be content to sit still and rejoice that he is not exposed to so hazardous an engagement.

§ This speech, if we consider the occasion of it, could be made by no person but *Nestor*. No young warrior could with decency exhort others to undertake a combat which he himself declined. Nothing could be more in his character than to represent to the *Greeks* how much they would suffer in the opinion of another old man like himself. In naming *Peleus* he sets before their eyes the expectations of all their fathers, and the shame that must afflict them in their old age, if their sons behaved themselves unworthily. The account he gives of the conversations he had formerly held with that king, and his jealousy for the glory of *Greece*, is a very natural picture of the warm dialogues of two old warriors upon.



What tears shall down thy silver beard be roll'd,  
 O *Peleus*, old in arms, in wisdom old!  
 Once with what joy the gen'rous prince would hear  
 Of ev'ry chief who fought this glorious war,  
 Participate their fame, and pleas'd inquire  
 Each name, each action, and each hero's fire?  
 Gods! should he see our warriors trembling stand,  
 And trembling all before one hostile hand;  
 How would he lift his aged arms on high,  
 Lament inglorious *Greece*, and beg to die!  
 Oh! would to all th' immortal pow'rs above,  
*Minerva*, *Phœbus*, and almighty *Jove*!  
 Years might again roll back, my youth renew,  
 And give this arm the spring which once it knew:  
 When fierce in war, where *Jardan's* waters fall  
 I led my troops to *Phœa's* trembling wall,  
 And with th' *Arcadian* spears my prowess try'd,  
 Where *Celadon* rolls down his rapid tide.  
 There *Ereuthalion* brav'd us in the field,  
 Proud, *Areithous'* dreadful arms to wield;  
 Great *Areithous*, known from shore to shore  
 By the huge, knotted, iron mace he bore;  
 No lance he shook, nor bent the twanging bow,  
 But broke, with this, the battle of the foe.  
 Him not by manly force *Lycurgus* flew,  
 Whose guileful jav'lin from the thicket flew,  
 Deep in a winding way his breast assail'd,  
 Nor aught the warrior's thund'ring mace avail'd:

## NOTES.

upon the commencement of a new war. Upon the whole, *Nestor* never more displays his oratory than in this place: you see him rising with a sigh, expressing a pathetic sorrow, and wishing again for his youth, that he might wipe away this disgrace from his country. The humour of story-telling, so natural to old men, is almost always marked by *Homer* in the speeches of *Nestor*. The apprehension that their age makes them contemptible, puts them upon repeating the brave deeds of their youth. The praises *Nestor* here gives himself, and the vaunts of his valour are justifiable, when we consider they were only exhortations to those he address'd them to. By these he restores courage to the *Greeks*, who were astonish'd at the bold challenge of *Hector*, and causes nine of the princes to rise and accept it. If any man had a right to commend himself, it was this venerable prince, who in relating his own actions did no more than propose examples of virtue to the young.

\* *Homer* has the peculiar happiness of being able to raise the obscurest circumstances into the strongest point of light. *Areithous* had taken these arms in

Supine he fell: those arms which *Mars* before \*  
 Had giv'n the vanquish'd, now the victor bore:  
 But when old age had dimm'd *Lycurgus'* eyes,  
 To *Ereuthalion* he consign'd the prize.  
 Furious with this, he crush'd our levell'd bands,  
 And dar'd the trial of the strongest hands;  
 Nor could the strongest hands his fury slay;  
 All saw and fear'd his huge tempestuous sway.  
 Till I, the youngest of the host, appear'd,  
 And youngest, met whom all our army fear'd.  
 I fought the chief: my arms *Minerva* crown'd:  
 Prone fell the giant o'er a length of ground.†  
 What then he was, oh were your *Nestor* now!  
 Not *Hector's* self should want an equal foe.  
 But warriors, you, that youthful vigour boast,  
 The flow'r of *Greece*, th' examples of our host,  
 Sprung from such fathers, who such numbers sway,  
 Can you stand trembling, and desert the day?  
 His warm reproofs the list'ning kings inflame;  
 And nine, the noblest of the *Grecian* name, ‡  
 Up started fierce: but far before the rest  
 The king of men advanc'd his dauntless breast:  
 Then bold *Tydidēs*, great in arms, appear'd;  
 And next his bulk gigantic *Ajax* rear'd:  
*Oileus* follow'd; *Idomen* was there,  
 And *Merion*, dreadful as the God of war:  
 With these *Eurypylos* and *Thoas* stand,  
 And wise *Ulysses* clos'd the daring band.

All

## NOTES.

battle, and this gives occasion to our author to say they were the present of *Mars*.

† *Nestor's* insisting upon this circumstance of the fall of *Ereuthalion*, which paints his vast body lying extended on the earth, has a particular beauty in it, and recalls into the old man's mind the joy he felt on the sight of his enemy after he was slain. These are the fine and natural strokes that give life to the descriptions of poetry.

‡ In this catalogue of the nine warriors, who offer themselves as champions for *Greece*, one may take notice of the first and the last who rises up. *Agamemnon* advanced foremost, as it best became the general, and *Ulysses* with his usual caution took time to deliberate till seven more had offered themselves. *Homer* gives a great encomium of the eloquence of *Nestor*, in making it produce so sudden an effect; especially when *Agamemnon*, who did not proffer himself before, even to save his brother, is now the first that steps forth. One would fancy this particular circumstance was contriv'd to shew, that eloquence has a greater power than even nature itself.



All these, alike inspir'd with noble rage,  
Demand the fight. To whom the *Pylian* sage:  
Lest thirst of glory your brave souls divide,  
What chief shall combat, let the lots decide.\*  
Whom heav'n shall chuse, be his the chance to raise  
His country's fame, his own immortal praise.

The lots produc'd, each hero signs his own;  
Then in the gen'ral's helm the fates are thrown.  
The people pray, with lifted eyes and hands,†  
And vows like these ascend from all the bands.  
Grant, thou Almighty! in whose hand is fate,  
A worthy champion for the *Grecian* state.

This task let *Ajax* or *Tydidēs* prove,  
Or he, the king of kings, belov'd by *Jove*,  
Old *Nestor* shook the casque. By heav'n inspir'd,  
Leap'd forth the lot, of ev'ry *Greek* desir'd.  
This from the right to left the herald bears,  
Held out in order to the *Grecian* peers;  
Each to his rival yields the mark unknown,  
Till godlike *Ajax* finds the lot his own;

## NOTES.

\* This was a very prudent piece of conduct in *Nestor*: he does not chuse any of these nine himself; but leaves the determination entirely to chance. Had he named the hero, the rest might have been grieved to have seen another preferred before them; and he well knew that the lot could not fall upon a wrong person, where all were valiant.

† *Homer*, who supposes every thing on earth to proceed from the immediate disposition of Heaven, allows not even the lots to come up by chance, but places them in the hands of God. The people pray to him for the disposal of them, and beg that *Ajax*, *Diomed*, or *Agamemnon* may be the person. In which the poet seems to make the army give his own sentiments, concerning the preference of valour in his heroes, to avoid an odious comparison in downright terms, which might have been inconsistent with his design of complimenting the *Grecian* families. They afterwards offer up their prayers again, just as the combat is beginning, that if *Ajax* does not conquer, at least he may divide the glory with *Hector*; in which we may observe *Homer* prepares the readers for what is to happen in the sequel.

‡ There is no necessity to suppose that they put any letters upon these lots, at least not their names, because the herald could not tell to whom the lot of *Ajax* belonged, till he claimed it himself. It is more probable that they made some private mark or signet each upon his own lot. The lot was only a piece of wood, a shell, or any thing that lay at hand.

|| This is the first speech of *Ajax* in the *Iliad*. He

Surveys th' inscription with rejoicing eyes,‡  
Then casts before him, and with transport cries:

Warriors! I claim the lot, and arm with joy: ||

Be mine the conquest of this chief of *Troy*.  
Now, while my brightest arms my limbs invest,  
To *Saturn's* son be all your vows address:  
But pray in secret, lest the foes should hear,  
And deem your pray'rs the mean effect of fear.  
Said I in secret? No, your vows declare;  
In such a voice as fills the earth and air.

Lives there a chief whom *Ajax* ought to dread,  
*Ajax*, in all the toils of battle bred?

From warlike *Salamis* I drew my birth,  
And born to combats, fear no force of earth.

He said. The troops with elevated eyes,  
Implore the God whose thunder rends the skies.  
O Father of mankind, superior Lord!  
On lofty *Ida's* holy hill ador'd;  
Who in the highest heav'n has fix'd thy throne,  
Supreme of Gods! unbounded, and alone:

Grant

## NOTES.

is no orator, but always expresses himself in short; generally bragging, or threatening; and very positive. The appellation of the *bulwark of the Greeks*, which *Homer* almost constantly gives him, is extremely proper to the bulk, strength, and immobility of this heavy hero, who on all occasions is made to stand to the business, and support the brunt. These qualifications are given him, that he may last out, when the rest of the chief heroes are wounded; this makes him of excellent use in book 13, &c. He there puts a stop to the whole force of the enemy, and a long time prevents the firing of the ships. It is particularly observable, that he is never assisted by any Deity, as the others are. Yet one would think *Mars* had been no improper patron for him, there being some resemblance in the boisterous character of that God and this hero. However it be, this consideration may partly account for a particular, which else might very well raise a question, Why *Ajax*, who is in this book superior in strength to *Hector*, should afterward in the *Iliad* thun to meet him, and appear his inferior? We see the Gods make this difference: *Hector* is not only assisted by them in his own person, but his men second him, whereas those of *Ajax* are dispirited by heaven. To which one may add another which is a natural reason, *Hector* in this book expressly tells *Ajax*, "he will now make use of no skill or art in fighting with him." The *Greek* in bare brutal strength proved too hard for *Hector*, and therefore he might be supposed afterwards to have exerted his dexterity against him.



Grant thou, that *Telamon* may bear away  
The praise and conquest of this doubtful day;  
Or if illustrious *Hector* be thy care,  
That both may claim it, and that both may share.

Now *Ajax* brac'd his dazzling armour on;  
Sheath'd in bright steel the giant-warrior shone:  
He moves to combat with majestic pace;\*  
So stalks in arms the grizly God of *Thrace*,  
When *Jove* to punish faithless men prepares,  
And gives whole nations to the waste of wars.  
Thus march'd the chief, tremendous as a God;  
Grimly he smil'd; earth trembled as he strode:  
His mally jav'lin quiv'ring in his hand,  
He stood, the bulwark of the *Grecian* band.  
Thro' ev'ry *Argive* heart new transport ran;  
All *Troy* stood trembling at the mighty man.  
Ev'n *Hector* paus'd; and with new doubt oppress'd,  
Felt his great heart suspended in his breast:  
'Twas vain to seek retreat, and vain to fear;  
Himself had challeng'd, and the foe drew near.

Stern *Telamon* behind his ample shield,  
As from a brazen tow'r, o'erlook'd the field.  
Huge was it's orb, with sev'n thick folds o'ercaft,

Of tough bull-hides; of solid brass the last.  
(The work of *Tychius*, who in *Hyle* dwell'd,†  
And all in arts of armoury excell'd.)‡  
This *Ajax* bore before his manly breast,  
And threat'ning, thus his adverse chief address'd.  
*Hector*! approach my arm, and singly know. §  
What strength thou hast, and what the *Grecian* foe.  
*Achilles* shuns the fight; yet some there are,  
Not void of soul, and not unskill'd in war:  
Let him, unactive on the sea-beat shore,  
Indulge his wrath, and aid our arms no more;  
Whole troops of heroes *Greece* has yet to boast,  
And sends thee one, a sample of her host.  
Such as I am, I come to prove thy might;  
No more—be sudden, and begin the fight.

O son of *Telamon*, thy country's pride!  
(To *Ajax* thus the *Trojan* prince reply'd)  
Me, as a boy or woman would'st thou fright,||  
New to the field, and trembling at the fight?  
Thou meet'st a chief deserving of thy arms,  
To combat born, and bred amidst alarms.  
I know to shift my ground, remount the car,  
Turn, charge, and answer ev'ry call of war;¶

To

## NOTES.

\* This description is full of the sublime imagery so peculiar to our author. The *Grecian* champion is drawn in all that terrible glory with which he equals his heroes to the Gods: he is no less dreadful than *Mars* moving to battle, to execute the decrees of *Jove* upon mankind, and determine the fate of nations. His march, his posture, his countenance, his bulk, his tower-like shield; in a word, his whole figure strikes our eyes in all the strongest colours of poetry. We look upon him as a Deity, and are not astonished at those emotions which *Hector* feels at the sight of him.

† We shall transcribe here the story of this *Tychius*, as we have it in the ancient *Life of Homer*. "*Homer* falling into poverty, determin'd to go to *Cuma*, and as he pass'd through the plain of *Hermus*, came to a place called the *new wall*, which was a colony of the *Cumeans*. Here (after he had recited five verses in celebration of *Cuma*) he was received by a leather-dresser, whose name was *Tychius*, into his house, where he shew'd to his host and his company, a poem on the expedition of *Amphiaras*, and his *hymns*. The admiration he there obtained, procur'd him a present subsistence. They shew to this day with great veneration the place where he sat when he recited his verses, and a poplar which they affirm to have grown there in his time." If there be any thing in this story, we have reason to be pleas'd with the grateful temper of our poet, who took this occasion of immortalizing the name of an

## NOTES.

ordinary tradesman, who had oblig'd him. The same account of his life takes notice of several other instances of his gratitude in the same kind.

‡ We have call'd *Tychius* an armourer rather than a leather-dresser or currier; his making the shield of *Ajax* authorizes one expression as well as the other; and though that which *Homer* uses had no lowness or vulgarity in the *Greek*, it is not to be admitted into *English* heroic verse.

§ It is needless to observe how exactly this speech of *Ajax* corresponds with his blunt and soldier-like character. The same propriety, in regard to this hero, is maintained throughout the *Iliad*. The business he is about, is all that employs his head, and he speaks of nothing but fighting.

|| This reply of *Hector* seems rather to allude to some gesture *Ajax* had used in his approach to him, as shaking his spear, or the like, than to any thing he had said in his speech. For what he had told him amounts to no more, than that there were several in the *Grecian* army who had courted the honour of this combat as well as himself. We may observe many things of this kind in *Homer*, that allude to the particular attitude or action, in which the author supposes the person to be at that time.

¶ The *Greek* is, *To move my feet to the sound of Mars*, which seems to shew that those military dances were in use even in *Homer's* time, which were afterwards practis'd in *Greece*.





Hector being returned to the Camp enters into single Combat with Ajax after having defeated the most Valiant of the Greeks They are interrupted by two Herolds who part them.

B.VII.

L. Fouldenier sculp



To right, to left, the dextrous lance I wield,  
And bear thick battle on my sounding shield.  
But open be our fight, and bold each blow;  
I steal no conquest from a noble foe.

He said, and rising, high above the field  
Whirl'd the long lance against the sev'nfold shield.  
Full on the brass descending from above  
Thro' six bull-hides the furious weapon drove,  
Till in the seventh it fix'd. Then *Ajax* threw,  
Thro' *Hector's* shield the forceful jav'lin flew,  
His corslet enters, and his garment rends,  
And glancing downwards near his flank descends.  
The wary *Trojan* shrinks, and bending low  
Beneath his buckler, disappoints the blow.  
From their bor'd shields the chiefs their jav'lins drew,\*  
Then close impetuous, and the charge renew:  
Fierce as the mountain-lions bath'd in blood,  
Or foaming boars, the terror of the wood.  
At *Ajax Hector* his long lance extends;  
The blunted point against the buckler bends.  
But *Ajax* watchful as his foe drew near,  
Drove thro' the *Trojan* targe the knotty spear;  
It reach'd his neck, with matchless strength impell'd;  
Spouts the black gore, and dims his shining shield.  
Yet ceas'd not *Hector* thus; but, stooping down,  
In his strong hand up-heav'd a flinty stone,  
Black, craggy, vast: to this his force he bends;  
Full on the brazen boss the stone descends;  
The hollow brass resounded with the shock.  
Then *Ajax* seiz'd the fragment of a rock,  
Apply'd each nerve, and swinging round on high,  
With force tempestuous let the ruin fly:

## NOTES.

\* *Homer* in this combat makes his heroes perform all their exercises with all sorts of weapons; first darting lances at distance, then advancing closer and pushing with spears, then casting stones, and lastly, attacking with swords; in every one of which the poet gives the superiority to his countryman. It is farther observable, that *Ajax* allows *Hector* an advantage in throwing the first spear.

† In the beginning of this book we left *Apollo* perched upon a tree, in the shape of a vulture, to behold the combat: he comes now very opportunely to save his favourite *Hector*. *Apollo* is the same with *destiny*, so that when *Homer* says *Apollo* saved him, he means no more than that it was not his fate yet to die, as *Helenus* had foretold him.

‡ The heralds of old were sacred persons, accounted the delegates of *Mercury*, and inviolable by the law of nations. The ancient histories have many examples of the severity exercised against those

The huge stone thund'ring thro' his buckler broke;  
His slacken'd knees receiv'd the numbing stroke;  
Great *Hector* falls extended on the field,  
His bulk supporting on the shatter'd shield.  
Nor wanted heav'nly aid: *Apollo's* might †  
Confirm'd his sinews, and restor'd to fight.  
And now both heroes their broad saulchions drew;  
In flaming circles round their heads they flew;  
But then by heralds' voice the word was giv'n, ‡  
The sacred ministers of earth and heaven:  
Divine *Talthybius* whom the *Greeks* employ,  
And sage *Idæus* on the part of *Troy*.  
Between the swords, their peaceful sceptres  
rear'd;

And first *Idæus'* awful voice was heard. §

Forbear, my sons! your farther force to prove,  
Both dear to men, and both belov'd of *Jove*.  
To either host your matchless worth is known,  
Each sounds your praise, and war is all your own.  
But now the night extends her awful shade;  
The Goddess parts you: be the night obey'd.

To whom great *Ajax* his high soul express'd.  
O sage! to *Hector* be these words address'd.  
Let him, who first provok'd our chiefs to fight,  
Let him demand the sanction of the night;  
If first he ask it, I content obey,  
And cease the strife when *Hector* shows the way.

Oh first of *Greeks*! (his noble foe rejoind)||  
Whom heav'n adorns, superior to thy kind,  
With strength of body, and with worth of mind! }  
Now martial law commands us to forbear;  
Hereafter we shall meet in glorious war,

Some

## NOTES.

who committed any outrage upon them. Their office was to assist in the sacrifices and councils, to proclaim war or peace, to command silence at ceremonies or single combats, to part the combatants, and to declare the conqueror, &c.

§ *Homer* observes a just decorum in making *Idæus*, the *Trojan* herald, speak first, to end the combat wherein *Hector* had the disadvantage. *Ajax* is very sensible of this difference, when in his reply he requires that *Hector* should first ask for a cessation, as he was the challenger.

|| *Hector*, how hardly soever he is prest by his present circumstance, says nothing to obtain a truce that is not strictly consistent with his honour. When he praises *Ajax*, it lessens his own disadvantage, and he is careful to extol him only above the *Greeks*, without acknowledging him more valiant than himself or the *Trojans*: *Hector* is always jealous of the honour of his country.



Some future day shall lengthen out the strife,  
 And let the Gods decide of death or life!  
 Since then the night extends her gloomy shade,  
 And heav'n enjoins it, be the night obey'd.  
 Return, brave *Ajax*, to thy *Grecian* friends,  
 And joy the nations whom thy arm defends;  
 As I shall glad each chief, and *Trojan* wife,  
 Who wearies heav'n with vows for *Hector's* life.  
 But let us, on this memorable day,  
 Exchange some gift; that *Greece* and *Troy* may say,\*  
 "Not hate, but glory, made these chiefs contend;  
 "And each brave foe was in his soul a friend."  
 With that, a sword with stars of silver grac'd,  
 The baldrick studded, and the sheath enchas'd,  
 He gave the *Greek*. The gen'rous *Greek* bestow'd  
 A radiant belt that rich with purple glow'd.  
 Then with majestic grace they quit the plain;  
 This seeks the *Grecian*, that the *Phrygian* train.  
 The *Trojan* bands returning *Hector* wait,  
 And hail with joy the champion of their state:  
 Escap'd great *Ajax*, they survey'd him round,  
 Alive, unarm'd, and vig'rous from his wound.  
 To *Troy's* high gates the god-like man they bear,  
 Their present triumph, as their late despair.

## NOTES.

\* There is nothing that gives us a greater pleasure in reading an heroic poem, than the generosity which one brave enemy shews to another. The proposal made here by *Hector*, and so readily embraced by *Ajax*, makes the parting of these two heroes more glorious to them than the continuance of the combat could have been. A *French* critic is shocked at *Hector's* making proposals to *Ajax* with an air of equality; he says a man that is vanquished, instead of talking of presents, ought to retire with shame from his conqueror. But that *Hector* was vanquished, is by no means to be allowed; *Homer* had told us that his strength was restored by *Apollo*, and that the two combatants were engaging again upon equal terms with their swords. So that this criticism falls to nothing. For the rest, it is said that this exchange of presents between *Hector* and *Ajax* gave birth to a proverb, 'That the presents of enemies are generally fatal. For *Ajax* with this sword afterwards killed himself, and *Hector* was dragged by this belt at the chariot of *Achilles*.

† What *Agamemnon* here bestows on *Ajax* was in former times a great mark of respect and honour: not only as it was customary to distinguish the quality of their guests by the largeness of the portions assigned them at their tables, but as this part of the victim peculiarly belonged to the king himself. It is worth remarking on this occasion, that the simplicity of those times allowed the eating of

But *Ajax*, glorying in his hardy deed,  
 The well-arm'd *Greeks* to *Agamemnon* lead.  
 A steer for sacrifice the king design'd,  
 Of full five years, and of the nobler kind.  
 The victim falls; they strip the smoking hide,  
 The beast they quarter, and the joints divide;  
 Then spread the tables, the repast prepare,  
 Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.  
 The king himself (an honorary sign)  
 Before great *Ajax* plac'd the mighty chine. †  
 When now the rage of hunger was remov'd;  
*Nestor*, in each persuasive art approv'd,  
 The sage whose counsels long had sway'd the rest,  
 In words like these his prudent thought express'd.  
 How dear, O kings! this fatal day has cost,  
 What *Greeks* are perish'd! what a people lost!  
 What tides of blood have drench'd *Scamander's* shore?  
 What crowds of heroes sunk, to rise no more!  
 Then hear me, chief! nor let the morrow's light  
 Awake thy squadrons to new toils of fight:  
 Some space at least permit the war to breathe,  
 While we to flames our slaughter'd friends bequeath. ‡  
 From the red field their scatter'd bodies bear,  
 And nigh the fleet a fun'ral structure rear;

So

## NOTES.

no other flesh but beef, mutton, or kid: this is the food of the heroes of *Homer*, and the patriarchs and warriors of the Old Testament. Fishing and fowling were the arts of more luxuriant nations, and came much later into *Greece* and *Israel*. One cannot read this passage without being pleased with the wonderful simplicity of the old heroic ages. We have here a gallant warrior returning victorious (at least in his own opinion) from a single combat with the bravest of his enemies; and he is no otherwise rewarded, than with a larger portion of the sacrifice at supper. Thus an upper seat, or a more capacious bowl, was a recompence for the greatest actions; and thus the only reward in the olympic games was a pine-branch, or a chaplet of parsley or wild olive.

‡ There is a great deal of artifice in this counsel of *Nestor*, of burning the dead, and raising a fortification; for though piety was the specious pretext, their security was the real aim of the truce, which they made use of to finish their works. Their doing this at the same time they erected the funeral piles, made the imposition easy upon the enemy, who might naturally mistake one work for the other. And this also obviates a plain objection, viz. why the *Trojans* did not interrupt them in this work? The truce determined no exact time, but as much as was needful for discharging the rites of the dead.



So decent urns their snowy bones may keep,  
And pious children o'er their ashes weep.  
Here, where on one promiscuous pile they blaz'd,  
High o'er them all a gen'ral tomb be rais'd;\*  
Next, to secure our camp, and naval pow'rs,  
Raise an embattled wall, with lofty tow'rs;  
From space to space be ample gates around,  
For passing chariots, and a trench profound.  
So *Greece* to combat shall in safety go,  
Nor fear the fierce incursions of the foe.

'Twas thus the sage his wholesome counsel mov'd:  
The scepter'd kings of *Greece* his words approv'd.

Meanwhile, conven'd at *Priam's* palace-gate,  
The *Trojan* peers in nightly council sat:  
A senate void of order, as of choice,  
Their hearts were fearful, and confus'd their voice.

*Antenor* rising, thus demands their ear:

Ye *Trojans*, *Dardans*, and auxiliars hear!

'Tis heav'n the counsel of my breast inspires,

And I but move what ev'ry God requires:

Let *Sparta's* treasures be this hour restor'd,

And *Argive Helen* own her ancient lord.

The ties of faith, the sworn alliance broke,

Our impious battles the just Gods provoke.

As this advice ye practise, or reject,

So hope success, or dread the dire effect.

The senior spoke, and sat. To whom reply'd

The graceful husband of the *Spartan* bride.

Cold counsels, *Trojan*, may become thy years,

But sound ungrateful in a warrior's ears:

Old man, if void of fallacy or art

Thy words express the purpose of thy heart,

Thou, in thy time, more sound advice hast giv'n;

But wisdom has it's date, assign'd by heav'n.

Then hear me, princes of the *Trojan* name!

Their treasures I'll restore, but not the dame;

My treasures too, for peace, I will resign;

But be this bright possession ever mine.

'Twas then, the growing discord to compose,

Slow from his seat the rev'rend *Priam* rose:†

His god-like aspect deep attention drew:

He paus'd, and these pacific words ensue.

Ye *Trojans*, *Dardans*, and auxiliar bands!

Now take refreshment as the hour demands:

Guard well the walls, relieve the watch of night,

Till the new sun restores the chearful light:

Then shall our herald to th' *Atrides* sent,

Before their ships, proclaim my son's intent.

Next let a truce be ask'd, that *Troy* may burn‡

Her slaughter'd heroes, and their bones in-urn;

That done, once more the fate of war be try'd,

And whose the conquest, mighty *Jove* decide!

The monarch spoke: the warriors snatch'd with haste

(Each at his post in arms) a short repast.§

Soon as the rosy morn had wak'd the day,

To the black ships *Idæus* bent his way;

There, to the sons of *Mars*, in council found,

He rais'd his voice: the host stood list'ning round.

Ye sons of *Atreus*, and ye *Greeks*, give ear!||

The words of *Troy*, and *Troy's* great monarch hear.

Pleas'd

#### NOTES.

\* *Homer* is the first who mentions one general tomb for a number of dead persons. Here is a *tumulus* built round the *pyre*, not to bury their bodies, for they were to be burned; nor to receive the bones, for those were to be carried to *Greece*; but perhaps to inter their ashes.

† *Priam* rejects the wholesome advice of *Antenor*, and complies with his son. This is indeed extremely natural to the indulgent character and easy nature of the old king, of which the whole *Trojan* war is a proof. We refer this blindness of *Priam* to the power of fate, the time now approaching when *Troy* was to be punished for it's injustice. Something like this weak fondness of a father is described in the scripture, in the story of *David* and *Abshalom*.

‡ The conduct of *Homer* in this place is remarkable: he makes *Priam* propose in council to send to the *Greeks* to ask a truce to bury the dead. This the *Greeks* themselves had before determined to propose: but it being more honourable to his country, the poet makes the *Trojan* herald prevent any pro-

#### NOTES.

position that could be made by the *Greeks*. Thus they are requested to do what they themselves were about to request, and have the honour to comply with a proposal which they themselves would otherwise have taken as a favor.

§ We have here the manner of the *Trojans* taking their repast: not promiscuously, but each at his post. *Homer* was sensible that military men ought not to remit their guard, even while they refresh themselves, but in every action display the soldier.

|| The proposition of restoring the treasures, and not *Helen*, is sent as from *Paris* only; in which his father seems to permit him to treat by himself as a sov'reign prince, and the sole author of the war. But the herald seems to exceed his commission in what he tells the *Greeks*. *Paris* only offered to restore the treasures he took from *Greece*, not including those he brought from *Sidon* and other coasts, where he touch'd in his voyage: but *Idæus* here proffers all that he had brought to *Troy*. He adds, as from himself, a wish that *Paris* had perished in that voyage. Some ancient expositors suppose those



Pleas'd may ye hear (so heav'n succeed my pray'rs)  
 What *Paris*, author of the war declares.  
 The spoil and treasures he to *Ilion* bore,  
 (O had he perish'd ere they touch'd our shore)  
 He proffers injur'd *Greece*; with large increase  
 Of added *Trojan* wealth; to buy the peace.  
 But, to restore the beauteous bride again,  
 This *Greece* demands, and *Troy* requests in vain.  
 Next, O ye chiefs! we ask a truce to burn  
 Our slaughter'd heroes, and their bones in-urn.  
 That done, once more the fate of war be try'd,  
 And whose the conquest, mighty *Jove* decide!

The *Greeks* gave ear, but none the silence broke;\*  
 At length *Tydid* rose, and rising spoke.  
 Oh take not, friends! defrauded of your fame,†  
 Their proffer'd wealth, nor ev'n the *Spartan* dame.  
 Let conquest make them ours: Fate shakes their wall,  
 And *Troy* already terrors to her fall.

Th' admiring chiefs, and all the *Grecian* name,  
 With gen'ral shouts return'd him loud acclaim.  
 Then thus the king of kings rejects the peace:  
 Herald! in him thou hear'st the voice of *Greece*.  
 For what remains; let fun'ral flames be fed  
 With heroes' corps: I war not with the dead:  
 Go search your slaughter'd chiefs on yonder plain,  
 And gratify the *Manes* of the slain.  
 Be witness, *Jove*, whose thunder rolls on high!  
 He said, and rear'd his sceptre to the sky.

To sacred *Troy*, where all her princes lay  
 To wait th' event, the herald bent his way.

## NOTES.

words to be spoken aside, or in a low voice, as it is usual in dramatic poetry. But without that salvo, a generous love for the welfare of his country might transport *Idæus* into some warm expressions against the author of it's woes. He lays aside the herald to act the patriot, and speak with indignation against *Paris*, that he may influence the *Grecian* captains to give a favourable answer.

\* This silence of the *Greeks* might naturally proceed from an opinion, that however desirous they were to put an end to this long war, *Menelaus* would never consent to relinquish *Helen*, which was the thing insisted upon by *Paris*. We may also account for it in another manner. The princes were silent, because it was the part of *Agamemnon* to determine in matters of this nature; and *Agamemnon* is silent, being willing to hear the inclinations of the princes. By this means he avoided the imputation of exposing the *Greeks* to dangers for his advantage and glory; since he only gave the answer which was put into his mouth by the princes, with a general applause of the army.

He came, and standing in the midst, explain'd  
 The peace rejected, but the truce obtain'd.  
 Strait to their sev'ral cares the *Trojans* move,  
 Some search the plains, some fell the sounding grove:  
 Nor less the *Greeks*, descending on the shore,  
 Hew'd the green forests, and the bodies bore.  
 And now from forth the chambers of the main,  
 To shed his sacred light on earth again,  
 Arose the golden chariot of the day,  
 And tip'd the mountains with a purple ray.  
 In mingled throngs the *Greek* and *Trojan* train  
 Thro' heaps of carnage search'd the mournful plain.  
 Scarce could the friend his slaughter'd friend explore,  
 With dust-dishonour'd, and deform'd with gore.  
 The wounds they wash'd, their pious tears they shed,  
 And, laid along their cars, deplor'd the dead.‡  
 Sage *Priam* check'd their grief: with silent haste  
 The bodies decent on the piles were plac'd:  
 With melting hearts the cold remains they burn'd;  
 And sadly slow, to sacred *Troy* return'd.  
 Nor less the *Greeks* their pious sorrows shed,  
 And decent on the pile dispose the dead;  
 The cold remains consume with equal care;  
 And slowly, sadly, to their fleet repair.  
 Now, ere the morn had streak'd with red'ning light  
 The doubtful confines of the day and night;  
 About the dying flames the *Greeks* appear'd,  
 And round the pile a gen'ral tomb they rear'd.  
 I hen, to secure the camp and naval pow'rs,§  
 They rais'd embattled walls with lofty tow'rs:

From

## NOTES.

† There is a peculiar decorum in making *Diomed* the author of this advice, to reject even *Helen* herself if she were offered; this had not agreed with an amorous husband like *Menelaus*, nor with a cunning politician like *Ulysses*, nor with a wise old man like *Nestor*. But it is proper to *Diomed*, not only as a young fearless warrior, but as he is in particular an enemy to the interests of *Venus*.

‡ These probably were not chariots, but carriages; for *Homer* makes *Nestor* say that this was to be done with mules and oxen, which were not commonly joined to chariots, and the word in the original may be applied to any vehicle that runs on wheels. This is properly expressed by the *English* word *car*. But if they did use chariots in bearing their dead, it is at least evident, that those chariots were drawn by mules and oxen at funeral solemnities.

§ *Homer* has been accused of an offence against probability, in causing this fortification to be made so late as in the last year of the war. But we may answer to this objection, that the *Greeks* had no occasion for it till the departure of *Achilles*: he alone



From space to space were ample gates around,  
For passing chariots; and a trench profound,  
Of large extent; and deep in earth below  
Strong piles infix'd stood adverse to the foe.

So toil'd the *Greeks*: meanwhile the Gods above\*  
In shining circle round their father *Jove*,  
Amaz'd beheld the won'drous works of man:  
Then he, whose trident shakes the earth, began.

What mortals henceforth shall our pow'r adore,  
Our fanes frequent, our oracles implore,  
If the proud *Grecians* thus successful boast  
Their rising bulwarks on the sea-beat coast?  
See the long walls extending to the main,  
No God consulted, and no victim slain!  
Their fame shall fill the world's remotest ends;  
Wide, as the morn her golden beam extends.  
While old *Laomedon's* divine abodes,  
Those radiant structures rais'd by lab'ring Gods,  
Shall, raz'd and lost, in long oblivion sleep.  
Thus spoke the hoary monarch of the deep.

Th' Almighty Thun'drer with a frown replies,  
That clouds the world, and blackens half the skies.  
Strong God of Ocean! thou, whose rage can make  
The solid earth's eternal basis shake!  
What cause of fear from mortal works could move  
The meanest subject of our realms above?  
Where-e'er the sun's refulgent rays are cast,  
Thy pow'r is honour'd, and thy fame shall last.  
But yon proud work no future age shall view,  
No trace remain where once the glory grew.

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alone was a greater defence to them; and *Homer* had told the reader in a preceding book, that the *Trojans* never durst venture out of the walls of *Troy* while *Achilles* fought: these intrenchments therefore serve to raise the glory of his principal hero, since they become necessary as soon as he withdraws his aid.

\* The fiction of this wall raised by the *Greeks*, has given no little advantage to *Homer's* poem, in furnishing him with an opportunity of changing the scene, and in a great degree the subject and accidents of his battles; so that the following descriptions of war are totally different from all the foregoing. He takes care at the first mention of it to fix in us a great idea of this work, by making the Gods immediately concerned about it. We see *Neptune* jealous lest the glory of his own work, the walls of *Troy*, should be effaced by it; and *Jupiter* comforting him with a prophecy that it shall be totally destroyed in a short time. *Homer* was sensible that as this was a building of his imagination only, and not founded (like many other of his descriptions) upon some antiquities or traditions of

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The sapp'd foundations by thy force shall fall,  
And whelm'd beneath thy waves, drop the huge wall:  
Vast drifts of sand shall change the former shore;  
The ruin vanish'd, and the name no more.

Thus they in heav'n: while, o'er the *Grecian* train,  
The rolling sun descending to the main  
Beheld the finish'd work. Their bulls they slew;  
Black from the tents the sav'ry vapours flew.  
And now the fleet, arriv'd from *Lemnos's* strands,†  
With *Bacchus's* blessings chear'd the gen'rous bands.  
Of fragrant wines the rich *Eunæus* sent  
A thousand measures to the royal tent.

(*Eunæus*, whom *Hypsipyle* of yore  
To *Jason*, shepherd of his people, bore)  
The rest they purchas'd at their proper cost,  
And well the plenteous freight supply'd the host:  
Each, in exchange, proportion'd treasures gave;  
Some brags, or iron, some an ox, or slave.  
All night they feast, the *Greek* and *Trojan* pow'rs;  
Those on the fields, and these within their tow'rs.  
But *Jove* averse the signs of wrath display'd,‡  
And shot red light'nings thro' the gloomy shade:  
Humbled they stood; pale horror seiz'd on all,  
While the deep thunder shook th' aerial hall.  
Each pour'd to *Jove* before the bowl was crown'd,  
And large libations drench'd the thirsty ground;  
Then late refresh'd with sleep from toils of fight,  
Enjoy'd the balmy blessings of the night.

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the country, so posterity might convict him of a falsity, when no remains of any such wall should be seen on the coast. Therefore he has found this way to elude the censure of an improbable fiction: the word of *Jove* was fulfilled, the hands of the Gods, the force of the rivers, and the waves of the sea, demolished it.

† The verses from hence to the end of the book, afford us the knowledge of some points of history and antiquity. As that *Jason* had a son by *Hypsipyle*, who succeeded his mother in the kingdom of *Lemnos*: that the isle of *Lemnos* was anciently famous for its wines, and drove a traffic in them; and that coined money was not in use in the time of the *Trojan* war, but the trade of countries carried on by exchange in gross, brags, oxen, slaves, &c.

‡ The signs by which *Jupiter* here shews his wrath against the *Grecians*, are a prelude to those more open declarations of his anger which follow in the next book, and prepare the mind of the reader for that machine, which might otherwise seem too bold and violent.



## The EIGHTH BOOK of the ILIAD.\*

## A R G U M E N T.

## THE SECOND BATTLE, AND THE DISTRESS OF THE GREEKS.

Jupiter assembles a council of the Deities, and threatens them with the pains of Tartarus if they assist either side: Minerva only obtains of him that she may direct the Greeks by her counsels. The armies join battle; Jupiter on mount Ida weighs in his ballances the fates of both, and affrights the Greeks with his thunders and lightnings. Nestor alone continues in the field in great danger; Diomed relieves him; whose exploits, and those of Hector, are excellently described. Juno endeavours to animate Neptune to the assistance of the Greeks, but in vain. The acts of Teucer, who is at length wounded by Hector, and carried off. Juno and Minerva prepare to aid the Grecians, but are restrained by Iris, sent from Jupiter. The night puts an end to the battle. Hector continues the field, (the Greeks being driven to their fortification before the ships) and gives orders to keep the watch all night in the camp, to prevent the enemy from re-embarking and escaping by flight. They kindle fires through all the field, and pass the night under arms.

The time of seven and twenty days is employed from the opening of the poem to the end of this book. The scene here (except of the celestial machines) lies in the field toward the sea-shore.

AURORA now, fair daughter of the dawn,  
Sprinkled with rosy light the dewy lawn;  
When *Jove* conven'd the senate of the skies,  
Where high *Olympus'* cloudy tops arise.  
The Sire of Gods his awful silence broke;  
The heav'ns attentive trembled as he spoke.  
Celestial states, immortal Gods! give ear,  
Hear our decree, and rev'rence what ye hear:

The fix'd decreë which not all heav'n can move;  
Thou fate! fulfil it; and, ye pow'rs! approve!  
What God but enters yon forbidden field,  
Who yields assistance, or but wills to yield;  
Back to the skies with shame he shall be driv'n,  
Gash'd with dishonest wounds, the scorn of heav'n:  
Or far, O far from steep *Olympus* thrown,  
Low in the dark *Tartarëan* gulf shall groan,†

With

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\* Our author, like most of the *Greeks*, is thought to have travelled into *Egypt*, and brought from the priests there, not only their learning, but their manner of conveying it in fables and hieroglyphics. This is necessary to be considered by those who would thoroughly penetrate into the beauty and design of many parts of these works. For whoever reflects that this was the mode of learning in those times, will make no doubt but there are several mysteries both of natural and moral philosophy involved in the *Iliad*, which otherwise in the literal meaning appear too trivial or irrational; and it is

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but just, when these are not plain or immediately intelligible, to imagine that something of this kind may be hid under them. Nevertheless, as *Homer* travelled not with a direct view of writing philosophy or theology, so he might often use these hieroglyphical fables and traditions as embellishments of his poetry only, without taking the pains to open their mystical meaning to his readers, and perhaps without diving very deeply into it himself.

† This opinion of *Tartarus*, the place of torture for the impious after death, might be taken from the *Egyptians*: for it seems not improbable, as some writers



With burning chains fix'd to the brazen floors,  
 And lock'd by hell's inexorable doors ;  
 As deep beneath th' infernal center hurl'd,  
 As from that center to th' æthereal world.  
 Let him who tempts me, dread those dire abodes ;  
 And know, th' Almighty is the God of Gods.  
 League all your forces then, ye pow'rs above,  
 Join all, and try th' omnipotence of *Jove* :  
 Let down our golden, everlasting chain,\*  
 Whose strong embrace holds heav'n, and earth, and  
 main :

Strive all, of mortal and immortal birth,  
 To drag, by this, the Thund'rer down to earth :  
 Ye strive in vain ! if I but stretch this hand,  
 I heave the Gods, the ocean, and the land ;  
 I fix the chain to great *Olympus*' height,  
 And the vast world hangs trembling in my sight !  
 For such I reign, unbounded and above ;  
 And such are men, and Gods, compar'd to *Jove*.

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writers have observed, that some tradition might then be spread in the Eastern parts of the world, of the fall of the angels, the punishment of the damned, and other sacred truths afterwards more fully explained and taught by the Prophets and Apostles. These *Homer* seems to allude to in this and other passages ; as where *Vulcan* is said to be precipitated from heaven in the first book, where *Jupiter* threatens *Mars* with *Tartarus* in the fifth, and where the Dæmon of Discord is cast out of heaven in the nineteenth.

\* Various are the opinions of the ancients concerning this passage. *Jupiter* says, if he holds this chain of gold, the force of all the Gods is unable to draw him down, but he can draw up them, the seas, and the earth, and cause the whole universe to hang unactive. Some think that *Jupiter* signifies the æther, the golden chain the sun : if the æther did not temper the rays of the sun as they pass through it, his beams would not only drink up and exhale the ocean in vapours, but also exhale the moisture from the veins of the earth, which is the cement that holds it together : by which means the whole creation would become unactive, and all it's powers suspended. Others affirm, that by *Jupiter* is implied destiny, which over-rules every thing both upon and above the earth. Others (delighted with their own conceits) imagine that *Homer* intended to represent the excellence of monarchy ; that the sceptre ought to be swayed by one hand, and that all the wheels of government should be put in motion by one person. But a much better interpretation may be found for this, if we allow (as there is great

Th' Almighty spoke, nor durst the pow'rs reply, †  
 A rev'rent horror silenc'd all the sky ;

Trembling they stood before their sov'reign's look ;  
 At length his best-belov'd, the pow'r of wisdom, spoke.

O first and greatest ! God, by Gods ador'd ! ‡

We own thy might, our Father and our Lord !

But ah ! permit to pity human state ;

If not to help, at least lament their fate.

From fields forbidden we submit refrain,

With arms unaiding mourn our *Argives* slain ;

Yet grant my counsels still their breasts may move,

Or all must perish in the wrath of *Jove*.

The cloud-compelling God her suit approv'd,  
 And smil'd superior on his best-belov'd.

Then call'd his coursers, and his chariot took ;

The steadfast firmament beneath them shook :

Rapt by th' æthereal steeds the chariot roll'd ;

Brass were their hoofs, their curling manes of  
 gold.

Of.

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reason to believe) that the *Egyptians* understood the true system of the world, and that *Pythagoras* first learned it from them. They held that the planets were kept in their orbits by gravitation upon the sun, which was therefore called *Jovis carcer* ; and sometimes by the sun is meant *Jupiter* himself. We see too that the most prevailing opinion of antiquity fixes it to the sun ; so that it will be no strained interpretation to say, that by the inability of the Gods to pull *Jupiter* out of his place with this chain, may be understood the superior attractive force of the sun, whereby he continues unmoved, and draws all the rest of the planets toward him.

† *Homer* in this whole passage plainly shews his belief of one supreme omnipotent God, whom he introduces with a majesty and superiority worthy the great ruler of the universe. Accordingly *Justin Martyr* cites it as a proof of our author's attributing the power and government of all things to one first God, whose divinity is so far superior to all other Deities, that if compared to him, they may be ranked among mortals.

‡ *Homer* is not only to be admired for keeping up the characters of his heroes, but for adapting his speeches to the characters of his Gods. Had *Juno* here given the reply, she would have begun with some mark of resentment, but *Pallas* is all submission ; *Juno* would probably have contradicted him, but *Pallas* only begs leave to be sorry for those whom she must not assist ; *Juno* would have spoken with the prerogative of a wife, but *Pallas* makes her address with the obsequiousness of a prudent daughter.



Of heav'n's undrossy gold the Gods array  
 Refulgent, flash'd intolerable day.  
 High on the throne he shines : his coursers fly  
 Between th' extended earth and starry sky.  
 But when to *Ida's* topmost height he came,  
 (Fair nurse of fountains, and of savage game)  
 Where o'er her pointed summits proudly rais'd,  
 His fane breath'd odours, and his altar blaz'd :  
 There, from his radiant car, the sacred Sire  
 Of Gods and men releas'd the steeds of fire :  
 Blue arabient mists th' immortal steeds embrac'd ;  
 High on the cloudy point his feat he plac'd ;  
 Thence his broad eye the subject world surveys,  
 The town, and tents, and navigable seas.

Now had the *Grecians* snatch'd a short repast,  
 And buckled on their shining arms with haste.  
*Troy* rouz'd as soon ; for on this dreadful day  
 The fate of fathers, wives, and infants lay.\*  
 The gates unfolding pour forth all their train ; †  
 Squadrons on squadrons cloud the dusky plain :  
 Men, steeds, and chariots shake the trembling ground ;  
 The tumult thickens, and the skies resound.

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\* It may be necessary to explain, why the *Trojans* thought themselves obliged to fight, in order to defend their wives and children. One would think they might have kept within their walls ; the *Grecians* made no attempt to batter them, neither were they invested ; and the country was open on all sides, except towards the sea, to give them provisions. The most natural thought is, that they and their auxiliaries being very numerous, could not subsist but from a large country about them ; and perhaps not without the sea, and the rivers, where the *Greeks* encamped : that in time the *Greeks* would have surrounded them, and blocked up every avenue to their town : that they thought themselves obliged to defend the country with all the inhabitants of it, and that indeed at first this was rather a war between two nations, and became not properly a siege till afterwards.

† There is a wonderful sublimity in these lines ; one sees in the description the gates of a warlike city thrown open, and an army pouring forth ; and hears the trampling of men and horses rushing to the battle. These verses are a repetition of a former passage ; which shews that the poet was particularly pleased with them ; and that he was not ashamed of a repetition, when he could not express the same image more happily than he had already done.

‡ *Homer* describing the advance of the day from morning till noon, calls it sacred, because that part

And now with shouts the shocking armies clos'd,  
 To lances lances, shields to shields oppos'd,  
 Host against host with shadowy legions drew,  
 The founding darts in iron tempests flew,  
 Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous cries,  
 Triumphant shouts and dying groans arise ;  
 With streaming blood the slipp'ry fields are dy'd,  
 And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.  
 Long as the morning beams increasing bright,  
 O'er heav'n's clear azure spread the sacred light ; †  
 Commutual death the fate of war confounds,  
 Each adverse battle goar'd with equal wounds.  
 But when the sun the height of heav'n ascends ;  
 The Sire of Gods his golden scales suspends, §  
 With equal hand : in these explor'd the fate  
 Of *Greece* and *Troy*, and pois'd the mighty weight.  
 Press'd with it's load, the *Grecian* ballance lies  
 Low sunk on earth, the *Trojan* strikes the skies.  
 Then *Jove* from *Ida's* top his horrors spreads : ||  
 The clouds burst dreadful o'er the *Grecian* heads ;  
 Thick light'nings flash ; the mutt'ring thunder rolls ;  
 Their strength he withers, and unmans their souls.

Before

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of the day was allotted to sacrifice and religious worship.

§ This figure representing God as weighing the destinies of men in his ballances, was first made use of in holy writ. In the book of *Job*, which is acknowledged to be one of the most ancient of the scriptures, he prays to be "weighed in an even ballance, that God may know his integrity." *Daniel* declares from God to *Belshazzar*, "thou art weighed in the ballances, and found light." And *Proverbs*, ch. 16, ver. 11. "A just weight and ballance are the Lord's." Our author has it again in the twenty-second book of the *Iliad*, and it appeared so beautiful to succeeding poets, that *Æschylus* writ a whole tragedy upon this foundation, which he called *Psychostasia*, or the weighing of souls. In this he introduced *Thetis* and *Aurora* standing on either side of *Jupiter's* scales, and praying each for her son while the heroes fought. The descent of the scale toward earth signifies unhappiness and death, the earth being the place of misfortune and mortality ; the mounting of it signifies prosperity and life, the superior regions being the seats of felicity and immortality.

|| This distress of the *Greeks* being supposed, *Jupiter's* presence was absolutely necessary to bring them into it : for the inferior Gods that were friendly to *Greece* were rather more in number, and superior in force to those that favoured *Troy* ; and the poet had shewed before, when about miles

were





*The Fight being again began to the advantage of the Greeks, Jupiter lets fall Thunder at first of Diomedes Horse, & Nestor who accompanies him, is so terrified at it, that he obliges him to quit the Field of Battle, of which the Trojans remain Masters.* B. VIII.

В'сїм

*T. Frontinier sculp.*



Before his wrath the trembling hosts retire ;  
 The God in terrors, and the skies on fire.\*  
 Nor great *Idomeneus* that fight could bear,  
 Nor each stern *Ajax*, thunderbolts of war ;  
 Nor he, the king of men, th' alarm sustain'd ;  
*Nestor* alone amidst the storm remain'd.  
 Unwilling he remain'd, for *Paris'* dart  
 Had pierc'd his courser in a mortal part ;  
 Fix'd in the forehead where the springing mane  
 Curl'd o'er he brow, it stung him to the brain ;  
 Mad with his anguish, he begins to rear,  
 Paw with his hoofs aloft, and lash the air.  
 Scarce had his faulchion cut the reins, and freed  
 Th' incumber'd chariot from the dying sled,

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were left to themselves, that the *Greeks* could overcome the *Trojans* ; besides, it would have been an indelible reflection upon his countrymen to have been vanquished by a smaller number. Therefore nothing less than the immediate interposition of *Jupiter* was requisite, which shews the wonderful address of the poet in his machinery.

\* This notion of *Jupiter's* declaring against the *Greeks* by thunder and lightning, is drawn from truth itself, 1 *Sam.* vii. Upon occasion of the various successes given by *Jupiter*, now to *Grecians*, now to *Trojans*, whom he suffers to perish interchangeably ; some have fancied this supposition injurious to the nature of the sovereign being, as representing him variable or inconstant in his rewards and punishments. It may be answered, that as God makes use of some people to chastise others, and none are totally void of crimes, he often decrees to punish those very persons for lesser sins, whom he makes his instruments to punish others for greater : so purging them from their own iniquities before they become worthy to be chastisers of other men's. This is the case of the *Greeks* here, whom *Jupiter* permits to suffer many ways, though he had destined them to revenge the rape of *Helen* upon *Troy*. There is a history in the Bible just of this nature. In the 20th chapter of *Judges*, the *Israelites* are commanded to make war against the tribe of *Benjamin*, to punish a rape on the wife of a *Levite*, committed in the city of *Gibeab*. When they have laid siege to the place, the *Benjamites* sally upon them with so much vigour, that a great number of the besiegers are destroyed : they are astonished at these defeats, as having undertaken the siege in obedience to the command of God : but they are still ordered to persist, till at length they burn the city, and almost extinguish the race of *Benjamin*. There are many instances in scripture, where heaven is represented to change it's decrees according to the

No. 6.

When dreadful *Hector*, thund'ring thro' the war,  
 Pour'd to the tumult on his whirling car.  
 That day had stretch'd beneath his matchless hand  
 The hoary monarch of the *Pylian* band,  
 But *Diomed* beheld ; from forth the croud†  
 He rush'd, and on *Ulysses* call'd aloud.

Whither, oh whither does *Ulysses* run ?  
 Oh flight unworthy great *Laertes'* son !  
 Mix'd with the vulgar shall thy fate be found,  
 Pierc'd in the back, a vile dishonest wound ?  
 Oh turn and save from *Hector's* direful rage‡  
 The glory of the *Greeks*, the *Pylian* sage.  
 His fruitless words are lost unheard in air ;  
*Ulysses* seeks the ships, and shelters there.

But

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repentance or relapses of men : *Hezekias* is ordered to prepare for death, and afterwards fifteen years are added to his life. It is foretold to *Achab*, that he shall perish miserably, and then upon his humiliation God defers the punishment till the reign of his successor, &c.

† The whole following story of *Nestor* and *Diomed* is admirably contrived to raise the character of the latter. He maintains his intrepidity, and ventures singly to bring off the old hero, notwithstanding the general consternation. The art of *Homer* will appear wonderful to any one who considers all the circumstances of this part, and by what degrees he reconciles this flight of *Diomed* to that undaunted character. The thunderbolt falls just before him ; that is not enough ; *Nestor* advises him to submit to heaven ; this does not prevail, he cannot bear the thoughts of flight : *Nestor* drives back the chariot without his consent ; he is again inclined to go on till *Jupiter* again declares against him. These two heroes are very artfully placed together, because none but a person of *Nestor's* authority and wisdom could have prevailed upon *Diomed* to retreat. A younger warrior could not so well in honor have given him such counsel, and from no other would he have taken it. To cause *Diomed* to fly, required both the counsel of *Nestor*, and the thunder of *Jupiter*.

‡ There is a decorum in making *Diomed* call *Ulysses* to the assistance of his brother sage ; for who better knew the importance of *Nestor*, than *Ulysses* ? But the question is, whether *Ulysses* did not drop *Nestor*, as one great minister would do another, and fancied he should be the wise man when the other was gone ? Some indeed are of opinion that *Homer* meant not to cast any aspersions on *Ulysses*, nor would have given him so many noble appellations, when in the same breath he reflected upon his courage. But perhaps the contrary opinion may be ill ground-

C c

ed,



But hold *Tydidēs* to the rescue goes,  
 A single warrior 'midst a host of foes:  
 Before the coursers with a sudden spring  
 He leap'd, and anxious thus bespoke the king.  
 Great perils, father! wait th' unequal fight;  
 These younger champions will oppress thymight.  
 Thy veins no more with ancient vigour glow,  
 Weak is thy servant, and thy coursers slow.  
 Then haste, ascend my seat, and from the car  
 Observe the steeds of *Trois*, renown'd in war,  
 Practis'd alike to turn, to stop, to chace,  
 To dare the fight, or urge the rapid race:  
 These late obey'd *Æneas*' guiding rein;  
 Leave thou thy chariot to our faithful train:  
 With these against yon' *Trojans* will we go,  
 Nor shall great *Hektor* want an equal foe;  
 Fierce as he is, ev'n he may learn to fear  
 The thirsty fury of my flying spear.\*

Thus said the chief; and *Nestor*, skill'd in war,  
 Approves his counsel, and ascends the car:  
 The steeds he left, their trusty servants hold;  
*Eurymedon*, and *Sthenelus* the bold.  
 The rev'rend charioteer directs the course,  
 And strains his aged arm to lash the horse.  
*Hektor* they face; unknowing how to fear,  
 Fierce he drove on; *Tydidēs* whirl'd his spear.

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ed, if we observe the manner of *Homer*'s expression. *Diomed* called *Ulysses*, but *Ulysses* was deaf, he *did not hear*; and whereas the poet says of the rest, that they had not the *hardiness* to stay, *Ulysses* is not only said to *fly*, but to make *violent haste* towards the navy.

\* *Homer* has figures of that boldness which it is impossible to preserve in another language. The words in the original literally signify, *Hektor* shall see if my spear is mad in my hands.

† It is observable how wonderfully *Homer* still advances the character of *Diomed*: when all the leaders of *Greece* were retreated, the poet says that had not *Jupiter* interpos'd, *Diomed* alone had driven the whole army of *Troy* to their walls, and with his single hand had vanquish'd an army.

‡ Here is a battle described with so much fire, that the warmest imagination of an able painter cannot add a circumstance to heighten the surprize or horror of the picture. Here is what they call the *fracas*, or hurry and tumult of the action in the utmost strength of colouring, upon the fore ground; and the *repose* or *solemnity* at a distance, with great propriety and judgment. First, we behold *Jupiter* in golden armour, surrounded with glory, upon the summit of mount *Ida*; his chariot and horses by

The spear with erring haste mistook it's way,  
 But plung'd in *Eniopus*' bosom lay.  
 His opening hand in death forsakes the rein;  
 The steeds fly back: he falls, and spurns the plain.  
 Great *Hektor* sorrows for his servant kill'd,  
 Yet unreveng'd permits to press the field;  
 Till to supply his place and rule the car,  
 Rose *Archeptolemus*, the fierce in war.  
 And now had death and horror cover'd all;†  
 Like tim'rous flocks the *Trojans* in their wall  
 Inclos'd had bled: but *Jove* with awful sound  
 Roll'd the big thunder o'er the vast profound:  
 Full in *Tydidēs*' face the light'ning flew;  
 The ground before him flam'd with sulphur blue;‡  
 The quiv'ring steeds fell prostrate at the sight;  
 And *Nestor*'s trembling hand confess'd his fright;  
 He drop'd the reins; and shook with sacred dread,  
 Thus, turning, warn'd th' intrepid *Diomed*.

O chief! too daring in thy friend's defence,  
 Retire advis'd, and urge the chariot hence.  
 This day, averse, the sov'reign of the skies  
 Assists great *Hektor*, and our palm denies.  
 Some other sun may see the happier hour,  
 When *Greece* shall conquer by his heav'nly pow'r.  
 'Tis not in man his fix'd decree to move:  
 The great will glory to submit to *Jove*.

O rev-

## NOTES.

him, wrapt-in dark clouds. In the next place below the horizon, appear the clouds rolling and opening, thro' which the lightning flashes in the face of the *Greeks*, who are flying on all sides; *Agamemnon* and the rest of the commanders in the rear, in postures of astonishment. Towards the middle of the piece, we see *Nestor* in the utmost distress, one of his horses having a deadly wound in the forehead with a dart, which makes him rear and writhe, and disorder the rest. *Nestor* is cutting the harness with his sword, while *Hektor* advances driving full speed. *Diomed* interposes, in an action of the utmost fierceness and intrepidity: these two heroes make the principal figures and subject of the picture. A burning thunderbolt falls just before the feet of *Diomed*'s horses, from whence a horrid flame of sulphur rises. This is only a specimen of a single picture designed by *Homer*, out of the many with which he has beautified the *Iliad*. And indeed every thing is so natural and so lively, that the history-painter would generally have no more to do, but to delineate the forms, and copy the circumstances, just as he finds them described by this great master. We cannot therefore wonder at what has been so often said of *Homer*'s furnishing ideas to the most famous painters of antiquity.



O rev'rend prince ! (*Tydidēs* thus replies)  
 Thy years are awful, and thy words are wise.  
 But ah, what grief ! should haughty *Hektor* boast,  
 I fled inglorious to the guarded coast !  
 Before that dire disgrace shall blast my fame,  
 O'erwhelm me, earth ; and hide a warrior's shame.  
 To whom *Geranian Nestor* thus reply'd :  
 Gods ! can thy courage fear the *Phrygian's* pride ?  
*Hektor* may vaunt, but who shall heed the boast ? }  
 Not those who felt thy arm, the *Dardan* host,  
 Nor *Troy*, yet bleeding in her heroes lost ; }  
 Not ev'n a *Phrygian* dame, who dreads the sword  
 That lay'd in dust her lov'd, lamented lord.  
 He said, and hasty, o'er the gasping throng  
 Drives the swift steeds ; the chariot smokes along.  
 The shouts of *Trojans* thicken in the wind ;  
 The storm of hissing jav'lines pours behind.  
 Then with a voice that shakes the solid skies,\*  
 Pleas'd *Hektor* braves the warrior as he flies.  
 Go, mighty hero ! grac'd above the rest  
 In seats of council and the sumptuous feast :  
 Now hope no more those honours from thy train ;  
 Go, less than woman, in the form of man !  
 To scale our walls, to wrap our tow'rs in flames,  
 To lead in exile the fair *Phrygian* dames,  
 Thy once proud hopes, presumptuous prince ! are  
 fled ;  
 This arm shall reach thy heart, and stretch thee dead.  
 Now fears dissuade him, and now hopes invite,  
 To stop his coursers, and to stand the fight ;  
 Thrice turn'd the chief, and thrice imperial *Jove*  
 On *Ida's* summits thunder'd from above.

## NOTES.

\* *Homer* sometimes calls the heavens *brazen*. One might think from hence that the notion of the *solidity of the heavens*, which is indeed very ancient, had been generally received. The scripture uses expressions agreeable to it, *a heaven of brass*, and the *firmament*.

† It was a noble and effectual manner of encouraging the troops, by telling them that God was surely on their side: this, it seems, has been an ancient practice, as it has been used in modern times by those who never read *Homer*.

‡ There have been critics who blame this manner, introduced by *Homer* and copied by *Virgil*, of making a hero address his discourse to his horses. But this is agreeable to the art of oratory, which makes it a precept to speak to every thing, and make every thing speak ; of which there are innumerable applauded instances in the most celebrated orators. Nothing can be more spirited and affecting than this enthusiasm of *Hektor*, who, in the transport of

Great *Hektor* heard ; he saw the flashing light,  
 (The sign of conquest) and thus urg'd the fight.

Hear ev'ry *Trojan*, *Lycian*, *Dardan* band,  
 All fam'd in war, and dreadful hand to hand.  
 Be mindful of the wreaths your arms have won,  
 Your great forefathers glories, and your own.  
 Heard ye the voice of *Jove* ? Success and fame †  
 Await on *Troy*, on *Greece* eternal shame.  
 In vain they skulk behind their boasted wall,  
 Weak bulwarks ! destin'd by this arm to fall.  
 High o'er their slighted trench our steeds shall bound,  
 And pass victorious o'er the levell'd mound.  
 Soon as before yon hollow ships we stand,  
 Fight each with flames, and toss the blazing brand ;  
 Till their proud navy, wrapt in smoke and fires,  
 All *Greece*, encompass'd, in one blaze expires.

Furious he said ; then bending o'er the yoke,  
 Encourag'd his proud steeds, while thus he spoke.  
 Now *Xanthus*, *Æthon*, *Lampus* ! urge the chace, ‡  
 And thou, *Podargus* ! prove thy gen'rous race :  
 Be fleet, be fearless, this important day,  
 And all your master's well-spent care repay.  
 For this, high fed in plenteous stalls ye stand,  
 Serv'd with pure wheat, and by a princess' hand ;  
 For this, my spouse of great *Ætion's* line §  
 So oft has steep'd the strength'ning grain in wine.  
 Now swift pursue, now thunder uncontroll'd ;  
 Give me to seize rich *Nestor's* shield of gold ;  
 From *Tydeus'* shoulders strip the costly load,  
*Vulcanian* arms, the labour of a God : ||  
 These if we gain, then victory, ye pow'rs !  
 This night, this glorious night, the fleet is ours.

That

## NOTES.

his joy at the sight of *Diomed* flying before him, breaks out into this apostrophe to his horses, as he is pursuing. And indeed the air of this whole speech is agreeable to a man drunk with the hopes of success, and promising himself a series of conquests. He has in imagination already forced the *Grecian* retrenchments, set the fleet in flames, and destroyed the whole army.

§ There is a secret beauty in this passage, which perhaps will only be perceived by those who are particularly versed in *Homer*. He describes a princess so tender in her love to her husband, that she takes care constantly to go and meet him at his return from every battle ; and in the joy of seeing him again, runs to his horses, and gives them bread and wine as a testimony of her acknowledgment to them for bringing him back.

|| These were the arms that *Diomed* had received from *Glaucus*. and a prize worthy *Hektor*, being (as we are told in the sixth book) entirely of gold.



That heard, deep anguish stung *Saturnia's* soul;  
 She shook her throne that shook the starry pole:  
 And thus to *Neptune*: Thou, whose force can make  
 The steadfast earth from her foundations shake,  
 See'st thou the *Greeks* by fates unjust oppress'd,  
 Nor swells thy heart in that immortal breast?  
 Yet *Ægeæ*, *Helicæ*, thy pow'r obey,\*  
 And gifts unceasing on thine altars lay.  
 Would all the Deities of *Greece* combine,  
 In vain the gloomy Thund'rer might repine:  
 Sole should he sit, with scarce a God to friend,  
 And see his *Trojans* to the shades descend:  
 Such be the scene from his *Idæan* bow'r;  
 Ungrateful prospect to the sullen pow'r!

*Neptune* with wrath rejects the rash design:  
 What rage, what madness, furious Queen! is thine?  
 I war not with the Highest. All above  
 Submit and tremble at the hand of *Jove*.

Now god-like *Hector*, to whose matchless might  
*Jove* gave the glory of the destin'd fight,  
 Squadrons on squadrons drives, and fills the fields  
 With close rang'd chariots, and with thicken'd shields.  
 Where the deep trench in length extended lay,†  
 Compacted troops stand wedg'd in firm array,  
 A dreadful front! they shake the bands, and threat  
 With long-destroying flames the hostile fleet.  
 The king of men, by *Juno's* self inspir'd,  
 Toil'd thro' the tents, and all his army fir'd.  
 Swift as he mov'd, he lifted in his hand  
 His purple robe, bright ensign of command.‡  
 High on the midmost bark the king appear'd;§  
 There, from *Ulysses'* deck, his voice was heard.

## NOTES.

\* These were two cities of *Greece* in which *Neptune* was particularly honoured, and in each of which there was a temple and a statue of him.

† That is to say, the space betwixt the ditch and the wall was filled with the men and chariots of the *Greeks*: *Hector* not having yet pass'd the ditch.

‡ *Agamemnon* here addresses himself to the eyes of the army; his voice might have been lost in the confusion of a retreat, but the motion of this purple robe could not fail of attracting the regards of the soldiers. His speech also is very remarkable; he first endeavours to shame them into courage, and then begs of *Jupiter* to give that courage success; at least so far as not to suffer the whole army to be destroyed.

§ We learn from hence the situation of the ships of *Ulysses*, *Achilles*, and *Ajax*. The two latter being the strongest heroes of the army, were placed to defend either end of the fleet, as most obnoxious to the incursions or surprizes of the enemy; and

To *Ajax* and *Achilles* reach'd the sound,  
 Whose distant ships the guarded navy bound.  
 O *Argives*! shame of human race! he cry'd,  
 (The hollow vessels to his voice reply'd)  
 Where now are all your glorious boasts of yore,  
 Your hasty triumphs on the *Lemnian* shore?  
 Each fearless hero dares an hundred foes,  
 While the feast lasts, and while the goblet flows;  
 But who to meet one martial man is found,  
 When the fight rages, and the flames surround?  
 O mighty *Jove*! O Sire of the distress'd!  
 Was ever king like me, like me oppress'd?  
 With pow'r immense, with justice arm'd in vain;  
 My glory ravish'd, and my people slain!  
 To thee my vows were breath'd from ev'ry shore;  
 What altar smok'd not with our victims gore?  
 With fat of bulls I fed the constant flame,  
 And ask'd destruction to the *Trojan* name.  
 Now, gracious God! far humbler our demand;  
 Give these at least to 'scape from *Hector's* hand,  
 And save the reliques of the *Grecian* land!

Thus pray'd the king, and heav'n's great Father  
 heard ||

His vows, in bitterness of soul prefer'd;  
 The wrath appeas'd, by happy signs declares,  
 And gives the people to their monarch's pray'rs.  
 His eagle, sacred bird of heav'n, he sent, ¶  
 A fawn his talons trust'd (divine portent!)  
 High o'er the wond'ring hosts he soar'd above,  
 Who paid their vows to *Panophaean Jove*;  
 Then let the prey before his altar fall;  
 The *Greeks* beheld, and transport seiz'd on all:

Encou-

## NOTES.

*Ulysses* being the ablest head, was allotted the middle place, as more safe and convenient for the council, and that he might be the nearer, if any emergency required his advice.

|| It is to be observed in general, that *Homer* hardly ever makes his heroes succeed, unless they have first offered a prayer to heaven. Whether they engage in war, go upon an embassy, undertake a voyage; in a word, whatever they enterprize, they almost always supplicate some God; and whenever we find this omitted, we may expect some adversity to befall them in the course of the story.

¶ *Jupiter* upon the prayers of *Agamemnon* sends an omen to encourage the *Greeks*. The application of it is obvious: the eagle signified *Hector*, the fawn denoted the fear and flight of the *Greeks*, and being dropt at the altar of *Jupiter*, shew'd that they would be saved by the protection of that God. The *Greeks* having just received this happy omen from *Jupiter*,



Encourag'd by the sign, the troops revive,  
 And fierce on *Troy* with doubled fury drive.  
*Tydidēs* first, of all the *Grecian* force,\*  
 O'er the broad ditch impell'd his foaming horse,  
 Pierc'd the deep ranks, their strongest battle tore,  
 And dy'd his jav'lin red with *Trojan* gore.  
 Young *Agelaius* (*Phradmon* was his fire)  
 With flying coursers shun'd his dreadful ire:  
 Struck thro' the back, thē *Phrygian* fell oppress;  
 The dart drove on, and issu'd at his breast:  
 Headlong he quits the car; his arms resound;  
 His pond'rous buckler thunders on the ground.  
 Forth rush'd a tide of *Greeks*, the passage freed;  
 Th' *Atridae* first, th' *Ajaces* next succeed:  
*Meriones*, like *Mars*, in arms renown'd,  
 And god-like *Idomen*, now pass'd the mound;  
*Evæmon*'s son next issues to the foe,  
 And last, young *Teucer* with his bended bow.  
 Secure behind the *Telamonian* shield †  
 The skilful archer wide survey'd the field,  
 With ev'ry shaft some hostile victim flew,  
 Then close beneath the seven-fold orb withdrew:  
 The conscious infant so, when fear alarms,  
 Retires for safety to the mother's arms.  
 Thus *Ajax* guards his brother in the field,  
 Moves as he moves, and turns the shining shield.  
 Who first by *Teucer*'s mortal arrows bled?  
*Orsilochus*; then fell *Ormenus* dead:  
 The god-like *Lycophon* next press'd the plain,  
 With *Chromius*, *Dætor*, *Ophelestes* slain:

## NOTES.

*Jupiter*, were offering oblations to him under the title of the *father of oracles*. There may also be a natural reason for this appellation, as *Jupiter* signified the *æther*, which is the vehicle of all sounds.

\* *Diomed*, as we have before seen, was the last that retreated from the thunder of *Jupiter*; he is now the first that returns to the battle. It is worth while to observe the behaviour of the hero upon this occasion: he retreats with the utmost reluctance, and advances with the utmost ardor; he flies with greater impatience to meet danger, than he could before to put himself in safety.

† *Teucer* being an excellent archer, and using only the bow, could not wear any arms, which would encumber him, and render him less expedite in his archery. *Homer*, to secure him from the enemy, represents him as standing behind *Ajax*'s shield, and shooting from thence. Thus the poet gives us a new circumstance of a battle, and though *Ajax* achieves nothing himself, he maintains a superiority over *Teucer*: *Ajax* may be said to kill these *Trojans* with the arrows of *Teucer*. There is

No. 6.

Bold *Hamopæon* breathless funk to ground;  
 The bloody pile great *Menalippus* crown'd.  
 Heaps fell on heaps, sad trophies of his art,  
 A *Trojan* ghost attending ev'ry dart.  
 Great *Agamemnon* views with joyful eye ‡  
 The ranks grow thinner as his arrows fly:  
 O youth for ever dear! (the monarch cry'd)  
 Thus, always thus, thy early worth be try'd;  
 Thy brave example shall retrieve our host,  
 Thy country's saviour, and thy father's boast!  
 Sprung from an alien's bed thy fire to grace, §  
 The vig'rous offspring of a stol'n embrace,  
 Proud of his boy he own'd the gen'rous flame,  
 And the brave son repays his cares with fame.  
 Now hear a monarch's vow: if heav'n's high pow'rs  
 Give me to raze *Troy*'s long-defended tow'rs;  
 Whatever treasures *Greece* for me design,  
 The next rich honorary gift be thine:  
 Some golden tripod, or distinguish'd car,  
 With coursers dreadful in the ranks of war,  
 Or some fair captive whom thy eyes approve,  
 Shall recompense the warrior's toils with love.  
 To this the chief: With praise the rest inspire,  
 Nor urge a soul already fill'd with fire.  
 What strength I have, be now in battle try'd,  
 Till ev'ry shaft in *Phrygian* blood be dy'd.  
 Since rallying from our wall we forc'd the foe,  
 Still aim'd at *Hector* have I bent my bow;  
 Eight forked arrows from this hand have fled,  
 And eight bold heroes by their points lie dead:

But

## NOTES.

also a wonderful tenderness in the simile with which he illustrates the retreat of *Teucer* behind the shield of *Ajax*: such tender circumstances soften the horrors of a battle, and diffuse a sort of serenity over the soul of the reader.

‡ Our author would here teach the duty of a general in a battle. He must observe the behaviour of his soldiers: he must honour the hero, reproach the coward, reduce the disorderly; and for the encouragement of the deserving, he must promise rewards, that desert in arms may not be paid with glory only.

§ *Agamemnon* here, in the height of his commendations of *Teucer*, tells him of his spurious birth: this was reckoned no disgrace among the ancients; nothing being more common than for heroes of old to take their female captives to their beds; and as such captives were then given for a reward of valour, and as a matter of glory, it could be no reproach to be descended from them. Thus *Teucer* was descended from *Telamon* and *Hesione* the sister of *Priam*, a female captive.

D d



But sure some God denies me to destroy  
This fury of the field, this dog of *Troy*.\*

He said, and twang'd the string. The weapon flies  
At *Hector*'s breast, and sings along the skies :  
He miss'd the mark ; but pierc'd *Gorgythio*'s heart,†  
And drench'd in royal blood the thirsty dart.  
(Fair *Castianira*, nymph of form divine,  
This offspring added to king *Priam*'s line)  
As full-blown poppies over-charg'd with rain ‡  
Decline the head, and drooping kiss the plain ;  
So sinks the youth : his beauteous head, depress'd  
Beneath his helmet, drops upon his breast.  
Another shaft the raging archer drew :  
That other shaft with erring fury flew,  
(From *Hector Phæbus* turn'd the flying wound)  
Yet fell not dry, or guiltless to the ground :  
Thy breast, brave *Archeptolemus* ! it tore,  
And dipp'd it's feathers in no vulgar gore.  
Headlong he falls ; his sudden fall alarms  
The steeds that startle at his sounding arms.  
*Hector* with grief his charioteer beheld,  
All pale and breathless on the sanguine field.  
Then bids *Cebriones* direct the rein,  
Quits his bright car, and issues on the plain.

## NOTES.

\* This is literal from the *Greek*, and we have ventured it, as no improper expression of the rage of *Teucer*, for having been so often disappointed in his aim, and of his passion against that enemy who had so long prevented all the hopes of the *Grecians*. *Milton* (who knew to what extremes human passions might proceed, and was not ashamed to copy them,) was not scrupulous of imitating even these, which modern refiners call unmannerly strokes.

† These words are very artfully inserted ; the reader might wonder why so skilful an archer should so often miss his mark, and it was necessary that *Teucer* should miss *Hector*, because *Homer* could not falsify the history : this difficulty he removes by the intervention of *Apollo*, who wafts the arrow aside from him : the poet does not tell us that this was done by the hand of a God, till the arrow of *Teucer* came so near *Hector* as to kill his charioteer, which made some such contrivance necessary.

‡ This simile is very beautiful, and exactly represents the manner of *Gorgythio*'s death : there is such a swiftness in the comparison, that it makes us pity the youth's fall, and almost feel his wounds. One may make a general observation, that *Homer* in those comparisons that breathe an air of tenderness, is very exact, and adapts them in every point to the subject which he is to illustrate : but in other comparisons, where he is to inspire the soul with

Dreadful he shouts : from earth a stone he took,  
And rush'd on *Teucer* with the lifted rock.  
The youth already strain'd the forceful yew ;  
The shaft already to his shoulder drew ;  
The feather in his hand, just wing'd for flight,  
Touch'd where the neck and hollow chest unite ;  
There, where the juncture knits the channel-bone,  
The furious chief discharg'd the craggy stone :  
The bowstring burst beneath the pond'rous blow,  
And his numb'd hand dismiss'd his useless bow.  
He fell : but *Ajax* his broad shield display'd,  
And screen'd his brother with a mighty shade ;  
Till great *Alastor*, and *Mecisteus*, bore  
The batter'd archer groaning to the shore.

*Troy* yet found grace before th' *Olympian* Sire,  
He arm'd their hands, and fill'd their breasts with fire.  
The *Greeks*, repuls'd, retreat behind their wall,  
Or in the trench on heaps confus'dly fall.  
First of the foe great *Hector* march'd along,  
With terror cloath'd, and more than mortal strong.  
As the bold hound, that gives the lion chace,§  
With beating bosom, and with eager pace,  
Hangs on his haunch, or fastens on his heels,  
Guards as he turns, and circles as he wheels:

Thus

## NOTES.

sublime sentiments, he gives a loose to his fancy, and does not regard whether the images exactly correspond. The reason may be this : in the first, the copy must be like the original to cause it to affect us ; the glass needs only to return the real image to make it beautiful : whereas in the other, a succession of noble ideas will cause the like sentiments in the soul ; and though the glass should enlarge the image, it only strikes us with such thoughts as the poet intended to raise, sublime and great.

§ This simile is the justest imaginable ; and gives the most lively picture of the manner in which the *Grecians* fled, and *Hector* pursued them, still slaughtering the hindmost. *Gratius* and *Oppian* have given us particular descriptions of those sort of dogs, of prodigious strength and size, which were employed to hunt and tear down wild beasts. To one of these fierce animals he compares *Hector*, and one cannot but observe his care not to disgrace his *Grecian* countrymen by an unworthy comparison : though he is obliged to represent them flying, he makes them fly like lions ; and as they fly, turn frequently back upon their pursuer : so that it is hard to say, if they, or he, be in the greater danger. On the contrary, when any of the *Grecian* heroes pursues the *Trojans*, it is he that is the lion, and the flyers are but sheep or trembling deer.



Thus oft the *Grecian* turn'd, but still they flew;  
 Thus following *Hector* still the hindmost flew.  
 When flying they had pass'd the trench profound,  
 And many a chief lay gasping on the ground;  
 Before the ships a desp'rate stand they made,  
 And fir'd the troops, and call'd the Gods to aid.  
 Fierce on his rattling chariot *Hector* came;  
 His eyes like *Gorgon* shot a sanguine flame  
 That wither'd all their host: like *Mars* he stood,  
 Dire as the monster, dreadful as the God!  
 Their strong distress the wife of *Jove* survey'd;  
 Then pensive thus, to War's triumphant maid.

O daughter of that God, whose arm can wield  
 Th' avenging bolt, and shake the sable shield!  
 Now, in this moment of her last despair,  
 Shall wretched *Greece* no more confess our care,  
 Condemn'd to suffer the whole force of fate,  
 And drain the dregs of heav'n's relentless hate?  
 Gods! shall one raging hand thus level all?  
 What numbers fell? what numbers yet shall fall?  
 What pow'r divine shall *Hector's* wrath assuage?  
 Still swells the slaughter, and still grows the rage!

So spoke th' imperial regent of the skies;  
 To whom the Goddess with the azure eyes:  
 Long since had *Hector* stain'd these fields with gore,  
 Stretch'd by some *Argive* on his native shore;  
 But He above, the Sire of heav'n withstands,  
 Mocks our attempts, and flights our just demands.  
 The stubborn God, inflexible and hard,\*  
 Forgets my service and deserv'd reward:  
 Sav'd I, for this, his fav'rite† son distress'd,  
 By stern *Euristheus* with long labours press'd?  
 He begg'd, with tears he begg'd, in deep dismay;  
 I shot from heav'n, and gave his arm the day.  
 Oh had my wisdom known this dire event,  
 When to grim *Pluto's* gloomy gates he went;  
 The triple dog had never felt his chain,  
 Nor *Styx* been cross'd, nor hell explor'd in vain.  
 Averse to me of all his heav'n of Gods,  
 At *Thetis's* suit the partial Thund'rer nods.  
 To grace her gloomy, fierce, resenting son,  
 My hopes are frustrate, and my *Greeks* undone.

## NOTES.

\* As *Venus* suggests unlawful as well as lawful desires, so *Minerva* may be described as the Goddess not only of wisdom but of craft; that is, both of true and false wisdom. So the moral of *Minerva's* speaking rashly of *Jupiter*, may be, that the wisest of finite beings is liable to passion and indiscretion, as the commentators have already observed.

† *Hercules*.

‡ She means *Hector*, whose death the poet makes her foresee in such a lively manner, as if the

Some future day, perhaps he may be mov'd  
 To call his blue-ey'd maid his best lov'd.  
 Haste, launch thy chariot, thro' yon ranks to ride;  
 Myself will arm, and thunder at thy side.  
 Then Goddess! say, shall *Hector* glory then,  
 (That terror of the *Greeks*, that man of men)  
 When *Juno's* self, and *Pallas* shall appear,  
 All dreadful in the crimson walks of war?  
 What mighty *Trojan* then, on yonder shore,‡  
 Expiring, pale, and terrible no more,  
 Shall feast the fowls, and glut the dogs with gore?

She ceas'd, and *Juno* rein'd the steeds with care;  
 (Heav'n's awful empress, *Saturn's* other heir)  
*Pallas*, mean while, her various veil unbound,  
 With flow'rs adorn'd, with art immortal crown'd;  
 The radiant robe her sacred fingers wove  
 Floats in rich waves, and spreads the court of  
*Jove*.

Her father's arms her mighty limbs invest,  
 His cuirass blazes on her ample breast.  
 The vig'rous pow'r the trembling car ascends;  
 Shook by her arm, the massy jav'lin bends;  
 Huge, pond'rous, strong! that when her fury burns  
 Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns.

*Saturnia* lends the lash; the coursers fly;  
 Smooth glides the chariot thro' the liquid sky. §  
 Heav'n-gates spontaneous open to the pow'rs,  
 Heav'n's golden gates, kept by the winged *Hours*.  
 Commission'd in alternate watch they stand,  
 The sun's bright portals and the skies command;  
 Close, or unfold, th' eternal gates of day,  
 Bar heav'n with clouds, or roll those clouds away.  
 The sounding hinges ring, the clouds divide;  
 Prone down the steep of heav'n their course they guide.  
 But *Jove* incens'd, from *Ida's* top survey'd,  
 And thus enjoin'd the many-coloured maid.

*Thaumantia*! mount the winds, and stop their car;  
 Against the Highest who shall wage the war?  
 If furious yet they dare the vain debate,  
 Thus have I spoke, and what I spake is fate.  
 Their coursers crush'd beneath the wheels shall lie,  
 Their car in fragments scatter'd o'er the sky;

My

## NOTES.

image of the hero lay bleeding before her. This picture is noble, and agreeable to the observation we formerly made of *Homer's* method of prophesying in the spirit of poetry.

§ One would almost think *Homer* made his Gods and Goddesses descend from *Olympus*, only to mount again, and mount only to descend again, he is so remarkably delighted with the descriptions of their horses, and their manner of flight. We have no less than three of these in the present book.



My light'ning these rebellious shall confound,  
And hurl them flaming, headlong to the ground,  
Condemn'd for ten revolving years to weep  
The wounds impress'd by burning thunder deep.  
So shall *Minerva* learn to fear our ire,  
Nor dare to combat her's and nature's Sire.  
For *Juno*, headstrong and imperious still,\*  
She claims some title to transgress our will.

Swift as the wind, the various-colour'd maid  
From *Ida*'s top her golden wings display'd;  
To great *Olympus*' shining gates she flies,  
There meets the chariot rushing down the skies,  
Restrains their progress from the bright abodes,  
And speaks the mandate of the Sire of Gods.

What frenzy, Goddesses! what rage can move  
Celestial minds to tempt the wrath of *Jove*?  
Desist, obedient to his high command;  
This is his word: and know his word shall stand.  
His light'ning your rebellion shall confound,  
And hurl you headlong, flaming to the ground:  
Your horses crush'd beneath the wheels shall lie,  
Your car in fragments scatter'd o'er the sky;  
Yourselves condemn'd ten rolling years to weep  
The wounds impress'd by burning thunder deep.  
So shall *Minerva* learn to fear his ire,  
Nor dare to combat her's and nature's Sire.  
For *Juno*, headstrong and imperious still,  
She claims some title to transgress his will:  
But thee what desp'rate insolence has driv'n,†  
To lift thy lance against the King of heav'n.

Then mounting on the pinions of the wind,  
She flew; and *Juno* thus her rage resign'd.‡

O daughter of that God, whose arm can wield  
Th' avenging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield!  
No more let beings of superior birth  
Contend with *Jove* for this low race of earth:  
Triumphant now, now miserably slain,  
They breathe or perish as the fates ordain.

## NOTES.

\* We may observe here, if a good man does us a wrong, we are justly angry at it; but if it proceeds from a bad one, it is no more than we expected, we are not at all surprized, and we bear it with patience. There are many such passages as these in *Homer*, which glance obliquely at the fair sex; and *Jupiter* is here forced to take upon himself the severe husband, to teach *Juno* the duty of a wife.

† It is observable that *Homer* generally makes his messengers, divine as well as human, very punctual in delivering their messages in the very words of the persons who commissioned them. *Iris*, however, in the close of her speech has ventured to

But *Jove*'s high counsels full effect shall find,  
And ever constant, ever rule mankind.

She spoke, and backward turn'd her steeds of light,  
Adorn'd with manes of gold, and heav'nly bright.  
The *Hours* unloos'd them, panting as they stood,  
And heap'd their mangers with ambrosial food.  
There ty'd, they rest in high celestial stalls;  
The chariot propt against the crystal walls.  
The pensive Goddesses, abash'd, controul'd,  
Mix with the Gods, and fill their seats of gold.

And now the Thund'rer meditates his flight  
From *Ida*'s summits to th' *Olympian* height.  
Swifter than thought the wheels instinctive fly,  
Flame thro' the vast of air, and reach the sky.  
'Twas *Neptune*'s charge his coursers to unbrace,  
And fix the car on it's immortal base;  
There stood the chariot, beaming forth it's rays,  
Till with a snowy veil he screen'd the blaze.  
He, whose all-conscious eyes the world behold,  
Th' eternal Thunderer, sat thron'd in gold.  
High heav'n the footstool of his feet he makes,  
And wide beneath him, all *Olympus* shakes.  
Trembling afar th' offending pow'rs appear'd,  
Confus'd and silent, for his frown they fear'd.  
He saw their soul, and thus his word imparts;  
*Pallas* and *Juno*! say, why heave your hearts?  
Soon was your battle o'er: proud *Troy* retir'd  
Before your face, and in your wrath expir'd.  
But know, whoe'er almighty pow'r withstand,  
Unmatch'd our force, unconquer'd is our hand:  
Who shall the sov'reign of the skies controul?  
Not all the Gods that crown the starry pole.  
Your hearts shall tremble, if our arms we take,  
And each immortal nerve with horror shake.  
For thus I speak, and what I speak shall stand;  
What pow'r soe'er provokes our lifted hand,  
On this our hill no more shall hold his place,  
Cut off, and exil'd from th' æthereal race.

*Juno*

## NOTES.

go beyond her instructions and all rules of decorum, by adding these expressions of bitter reproach to a Goddess of superior rank.

‡ *Homer* never intended to give us the picture of a good wife in the description of *Juno*: she obeys *Jupiter*, but it is a forced obedience: she submits rather to the governor than to the husband, and is more afraid of his lightning than his commands. Her behaviour in this place is very natural to a person under a disappointment: she had set her heart upon preferring the *Greeks*, but failing in that point, she assumes an air of indifference, and says, whether they live or die, she is unconcerned.



*Juno* and *Pallas* grieving hear the doom,\*  
 But feast their souls on *Ilion's* woes to come.  
 Tho' secret anger swell'd *Minerva's* breast,  
 The prudent Goddess yet her wrath repress'd :  
 But *Juno*, impotent of rage, replies.  
 What hast thou said, O tyrant of the skies!  
 Strength and omnipotence invest thy throne ;  
 'Tis thine to punish ; our's to grieve alone.  
 For *Greece* we grieve, abandon'd by her fate  
 To drink the dregs of thy unmeasur'd hate :  
 From fields forbidden we submit refrain,  
 With arms unaiding see our *Argives* slain ;  
 Yet grant our counsels still their breasts may move,  
 Lest all should perish in the rage of *Jove*.

The Goddess thus : and thus the God replies,  
 Who swells the clouds, and blackens all the skies.  
 The morning sun, awak'd by loud alarms,  
 Shall see th' Almighty Thunderer in arms.  
 What heaps of *Argives* then shall load the plain,  
 Those radiant eyes shall view, and view in vain.  
 Nor shall great *Hector* cease the rage of fight,†  
 The navy flaming, and thy *Greeks* in flight.  
 Ev'n till the day, when certain fates ordain  
 That stern *Achilles*, (his *Patroclus* slain)  
 Shall rise in vengeance, and lay waste the plain.  
 For such is fate, nor canst thou turn it's course  
 With all thy rage, with all thy rebel force.  
 Fly, if thou wilt, to earth's remotest bound,  
 Where on her utmost verge the seas resound ;  
 Where curs'd *Iapetus* and *Saturn* dwell,  
 Fast by the brink, within the steams of hell ;

## NOTES.

\* In the beginning of this book *Juno* was silent, and *Minerva* replied : here *Homer* makes *Juno* reply with great propriety to both their characters. *Minerva* resents the usage of *Jupiter* ; but the reverence she bears to her father, and her king, keeps her silent ; she has not less anger than *Juno*, but more reason. *Minerva* there spoke with all the submission and deference that was owing from a child to a father, or from a subject to a king ; but *Juno* is more free with her husband, she is angry, and lets him know it by the first word she utters. *Juno* here repeats the same words which had been used by *Minerva* to *Jupiter* near the beginning of this book. What is there uttered by wisdom herself, and approved by him, is here spoken by a Goddess, who (as *Homer* tells us at this very time) imprudently manifested her passion, and whom *Jupiter* answers with anger. We may here observe, that the same speeches become entirely different by the different manner of introducing them. *Minerva* addressed herself to *Jupiter* with words full of respect, but

No. 6.

No sun e'er gilds the gloomy horrors there,  
 No chearful gales refresh the lazy air ;  
 There arm once more the bold *Titanian* band ;  
 And arm in vain ; for what I will, shall stand.  
 Now deep in ocean sunk the lamp of light,  
 And drew behind the cloudy veil of night :  
 The conqu'ring *Trojans* mourn his beams decay'd  
 The *Greeks* rejoicing bless the friendly shade.

The victors keep the field ; and *Hector* calls  
 A martial council near the navy-walls ;  
 These to *Scamander's* bank apart he lead,  
 Where thinly scatter'd lay the heaps of dead.  
 Th' assembl'd chiefs, descending on the ground,  
 Attend his order, and their prince surround.  
 A massy spear he bore of mighty strength,  
 Of full ten cubits was the lance's length ;  
 The point was brass, refulgent to behold,  
 Fix'd to the wood with circling rings of gold :  
 The noble *Hector* on his lance reclin'd,  
 And bending forward, thus reveal'd his mind.

Ye valiant *Trojans*, with attention hear ! ‡  
 Ye *Dardan* bands, and gen'rous aids give ear !  
 This day, we hop'd, would wrap in conqu'ring  
 flame

*Greece* with her ships, and crown our toils with fame :  
 But darkness now, to save the cowards, falls,  
 And guards them trembling in their wooden walls.  
 Obey the night, and use her peaceful hours  
 Our steeds to forage, and refresh our pow'rs.  
 Strait from the town be sheep and oxen sought,  
 And strength'ning bread, and gen'rous wine be brought.

Wide

## NOTES.

*Juno* with terms of resentment. This shews the effect of opening our speeches with art : it prejudices the audience in our favour, and makes us speak to friends ; whereas the auditor naturally denies that favour, which the orator does not seem to ask ; so that what he delivers, though it has equal merit, labours under this disadvantage, that his judges are his enemies.

† Here the poet prepares the reader for what is to succeed : he gives us the outlines of his piece, which he is to fill up in the progress of the poem. This is so far from cloying the reader's appetite, that it raises it, and makes him desirous to see the picture drawn in it's full length.

‡ *Hector* here speaks like a soldier : he bears a spear, not a sceptre in his hand ; he harangues like a soldier, but like a victor ; he seems to be too much pleased with himself, and in this vein of self-flattery, he promises a complete conquest over the *Greeks*.

E e



Wide o'er the field, high blazing to the sky,  
 Let num'rous fires the absent sun supply,  
 The flaming piles with plenteous fuel raise,  
 Till the bright morn her purple beam displays;  
 Lest in the silence and the shades of night,  
*Greece* on her sable ships attempt her flight.  
 Not unmolested let the wretches gain  
 Their lofty decks, or safely cleave the main.  
 Some hostile wound let ev'ry dart bestow,  
 Some lasting token of the *Phrygian* foe,  
 Wounds, that long hence may ask their spouses care,  
 And warn their children from a *Trojan* war.  
 Now thro' the circuit of our *Ilian* wall,  
 Let sacred heralds sound the solemn call,  
 To bid the fires with hoary honours crown'd,  
 And beardless youths, our battlements surround.  
 Firm be the guard, while distant lie our pow'rs,  
 And let the matrons hang with lights the tow'rs:  
 Lest under covert of the midnight shade,  
 Th' insidious foe the naked town invade.  
 Suffice, to-night, these orders to obey;  
 A nobler charge shall rouse the dawning day.  
 The Gods, I trust, shall give to *Hector's* hand,  
 From these detested foes to free the land,  
 Who plow'd, with fates averse, the wat'ry way;  
 For *Trojan* vultures a destin'd prey.  
 Our common safety must be now the care;  
 But soon as morning paints the fields of air,  
 Sheath'd in bright arms let ev'ry troop engage,  
 And the fir'd fleet behold the battle rage.  
 Then, then shall *Hector* and *Tydid* prove,  
 Whose fates are heaviest in the scale of *Jove*.  
 To-morrow's light (oh haste the glorious morn!)  
 Shall see his bloody spoils in triumph borne,  
 With this keen jav'lin shall his breast be gor'd,  
 And prostrate heroes bleed around their lord.  
 Certain as this, oh! might my days endure,  
 From age inglorious, and black death secure;  
 So might my life and glory know no bound,  
 Like *Pallas* worshipp'd, like the sun renown'd!

## NOTES.

\* This comparison is inferior to none in *Homer*. It is the most beautiful night-piece that can be found in poetry. He presents you with a prospect of the heavens, the seas, and the earth: the stars shine, the air is serene, the world enlightened, and the moon mounted in glory.

† *Homer* in his catalogue of the *Grecian* ships, though he does not recount expressly the number of the *Greeks*, has given some hints from whence the sum of their army may be collected. But in the same book where he gives an account of the *Trojan*

As the next dawn, the last they shall enjoy,  
 Shall crush the *Greeks*, and end the woes of *Troy*.

The leader spoke. From all his host around  
 Shouts of applause along the shores resound.  
 Each from the yoke the smoking fleeds unty'd,  
 And fix'd their headstalls to his chariot side.  
 Fat sheep and oxen from the town are led,  
 With gen'rous wine, and all-sustaining bread.  
 Full hecatombs lay burning on the shore;  
 The winds to heav'n the curling vapours bore.  
 Ungrateful off'ring to th' immortal pow'rs!  
 Whose wrath hung heavy o'er the *Trojan* tow'rs;  
 Nor *Priam* nor his sons obtain'd their grace;  
 Proud *Troy* they hated, and her guilty race.

The troops exulting sat in order round,  
 And beaming fires illumin'd all the ground.  
 As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night! \*  
 O'er heav'n's clear azure spreads her sacred light,  
 When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,  
 And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;  
 Around her throne the vivid planets roll,  
 And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,  
 O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,  
 And tip with silver ev'ry mountain's head;  
 Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,  
 A flood of glory bursts from all the skies:  
 The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,  
 Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.  
 So many flames before proud *Ilium* blaze,  
 And lighten glimm'ring *Xanthus* with their rays:  
 The long reflections of the distant fires  
 Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires.  
 A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild, †  
 And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field.  
 Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,  
 Whose umber'd arms, by fits, thick flashes send;  
 Loud neigh the couriers o'er their heaps of corn,  
 And ardent warriors wait the rising morn.

## NOTES.

army, and relates the names of the leaders and nations of the auxiliaries, he says nothing by which we may infer the number of the army of the besieged. To supply therefore that omission, he has taken occasion by this piece of poetical arithmetic, to inform his reader, that the *Trojan* army amounted to 50,000. That the assistant nations are to be included herein, appears from what *Dolon* says in book 10, that the auxiliaries were encamped that night with the *Trojans*.



## The NINTH BOOK of the ILIAD.\*

## A R G U M E N T.

## THE EMBASSY TO ACHILLES.

Agamemnon, after the last day's defeat, proposes to the Greeks to quit the siege, and return to their country. Diomed opposes this, and Nestor seconds him, praising his wisdom and resolution. He orders the guard to be strengthened, and a council summoned to deliberate what measures were to be followed in this emergency. Agamemnon pursues this advice, and Nestor farther prevails upon him to send ambassadors to Achilles, in order to move him to a reconciliation. Ulysses and Ajax are made choice of, who are accompanied by old Phoenix. They make, each of them, very moving and pressing speeches, but are rejected with roughness by Achilles, who notwithstanding retains Phoenix in his tent. The ambassadors return unsuccessfully to the camp, and the troops betake themselves to sleep.

This book, and the next following, take up the space of one night, which is the twenty-seventh from the beginning of the poem. The scene lies on the sea-shore, the station of the Grecian ships.

THUS joyful Troy maintain'd the watch of night ;  
While fear, pale comrade of inglorious flight,  
And heav'n-bred horror, on the Grecian part,  
Sat on each face, and sadden'd every heart.  
As from it's cloudy dungeon issuing forth,  
A double tempest of the west and north  
Swells o'er the sea, from Thracia's frozen shore, †  
Heaps waves on waves, and bids th' Ægean roar ;

This way and that, the boiling deeps are tost ;  
Such various passions urg'd the troubled host.  
Great Agamemnon griev'd above the rest ;  
Superior sorrows swell'd his royal breast ;  
Himself his orders to the heralds bears,  
To bid to council all the Grecian peers,  
But bid in whispers : these surround their chief, ‡  
In solemn sadness, and majestic grief.

The

## NOTES.

\* We have here a new scene of action opened ; the poet has hitherto given us an account of what happened by day only : the two following books relate the adventures of the night. It may be thought that *Homer* has crowded a great many actions into a very short time. In the ninth book a council is convened, an embassy sent, a considerable time passes, in the speeches and replies of the ambassadors and *Achilles* : in the tenth book a second council is called ; after this a debate is held, *Dolon* is intercepted, *Diomed* and *Ulysses* enter into the enemy's camp, kill *Rhesus*, and bring away his horses : and all this is done in the narrow compass of one night. It must therefore be remembered, that the ninth book takes up the first part of the night only ; that after the first council was dissolved, there passed some time before the second was sum-

## NOTES.

moned, as appears by the leaders being awakened by *Menelaus*. So that it was almost morning before *Diomed* and *Ulysses* set out upon their design. And although a great many incidents are introduced, yet every thing might easily have been performed in the allotted time.

† The particular parts of this comparison agree admirably with the design of *Homer*, to express the distraction of the *Greeks* : the two winds representing the different opinions of the armies, one part of which were inclined to return, the other to stay.

‡ The reason why *Agamemnon* commands his heralds to summon the leaders in silence, is for fear the enemy should discover their consternation, by reason of their nearness, or perceive what their designs were in this extremity.



The king amidst the mournful circle rose ;  
 Down his wan cheek a briny torrent flows :  
 So silent fountains, from a rock's tall head,  
 In fable streams soft-trickling waters shed.  
 With more than vulgar grief he stood oppress'd ;  
 Words, mixt with sighs, thus bursting from his breast.  
 Ye sons of *Greece* ! partake your leader's care,\*  
 Fellows in arms, and princes of the war !  
 Of partial *Jove* too justly we complain,  
 And heav'nly oracles believ'd in vain ;  
 A safe return was promis'd to our toils,  
 With conquest honour'd, and enrich'd with spoils :  
 Now shameful flight alone can save the host ;  
 Our wealth, our people, and our glory lost.

## NOTES.

\* The critics are divided in their opinion, whether this speech, which is word for word the same with that he makes in book 2, be only a feint to try the army, as it is there, or the real sentiments of the general. On the one hand it is said, that *Agamemnon* in the second book thought himself assured of victory from the dream which *Jupiter* had sent to him, and in that confidence was desirous to bring the *Greeks* to a battle ; but in the ninth book his circumstances are changed, he is in the utmost distress and despair upon his defeat, and therefore his proposal to raise the siege is in all probability sincere. If *Homer* had intended we should think otherwise, he would have told us so, as he did on the former occasion : and some of the officers would have suspected a feint the rather, because they had been imposed upon by the same speech before. But none of them suspect him at all. *Diomed* thinks him so much in earnest as to reproach his cowardice, *Nestor* applauds *Diomed's* liberty, and *Agamemnon* makes not the least defence for himself. On the other side it is asserted, that *Homer* had no occasion to tell us this was counterfeit, because the officers could not but remember it to have been so before. We do not pretend to decide upon this point ; but which way soever it be, *Agamemnon's* design was equally answered by repeating the same speech : so that the repetition at least is not to be blamed in *Homer*. What obliged *Agamemnon* to that feint, in the second book, was the hatred he had incurred in the army, by being the cause of *Achilles's* departure ; this made it but a necessary precaution in him to try, before he came to a battle, whether the *Greeks* were disposed to it : and it was equally necessary, in case the event should prove unsuccessful, to free himself from the odium of being the occasion of it. Therefore when they were now actually defeated, to repeat the same words, was the readiest way to put them in mind that he had proposed the same advice to them be-

So *Jove* decrees, Almighty Lord of all !  
*Jove*, at whose nod whole empires rise or fall,  
 Who shakes the feeble props of human trust,  
 And tow'rs and armies humbles to the dust :  
 Haste then, for ever quit these fatal fields,  
 Haste to the joys our native country yields ;  
 Spread all your canvas, all your oars employ,  
 Nor hope the fall of heav'n-defended *Troy*.

He said ; deep silence held the *Grecian* band,  
 Silent, unmov'd, in dire dismay they stand,  
 A pensive scene ! till *Tydeus's* warlike son  
 Roll'd on the king his eyes, and thus begun.

When kings advise us to renounce our fame,†  
 First let him speak, who first has suffer'd shame.

If

## NOTES.

fore the battle ; and to make it appear unjust that their ill fortune should be charged upon him.

† We may here ask, What can be the drift of *Diomed*, when he insults *Agamemnon* in his griefs and distresses ? For what *Diomed* here says, seems not only very ill-timed, but inconsistent with his own opinion, and with the respect he had shewn in the beginning of this very speech. This is the introduction of a man in temper, who is willing to soften and excuse the liberty of what is to follow, and what necessity only obliges him to utter. But he subjoins a resentment of the reproach the king had formerly thrown upon him, and tells him that *Jupiter* had given him power and dominion without courage and virtue. These are things which agree but ill together, that *Diomed* should upbraid *Agamemnon* in his adversity, with past injuries, after he had endured his reproaches with so much moderation, and had reproved *Sthenelus* so warmly for the contrary practice in the fourth book. If any one answer, that *Diomed* was warranted in this freedom by the bravery of his warlike behaviour since that reproach, he supposes this hero very ignorant how to demean himself in prosperity. The truth is, the whole accusation of *Diomed's* is only a feint to serve the designs of *Agamemnon*. For being desirous to persuade the *Greeks* against their departure, he effects that design by this counterfeited anger, and licence of speech ; and seeming to resent, that *Agamemnon* should be capable of imagining the army would return to *Greece*, he artificially makes use of these reproaches to cover his argument. This is farther confirmed by what follows, when he bids *Agamemnon* return, if he pleases, and affirms that the *Grecians* will stay without him. Nay, he carries the matter so far, as to boast, that if all the rest should depart, himself and *Sthenelus* alone would continue the war, which would be extremely childish and absurd in any other view than this.



If I oppose thee, prince! thy wrath with-hold,  
 The laws of council bid my tongue be bold.  
 Thou first, and thou alone, in fields of fight,  
 Durst brand my courage, and defame my might;  
 Nor from a friend th' unkind reproach appear'd,  
 The *Greeks* stood witness, all our army heard.  
 The Gods, O chief! from whom our honours spring,  
 The Gods have made thee but by halves a king;  
 They gave thee sceptres, and a wide command,\*  
 They gave dominion o'er the seas and land,  
 The noblest pow'r that might the world controul  
 They gave thee not—a brave and virtuous soul.  
 Is this a gen'ral's voice, that would suggest  
 Fears like his own to ev'ry *Grecian* breast?  
 Confiding in our want of worth, he stands,  
 And if we fly, 'tis what our king commands.  
 Go thou inglorious! from th' embattled plain;  
 Ships thou hast store; and nearest to the main,†  
 A nobler care the *Grecians* shall employ,  
 To combat, conquer, and extirpate *Troy*.  
 Here *Greece* shall stay; or if all *Greece* retire;  
 Myself will stay, till *Troy* or I expire;

## NOTES.

\* This is the language of a brave man, to affirm and say boldly, that courage is above sceptres and crowns. Sceptres and crowns were indeed in former times not hereditary, but the recompence of valour. With what art and haughtiness *Diomed* sets himself indirectly above *Agamemnon*!

† There is a secret stroke of satire in these words; *Diomed* tells the king that his Squadron lies next the sea, insinuating that they were the most distant from the battle, and readiest for flight.

‡ This is literal from the *Greek*, and therein may be seen the style of holy scripture, where it is said that they *come with God*, or that they are not come *without God*, meaning that they did not come without his order. This passage is very beautiful. *Homer* adds it to shew that the valour of *Diomed*, which puts him upon remaining alone with *Sthenelus*, when all the *Greeks* were gone, is not a rash and mad boldness, but a reasonable one, and founded on the promises of God himself, who cannot lye.

§ *Nestor* seconds the oration of *Diomed*. We shall perceive the artifice of his discourse, if we reflect to how little purpose it would be without this design. He praises *Diomed* for what he has said, but does it not without declaring, that he had not spoken fully to the purpose, but fallen short in some points, which he ascribes to his youth, and promises to supply them. Then after a long preamble, when he has turned himself several ways, as if he was sporting in a new and uncommon vein of  
 No. 6.

Myself, and *Sthenelus*, will fight for fame;  
 God bade us fight, and 'twas with God we came.‡  
 He ceas'd; the *Greeks* loud acclamations raise,  
 And voice to voice resounds *Tydidēs*' praise.  
 Wise *Nestor* then his rev'rend figure rear'd;  
 He spoke: the host in still attention heard,§  
 O truly great! in whom the Gods have join'd||  
 Such strength of body with such force of mind;  
 In conduct, as in courage, you excel,  
 Still first to act what you advise so well.  
 Those wholesome counsels which thy wisdom moves,  
 Applauding *Greece* with common voice approves.  
 Kings thou canst blame; a bold but prudent youth;  
 And blame ev'n kings with praise, because with truth.  
 And yet those years that since thy birth have run,  
 Would hardly style thee *Nestor*'s youngest son.  
 Then let me add what yet remains behind,  
 A thought unfinish'd in that gen'rous mind;  
 Age bids me speak; nor shall th' advice I bring  
 Distaste the people, or offend the king.  
 Curs'd is the man, and void of law and right,¶  
 Unworthy property, unworthy light,

Unfit

## NOTES.

oratory, he concludes by ordering the watch to their stations, and advising *Agamemnon* to invite the elders of the army to a supper, there, out of many counsels, to chuse the best. All this at first sight appears absurd: but we must know that *Nestor* too speaks in a figure. *Diomed* seems to quarrel with *Agamemnon* purely to gratify him; but *Nestor* praises his liberty of speech, as it were to vindicate a real quarrel with the king. The end of all this is only to move *Agamemnon* to supplicate *Achilles*; and to that end he so much commends the young man's freedom. In proposing to call a council only of the eldest, he consults the dignity of *Agamemnon*, that he might not be exposed to make this condescension before the younger officers. And he concludes by an artful inference of the absolute necessity of applying to *Achilles* from the present posture of their affairs. This is all *Nestor* says at this time before the general assembly of the *Greeks*; but in his next speech, when the elders only are present, he explains the whole matter at large, and openly declares that they must have recourse to *Achilles*.

|| *Nestor* could do no less than commend *Diomed*'s valour, he had lately been a witness of it when he was preserved from falling into the enemy's hands by *Diomed*.

¶ *Nestor* very artfully brings in these words as a general maxim, in order to dispose *Agamemnon* to a reconciliation with *Achilles*: he delivers it in general terms, and leaves the king to make the application.

F f



Unfit for public rule, or private care;  
 That wretch, that monster, who delights in war:  
 Whose lust is murder, and whose horrid joy  
 To tear his country, and his kind destroy!  
 This night, refresh and fortify thy train;  
 Between the trench and wall let guards remain: \*  
 Be that the duty of the young and bold;  
 But thou, O king, to council call the old:  
 Great is thy sway, and weighty are thy cares:  
 Thy high commands must spirit all our wars.  
 With *Thracian* wines recruit thy honour'd guests,  
 For happy counsels flow from sober feasts.  
 Wise, weighty counsels aid a state distressed,  
 And such a monarch as can chuse the best.  
 See! what a blaze from hostile tents aspires,  
 How near our fleet approach the *Trojan* fires!  
 Who can, unmov'd, behold the dreadful light,  
 What eye beholds 'em, and can close to-night?  
 This dreadful interval determines all;  
 To-morrow, *Troy* must flame, or *Greece* must fall.  
 Thus spoke the hoary sage: the rest obey;  
 Swift thro' the gates the guards direct their way.  
 His son was first to pass the lofty mound,  
 The gen'rous *Thrasymed*, in arms renown'd:  
 Next him, *Aescalaphus*, *Ialmen*, stood,  
 The double offspring of the Warrior-God.  
*Deipyrus*, *Aphareus*, *Merion* join,  
 And *Lycomed*, of *Creon's* noble line.  
 Sev'n were the leaders of the nightly bands,  
 And each bold chief a hundred spears commands.  
 The fires they light, to short repasts they fall,†  
 Some line the trench, and others man the wall.

## NOTES.

\* It is almost impossible to make such particularities as these appear with any tolerable elegance in poetry: and as they cannot be raised, so neither must they be omitted. This particular space here mentioned between the trench and wall, is what we must carry in our mind through this and the following book: otherwise we shall be at a loss to know the exact scene of the actions and counsels that follow.

† They lighted up these fires that they might not seem to be under any consternation, but to be upon their guard against any alarm.

‡ The chief conduct of *Homer* in this place is very remarkable; he does not fall into a long description of the entertainment, but complies with the exigence of affairs, and passes on to the consultation.

§ What our author here says, is a maxim drawn from the profoundest philosophy. That which often does men the most harm, is envy, and the

The king of men, on public counsels bent,  
 Conven'd the princes in his ample tent;  
 Each seiz'd a portion of the kingly feast,  
 But stay'd his hand when thirst and hunger ceas'd.‡  
 Then *Nestor* spoke, for wisdom long approv'd,  
 And slowly rising, thus the council mov'd.  
 Monarch of nations! whose superior sway  
 Assembled states, and lords of earth obey,  
 The laws and scepters to thy hand are giv'n,  
 And millions own the care of thee and heav'n.  
 O king! the counsels of my age attend;  
 With thee my cares begin, in thee must end;  
 Thee, prince! it fits alike to speak and hear,  
 Pronounce with judgment, with regard give ear,  
 To see no wholesome motion be withstood,  
 And ratify the best for public good.  
 Nor, tho' a meaner give advice, repine,  
 But follow it, and make the wisdom thine.§  
 Hear then a thought, not now conceiv'd in haste,  
 At once my present judgment, and my past; ||  
 When from *Pelides'* tent you forc'd the maid,  
 I first oppos'd, and faithful, durst dissuade;  
 But bold of soul, when headlong fury fir'd,  
 You wrong'd the man, by men and Gods admir'd:  
 Now seek some means his fatal wrath to end,  
 With pray'rs to move him, or with gifts to bend.  
 To whom the king. With justice hast thou shown  
 A prince's faults, and I with reason own.  
 That happy man whom *Jove* still honours most,  
 Is more than armies, and himself an host.  
 Blest in his love; this wond'rous hero stands; ¶  
 Heav'n fights his war, and humbles all our bands.

Fain

## NOTES.

shame of yielding to advice, which proceeds from others. There is more greatness and capacity in following good advice, than in proposing it; by executing it, we render it our own, and we ravish even the property of it from it's author.

|| *Nestor* here means the advice he gave at the time of the quarrel, in the first book. He says, it was his opinion then, that *Agamemnon* ought not to disgrace *Achilles*; so after the maturest deliberation, he finds no reason to alter it. *Nestor* here launches out into the praises of *Achilles*, which is a secret argument to induce *Agamemnon* to regain his friendship, by shewing the importance of it.

¶ It is remarkable that *Agamemnon* here never uses the name of *Achilles*: though he is resolved to court his friendship, yet he cannot bear the mention of his name. The impression which the dissension made, is not yet worn off, though he expatiates in commendation of his valour.



Fain would my heart, which err'd thro' frantic rage,  
 The wrathful chief and angry Gods assuage,  
 If gifts immense his mighty soul can bow,\*  
 Hear, all ye *Greeks*, and witness what I vow.  
 Ten weighty talents of the purest gold,  
 And twice ten vases of resplendent mould;  
 Sev'n sacred tripods, whose unfully'd frame†  
 Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame:  
 Twelve steeds unmatch'd in fleetness and in force,‡  
 And still victorious in the dusty course:  
 (Rich were the man, whose ample stores exceed  
 The prizes purchas'd by their winged speed)  
 Sev'n lovely captives of the *Lesbian* line,  
 Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd in form divine,  
 The same I chose for more than vulgar charms,  
 When *Lesbos* sunk beneath the hero's arms.  
 All these, to buy his friendship, shall be paid,  
 And join'd with these the long-contested maid;  
 With all her charms; *Briseïs* I resign,  
 And solemn swear those charms were never mine;  
 Untouch'd she stay'd, uninjur'd she removes,  
 Pure from my arms, and guiltless of my loves.  
 These instant shall be his; and if the pow'rs  
 Give to our arms proud *Ilion's* hostile tow'rs,

Then shall he store (when *Greece* the spoil divides)  
 With gold and brags his loaded navy's sides.  
 Besides full twenty nymphs of *Trojan* race,  
 With copious love shall crown his warm embrace;  
 Such as himself will chuse: who yield to none,  
 Or yield to *Helen's* heavenly charms alone.  
 Yet hear me farther: when our wars are o'er,  
 If safe we land on *Argos's* fruitful shore,  
 There shall he live my son, our honours share,  
 And with *Orestes's* self divide my care.  
 Yet more—three daughters in my court are bred,  
 And each well worthy of a royal bed;  
*Laodice* and *Iphigenia* fair,  
 And bright *Chrysothemis* with golden hair;  
 Her let him chuse, whom most his eyes approve,  
 I ask no presents, no reward for love: §  
 Myself will give the dow'r; so vast a store,  
 As never father gave a child before.  
 Sev'n ample cities shall confess his sway,  
 Him *Enope*, and *Pheræ* him obey,  
*Cardamyle* with ample turrets crown'd,  
 And sacred *Pedafus* for vines renown'd;  
*Æpea* fair, the pastures *Hira* yields,  
 And rich *Anthæia* with her flow'ry fields:

The

## NOTES.

\* The poet makes a wise choice of the gifts that are to be proffered to *Achilles*. Had he been ambitious of wealth, there are golden tripods, and ten talents of gold to bribe his resentment. If he had been addicted to the fair sex, there was a king's daughter, and seven fair captives to win his favour. Or if he had been ambitious of greatness, there were seven wealthy cities, and a kingly power to court him to a reconciliation: but he takes this way to shew us that his anger was stronger than all his other passions. It is farther observable, that *Agamemnon* promises these presents at three different times; first, at this instant; secondly, on the taking of *Troy*; and lastly, after their return to *Greece*. This division in some degree multiplies them.

† There were two kinds of tripod: in the one they used to boil water, the other was entirely for shew, or to mix wine and water in. It may be asked why this could be a proper present for *Achilles*, who was a martial man, and regarded nothing but arms? It may be answered, that these presents very well suited to the person to whom they were sent, as tripods in ancient days were the usual prizes in games, and they were given by *Achilles* himself in those which he exhibited in honour of *Patroclus*: the same may be said of the female captives, which were also among the prizes in the games of *Patroclus*.

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‡ Hence it is evident that games used to be celebrated in the *Grecian* army during the time of war; perhaps in honour of the deceased heroes. For had *Agamemnon* given *Achilles* horses that had been victorious before the beginning of the *Trojan* war, they would by this time have been too old to be of any value.

§ In *Greece* the bridegroom, before he married, was obliged to make two presents, one to his betrothed wife, and the other to his father-in-law. This custom is very ancient; it was practised by the *Hebrews* in the time of the patriarchs. *Abraham's* servant gave necklaces and ear-rings to *Rebecca*, whom he demanded for *Isaac*, *Gen.* xxiv. 22. *Shechem* son of *Hamor* says to *Jacob* and his sons, whose sister he was desirous to espouse, "Ask me never so much dowry and gifts," *Genesis* xxxiv. 12. For the dowry was for the daughter. This present served for her dowry, and the other presents were for the father. In the first book of *Samuel* xviii. 25, *Saul* makes them say to *David*, who by reason of his poverty said he could not be son-in-law to the king: "The king desireth not any dowry." And in the two last passages, we see the presents were commonly regulated by the father of the bride. There is no mention in *Homer* of any present made to the father, but only of that which was given to the married daughter.



The whole extent to *Pylus*' sandy plain,  
 Along the verdant margin of the main.  
 There heifers graze, and lab'ring oxen toil;  
 Bold are the men, and gen'rous is the soil;  
 There shall he reign with pow'r and justice crown'd,  
 And rule the tributary realms around:  
 All this I give, his vengeance to controul,  
 And sure all this may move his mighty soul.  
*Pluto*, the grizly God, who never spares,\*  
 Who feels no mercy, and who hears no pray'rs,  
 Lives dark and dreadful in deep hell's abodes,  
 And mortals hate him, as the worst of Gods.  
 Great tho' he be, it fits him to obey:  
 Since more than his my years, and more my sway.

The monarch thus: the rev'rend *Nestor* then:  
 Great *Agamemnon*! glorious king of men!  
 Such are thy offers as a prince may take,  
 And such as fits a gen'rous king to make.  
 Let chosen delegates this hour be sent,  
 (Myself will name them) to *Pelides*' tent:  
 Let *Phœnix* lead,† rever'd for hoary age,  
 Great *Ajax* next, and *Ithacus* the sage.‡  
 Yet more to sanctify the word you send,  
 Let *Hodius* and *Eurybates* attend.

## NOTES.

\* The meaning of this may be gathered from a passage in *Æschylus*, which we shall here cite: "Death, (says he) is the only God who is not moved by offerings, whom you cannot conquer by sacrifices and oblations, and therefore he is the only God to whom no altar is erected, and no hymns are sung."

† How comes it to pass that *Phœnix* is in the Grecian camp, when undoubtedly he retired with his pupil *Achilles*? The ancients conjectured that he came to the camp to see the first battle: and indeed nothing is more natural to imagine, than that *Achilles* would be impatient to know the event of the day, when he was himself absent from the fight: and as his revenge and glory were to be satisfied by the ill success of the *Grecians*, it is highly probable that he sent *Phœnix* to inquire after it. *Phœnix* was not an ambassador, but only the conductor of the embassy. This is evident from the words themselves in the original, which are all along delivered in the dual number; and farther, from *Achilles*'s requiring *Phœnix* to stay with him when the other two departed.

‡ The choice of these persons is made with a great deal of judgment. *Achilles* could not but reverence the venerable *Phœnix* his guardian and tutor. *Ajax* and *Ulysses* had been disgraced in the first book, as well as he, and were therefore proper per-

sons to persuade him to forgive as they had forgiven: besides, it was the greatest honour that could be done to *Achilles*, to send the most worthy personages in the army to him. *Ulysses* was inferior to none in eloquence but to *Nestor*. *Ajax* was second to none in valour but to *Achilles*. *Ajax* might have an influence over him as a relation, by descent from *Æacus*, *Ulysses* as an orator: to these are joined *Hodius* and *Eurybates*, two heralds, which though it were not customary, yet was necessary in this place, both to certify *Achilles* that this embassy was the act of *Agamemnon* himself, and also to make these persons who had been witnesses before God and man of the wrong done to *Achilles* in respect to *Bri-seïs*, witnesses also of the satisfaction given him.

§ There is a great propriety in representing *Nestor* as so particularly applying himself on this occasion to *Ulysses*. Though he of all men had the least need of his instructions; yet it is highly natural for one wise man to talk most to another.  
 || *Homer*, to prove what an excellent use may be made of music, feigned *Achilles* to compose by this means the wrath he had conceived against *Agamemnon*. He sung to his harp the noble actions of the valiant, and the achievements of heroes and demi-gods, a subject worthy of *Achilles*. *Homer* moreover teaches us in this fiction the proper season for music, when a man is at leisure and unemployed

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## NOTES.

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*The Greeks astonished at their Defeat, send Ulysses, Ajax and Phoenix, to Achilles, to beg him to return to the Camp. He haughtily rejects their prayers, and dismisses them roughly.*

B. IX.

*T. Fourdrinier sculp.*



With this he sooths his angry soul, and sings  
Th' immortal deeds of heroes and of kings:  
*Patroclus* only of the royal train,  
Plac'd in his tent, attends the lofty strain:  
Full opposite he sat, and listen'd long,  
In silence waiting till he ceas'd the song.  
Unseen the *Græcian* embassy proceeds  
To his high tent; the great *Ulysses* leads.  
*Achilles* starting, as the chiefs he spy'd,  
Leap'd from his seat, and laid the harp aside.  
With like surprize arose *Meneæus*' son:  
*Pelides* grasp'd their hands, and thus begun.

Princes all hail! whatever brought you here,\*  
Or strong necessity, or urgent fear;  
Welcome, tho' *Greeks*! for not as foes ye came;  
To me more dear than all that bear the name.

With that, the chiefs beneath his roof he led,  
And plac'd in seats with purple carpets spread.  
Then thus—*Patroclus*, crown a larger bowl,  
Mix purer wine, and open ev'ry soul.  
Of all the warriors yonder host can send,  
Thy friend most honours these, and these thy friend.

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in greater affairs. For *Achilles*, so valorous as he was, had retired from action through his displeasure to *Agamemnon*. And nothing was better suited to the martial disposition of this hero, than these heroic songs, that prepared him for the deeds and toils he afterwards undertook, by the celebration of the like in those who had gone before him. Such was the ancient music, and to such purposes it was applied.

\* This short speech is wonderfully proper to the occasion, and to the temper of the speaker. One is under a great expectation of what *Achilles* will say at the sight of these heroes, and we know nothing in nature that could satisfy it, but the very thing he here accosts them with.

† Such descriptions as these give us an exact account of the simplicity of that age, which for all we know might be a part of *Homer's* design; there being, no doubt, a considerable change of customs in *Greece*, from the time of the *Trojan* war to that wherein our author lived; and it seemed demanded of him to omit nothing that might give the *Greeks* an idea of the manners of their predecessors. But however that matter stood, it should be a pleasure to a modern reader, to see how such mighty men, whose actions have survived their persons three thousand years, lived in the earliest ages of the world. The ambassadors found this hero without any attendants; he had no ushers or waiters to introduce them, no servile parasites about him: the latter ages

No. 7.

He said; *Patroclus* o'er the blazing fire †  
Heaps in a brazen vase three chimes entire:  
The brazen vase *Automedon* sustains,  
Which flesh of porket, sheep, and goat contains: ||  
*Achilles* at the genial feast presides,  
The parts transfixes, and with skill divides.  
Mean while *Patroclus* sweats the fire to raise;  
The tent is brightened with the rising blaze:  
Then, when the languid flames at length subside,  
He strows a bed of glowing embers wide,  
Above the coals the smoking fragments turns,  
And sprinkles sacred salt from lifted urns; ‡  
With bread the glitt'ring canisters they load,  
Which round the board *Meneæus*' son bestow'd;  
Himself, oppos'd to *Ulysses* full in sight,  
Each portion parts, and orders ev'ry rite.  
The first fat off rings, to th' Immortals due,  
Amidst the greedy flames *Patroclus* threw;  
Then each, indulging in the social feast,  
His thirst and hunger soberly repress.  
That done, to *Phœnix* *Ajax* gave the sign; §  
Not unperceiv'd; *Ulysses* crown'd with wine

The

## NOTES.

degenerated into these pieces of state and pageantry. The supper also is described with an equal simplicity: three princes are busied in preparing it, and they who made the greatest figure in the field of battle, thought it no disparagement to prepare their own repast.

|| *Homer* is in the right not to avoid these descriptions, because nothing can properly be called vulgar which is drawn from the manner and usages of persons of the first dignity; and also because in his tongue even the terms of cookery are so noble, and of so agreeable a sound, and he likewise knows how to place them so well, as to extract a perfect harmony from them: so that he may be said to be as excellent a poet when he describes these small matters, as when he treats of the greatest subjects.

‡ Many reasons are given why salt is called sacred or divine, but the best is because it preserves things incorrupt, and keeps them from dissolution. So thunder is called divine, because bodies struck with thunder will not putrify; besides generation is divine, because God is the principle of all things, and salt is most operative in generation.

§ *Ajax*, who was a rough soldier and no orator, is impatient to have the business over: he makes a sign to *Phœnix* to begin, but *Ulysses* prevents him. Perhaps *Ulysses* might flatter himself that his oratory would prevail upon *Achilles*, and so obtain the honour of making the reconciliation himself: or if he were repulsed, there yet remained a second and third

G g

resource



The foaming bowl, and instant thus began,  
 His speech addressing to the god-like man;  
 Health to *Achilles*! happy are thy guests! \*  
 Not those more honour'd whom *Atrides* feasts:  
 Tho' gen'rous plenty crown thy loaded boards,  
 That *Agamemnon's* regal tent affords;  
 But greater cares sit heavy on our souls,  
 Not eas'd by banquets or by flowing bowls.  
 What scenes of slaughter in yon fields appear!  
 The dead we mourn, and for the living fear!  
*Greece* on the brink of fate all doubtful stands,  
 And owns no help but from thy saving hands:  
*Troy* and her aids for ready vengeance call;  
 Their threat'ning tents already shade our wall:  
 Hear how with shouts their conquest they proclaim,  
 And point at ev'ry ship their vengeful flame!  
 For them the Father of the Gods declares,  
 Their's are his omens, and his thunder their's.  
 See, full of *Jove*, avenging *Hector* rise!  
 See! heaven and earth the raging chief defies;  
 What fury in his breast, what lightning in his  
 eyes!  
 He waits but for the morn, to sink in flame †  
 The ships, the *Greeks*, and all the *Grecian* name.  
 Heav'n's! how my country's woes distract my mind,  
 Lest fate accomplish all his rage design'd.

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resource in *Ajax* and *Phænix*, who might renew the attempt, and endeavour to shake his resolution: there would still be some hopes of success, as one of these was his guardian, the other his relation. One may farther add to these reasons, that it would have been improper for *Phænix* to have spoken first, since he was not an ambassador; and therefore *Ulysses* was the fitter person, as being empowered by that function to make an offer of the presents, in the name of the king.

\* There are no discourses in the *Iliad* better placed, better timed, or that give a greater idea of *Homer's* genius, than these of the ambassadors to *Achilles*. These speeches are not only necessarily demanded by the occasion, but disposed with art, and in such an order, as raises more and more the pleasure of the reader. *Ulysses* speaks the first, the character of whose discourse is a well-addressed eloquence; so the mind is agreeably engaged by the choice of his reasons and applications: *Achilles* replies with a magnanimous freedom, whereby the mind is elevated with the sentiments of the hero: *Phænix* discourses in a manner touching and pathetic, whereby the heart is moved: and *Ajax* concludes with a generous disdain, that leaves the soul

And must we, Gods! our heads inglorious lay  
 In *Trojan* dust! and this the fatal day?  
 Return, *Achilles*! oh return, tho' late,  
 To save thy *Greeks*, and stop the course of fate;  
 If in that heart, or grief, or courage lies,  
 Rise to redeem; ah yet, to conquer, rise!  
 The day may come, when, all our warriors slain,  
 That heart shall melt, that courage rise in vain.  
 Regard in time, O prince divinely brave!  
 Those wholesome counsels which thy father gave.  
 When *Peleus* in his aged arms embrac'd  
 His parting son, these accents were his last.  
 My child! with strength, with glory and success,  
 Thy arms may *Juno* and *Minerva* bless!  
 Trust that to heav'n: but thou, thy cares engage  
 To calm thy passions, and subdue thy rage:  
 From gentler manners let thy glory grow,  
 And shun contention, the sure source of woe;  
 That young and old may in thy praise combine,  
 The virtues of humanity be thine——  
 This, now despis'd advice, thy father gave;  
 Ah! check thy anger, and be truly brave.  
 If thou wilt yield to great *Atrides'* pray'rs,  
 Gifts worthy thee his royal hand prepares;  
 If not——but hear me, while I number o'er §  
 The proffer'd presents, an exhaustless store.

Ten

## NOTES.

of the reader inflamed. This order undoubtedly denotes a great poet, who knows how to command attention as he pleases, by the arrangement of his matter; and we believe it is not possible to propose a better model for the happy disposition of a subject.

† With what cunning *Ulysses* here slides in the odious name of *Agamemnon*, as he praises *Achilles*, that the ear of this impetuous man might be familiarized to that name!

‡ There is a circumstance in the original which we have omitted, for fear of being too particular in an oration of this warmth and importance; but as it preserves a piece of antiquity, we must not forget it here. He says that *Hector* will not only fire the fleet, but bear off the statues of the Gods, which were carved on the prows of the vessels. These were hung up in the temples, as a monument of victory, according to the custom of those times.

§ A French commentator finds fault with *Homer* for making *Ulysses* in this place repeat all the offers of *Agamemnon* to *Achilles*. Not to answer that it was but necessary to make known to *Achilles* all the proposals, or that this distinct enumeration served the more to move him, we appeal to any person of common taste, whether the solemn recital

of.



Ten weighty talents of the purest gold,  
 And twice ten vases of refulgent mould;  
 Sev'n sacred tripods, whose unfully'd frame  
 Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame:  
 Twelve steeds unmatch'd in fleetness and in force,  
 And still victorious in the dusty course:  
 (Rich were the man, whose ample stores exceed  
 The prizes purchas'd by their winged speed)  
 Sev'n lovely captives of the *Lesbian* line,  
 Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd in form divine,  
 The same he chose for more than vulgar charms,  
 When *Lesbos* sunk beneath thy conqu'ring arms.  
 All these, to buy thy friendship, shall be paid,  
 And join'd with these the long-contested maid;  
 With all her charms, *Briseis* he'll resign,  
 And solemn swear those charms were only thine;  
 Should she stay'd, uninjur'd she removes,  
 Pure from his arms, and guiltless of his loves.  
 These instant shall be thine; and if the pow'rs  
 Give to our arms proud *Ilion's* hostile tow'rs,  
 Then shalt thou store (when *Greece* the spoil divides)  
 With gold and brags thy loaded navy's sides.  
 Besides full twenty nymphs of *Trojan* race,  
 With copious love shall crown thy warm embrace;  
 Such as thyself shall chuse; who yield to none,  
 Or yield to *Helen's* heav'nly charms alone.  
 Yet hear me farther: when our wars are o'er,  
 If safe we land on *Argos'* fruitful shore,  
 There shalt thou live his son, his honours share,  
 And with *Orestes'* self divide his care.  
 Yet more—three daughters in his court are bred,  
 And each well worthy of a royal bed;  
*Laodice* and *Iphigenia* fair,  
 And bright *Chrysothemis* with golden hair;  
 Her shalt thou wed, whom most thy eyes approve,  
 He asks no presents, no reward for love:  
 Himself will give the dow'r; so vast a store,  
 As never father gave a child before.  
 Sev'n ample cities shall confess thy sway,  
 Thee *Enope*, and *Pheræ* thee obey,  
*Cardamyle* with ample turrets crown'd,  
 And sacred *Pedasus* for vines renown'd;

## NOTES.

of these circumstances does not please him more than a simple narration could have done. *Ulysses* made all the offers *Agamemnon* had commissioned him.

\* Nothing is more remarkable than the conduct of *Homer* in this speech of *Achilles*. He begins with some degree of coolness, as in respect to the ambassadors, whose persons he esteemed, yet even there his temper just shews itself in the insinuation that *Ulysses* had dealt artfully with him, which in two periods rises into an open detestation of all artifice. He

*Æpea* fair, the pastures *Hira* yields,  
 And rich *Anthemia* with her flow'ry fields:  
 The whole extent to *Pylos'* sandy plain,  
 Along the verdant margin of the main.  
 There heifers graze, and lab'ring oxen toil;  
 Bold are the men, and gen'rous is the soil;  
 There shalt thou reign with pow'rand justice crown'd,  
 And rule the tributary realms around.  
 Such are the proffers which this day we bring,  
 Such the repentance of a suppliant king.  
 But if all this relentless thou disdain,  
 If honour, and if int'rest plead in vain;  
 Yet some redress to suppliant *Greece* afford,  
 And be, amongst her guardian Gods, ador'd.  
 If no regard thy suff'ring country claim,  
 Hear thy own glory, and the voice of fame:  
 For now that chief, whose unresisted ire  
 Made nations tremble, and whole hosts retire,  
 Proud *Hector*, now, th' unequal fight demands,  
 And only triumphs to deserve thy hands.

Then thus the Goddess-born.\* *Ulysses*, hear  
 A faithful speech, that knows nor art, nor fear;  
 What in my secret soul is understood,  
 My tongue shall utter, and my deeds make good.  
 Let *Greece* then know, my purpose I retain,  
 Nor with new treaties vex my peace in vain.  
 Who dares think one thing, and another tell,  
 My heart detests him as the gates of hell.

Then thus in short my fixt resolves attend,  
 Which nor *Atrides*, nor his *Greeks* can bend;  
 Long toils, long perils in their cause I bore,  
 But now th' unfruitful glories charm no more.  
 Fight or not fight, a like reward we claim,  
 The wretch and hero find their prize the same;  
 Alike regretted in the dust he lies,  
 Who yields ignobly, or who bravely dies.  
 Of all my dangers, all my glorious pains,  
 A life of labours, lo! what fruit remains?  
 As the bold bird her helpless young attends,†  
 From danger guards them, and from want defends;  
 In search of prey she wings the spacious air,  
 And with th' untasted food supplies her care;

For

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then falls into a sullen declaration of his resolves, and a more sedate representation of his past services; but warms as he goes on, and every minute he but names his wrongs, flies out into extravagance. His rage, awakened by that injury, is like a fire blown by a wind that sinks and rises by fits, but keeps continually burning, and blazes but the more for those intermissions.

† This simile must be allowed to be just, but has appeared to some as unfit to be spoken in a passion.

One



For thankless *Greece* such hardships have I brav'd,  
 Her wives, her infants by my labours sav'd :  
 Long sleepless nights in heavy arms I stood,  
 And sweat laborious days in dust and blood.  
 I sack'd twelve ample cities on the main,  
 And twelve lay smoking on the *Trojan* plain :  
 Then at *Atrides'* haughty feet were laid  
 The wealth I gather'd, and the spoils I made.  
 Your mighty monarch these in peace possess ;  
 Some few my soldiers had, himself the rest.  
 Some present too to ev'ry prince was paid ;  
 And ev'ry prince enjoys the gift he made ;  
 I only must refund, of all his train ;  
 See what pre-eminence our merits gain !  
 My spoil alone his greedy soul delights ;  
 My spouse alone must bless his lustful nights :  
 The woman, let him (as he may) enjoy ;  
 But what's the quarrel then of *Greece* to *Troy* ?  
 What to these shores th' assembled nations draws,  
 What calls for vengeance but a woman's cause ?  
 Are fair endowments and a beauteous face  
 Belov'd by none but those of *Atreus'* race ?

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One may answer, that the tenderness of the comparison renders it no way the less proper to a man in a passion : it being natural enough, the more one is disgusted at present, the more to recollect the kindness we have formerly shewn to those who are ungrateful. So soft as the simile seems, it has nevertheless it's *fierté* ; for *Achilles* herein expresses his contempt for the *Greeks*, as a weak defenceless people, who must have perished, if he had not preserved them. And indeed, if we consider what is said in the preceding note, it will appear that the passion of *Achilles* ought not as yet to be at the height.

\* The argument of *Achilles* in this place is very a-propos with reference to the case of *Agamemnon*. If translated *verbatim*, it would be in plain *English*, "Every honest man loves his wife." Thus *Homer* has made this rash, this fiery soldier governed by his passions, and in the rage of youth, bear testimony to his own respect for the ladies. But it seems *Poltis* king of *Thrace* was of another opinion, who would have parted with two wives, out of pure good nature to two mere strangers ; as we have met with the story somewhere in *Plutarch*. When the *Greeks* were raising forces against *Troy*, they sent ambassadors to this *Poltis* to desire his assistance. He inquired the cause of the war, and was told it was the injury *Paris* had done *Menelaus* in taking his wife from him. "If that be all," said the good king,

The wife whom choice and passion both approve,  
 Sure every wife and worthy man will love. \*  
 Nor did my fair one less distinction claim ;  
 Slave as she was, my soul ador'd the dame.  
 Wrong'd in my love all proffers I disdain ;  
 Deceiv'd for once, I trust not kings again.  
 Ye have my answer—what remains to do,  
 Your king, *Ulysses*, may consult with you. †  
 What needs he the defence this arm can make ?  
 Has he not walls no human force can shake ?  
 Has he not fenc'd his guarded navy round,  
 With piles, with ramparts, and a trench profound ? ‡  
 And will not these (the wonders he has done)  
 Repel the rage of *Priam's* single son ?  
 There was a time ('twas when for *Greece* I fought)  
 When *Hector's* prowess no such wonders wrought ;  
 He kept the verge of *Troy*, nor dar'd to wait  
*Achilles'* fury at the *Scæan* gate ;  
 He try'd it once, and scarce was sav'd by fate.  
 But now those ancient enmities are o'er ;  
 To-morrow we the fav'ring Gods implore,

Then

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"let me accommodate the difference : indeed, it is not just the *Greek* prince should lose a wife, and on the other side it is pity the *Trojan* should want one. Now I have two wives, and to prevent all this mischief, I'll send one of them to *Menelaus*, and the other to *Paris*." It is a shame this story is so little known, and that poor *Poltis* yet remains uncelebrated. We cannot but recommend him to the modern poets.

† *Achilles* still remembers what *Agamemnon* said to him when they quarrell'd, "Other brave warriors will be left behind to follow me in battle," as we have seen in the first book. He answers here without either sparing *Ajax* or *Ulysses* ; as much his friends as they are, they have their share in this stroke of raillery.

‡ This is a bitter satire against *Agamemnon*, as if his only deeds were the making of this wall, this ditch, these pallisades, to defend himself against those whom he came to besiege. There was no need of these intrenchments whilst *Achilles* fought. But this satire does not affect *Agamemnon* only, but *Nestor* too, who had advis'd the making of these intrenchments, and who had said in the second book, "If there are a few who separate themselves from the rest of the army, let them stay and perish. Probably this had been reported to *Achilles*, and that hero revenges himself here by mocking these intrenchments.



Then shall you see our parting vessels crown'd,  
 And hear with oars the *Hellepont* resound.  
 The third day hence shall *Pthia* greet our sails,\*  
 If mighty *Neptune* send propitious gales;  
*Pthia* to her *Achilles* shall restore  
 The wealth he left for this detested shore:  
 Thither the spoils of this long war shall pass,  
 The ruddy gold, the steel, and shining brags;  
 My beauteous captives thither I'll convey,  
 And all that rests of my unravish'd prey.  
 Only one valu'd gift your tyrant gave,†  
 And that resum'd; the fair *Lyrnessian* slave.  
 Then tell him, loud, that all the *Greeks* may  
 hear,  
 And learn to scorn the wretch they basely fear,  
 (For arm'd in impudence, mankind he braves,  
 And meditates new cheats on all his slaves;  
 Tho' shameless as he is, to face these eyes  
 Is what he dares not; if he dares, he dies)  
 Tell him, all terms, all commerce I decline,  
 Nor share his council, nor his battle join;  
 For once deceiv'd, was his; but twice, were mine. }

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\* To convince the ambassadors that he will return home, *Achilles* instances the easiness of doing it in the space of three days. *Agamemnon* had injured him in the point of booty, he therefore declares he had sufficient treasures at home, and that he will carry off spoils enough, and women enough, to make amends for those that prince had ravished from him. Every one of these particulars marks his passion and resentment.

† The injury which *Agamemnon* offered to *Achilles* is still uppermost in his thoughts; he has but just dismissed it, and now returns to it again. These repetitions are far from being faults in *Achilles*'s wrath, whose anger is perpetually breaking out upon the same injury.

‡ The words in the *Greek* are, *I despise him as a Carian*. The *Carians* were people of *Boeotia*, the first that sold their valour, and were ready to fight for any that gave them their pay. This was looked upon as the vilest of actions in those heroical ages. There is at present but one nation in the world distinguished for this practice, who are ready to prostitute their hands to kill for the highest bidder.

§ These several circumstances concerning *Thebes* are thought by some not to suit with that emotion with which *Achilles* here is supposed to speak: but the contrary will appear true, if we reflect that nothing is more usual for persons transported with anger, than to insist, and return to such particulars as most touch them; and that exaggeration is a figure

No. 7.

No—let the stupid prince, whom *Jove* deprives  
 Of sense and justice, run where frenzy drives;  
 His gifts are hateful: kings of such a kind  
 Stand but as slaves before a noble mind. ‡  
 Not tho' he proffer'd all himself possess,  
 And all his rapine could from others wrest;  
 Not all the golden tides of wealth that crown  
 The many-peopled *Orchimenian* town;  
 Not all proud *Thebes*' unrival'd walls contain,§  
 The world's great empress on th' *Ægyptian* plain,  
 (That spreads her conquests o'er a thousand states,  
 And pours her heroes thro' a hundred gates,  
 Two hundred horsemen, and two hundred cars  
 From each wide portal issuing to the wars)  
 Tho' bribes were heap'd on bribes, in number more  
 Than dust in fields, or sands along the shore;  
 Should all these offers for my friendship call:  
 'Tis he that offers, and I scorn them all.  
*Atrides*' daughter never shall be led  
 (An ill-match'd consort) to *Achilles*' bed;  
 Like golden *Venus* tho' she charm'd the heart,  
 And vied with *Pallas* in the works of art.

Some

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extremely natural in passion. *Achilles* therefore, by shewing the greatness of *Thebes*, it's wealth, and extent, does in effect but shew the greatness of his own soul, and of that insuperable resentment which renders all these riches (though the greatest in the world) contemptible in his sight, when he compares them with the indignity his honour has received. —The city which the *Greeks* call *Thebes*, the *Ægyptians* *Diospolis*, (says *Diodorus*) was in circuit a hundred and forty *stadia*, adorned with stately buildings, magnificent temples, and rich donations. It was not only the most beautiful and noble city of *Ægypt*, but of the whole world at that time. It furnished twenty thousand chariots of war; for there were a hundred stables along the river, from *Memphis* to *Thebes* towards *Lybia*, each of which contained two hundred horses, the ruins whereof are shewn at this day. The princes from time to time made it their care to beautify and enlarge this city, to which none under the sun was equal in the many and magnificent treasures of gold, silver, and ivory; with innumerable *colossus*'s, and obelisks of one entire stone. There were four temples admirable in beauty and greatness, the most ancient of which was in circuit thirteen *stadia*, and five and forty cubits in height, with a wall of four and twenty feet broad. The ornaments and offerings within were agreeable to this magnificence, both in value and workmanship. The fabrick is yet remaining, but the gold, silver, ivory, and precious stones were ransacked by the *Per-*

H h

sians



Some greater *Greek* let those high nuptials grace,  
 I hate alliance with a tyrant's race.  
 If heav'n restore me to my realms with life,  
 The rev'rend *Peleus* shall elect my wife;  
*Theſſalian* nymphs there are, of form divine,  
 And kings that sue to mix their blood with mine.  
 Bleſt in kind love, my years ſhall glide away,  
 Content with juſt hereditary ſway;  
 There deaf for ever to the martial ſtrife,  
 Enjoy the dear prerogative of life.  
 Life is not to be bought with heaps of gold;  
 Not all *Apollo's Pythian* treasures hold,\*  
 Or *Troy* once held, in peace and pride of ſway,  
 Can bribe the poor poſſeſſion of a day!  
 Loſt herds and treasures, we by arms regain,  
 And ſteeds unrivall'd on the duſty plain:  
 But from our lips the vital ſpirit fled,†  
 Returns no more to wake the ſilent dead.  
 My fates long ſince by *Thetis* were diſclos'd,‡  
 And each alternate, life or fame propos'd;  
 Here, if I ſtay, before the *Trojan* town,  
 Short is my date, but deathleſs my renown:

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*ſians* when *Cambyſes* burned the temples of *Ægypt*. There were found in the rubbiſh above three hundred talents of gold, and no leſs than two thouſand three hundred of ſilver.

\* The temple of *Apollo* at *Delphos* was the richeſt temple in the world, by the offerings which were brought to it from all parts; there were ſtatues of maſſy gold of a human ſize, figures of animals in gold, and ſeveral other treasures. A great ſign of it's wealth is, that the *Phocians* pillaged it in the time of *Philip* the ſon of *Amyntas*, which gave occaſion to the holy war. It is ſaid to have been pillaged before, and that the great riches of which *Homer* ſpeaks, had been carried away.

† Nothing ſure could be better imagined, or more ſtrongly paint *Achilles's* reſentment, than this commendation which *Homer* puts into his mouth of a long and peaceable life. That hero, whoſe very ſoul was poſſeſſed with a love of glory, and who preferred it to life itſelf, lets his anger prevail over this his darling paſſion: he deſpises even glory, when he cannot obtain that, and enjoy his revenge at the ſame time; and rather than lay this aſide, becomes the very reverse of himſelf.

‡ It was very neceſſary for *Homer* to put the reader more than once in mind of this piece of *Achilles's* ſtory. The generality of people who do not know *Achilles* by the *Iliad*, and who upon a moſt noted fable conceive him invulnerable all but in the heel, find it ridiculous that he ſhould be placed at the head of heroes; ſo true it is, that the idea of

If I return, I quit immortal praiſe  
 For years on years, and long-extended days.  
 Convinc'd, tho' late, I find my fond miſtake,  
 And warn the *Greeks* the wiſer choice to make:  
 To quit theſe ſhores, their native ſeats enjoy,  
 Nor hope the fall of heav'n-defended *Troy*.  
*Jove's* arm diſplay'd aſſerts her from the ſkies;  
 Her hearts are ſtrengthen'd, and her glories riſe.  
 Go then, to *Greece* report our fixt deſign;  
 Bid all your counſels, all your armies join,  
 Let all your forces, all your arts conſpire,  
 To ſave the ſhips, the troops, the chiefs from fire.  
 One ſtratagem has fail'd, and others will:  
 Ye find, *Achilles* is unconquer'd ſtill.  
 Go then—diſſeſt my meſſage as ye may—  
 But here this night let rev'rend *Phœnix* ſtay:  
 His tedious toils, and hoary hairs demand  
 A peaceful death in *Pithia's* friendly land.  
 But whether he remain, or ſail with me,  
 His age be ſacred, and his will be free.

The ſon of *Peleus* ceas'd: the chiefs around  
 In ſilence wrapt, in conſternation drown'd,

Attend.

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valour implies it always in danger. Should a giant, well armed, fight againſt a legion of children, whatever ſlaughter he ſhould make, the pity any one would have for them, would not turn at all to any admiration of him; and the more he ſhould applaud his own courage, the more one would be offended at his pride. *Achilles* had been in this caſe, if *Homer*, beſides all the ſuperiority of ſtrength he has given him, had not found the art of putting likewise his greatness of ſoul out of all ſuſpicion. He has perfectly well ſucceeded in feigning that *Achilles* before his ſetting out to the *Trojan* war, was ſure of meeting his death. The deſtinies had propoſed to him by the mouth of *Thetis*, the alternative of a long and happy, but obſcure life, if he ſlaid in his own ſtate; or of a ſhort, but glorious one, if he embraced the vengeance of the *Greeks*. He wiſhes for glory in contempt of death; and thus all his actions, all his motions are ſo many proofs of his courage; he runs, in haſtening his exploits, to a death which he knows infallibly attends him; what does it avail him, that he routs every thing almoſt without reſiſtance? It is ſtill true, that he every moment encounters and faces the ſentence of his deſtiny, and that he devotes himſelf generously for glory. *Homer* was ſo ſenſible that this idea muſt force a concern for his hero, that he ſcatters it throughout his poem, to the end that the reader having it always in view, may eſteem *Achilles* even for what he performs without the leaſt danger.



Attend the stern reply. Then *Phœnix* rose ;  
(Down his white beard a stream of sorrow flows)  
And while the fate of suff'ring *Greece* he mourn'd,  
With accent weak these tender words return'd.

Divine *Achilles* ! wilt thou then retire,  
And leave our hosts in blood, our fleets on fire ?  
If wrath so dreadful fill thy ruthless mind,  
How shall thy friend, thy *Phœnix*, stay behind ?\*  
The royal *Peleus*, when from *Pthia*'s coast  
He sent thee early to th' *Achaian* host ; †  
Thy youth as then in sage debates unskill'd,  
And new to perils of the direful field :  
He bade me teach thee all the ways of war ;  
To shine in councils, and in camps to dare.

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\* This is a strong argument to persuade *Achilles* to stay, but dressed up in the utmost tenderness : the venerable old man rises with tears in his eyes, and speaks the language of affection. He tells him that he would not be left behind him, though the Gods would free him from the burthen of old age, and restore him to his youth : but in the midst of so much fondness, he couches a powerful argument to persuade him not to return home, by adding that his father sent him to be his guide and guardian ; *Phœnix* ought not therefore to follow the inclinations of *Achilles*, but *Achilles* the directions of *Phœnix*. The art of this speech of *Phœnix* consists in seeming to agree with all that *Achilles* had said : *Achilles*, he sees, will depart, and he must go along with him ; but in assigning the reasons why he must go with him, he proves that *Achilles* ought not to depart. And thus while he seems only to shew his love to his pupil in his inability to stay behind him, he indeed challenges the other's gratitude for the benefits he had conferred upon him in his infancy and education. At the same time that he moves *Achilles*, he gratifies *Agamemnon* ; and that this was the real design which he disguised in that manner, we are informed by *Achilles* himself in the reply he makes : for *Homer*, and all the authors that treat of this figure, generally contrived it so, that the answers made to these kind of speeches, discover all the art and structure of them.

† *Achilles*, according to some of the ancients, was but twelve years old when he went to the wars of *Troy* ; and it may be gathered from what the poet here relates of the education of *Achilles* under *Phœnix*, that the fable of his being tutored by *Chiron* was the invention of later ages, and unknown to *Homer*. He might indeed, as he grew up, have learned music and physic of *Chiron*, without having him formally as his tutor ; for it is plain from this

Never, ah never let me leave thy side !  
No time shall part us, and no fate divide.  
Not tho' the God that breath'd my life, restore  
The bloom I boasted, and the port I bore,  
When *Greece* of old beheld my youthful flames,  
(Delightful *Greece*, the land of lovely dames.)  
My father, faithless to my mother's arms, †  
Old as he was, ador'd a stranger's charms.  
I try'd what youth could do (at her desire)  
To win the damsel, and prevent my fire. §  
My fire with curses loads my hated head,  
And cries, " Ye furies ! barren be his bed."  
Infernal *Jove*, || the vengeful fiends below,  
And ruthless *Proserpine*, confirm'd his vow.

Def-

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speech, that he was put under the direction of *Phœnix*, as his governor in morality, when his father sent him to the siege of *Troy*.

† *Homer* has been blamed for introducing two long stories into this speech of *Phœnix* ; this concerning himself is said not to be in the proper place, and what *Achilles* must needs have heard over and over : it also gives (say they) a very ill impression of *Phœnix* himself, and makes him appear a very unfit person to be a teacher of morality to the young hero. It is answered, that though *Achilles* might have known the story before in general, it is probable *Phœnix* had not till now so pressing an occasion to make him discover the excess his fury had transported him to, in attempting the life of his own father : the whole story tends to represent the dreadful effects of passion : and we cannot but think the example is the more forcible, as it is drawn from his own experience.

§ This decency of *Homer* is worthy observation, who to remove all the disagreeable ideas, which might proceed from this intrigue of *Phœnix* with his father's mistress, took care to give us to understand in one single word, that *Amyntor* had no share in her affections, which makes the conduct of *Phœnix* the more excusable. He does it only in obedience to his mother, in order to reclaim his father, and oblige him to live like her husband : besides, his father had yet no commerce with this mistress to whose love he pretended. Had it been otherwise, and had *Phœnix* committed this sort of incest, *Homer* would neither have presented this image to his reader, nor *Peleus* have chosen *Phœnix* to be governor to *Achilles*.

|| The ancients gave the name of *Jupiter* not only to the God of heaven, but likewise to the God of hell, as is seen here ; and to the God of the sea, as appears from *Aeschylus*. They thereby meant to shew



Despair and grief distract my lab'ring mind ; \*  
 Gods ! what a crime my impious heart design'd ?  
 I thought (but some kind God that thought suppress)  
 To plunge the poniard in my father's breast ;  
 Then meditate my flight ; my friends in vain  
 With pray'rs intreat me, and with force detain ;  
 On fat of rams, black bulls, and brawny swine,  
 They daily feast, with draughts of fragrant wine :  
 Strong guards they plac'd, and watch'd 9 nights entire ;  
 The roofs and porches flam'd with constant fire.  
 The tenth, I forc'd the gates, unseen of all ;  
 And favour'd by the night, o'erleap'd the wall.  
 My travels thence thro' spacious Greece extend ;  
 In *Pthia*'s court at last my labours end.  
 Your fire receiv'd me, as his son caress'd,  
 With gifts enrich'd, and with possessions blest'd.  
 The strong *Dolepians* thenceforth own'd my reign,  
 And all the coast that runs along the main.  
 By love to thee his bounties I repaid,  
 And early wisdom to thy soul convey'd :  
 Great as thou art, my lessons made thee brave,  
 A child I took thee, but a hero gave.  
 Thy infant breast a like affection show'd ;  
 Still in my arms (an ever-pleasing load)  
 Or at my knee, by *Phœnix* would'st thou stand ;  
 No food was grateful but from *Phœnix*' hand,  
 I pass my watchings o'er thy helpless years,  
 The tender labours, the compliant cares :  
 The Gods (I thought) revers'd their hard decree,  
 And *Phœnix* felt a father's joys in thee :

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shew that one sole deity governed the world ; and it was to teach the same truth, that the ancient statuary made statues of *Jupiter*, which had three eyes. *Priam* had one of them in that manner in the court of his palace, which was there in *Laomedon*'s time : after the taking of *Troy*, when the *Greeks* shared the booty, it fell to *Sthenelus*'s lot, who carried it into *Greece*.

\* *Aristarchus* the critic has thought proper to omit these verses, because of the horror which the idea gave him of a son who is going to kill his father ; but perhaps *Aristarchus*'s niceness was too great. These verses seem necessary, and have a very good effect ; for *Phœnix*'s aim is to shew *Achilles*, that unless we overcome our wrath, we are exposed to commit the greatest crimes. He was going to kill his own father : *Achilles* in the same manner is going to let his father *Phœnix* and all the *Greeks* perish ; if he does not appease his wrath. These sort of curtailings from *Homer*, often contrary to all reason, gave room to *Lucian* to feign that being in the fortunate islands, he asked *Homer* a great many questions. " Among other things (says he) I asked him

Thy growing virtues justified my cares,  
 And promis'd comfort to my silver hairs.  
 Now be thy rage, thy fatal rage resign'd ;  
 A cruel heart ill suits a manly mind :  
 The Gods (the only great, and only wise)  
 Are mov'd by off'rings, vows, and sacrifice ;  
 Offending man their high compassion wins,  
 And daily pray'rs atone for daily sins.  
 Pray'rs are *Jove*'s daughters, of celestial race, †  
 Lame are their feet, and wrinkled is their face ;  
 With humble mien and with dejected eyes,  
 Constant they follow, where *Injustice* flies :  
*Injustice* swift, erect, and unconfin'd,  
 Sweeps the wide earth, and tramples o'er mankind,  
 While *Pray'rs* to heal her wrongs, move slow  
 behind.

Who hears these daughters of almighty *Jove*,  
 For him they mediate to the throne above,  
 When man rejects the humble suit they make,  
 The fire revenges for the daughters' sake ;  
 From *Jove* commission'd, fierce *Injustice* then  
 Descends, to punish unrelenting men.  
 Oh let not headlong passion bear the sway ;  
 These reconciling Goddesses obey :  
 Due honours to the seed of *Jove* belong ;  
 Due honours calm the fierce, and bend the strong.  
 Were these not paid thee by the terms we bring,  
 Were rage still harbour'd in the haughty king,  
 Nor *Greece*, nor all her fortunes, should engage ‡  
 Thy friend to plead against so just a rage.

But

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whether he had made all the verses which had been rejected in his poem ? he assured me they were all his own, which made me laugh at the impertinent and bold criticisms of *Zenodorus* and *Aristarchus*, who had retrenched them."

† Nothing can be more beautiful, noble, or religious, than this divine allegory. We have here Goddesses of *Homer*'s creation ; he sets before us their pictures in lively colours, and gives these fancied beings all the features that resemble mankind who offer injuries, or have recourse to prayers.

‡ Some have condemned this passage, and thought it very wrong, that *Phœnix* should say to *Achilles*, that if they did not offer him great presents, he would not advise him to be appeased : but there is some injustice in this censure, neither have they who made it rightly entered into the sense of *Phœnix*, who does not look upon these presents on the side of interest, but honour, as a mark of *Agamemnon*'s repentance, and of the satisfaction he is ready to make : wherefore he says, that honour has a mighty power over great spirits.



But since what honour asks, the gen'ral sends,  
And sends by those whom most thy heart commends,  
The best and noblest of the *Grecian* train;  
Permit not these to sue, and sue in vain!  
Let me (my son) an ancient fact unfold,\*  
A great example drawn from times of old;  
Hear what our fathers were, and what their praise,  
Who conquer'd their revenge in former days.

Where *Calydon* on rocky mountains stands,  
Once fought th' *Ætolian* and *Curetian* bands;  
To guard it, those to conquer, these advance;  
And mutual deaths were dealt with mutual chance.  
The silver *Cynthia* bade *Contention* rise,  
In vengeance of neglected sacrifice;  
On *Oeneus'* fields she sent a monstrous boar,  
That level'd harvests, and whole forests tore:  
This beast, (when many a chief his tusks had slain)  
Great *Meleager* stretch'd along the plain.  
Then, for his spoils, a new debate arose,  
The neighbour nations thence commencing foes.  
Strong as they were, the bold *Curetes* fail'd,  
While *Meleager's* thund'ring arm prevail'd:  
Till rage at length inflam'd his lofty breast,  
(For rage invades the wisest and the best.)

Curs'd by *Althæa*, to his wrath he yields,  
And in his wife's embrace forgets the fields.  
" (She from *Marpessa* sprung, divinely fair,  
" And matchless *Idas*, more than man in war;  
" The God of day ador'd the mother's charms;  
" Against the God the father bent his arms:  
" Th' afflicted pair, their sorrows to proclaim.  
" From *Cleopatra* chang'd this daughter's name,  
" And call'd *Alcyone*; a name to show †  
" The father's grief, the mourning mother's woe.)

## NOTES.

\* *Phoenix* lays down, as the foundation of his story, that great men in former ages were always appeased by presents and intreaties; and to confirm this position, he brings *Meleager* as an instance: but it may be objected that *Meleager* was an ill-chosen instance, being a person whom no intreaties could move. The superstructure of this story seems not to agree with the foundation. But the difficulty is solved thus. *Homer* did not intend to give an instance of a hero's compliance with the intreaties of his friends, but to shew that they who did not comply, were sufferers themselves in the end. So that the connection of the story is thus: the heroes of former times were used always to be won by presents and intreaties; *Meleager* only was obstinate, and suffered because he was so.

† It appears by this passage, and by others already  
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To her, the chief retir'd from stern debate,  
But found no peace from fierce *Althæa's* hate:  
*Althæa's* hate th' unhappy warrior drew,  
Whose luckless hand his royal uncle slew;  
She beat the ground, and call'd the pow'rs beneath  
On her own son to wreak her brother's death:  
Hell heard her curses from the realms profound,  
And the red fiends that walk the nightly round.  
In vain *Ætolia* her deliv'rer waits,  
War shakes her walls, and thunders at her gates.  
She sent ambassadors, a chosen band,  
Priests of the Gods, and elders of the land;  
Besought the chief to save the sinking state:  
Their pray'rs were urgent, and their proffers great:  
(Full fifty acres of the richest ground,  
Half pasture green, and half with vineyards crown'd,)  
His suppliant father, aged *Oeneus*, came;  
His sisters follow'd; ev'n the vengeful dame,  
*Althæa* sues; his friends before him fall:  
He stands relentless, and rejects 'em all.  
Mean while, the victor's shouts ascend the skies;  
The walls are scal'd; the rolling flames arise;  
At length his wife (a form divine) appears,  
With piercing cries, and supplicating tears;  
She paints the horrors of a conquer'd town, †  
The heroes slain, the palaces o'erthrown,  
The matrons ravish'd, the whole race enslav'd:  
The warrior heard, he vanquish'd, and he sav'd.  
Th' *Ætolians*, long disdain'd, now took their turn,  
And left the chief their broken faith to mourn.  
Learn hence, betimes to curb pernicious ire,  
Nor stay, till yonder fleets ascend in fire:  
Accept the presents; draw thy conqu'ring sword;  
And be amongst our guardian Gods ador'd.

Thus

## NOTES.

observed, that the *Greeks* often gave names, as did the *Hebrews*, not only with respect to the circumstances, but likewise to the accidents which happened to the fathers and mothers of those they named: thus *Cleopatra* is called *Alcyone*, from the lamentations of her mother.

† It is remarkable with what art *Homer* here in a few words sums up the miseries of a city taken by assault. It had been unpardonable for *Cleopatra* to have made a long representation to *Meleager* of these miseries, when every moment that kept him from the battle could not be spared. It is also to be observed how perfectly the features of *Meleager* resemble *Achilles*; they are both brave men, ambitious of glory, both of them described as giving victory to their several armies while they fought; and both of them implacable in their resentment.



Thus he. The stern *Achilles* thus reply'd.\*  
 My second father, and my rev'rend guide!  
 Thy friend, believe me, no such gifts demands,  
 And asks no honours from a mortal's hands:  
 Jove honours me, and favours my designs;  
 His pleasure guides me, and his will confines:  
 And here I stay, (if such his high behest)  
 While life's warm spirit beats within my breast.†  
 Yet hear one word, and lodge it in thy heart;  
 No more molest me on *Atrides'* part:  
 Is it for him these tears are taught to flow,  
 For him these sorrows? for my mortal foe?  
 A gen'rous friendship no cold medium knows,  
 Burns with one love, with one resentment glows;  
 One should our int'rests, and our passions be;  
 My friend must hate the man that injures me.  
 Do this, my *Phœnix*, 'tis a gen'rous part,  
 And share my realms, my honours, and my heart.  
 Let these return: our voyage, or our stay,  
 Rest undetermin'd till the dawning day.

He ceas'd; then order'd for the sage's bed  
 A warmer couch with num'rous carpets spread.  
 With that, stern *Ajax* his long silence broke,  
 And thus, impatient, to *Ulysses* spoke.

## NOTES.

\* The character of *Achilles* is excellently sustained in all his speeches: to *Ulysses* he returns a flat denial, and threatens to leave the *Trojan* shores in the morning: to *Phœnix* he gives a much gentler answer, and begins to mention *Agamemnon* with less disrespect. After *Ajax* had spoken, he seems determined not to depart, but yet refuses to bear arms, till it is to defend his own squadron. Thus *Achilles'* character is every where of a piece: he begins to yield, and not to have done so, would not have spoken him a man; to have made him perfectly inexorable, had shewn him a monster. Thus the poet draws the heat of his passion cooling by slow degrees, which is very natural: to have done otherwise, had not been agreeable to *Achilles'* temper, nor the reader's expectation, to whom it would have been shocking to have seen him passing from the greatest storm of anger to a quiet calmness.

† These words of *Achilles* include a sort of oracle, which he does not understand himself; for it sometimes happens, that men full of their objects say things, which besides the sense natural and plain to every body, include another supernatural, which they themselves do not understand, and which is understood by those only who have penetration enough to see through the obscurity of it. Here we manifestly see that *Achilles*, in speaking a very simple and common thing, foretels without think-

Hence let us go—why waste we time in vain? ‡  
 See what effect our low submissions gain!  
 Lik'd or not lik'd, his words we must relate,  
 The *Greeks* expect them, and our heroes wait.  
 Proud as he is, that iron-heart retains  
 It's stubborn purpose, and his friends disdain.  
 Stern, and unpitying! if a brother bleed,  
 On just atonement, we remit the deed;  
 A fire the slaughter of his son forgives;  
 The price of blood discharg'd, the murd'rer lives: §  
 The haughtiest hearts at length their rage resign,  
 And gifts can conquer ev'ry soul but thine.  
 The Gods that unrelenting breast have steel'd,  
 And curs'd thee with a mind that cannot yield.  
 One woman-slave was ravish'd from thy arms:  
 Lo, sev'n are offer'd, and of equal charms.  
 Then hear, *Achilles*! be of better mind;  
 Revere thy roof, and to thy guests be kind;  
 And know the men, of all the *Grecian* host,  
 Who honour worth, and prize thy valour most.  
 Oh soul of battles, and thy people's guide!  
 (To *Ajax* thus the first of *Greeks* reply'd)  
 Well hast thou spoke; but at the tyrant's name ||  
 My rage rekindles, and my soul's on flame:

'Tis

## NOTES.

ing of it, that his abode on that fatal shore will equal the course of his life, and consequently that he shall die there: and this double meaning gives a sensible pleasure to the reader.

‡ It is probable that *Ajax* rises up when he speaks the word, *Let us go*. He does not vouchsafe to address himself to *Achilles*, but turns himself to *Ulysses*, and speaks with a martial eloquence.

§ It was the custom for the murderer to go into banishment one year, but if the relations of the person murdered were willing, the criminal by paying them a certain fine, might buy off the exile, and remain at home. *Ajax* sums up this argument with a great deal of strength: We see, says he, a brother forgive the murder of his brother, a father that of his son: but *Achilles* will not forgive the injury offered him by taking away one captive woman.

|| We have here the true picture of an angry man, and nothing can be better imagined to heighten *Achilles'* wrath; he owns that reason will induce him to a reconciliation, but his anger is too great to listen to reason. He speaks with respect to them, but upon mentioning *Agamemnon*, he flies into rage. Anger is in nothing more like madness, than that madmen will talk sensibly enough upon any indifferent matter; but upon the mention of the subject that caused their disorder, they fly out into their usual extravagance.



'Tis just resentment, and becomes the brave;  
Disgrac'd, dishonour'd, like the vilest slave!  
Return, then heroes! and our answer bear,  
The glorious combat is no more my care;  
Not till amidst yon' sinking navy slain,  
The blood of *Greeks* shall dye the fable main;  
Not till the flames, by *Hector's* fury thrown,  
Consume your vessels, and approach my own;  
Just there, th' impetuous homicide shall stand,  
There cease his battle, and there feel our hand.

This said, each prince a double goblet crown'd,  
And cast a large libation on the ground;  
Then to their vessels, thro' the gloomy shades,  
The chiefs return; divine *Ulysses* leads.  
Meantime *Achilles'* slaves prepar'd a bed,  
With fleeces, carpets, and soft linen spread:  
There, till the sacred morn restor'd the day,  
In slumbers sweet the rev'rend *Phœnix* lay.  
But in his inner tent, an ampler space,  
*Achilles* slept; and in his warm embrace  
Fair *Diomed* of the *Lesbian* race.  
Last, for *Patroclus* was the couch prepar'd,  
Whose nightly joys the beauteous *Iphis* shar'd:  
*Achilles* to his friend consign'd her charms,  
When *Scyros* fell before his conqu'ring arms.

And now th' elected chiefs whom *Greece* had sent,  
Pass'd thro' the hosts, and reach'd the royal tent.  
Then rising all, with goblets in their hands,  
The peers, and leaders of th' *Achaian* bands  
Hail'd their return: *Atrides* first begun.

Say what success? divine *Laertes'* son!  
*Achilles'* high resolves declare to all;  
Returns the chief, or must our navy fall?

Great king of nations! (*Ithacus* reply'd)  
Fix'd is his wrath, unconquer'd is his pride;  
He flights thy friendship, thy proposals scorns,  
And thus implor'd, with fiercer fury burns.  
To save our army, and our fleets to free,  
Is not his care; but left to *Greece* and thee.

Your eyes shall view, when morning paints the sky,  
Beneath his oars the whitening billoys fly,  
Us too, he bids our oars and sails employ,  
Nor hope the fall of heav'n-protected *Troy*;  
For *Jove* o'er shades her with his arm divine,  
Inspires her war, and bids her glory shine.  
Such was his word: what farther he declar'd,\*  
These sacred heralds and great *Ajax* heard.  
But *Phœnix* in his tent the chief retains,  
Safe to transport him to his native plains,  
When morning dawns: if other he decree,  
His age is sacred, and his choice is free.

*Ulysses* ceas'd: the great *Achaian* host,  
With sorrow seiz'd, in consternation lost,  
Attend the stern reply. *Tydid* broke  
The gen'ral silence, and undaunted spoke.  
Why should we gifts to proud *Achilles* send?†  
Or strive with pray'rs his haughty soul to bend?  
His country's woes he glories to deride,  
And pray'rs will burst that swelling heart with pride.  
Be the fierce impulse of his rage obey'd;  
Our battles let him, or desert, or aid;  
Then let him arm when *Jove* or he think fit;  
That, to his madness, or to heav'n commit:  
What for ourselves we can, is always our's;  
This night, let due repast refresh our pow'rs;  
(For strength consists in spirits and in blood,  
And those are ow'd to gen'rous wine and food)  
But when the rosy messenger of day  
Strikes the blue mountains with her golden ray,  
Rang'd at the ships, let all our squadrons shine,  
In flaming arms, a long extended line:  
In the dread front let great *Atrides* stand,  
The first in danger, as in high command.

Shouts of acclaim the list'ning heroes raise,  
Then each to heav'n the due libations pays;  
Till sleep descending o'er the tents, bestows  
The grateful blessings of desir'd repose.

## NOTES.

\* It may be asked here why *Ulysses* speaks only of the answer which *Achilles* made him at first, and says nothing of the disposition to which the discourses of *Phœnix* and *Ajax* had brought him. The question is easily answered; it is because *Achilles* is obstinate in his resentment; and that, if at length a little moved by *Phœnix*, and shaken by *Ajax*, he seemed disposed to take arms, it is not out of regard to the *Greeks*, but only to save his own squadron, when *Hector*, after having put the *Greeks* to the sword, shall come to insult it. Thus this inflexible man abates nothing of his rage. It is therefore prudent

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in *Ulysses* to make this report to *Agamemnon*, to the end that being put out of hopes of the aid with which he flattered himself, he may concert with the leaders of the army the measures necessary to save his fleet and troops.

† This speech is admirably adapted to the character of *Diomed*, every word is animated with martial courage, and worthy to be delivered by a gallant soldier. He advised fighting in the beginning of the book, and continues still in that opinion; and he is no more concerned at the speech of *Achilles* now, than he was at that of *Agamemnon* before.



## The TENTH BOOK of the ILIAD.\*

## A R G U M E N T.

## THE NIGHT-ADVENTURE OF DIOMED AND ULYSSES.

*Upon the refusal of Achilles to return to the army, the distress of Agamemnon is described in the most lively manner. He takes no rest that night, but passes through the camp, awaking the leaders, and contriving all possible methods for the public safety. Menelaus, Nestor, Ulysses, and Diomed, are employed in raising the rest of the captains. They call a council of war, and determine to send scouts into the enemy's camp, to learn their posture, and discover their intentions. Diomed undertakes this hazardous enterprize, and makes choice of Ulysses for his companion. In their passage they surprize Dolon, whom Hector had sent on a like design to the camp of the Grecians. From him they are informed of the situation of the Trojan and auxiliary forces, and particularly of Rhesus, and the Thracians who were lately arrived. They pass on with success; kill Rhesus, with several of his officers, and seize the famous horses of that prince, with which they return in triumph to the camp.*

*The same night continues; the scene lies in the two camps.*

ALL night the chiefs before their vessels lay,  
And lost in sleep the labours of the day:  
All but the king; with various thoughts oppress'd,  
His country's cares lay rowling in his breast.  
As when by light'nings Jove's ætherial pow'r  
Foretels the rattling hail, or weighty show'r,  
Or sends soft snows to whiten all the shore,  
Or bids the brazen throat of war to roar; †

## NOTES.

\* It is observable, that the poet very artfully repairs the loss of the last day by this nocturnal stratagem; and it is plain that such a contrivance was necessary: the army was dispirited, and Achilles inflexible; but by the success of this adventure the scale is turned in favour of the Grecians.

† Homer here with a very small alteration repeats the verses which begin the second book: he introduces Agamemnon with the same pomp, as he did Jupiter; he ascribes to the one the same watchfulness over men, as the other exercised over the Gods, and Jove and Agamemnon are the only persons awake, while heaven and earth are asleep.

‡ There is something very noble and sublime in this image: the vast jaws of war is an expression that very poetically represents the voraciousness of

By fits one flash succeeds as one expires, ||  
And heav'n flames thick with momentary fires.  
So bursting frequent from Atreides' breast,  
Sighs following sighs his inward fears confess.  
Now o'er the fields, dejected, he surveys §  
From thousand Trojan fires the mounting blaze;  
Hears in the passing wind their music blow,  
And marks distinct the voices of the foe.

Now

## NOTES.

war, and gives us a lively idea of an insatiate monster.

|| It requires some skill in Homer to take the chief point of his similitudes; he has often been misunderstood in that respect, and his comparisons have frequently been strained to comply with the fancies of commentators. This comparison which is brought to illustrate the frequency of Agamemnon's sighs, has been usually thought to represent in general the groans of the king; whereas what Homer had in his view, was only the quick succession of them.

§ We may here answer a criticism of some censurers of Homer on this place. They ask how it was that Agamemnon, shut up in his tent in the night, could see the Trojan camp at one view, and the fleet

at



Now looking backwards to the fleet and coast,  
Anxious he sorrows for th' endanger'd host.  
He rends his hairs, in sacrifice to *Jove*,\*  
And sues to him that ever lives above:  
Inly he groans; while glory and despair  
Divide his heart, and wage a doubtful war.

A thousand cares his lab'ring breast revolves;  
To seek sage *Nestor* now the chief resolves.  
With him, in wholesome counsels, to debate.  
What yet remains to save th' afflicted state.  
He rose, and first he cast his mantle round,†  
Next on his feet the shining sandals bound;  
A lion's yellow spoils his back conceal'd;  
His warlike hand a pointed jav'lin held.  
Mean while his brother, prest with equal woes,  
Alike deny'd the gifts of soft repose,  
Laments for *Greece*; that in his cause before  
So much had suffer'd, and must suffer more.  
A leopard's spotted hide his shoulders spread;  
A brazen helmet glitter'd on his head:  
Thus (with a jav'lin in his hand) he went  
To wake *Atrides* in the royal tent.

Already wak'd, *Atrides* he descry'd,  
His armour buckling at his vessel's side.  
Joyful they met; the *Spartan* thus begun:  
Why puts my brother his bright armour on?  
Sends he some spy, amidst these silent hours,‡  
To try yon camp, and watch the *Trojan* pow'rs?  
But say, what hero shall sustain that task?  
Such bold exploits uncommon courage ask,  
Guideless, alone, through night's dark shade to go,  
And 'midst a hostile camp explore the foe?  
To whom the king. In such distress we stand,  
No vulgar counsels our affairs demand;  
*Greece* to preserve, is now no easy part,  
But asks high wisdom, deep design, and art.  
For *Jove* averse our humble prayer denies,  
And bows his head to *Hector's* sacrifice.  
What eye has witness'd, or what ear believ'd,  
In one great day, by one great arm achiev'd,  
Such wond'rous deeds as *Hector's* hand has done,||  
And we beheld, the last revolving sun?  
What honours the belov'd of *Jove* adorn!  
Sprung from no God, and of no Goddess born;

Yet

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at another, as the poet represents it? It is only a metaphorical manner of speech; *to cast one's eye*, means but *to reflect upon*, or *to revolve in one's mind*; and that employed *Agamemnon's* thoughts in his tent, which had been the chief object of his eyes the day before.

\* This action of *Agamemnon* has been taken only as a common expression of grief. But whoever reads the context carefully, will see that *Jupiter* is mentioned here on no other account than as he was applied to in the offering of these hairs, in an humble supplication to the offended Deity, who had so lately manifested his anger.

† It will be entertaining to the reader, to observe how well the poet at all times suits his descriptions to the circumstances of the persons: we must remember that this book continues the action of one night; the whole army is now asleep, and *Homer* takes this opportunity to give us a description of several of his heroes suitable to their proper characters. *Agamemnon*, who is every where described as anxious for the good of his people, is kept awake by a fatherly care for their preservation. *Menelaus*, for whose sake the *Greeks* had suffered so greatly, shares all their misfortunes, and is restless while they are in danger. *Nestor*, a provident, wise, old man, sacrifices his rest even in the extremity of age, to his love for his country. *Ulysses*, a person next to *Nestor* in wisdom, is ready at the first summons; he finds it hard, while the *Greeks* suffer, to compose himself to sleep, but is easily awaked to march to it's defence. But *Diomed*, who is every

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## NOTES.

where described as a daring warrior, sleeps unconcerned at the nearness of the enemy, but is not awakened without some violence: he is said to be asleep, but he sleeps like a soldier in complete arms. We could not pass over one circumstance in this place in relation to *Nestor*. It is a pleasure to see what care the poet takes of his favourite counsellor: he describes him lying in a soft bed, wraps him up in a warm cloak, to preserve his age from the coldness of the night; but *Diomed*, a gallant young hero, sleeps upon the ground in open air; and indeed every warrior is dressed in arms peculiar to that season: the hide of a lion or leopard is what they all put on, being not to engage an enemy, but to meet their friends in council.

‡ *Menelaus* in this place starts a design, which is afterwards proposed by *Nestor* in council; the poet knew that the project would come with greater weight from the age of one, than from the youth of the other; and that the valiant would be ready to execute a design, which so venerable a counsellor had formed.

|| We hear *Agamemnon* in this place launching into the praises of a gallant enemy; but if any one think that he raises the action of *Hector* too high, and sets him above *Achilles* himself, this objection will vanish if he considers that he commends him as the bravest of mere men, but still he is not equal to *Achilles*, who was descended from a Goddess. *Agamemnon* undoubtedly had *Achilles* in his thoughts when he says, *Sprung from no God, &c.* But his

K k

anger



Ye such his acts, as *Greeks* unborn shall tell,  
And curse the battle where their fathers fell.

Now speed thy hasty course along the fleet,  
There call great *Ajax*, and the prince of *Crete*;  
Our self to hoary *Nestor* will repair;  
To keep the guards on duty, be his care;  
(For *Nestor*'s influence best that quarter guides,  
Whose son with *Méridon*, o'er the watch presides.)  
To whom the *Spartan*: These thy orders borne,  
Say shall I stay, or with dispatch return?  
There shalt thou stay, (the king of men reply'd)  
Else may we miss to meet, without a guide,  
The paths so many, and the camp so wide.\*  
Still, with your voice, the slothful soldiers raise,  
Urge by their father's fame, their future praise.  
Forget we now our state and lofty birth;  
Not titles here, but works, must prove our worth.  
To labour is the lot of man below;

And when *Jove* gave us life, he gave us woe.

This said, each parted to his sev'ral cares;  
The king to *Nestor*'s sable ship repairs;  
The sage protector of the *Greeks* he found  
Stretch'd in his bed, with all his arms around;  
The various colour'd scarf, the shield he rears,  
The shining helmet, and the pointed spears;  
The dreadful weapons of the warrior's rage,  
That, old in arms, disdain'd the peace of age.  
Then leaning on his hand his watchful head,  
The hoary monarch rais'd his eyes, and said:

What art thou, speak, that on designs unknown,

While others sleep, thus range the camp alone?  
Seek'st thou some friend, or nightly centinel?†  
Stand off, approach not, but thy purpose tell.

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anger will not let him even name the man whom he thus obliquely praises. The poet ascribes the gallant exploits of *Hector* to his piety; and had he not been favoured by *Jove*, he had not been thus victorious.

\* It is plain from this verse, as well as from many others, that the art of fortification was in some degree of perfection in *Homer*'s days: here are lines drawn, that traverse the camp every way; the ships are drawn up in the manner of a rampart, and Sally-ports made at proper distances, that they might without difficulty either retire or issue out, as the occasion should require.

† It has been thought that *Nestor* asks this question upon the account of his son *Thrasymedes*, who commanded the guard that night. He seems to be under some apprehensions lest he should have remitted the watch. And it may be also gathered from this passage, that in those times the use of the

O son of *Neleus*, (thus the king rejoin'd)  
Pride of the *Greeks*, and glory of thy kind!  
Lo here the wretched *Agamemnon* stands, ‡  
Th' unhappy gen'ral of the *Grecian* bands;  
Whom *Jove* decrees with daily cares to bend,  
And woes, that only with his life shall end!  
Scarce can my knees these trembling limbs sustain,  
And scarce my heart support it's load of pain.  
No taste of sleep these heavy eyes have known:  
Confus'd, and sad, I wander thus alone,  
With fears distracted, with no fix'd design;  
And all my people's miseries are mine.  
If aught of use thy waking thoughts suggest,  
(Since cares, like mine, deprive thy soul of rest)  
Impart thy counsel, and assist thy friend;  
Now let us jointly to the trench descend,  
At ev'ry gate the fainting guard excite,  
Tir'd with the toils of day, and watch of night.  
Else may the sudden foe our works invade,  
So near, and favour'd by the gloomy shade.

To him thus *Nestor*. Trust the Pow'rs above,  
Nor think proud *Hector*'s hopes confirm'd by *Jove*:  
How ill agree the views of vain mankind,  
And the wise counsels of th' eternal mind!  
Audacious *Hector*, if the Gods ordain  
That great *Achilles* rise and rage again,  
What toils attend thee, and what woes remain!  
Lo faithful *Nestor* thy command obeys;  
The care is next our other chiefs to raise:  
*Ulysses*, *Diomed* we chiefly need;  
*Meges* for strength, *Oileus* fam'd for speed.  
Some other be dispatch'd, of nimbler feet,  
To those tall ships, remotest of the fleet,  
Where lie great *Ajax*, and the king of *Crete*.

To

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watch-word was unknown; because *Nestor* is oblig'd to croud several questions together, before he can learn whether *Agamemnon* be a friend or an enemy. The shortness of the question agrees admirably with the occasion upon which they were made; it being necessary that *Nestor* should be immediately inform'd who he was, that pass'd along the camp: if a spy, that he might stand upon his guard; if a friend, that he might not cause an alarm to be given to the army, by multiplying questions.

‡ *Agamemnon* here paints his distress in a very pathetic manner: while the meanest soldier is at rest, the general wanders about disconsolate, and is superior now in nothing so much as in sorrow; but this sorrow proceeds not from a base abject spirit, but from a generous disposition; he is not anxious for the loss of his own glory, but for the sufferings of his people: it is a noble sorrow, and springs from a commendable tenderness and humanity.



To rouse the *Spartan* I myself decree ;  
 Dear as he is to us, and dear to thee,  
 Yet must I tax his sloth, that claims no share  
 With his great brother in this martial care :  
 Him it behov'd to ev'ry chief to sue,  
 Preventing ev'ry part perform'd by you ;  
 For strong necessity our toils demands,  
 Claims all our hearts, and urges all our hands.

To whom the king : With reverence we allow  
 Thy just rebukes, yet learn to spare them now,  
 My gen'rous brother is of gentle kind, \*  
 He seems remiss, but bears a valiant mind ;  
 Through too much deference to our sov'reign sway,  
 Content to follow when we lead the way.  
 But now, our ills industrious to prevent,  
 Long ere the rest, he rose, and sought my tent.  
 The chiefs you nam'd, already, at his call,  
 Prepare to meet us near the navy-wall ;  
 Assembling there, between the trench and gates,  
 Near the night-guards, our chosen council waits.

Then none (said *Nestor*) shall his rule withstand,  
 For great examples justify command.

With that, the venerable warrior rose ;  
 The shining greaves his manly legs inclose ;  
 His purple mantle golden buckles join'd,  
 Warm with the softest wool, and doubly lin'd.  
 Then rushing from his tent, he snatch'd in haste  
 His steely lance, that lighten'd as he past.  
 The camp he travers'd thro' the sleeping croud,  
 Stopp'd at *Ulysses'* tent, and call'd aloud.  
*Ulysses*, sudden as the voice was sent,  
 Awakes, starts up, and issues from his tent.  
 What new distress, what sudden cause of fright  
 Thus leads you wand'ring in the silent night ?

## NOTES.

\* *Agamemnon* is every where represented as the greatest example of brotherly affection ; and he at all times defends *Menelaus*, but never with more address than now : *Nestor* had accused *Menelaus* of sloth ; the king is his advocate, but pleads his excuse only in part : he does not entirely acquit him, because he would not contradict so wise a man as *Nestor* ; nor does he condemn him, because his brother at this time was not guilty ; but he very artfully turns the imputation of *Nestor* to the praise of *Menelaus* ; and affirms, that what might seem to be remissness in his character, was only a deference to his authority, and that his seeming inactivity was but an unwillingness to act without command.

† The picture here given us of *Diomed* sleeping in his arms, with his soldiers about him, and the spears sticking upright in the earth, has a near resemblance to that in the first book of *Samuel*, ch.

O prudent chief ! (the *Pylian* sage reply'd)  
 Wise as thou art, be now thy wisdom try'd :  
 Whatever means of safety can be fought,  
 Whatever counsels can inspire our thought,  
 Whatever methods, or to fly or fight ;  
 All, all depend on this important night !

He heard, return'd, and took his painted shield :  
 Then join'd the chiefs, and follow'd thro' the field.  
 Without his tent, bold *Diomed* they found,  
 All sheath'd in arms, his brave companions round,  
 Each sunk in sleep, extended on the field,  
 His head reclining on his bossy shield.

A wood of spears stood by, that fixt upright, †  
 Shot from their flashing points a quiv'ring light.  
 A bull's black hide compos'd the hero's bed ;  
 A splendid carpet roll'd beneath his head.

Then, with his foot old *Nestor* gently shakes  
 The slumb'ring chief, and in these words awakes.

Rise, son of *Tydeus* ! to the brave and strong  
 Rest seems inglorious, and the night too long.  
 But sleep'st thou now ? when from yon hill the foe ‡  
 Hangs o'er the fleet, and shades our walls below ?

At this, soft slumber from his eyelids fled ;  
 The warrior saw the hoary chief, and said,  
 Wond'rous old man ! whose soul no respite knows,  
 Tho' years and honours bid thee seek repose.  
 Let younger *Greeks* our sleeping warriors wake ;  
 Ill fits thy age these toils to undertake.  
 My friend, (he answer'd) gen'rous is thy care,  
 These toils, my subjects and my sons might bear,  
 Their loyal thoughts and pious loves conspire  
 To ease a sov'reign, and relieve a fire.

But now the last despair surrounds our host ; §  
 No hour must pass, no moment must be lost ;

Each

## NOTES.

xxvi. 7. " *Saul* lay sleeping within the trench, and his spear stuck in the ground at his bolster ; but *Abner* and the people lay round about him."

‡ It is necessary, if we would form an exact idea of the battles of *Homer*, to carry in our minds the place where the action was fought. It will therefore be proper to observe that the eminence upon which the *Trojans* encamped this night was the *tumulus* on which the monument of *Ilus* was situate.

§ The different behaviour of *Nestor* upon the same occasion, to different persons, is worthy observation : *Agamemnon* was under a concern and dejection of spirit from the danger of his army : to raise his courage, *Nestor* gave him hopes of success, and represented the state of affairs in the most favourable view. But he applies himself to *Diomed*, who is at all times enterprising and incapable of despair, in a far different manner : he turns the darkest side



Each single *Greek*, in this conclusive strife,  
Stands on the sharpest edge of death or life:  
Yet if my years thy kind regard engage,  
Employ thy youth as I employ my age;  
Succeed to these my cares, and rouse the rest;  
He serves me most, who serves his country best.

This said, the hero o'er his shoulders flung  
A lion's spoils, that to his ankles hung;  
Then seiz'd his pond'rous lance, and strode along.  
} *Meles* the bold, with *Ajax* sam'd for speed,  
The warrior rous'd, and to th' intrenchments led.

And now the chiefs approach the nightly guard;\*  
A wakeful squadron; each in arms prepar'd:  
Th' unwearied watch their list'ning leaders keep,  
And couching close, repel invading sleep.  
So faithful dogs their fleecy charge maintain,†  
With toil protected from the prowling train;  
When the gaunt lions, with hunger bold,  
Springs from the mountains tow'rd the guarded fold:  
Thro' breaking woods her rustling course they  
hear;

Loud, and more loud, the clamours strike their ear  
Of hounds and men; they start, they gaze around;  
Watch ev'ry side, and turn to ev'ry sound.

## NOTES.

to him, and gives the worst prospect of their condition. This conduct shews a great deal of prudence: it is the province of wisdom to encourage the disheartened with hopes, and to qualify the forward courage of the daring with fears; that the valour of the one may not sink through despair, nor that of the other fly out into rashness.

\* It is usual in poetry to pass over little circumstances, and carry on the greater. *Menelaus* in this book was sent to call some of the leaders; the poet has too much judgment to dwell upon the trivial particulars of his performing his message, but lets us know by the sequel that he had performed it. It would have clogged the poetical narration to have told us how *Menelaus* waked the heroes to whom he was dispatched, and had been but a repetition of what the poet had fully described before: he therefore drops these particularities, and leaves them to be supplied by the imagination of the reader. It is so in painting, the painter does not always draw at the full length, but leaves what is wanting to be added by the fancy of the beholder.

† This simile is in all its parts just to the description it is meant to illustrate. The dogs represent the watch, the flock the *Greeks*, the fold their camp, and the wild beast that invades them, *Hector*. The place, posture, and circumstance, are painted with the utmost life and nature.

‡ The reason why *Nestor* did not open the coun-

Thus watch'd the *Grecians*, cautious of surprize,  
Each voice, each motion, drew their ears and eyes;  
Each step of passing feet increas'd th' affright;  
And hostile *Troy* was ever full in sight.

*Nestor* with joy the wakeful band survey'd,

And thus accosted thro' the gloomy shade.

'Tis well, my sons! your nightly cares employ,  
Else must our host become the scorn of *Troy*.

Watch thus, and *Greece* shall live.—The hero said;

Then o'er the trench the following chieftains led.‡

His son; and godlike *Merion* march'd behind,

(For these the princes to their council join'd)

The trenches past, th' assembled kings around

In silent state the consistory crown'd.

A place there was yet undefil'd with gore,

The spot where *Hector* stopp'd his rage before,

When night descending, from his vengeful hand

Repriev'd the relics of the *Grecian* band:

(The plain beside with mangled corps was spread,

And all his progress mark'd by heaps of dead.)

There sat the mournful kings: when *Neleus'* son

The council opening, in these words begun.

Is there (said he) a chief so greatly brave,§

His life to hazard, and his country save?

Lives

## NOTES.

cil within the trenches, was with a design to encourage the guards, and those whom he intended to send to enter the *Trojan* camp. It would have appeared unreasonable to send others over the intrenchments upon a hazardous enterprize, and not to have dared himself to set a foot beyond them. This also could not fail of inflaming the courage of the *Grecian* spies, who would know themselves not to be far from assistance, while so many of the princes were pass'd over the ditch as well as they.

§ *Nestor* proposes his design of sending spies into the *Trojan* army with a great deal of address: he begins with a general sentence, and will not choose any one hero, for fear of disgusting the rest: had *Nestor* named the person, he would have paid him a compliment that was sure to be attended with the hazard of his life; and that person might have believed that *Nestor* exposed him to a danger, which his honour would not let him decline; while the rest might have resented such a partiality, which would have seemed to give the preference to another before them. It therefore was wisdom in *Nestor* to propose the design in general terms, whereby all the gallant men that offered themselves satisfied their honour, by being willing to share the danger with *Diomed*; and it was no disgrace to be left behind, after they had offered to hazard their lives for their country.



Lives there a man, who singly dares to go  
To yonder camp, or seize some straggling foe? \*  
Or favour'd by the night approach so near,  
Their speech, their counsels, and designs to hear?  
If to besiege our navies they prepare,  
Or *Troy* once more must be the seat of war?  
This could he learn, and to our peers recite,  
And pass unharm'd the dangers of the night;  
What fame were his thro' all succeeding days,  
While *Phœbus* shines, or men have tongues to praise?  
What gifts his grateful country would bestow?  
What must not *Greece* to her deliver owe?  
A fable ewe each leader should provide,  
With each a fable lambkin by her side:  
At ev'ry rite his share should be increas'd,  
And his the foremost honours of the feast.

Fear held them mute: alone, untaught to fear,  
*Tydidēs* spoke——The man you seek, is here.  
Thro' yon black camps to bend my dang'rous way,  
Some God within commands, and I obey.  
But let some other chosen warrior join,  
To raise my hopes, and second my design.  
By mutual confidence, and mutual aid,  
Great deeds are done, and great discov'ries made;  
The wise new prudence from the wise acquire,  
And one brave hero fans another's fire.

## NOTES.

\* It is worthy observation with how much caution *Nestor* opens this design, and with how much courage *Diomed* accepts it. *Nestor* forms it with coolness, but *Diomed* embraces it with warmth and resolution. *Nestor* only proposes that some man would approach the enemy and intercept some straggling *Trojan*, but *Diomed* offers to penetrate the very camp. *Nestor* was afraid lest no one should undertake it: *Diomed* overlooks the danger, and presents himself, as willing to march against the whole army of *Troy*.

† *Agamemnon* artfully steals away his brother from danger; the fondness he bears to him makes him think him unequal to so bold an enterprize, and prefer his safety to his glory. The poet intended to condemn that faulty modesty which makes one sometimes prefer a nobleman before a person of more real worth. To be greatly born is an happiness, but no merit; whereas personal virtues shew a man worthy of that greatness to which he is not born. It appears from hence, how honourable it was of old to go upon these parties by night, or undertake those offices which are now only the task of common soldiers. *Gideon* in the book of *Judges* goes as a spy into the camp of *Midian*,  
No. 7.

Contending leaders at the word arose:  
Each gen'rous breast with emulation glows:  
So brave a task each *Ajax* strove to share,  
Bold *Merion* strove, and *Nestor's* valiant heir;  
The *Spartan* wish'd the second place to gain,  
And great *Ulysses* wish'd, nor wish'd in vain.  
Then thus the king of men the contest ends:  
Thou first of warriors, and thou best of friends,  
Undaunted *Diomed*! what chief to join  
In this great enterprize, is only thine.  
Just be thy choice, without affection made,  
To birth, or office, no respect be paid; †  
Let worth determine here. The monarch spake,  
And inly trembled for his brother's sake.

Then thus (the god-like *Diomed* rejoin'd)  
My choice declares the impulse of my mind.  
How can I doubt, while great *Ulysses* stands  
To lend his counsels, and assist our hands?  
A chief, whose safety is *Minerva's* care;  
So fam'd, so dreadful in the works of war:  
Blest in his conduct, I no aid require, ‡  
Wisdom like his might pass thro' flames of fire.

It fits thee not, before these chiefs of fame, §  
(Reply'd the sage) to praise me, or to blame:  
Praise from a friend, or censure from a foe,  
Are lost on hearers that our merits know.

But

## NOTES.

though he was at that time general of the *Israelites*.

† There required some address in *Diomed* to make his choice without offending the *Grecian* princes; each of them might think it an indignity to be refused such a place of honour. *Diomed* therefore chuses *Ulysses*, not because he is braver than the rest, but because he is wiser. This part of his character was allowed by all the leaders of the army; and none of them thought it a disparagement to themselves as they were men of valour, to see the first place given to *Ulysses* in point of wisdom. No doubt but the poet, by causing *Diomed* to make this choice, intended to insinuate that valour ought always to be tempered with wisdom; to the end that what is designed with prudence, may be executed with resolution.

§ The modesty of *Ulysses* in this passage is very remarkable; tho' undoubtedly he deserved to be praised, yet he interrupted *Diomed* rather than he would be a hearer of his own commendation. What *Diomed* spoke in praise of *Ulysses*, was uttered to justify his choice of him to the leaders of the army; otherwise the praise he had given him, would have been no better than flattery.

L 1



But let us haste—Night rolls the hours away,\*  
The red'ning orient shows the coming day,  
The stars shine fainter on th' ætherial plains,  
And of night's empire but a third remains. †

Thus having spoke, with gen'rous ardour prest,  
In arms terrific their huge limbs they drest.  
A two-edg'd faulchion *Thrasymed* the brave,  
And ample buckler, to *Tydidēs* gave:  
Then in a leathern helm he cas'd his head, ‡  
Short of it's crest, and with no plume o'erspread:  
(Such as by youths unus'd to arms, are worn;  
No spoils enrich it, and no studs adorn.)  
Next him *Ulysses* took a shining sword,  
A bow and quiver, with bright arrows stor'd:  
A well-prov'd casque with leather braces bound  
(Thy gift, *Meriones*) his temples crown'd:  
Soft wool within; without, in order spread,  
A boar's white teeth grinn'd horrid o'er his head.  
This from *Amyntor*, rich *Ormenus'* son, ||  
*Autolychus* by fraudulent rapine won,  
And gave *Amphidamas*; from him the prize  
*Molus* receiv'd, the pledge of social ties;  
The helmet next by *Merion* was possess'd,  
And now *Ulysses'* thoughtful temples prest'd.

## NOTES.

\* It has been objected that *Ulysses* is guilty of a threefold tautology, when every word he uttered shews the necessity of being concise: if the night was nigh spent, there was the less time to lose in tautologies. But this is so far from being a fault, that it is a beauty: *Ulysses* dwells upon the shortness of the time before the day appears, in order to urge *Diomed* to the greatest speed in prosecuting the design.

† One ought to take notice with how much exactness *Homer* proportions his incidents to the time of action. These two books take up no more than the compass of one night; and this design could not have been executed in any other part of it. The poet had before told us, that all the plain was enlightened by the fires of *Troy*, and consequently no spy could pass over to their camp, till they were almost sunk and extinguished, which could not be till near the morning. It is observable that the poet divides the night into three parts, from whence we may gather, that the *Grecians* had three watches during the night: the first and second of which were over, when *Diomed* and *Ulysses* set out to enter the enemy's camp.

‡ It may not be improper to observe how conformably to the design the poet arms these two heroes: *Ulysses* has a bow and arrows, that he might be able to wound the enemy at a distance, and so

Thus sheath'd in arms, the council they forsake,  
And dark thro' paths oblique their progress take,  
Just then, in sign the favour'd their intent,  
A long-wing'd heron great *Minerva* sent;  
This, tho' surrounding shades obscur'd their view,  
By the shrill clang and whistling wings, they knew.  
As from the right she soar'd, *Ulysses* pray'd,  
Hail'd the glad omen, and address'd the maid. §

O daughter of that God, whose arm can wield  
Th' avenging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield!  
O thou! for ever present in my way,  
Who, all my motions, all my toils survey!  
Safe may we pass beneath the gloomy shade,  
Safe by thy succour to our ships convey'd;  
And let some deed this signal night adorn,  
To claim the tears of *Trojans* yet unborn.

Then god-like *Diomed* prefer'd his pray'r:  
Daughter of *Jove*, unconquer'd *Pallas!* hear.  
Great queen of arms, whose favour *Tydeus* won,  
As thou defend'st the fire, defend the son.  
When on *Æsopus'* banks the banded pow'rs  
Of *Greece* he left, and fought the *Theban* tow'rs,  
Peace was his charge; receiv'd with peaceful show,  
He went a legate, but return'd a foe:

Then

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retard his flight till he could overtake him; and for fear of a discovery, *Diomed* is armed with an helmet of leather, that the glittering of it might not betray him.

|| The succession of this helmet descending from one hero to another, is imitated by *Virgil* in the story of *Nisus* and *Euryalus*. It was anciently a custom to make these military presents to brave adventurers. So *Jonathan* in the first book of *Samuel*, "stript himself of the robe that was upon him, and gave it to *David*; and his garments, even to his sword, and his bow, and his girdle," ch. xviii. 4.

§ This passage sufficiently justifies *Diomed* for his choice of *Ulysses*: *Diomed*, who was most renowned for valour, might have given a wrong interpretation to this omen, and so have been discouraged from proceeding in the attempt. For tho' it really signified, that as the bird was not seen, but only heard by the sound of it's wings, so they should not be discovered by the *Trojans*, but perform actions which all *Troy* should hear with sorrow; yet on the other hand it might imply, that as they discovered the bird by the noise of it's wings, so they should be betrayed by the noise they should make in the *Trojan* army. The reason why *Pallas* does not send the bird that is sacred to herself, but the heron, is because it is a bird of prey, and denoted that they should spoil the *Trojans*.



Then help'd by thee, and cover'd by thy shield,  
He fought with numbers, and made numbers yield.  
So now be present, oh celestial maid!  
So still continue to the race thine aid!  
A youthful steer shall fall beneath the stroke,  
Untam'd, unconscious of the galling yoke,  
With ample forehead, and with spreading horns,  
Whose taper tops refulgent gold adorns.

The heroes pray'd; and *Pallas* from the skies,  
Accords their vow, succeeds their enterprize.  
Now, like two lions panting for the prey,  
With deathful thoughts they trace the dreary way,  
Thro' the black horrors of th' ensanguin'd plain,  
Thro' dust, thro' blood, o'er arms, and hills of slain.

Nor less bold *Hector*, and the sons of *Troy*,\*  
On high designs the wakeful hours employ;  
Th' assembled peers their lofty chief inclin'd;  
Who thus the counsels of his breast propos'd.

What glorious man, for high attempts prepar'd,  
Dares greatly venture for a rich reward?

Of yonder fleet a bold discov'ry make,  
What watch they keep, and what resolves they take?  
If now subdu'd they meditate their flight,  
And spent with toil neglect the watch of night?  
His be the chariot that shall please him most,  
Of all the plunder of the vanquish'd host;  
His the fair steeds that all the rest excel,  
And his the glory to have serv'd so well.

A youth there was among the tribes of *Troy*,  
*Dolon* his name, *Eumedes'* only boy. †  
(Five girls beside the rev'rend herald told)  
Rich was the son in brass, and rich in gold;  
Not blest by nature with the charms of face,  
But swift of foot, and matchless in the race.  
*Hector*! (he said) my courage bids me meet  
This high achievement, and explore the fleet:  
But first exalt thy sceptre to the skies,  
And swear to grant me the demanded prize; ‡  
Th' immortal courfers, and the glitt'ring car, ||  
That bear *Pelides* thro' the ranks of war.

Encourag'd

#### NOTES.

\* Our author sends out the *Trojan* spy in this place in a very different manner from the *Grecian* ones before. Having been very particular in describing the counsel of the *Greeks*, he avoids tiring the reader here with parallel circumstances, and passes it in general terms. In the first, a wise old man proposes the adventure with an air of deference; in the second, a brave young man with an air of authority. The one promises a small gift, but very honourable and certain; the other a great one, but uncertain and less honourable, because it is given as a reward. So that *Diomed* and *Ulysses* are inspired with the love of glory. *Dolon* is possess'd with a thirst of gain: they proceed with a sage and circumspect valour, he with rashness and vanity; they go in conjunction, he alone; they cross the fields out of the road, he follows the common track. In all there is a contrast that is admirable, and a moral that strikes every reader at first sight.

† It is scarce to be conceived with what conciseness the poet has here given us the name, the fortunes, the pedigree, the office, the shape, the swiftness of *Dolon*. He seems to have been eminent for nothing so much as for his wealth, though undoubtedly he was by place one of the first rank in *Troy*: *Hector* summons him to this assembly amongst the chiefs of *Troy*; nor was he unknown to the *Greeks*, for *Diomed*, immediately after he had seized him, calls him by his name. Perhaps being an herald, he had frequently passed between the armies in the execution of his office. The ancients observed upon this place, that it was the office of *Dolon* which made him offer himself to

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*Hector*. The sacred character gave him hopes that they would not violate his person, should he happen to be taken; and his riches he knew were sufficient to purchase his liberty; besides all which advantages, he had hopes from his swiftness to escape any pursuers.

‡ It is evident from this whole narration, that *Dolon* was a man of no real worth or courage; his covetousness seems to be the sole motive of his undertaking this exploit: and whereas *Diomed* neither desired any reward, nor when promised required any assurance of it; *Dolon* demands an oath, and will not trust the promise of *Hector*; he every where discovers a base spirit, and by the sequel it will appear, that this vain boaster, instead of discovering the army of the enemy, becomes a traitor to his own.

|| *Hector* in the foregoing speech promises the best horses in the *Grecian* army, as a reward to any one who would undertake what he proposed. *Dolon* immediately demands those of *Achilles*, and confines the general promise of *Hector* to the particular horses of that brave hero. There is something very extraordinary in *Hector's* taking a solemn oath, that he will give the chariots and steeds of *Achilles* to *Dolon*. The ancients knew not whose vanity most to wonder at, that of *Dolon* or *Hector*; the one for demanding this, or the other for promising it. Though we may take notice, that *Virgil* liked this extravagance so well as to imitate it, where *Ascanius* (without being asked) promises the horses and armour of *Turnus* to *Nisus*, on his undertaking a like enterprize.



Encourag'd thus no idle scout I go,  
Fulfil thy wish, their whole intentions know,  
Ev'n to the royal tent pursue my way,  
And all their counsels, all their aims betray.

The chief then heav'd the golden sceptre high,  
Attesting thus the monarch of the sky.  
Be witness thou! immortal Lord of all!  
Whose thunder shakes the dark æt'rial hall:  
By none but *Dolon* shall this prize be borne,  
And him alone th' immortal steeds adorn.

Thus *Hector* swore: the Gods were call'd in vain,  
But the rash youth prepares to scour the plain:  
Across his back the bended bow he slung,  
A wolf's grey hide around his shoulders hung,  
A ferret's downy fur his helmet lin'd,  
And in his hand a pointed jav'lin shin'd.  
Then (never to return) he sought the shore,  
And trod the path his feet must tread no more.  
Scarce had he pass'd the steeds and *Trojan* throng,  
(Still bending forward as he cours'd along)  
When, on the hollow way, th' approaching tread  
*Ulysses* mark'd, and thus to *Diomed*:

O friend! I hear some step of hostile feet,  
Moving this way, or hastening to the fleet;  
Some spy perhaps, to lurk beside the main;  
Or nightly pillager that strips the slain.  
Yet let him pass, and win a little space;  
Then rush behind him, and prevent his pace.  
But if too swift of foot he flies before,  
Confine his course along the fleet and shore,  
Betwixt the camps and him our spear employ,  
And intercept his hop'd return to *Troy*.

With that they stepp'd aside, and stoop'd their head,  
(As *Dolon* pass'd) behind a heap of dead:  
Along the path the spy unwary flew;  
Soft, at just distance, both the chiefs pursue.

So distant they, and such the space between,  
As when two teams of mules divide the green,  
(To whom the hind like shares of land allows)  
When now few furrows part th' approaching plows.\*  
Now *Dolon* list'ning heard them as they pass;  
*Hector* (he thought) had sent, and check'd his haste,  
Till scarce at distance of a javelin's throw,  
No voice succeeding, he perceiv'd the foe.  
As when two skilful hounds the lev'et wind,  
Or chace through woods obscure the trembling hind;  
Now lost, now seen, they intercept his way,  
And from the herd still turn the flying prey:  
So fast, and with such fears the *Trojan* flew;  
So close, so constant, the bold *Greeks* pursue.  
Now almost on the fleet the dastard falls,  
And mingles with the guards that watch the walls;  
When brave *Tydidēs* stopp'd; a gen'rous thought  
(Inspir'd by *Pallas*) in his bosom wrought,  
Left on the foe some forward *Greek* advance,  
And snatch the glory from his lifted lance.  
Then thus aloud: Whoe'er thou art, remain;  
This javelin else shall fix thee to the plain.  
He said, and high in air the weapon cast,  
Which wilful err'd, and o'er his shoulder pass'd;  
Then fix'd in earth. Against the trembling wood  
The wretch stood propp'd, and quiver'd as he stood;†  
A sudden palsy seiz'd his turning head;  
His loose teeth chatter'd, and his colour fled:  
The panting warriors seize him as he stands,  
And with unmanly tears his life demands.

O spare my youth, and for the breath I owe,  
Large gifts of price my father shall bestow:  
Vast heaps of brass shall in your ships be told,  
And steel well-temper'd, and refulgent gold.

To whom *Ulysses* made this wise reply;  
Whoe'er thou art, be bold, nor fear to die. ‡

What

#### NOTES.

\* The *Grecians* did not plow in the manner now in use. They first broke up the ground with oxen, and then plowed it more lightly with mules. When they employed two plows in a field, they measured the space they could plow in a day, and set their plows at the two ends of that space, and those plows proceeded toward each other. This intermediate space was constantly fixed, but less in proportion for two plows of oxen than for two of mules; because oxen are slower, and toil more in a field that has not been yet turned up; whereas mules are naturally swifter, and make greater speed in a ground that has already had the first plowing. This manner of measuring a space of ground by a comparison from plowing, seems to have been customary in those times, from that passage in the first book of

#### NOTES.

*Samuel*, ch. xiv. 14. "And the first slaughter which *Jonathan* and his armour-bearer made, was about twenty men, within as it were half a furrow of an acre of land, which a yoke of oxen might plow."

† The poet here gives us a very lively picture of a person in the utmost agonies of fear: *Dolon's* swiftness forsakes him, and he stands shackled by his cowardice. The very words express the thing he describes by the broken turn of the *Greek* verses, and something like it is aimed at in the *English*.

‡ It is observable what caution the poet here uses in reference to *Dolon*: *Ulysses* does not make him any promises of life, but only bids him very artfully not to think of dying: so that when *Diomed* kills him, he was not guilty of a breach of promise, and the spy was deceived rather by the art and subtlety





*The Greeks surpris'd at Achilles's refusal, having sent Diomed and Ulysses in the night to observe the Trojan camp. Those Princes artful-ly discover the disposition of it & kill Rhesus, whose Horses they carry off. BX*

*R. Fordrimer sculp.*



What moves thee, say, when sleep has clos'd the sight,  
To roam the silent fields in dead of night?  
Cam'st thou the secrets of our camp to find,  
By *Hector* prompted, or thy daring mind?  
Or art some wretch by hopes of plunder led  
Through heaps of carnage, to despoil the dead?

Then thus pale *Dolon* with a fearful look,  
(Still, as he spoke, his limbs with horror shook)  
Hither I came, by *Hector*'s words deceiv'd;  
Much did he promise; rashly I believ'd:  
No less a bribe than great *Achilles*' car,  
And those swift steeds that sweep the ranks of war,  
Urg'd me, unwilling, this attempt to make,\*  
To learn what counsels, what resolves you take:  
If now subdu'd, you fix your hopes on flight,  
And tir'd with toils, neglect the watch of night?

Bold was thy aim, and glorious was the prize,  
(*Ulysses*, with a scornful smile, replies)  
Far other rulers those proud steeds demand,  
And scorn the guidance of a vulgar hand;  
Ev'n great *Achilles* scarce their rage can tame,  
*Achilles* sprung from an immortal dame.  
But say, be faithful, and the truth recite!  
Where lies encamp'd the *Trojan* chief to-night?†  
Where stand his couriers? in what quarter sleep  
Their other princes? tell what watch they keep?  
Say, since this conquest, what their counsels  
are?

Or here to combat, from their city far,  
Or back to *Ilium*'s walls transfer the war?

*Ulysses* thus, and thus *Eumedes*' son:  
What *Dolon* knows, his faithful tongue shall own.  
*Hector*, the peers assembling in his tent,  
A council holds at *Ilus*' monument.

No certain guards the nightly watch partake;‡  
Where'er yon fires ascend, § the *Trojans* wake;  
Anxious for *Troy*, the guard the natives keep;  
Safe in their cares, th' auxiliar forces sleep,  
Whose wives and infants, from the danger far,  
Discharge their souls of half the fears of war.

Then sleep those aids among the *Trojan* train,  
(Inquir'd the chief) or scatter'd o'er the plain?

To whom the spy: Their pow'rs they thus dispose:  
The *Pæons*, dreadful with their bended bows,  
The *Carians*, *Caucons*, the *Pelasgian* host,  
And *Leleges* encamp along the coast.  
Not distant far, lie higher on the land  
The *Lycian*, *Mysian*, and *Mæonian* band,  
And *Phrygia*'s horse, by *Thymbras*' ancient wall;  
The *Thracians* utmost, and apart from all:  
These *Troy* but lately to her succour won,  
Led on by *Rhesus*, great *Eioneus*' son:  
I saw his couriers in proud triumph go,  
Swift as the wind, and white as winter-snow:  
Rich silver plates his shining car infold;  
His solid arms, refulgent, flame with gold;  
No mortal shoulders suit the glorious load,  
Celestial *Panoply*, to grace a God!  
Let me, unhappy, to your fleet be borne,  
Or leave me here, a captive's fate to mourn,  
In cruel chains: till your return reveal  
The truth or falsehood of the news I tell.

To this *Tydidēs*, with a gloomy frown:  
Think not to live, though all the truth be shown:  
Shall we dismiss thee, in some future strife  
To risk more bravely thy now forfeit life?  
Or that again our camps thou may'st explore?  
No—once a traitor, thou betray'st no more.

Sternly

#### NOTES.

subtlety of *Ulysses*, than by his falsehood. *Dolon*'s understanding seems entirely to be disturbed by his fears; he was so cautious as not to believe a friend just before without an oath, but here he trusts an enemy without so much as a promise.

\* It is observable, that the cowardice of *Dolon* here betrays him into a falsehood: though some are of opinion that the word in the original means no more than *contrary to my judgment*.

† The night was now very far advanced, the morning approached, and the two heroes had their whole design still to execute: *Ulysses* therefore complies with the necessity of the time, and makes his questions very short, though at the same time very full. In the like manner when *Ulysses* comes to shew *Diomed* the chariot of *Rhesus*, he uses a sudden transition without the usual form of speaking.

No. 8.

#### NOTES.

‡ *Homer* to give an air of probability to this narration, lets us understand that the *Trojan* camp might easily be entered without discovery, because there were no centinels to guard it. This might happen partly through the security which their late success had thrown them into, and partly through the fatigues of the former day. Besides which, *Homer* gives us another very natural reason, the negligence of the auxiliar forces, who being foreigners, had nothing to lose by the fall of *Troy*.

§ This is not to be understood of those fires which *Hector* commanded to be kindled at the beginning of this night, but only of the household fires of the *Trojans*, distinct from the auxiliars. The expression in the original is somewhat remarkable; but implies those people that were natives of *Troy*.



Sternly he spoke, and as the wretch prepar'd  
 With humble blandishment to stroke his beard,  
 Like light'ning swift the wrathful faulchion flew,  
 Divides the neck, and cuts the nerves in two; \*  
 One instant snatch'd his trembling soul to hell,  
 The head, yet speaking, mutter'd as it fell.  
 The furry helmet from his brow they tear,  
 The wolf's grey hide, th' unbended bow and spear;  
 These great *Ulysses* lifting to the skies,  
 To sav'ring *Pallas* dedicates the prize.

Great queen of arms! receive this hostile spoil,  
 And let the *Thracian* steeds reward our toil:  
 Thee first of all the heav'nly host we praise;  
 O speed our labours, and direct our ways!  
 This said, the spoils with dropping gore defac'd,  
 High on a spreading tamarisk he plac'd;  
 Then heap'd with reeds and gather'd boughs the plain,  
 To guide their footsteps to the place again.

Thro' the still night they cross the devious fields,  
 Slipp'ry with blood, o'er arms and heaps of shields.  
 Arriving where the *Thracian* squadrons lay,  
 And eas'd in sleep the labours of the day,  
 Rang'd in three lines they view the prostrate band:  
 The horses yok'd beside each warrior stand;  
 Their arms in order on the ground reclin'd,  
 Thro' the brown shade the fulgid weapons shin'd;  
 Amidst lay *Rhesus*, stretch'd in sleep profound,  
 And the white steeds behind his chariot bound.  
 The welcome sight *Ulysses* first descries,  
 And points to *Diomed* the tempting prize.  
 The man, the courfers, and the car behold!  
 Describ'd by *Dolon*, with the arms of gold.  
 Now, brave *Tydidēs*! now thy courage try,  
 Approach the chariot, and the steeds untie;  
 Or if thy soul aspire to fiercer deeds,  
 Urge thou the slaughter, while I seize the steeds.

*Pallas* (this said) her hero's bosom warms,  
 Breath'd in his heart, and strung his nervous arms;  
 Where-e'er he pass'd, a purple stream pursu'd;  
 His thirst'ly faulchion, sat with hostile blood,  
 Bath'd all his footsteps, dy'd the fields with gore,  
 And a low groan remurmur'd through the shore.

## NOTES.

\* It may seem a piece of barbarity in *Diomed* to kill *Dolon* thus, in the very act of supplicating for mercy. But it was very necessary that it should be so, for fear, if he had deferred his death, he might have cried out to the *Trojans*, who hearing his voice, would have been upon their guard.

† All the circumstances of this action, the night, *Rhesus* buried in a profound sleep, and *Diomed* with the sword in his hand hanging over the head of that prince, furnished *Homer* with the idea of this sic-

So the grim lion, from his nightly den,  
 O'erleaps the fences, and invades the pen;  
 On sheep or goats, resistless in his way,  
 He falls, and foaming rends the guardless prey.  
 Nor stopp'd the fury of his vengeful hand,  
 Till twelve lay breathless of the *Thracian* band.  
*Ulysses* following, as the part'ner flew,  
 Back by the foot each slaughter'd warrior drew;  
 The milk-white courfers studious to convey  
 Safe to the ships, he wisely clear'd the way;  
 Left the fierce steeds, not yet to battles bred,  
 Should start, and tremble at the heaps of dead.  
 Now twelve dispatch'd, the monarch last they found;  
*Tydidēs*' faulchion fix'd him to the ground.  
 Just then a deathful dream *Minerva* sent; †  
 A warlike form appear'd before his tent,  
 Whose visionary steel his bosom tore:  
 So dream'd the monarch, and awak'd no more.

*Ulysses* now the snowy steeds detains,  
 And leads them, fasten'd by the silver reins;  
 These, with his bow unbent, he lash'd along;  
 (The scourge forgot, on *Rhesus*' chariot hung.)  
 Then gave his friend the signal to retire;  
 But him, new dangers, new achievements fire;  
 Doubtful he stood, or with his reeking blade  
 To send more heroes to th' infernal shade,  
 Drag off the car where *Rhesus*' armour lay,  
 Or heave with manly force, and lift away.  
 While unresolv'd the son of *Tydeus* stands,  
*Pallas* appears, and thus her chief commands.

Enough, my son, from farther slaughter cease,  
 Regard thy safety, and depart in peace;  
 Halte to the ships, the gotten spoils enjoy,  
 Nor tempt too far the hostile Gods of *Troy*.

The voice divine confess'd the martial maid;  
 In haste he mounted, and her word obey'd;  
 The courfers fly before *Ulysses*' bow,  
 Swift as the wind, and white as winter-snow.

Not unobserv'd they pass'd: the God of light †  
 Had watch'd his *Troy*, and mark'd *Minerva*'s flight,  
 Saw *Tydeus*' son with heav'nly succour blest,  
 And vengeful anger fill'd his sacred breast.

Swift

## NOTES.

tion, which represents *Rhesus* dying fast asleep, and as it were beholding his enemy in a dream plunging a sword into his bosom. This image is very natural, for a man in this condition awakes no farther than to see confusedly what environs him, and to think it not a reality, but a vision.

† *Apollo*'s waking the *Trojans* is only an allegory to imply that the light of the morning awakened them.



Swift to the *Trojan* camp descends the pow'r,  
And wakes *Hippocoön* in the morning-hour,  
(On *Rhesus*' side accus'd om'd to attend,  
A faithful kinsman, and instructive friend.)  
He rose, and saw the field deform'd with blood,  
An empty space where late the courfers stood,  
The yet-warm *Thracians* panting on the coast;  
For each he wept, but for his *Rhesus* most:  
Now while on *Rhesus*' name he calls in vain,  
The gath'ring tumult spreads o'er all the plain;  
On heaps the *Trojans* rush, with wild affright,  
And wond'ring view the slaughters of the night.

Mean while the chiefs, arriving at the shade  
Where late the spoils of *Hector*'s spy were laid,  
*Ulysses* stopp'd; to him *Tydidēs* bore  
The trophy, dropping yet with *Dolon*'s gore:  
Then mounts again; again their nimble feet  
The courfers ply, and thunder tow'rds the fleet.

Old *Nestor* first perceiv'd th' approaching sound,\*  
Bespeaking thus the *Grecian* peers around.  
Methinks the noise of trampling steeds I hear  
Thick'ning this way, and gath'ring on my ear;  
Perhaps some horses of the *Trojan* breed  
(So may, ye Gods! my pious hopes succeed)  
The great *Tydidēs* and *Ulysses* bear,  
Return'd triumphant with this prize of war.  
Yet much I fear (ah may that fear be vain)  
The chiefs out-number'd by the *Trojan* train;  
Perhaps, ev'n now pursu'd, they seek the shore;  
Or oh! perhaps those heroes are no more.  
Scarce had he spoke, when lo! the chiefs appear,

And spring to earth; the *Greeks* dismiss their fear;  
With words of friendship and extended hands  
They greet the kings; and *Nestor* first demands:

## NOTES.

\* It may with an appearance of reason be asked, whence it could be that *Nestor*, whose sense of hearing might be supposed to be impaired by his great age, should be the first person among so many youthful warriors who hears the tread of the horse's feet at a distance? In answer to this we may observe, that *Nestor* had a particular concern for the safety of *Diomed* and *Ulysses* on this occasion, as he was the person who, by proposing the undertaking, had exposed them to a very signal danger: and consequently his extraordinary care for their preservation, did more than supply the disadvantage of his age. This agrees very well with what immediately follows; for the old man breaks out into a transport at the sight of them, and in a wild sort of joy asks some questions, which could not have proceeded from him, but while he was under that happy surprize.

† *Minerva*.

Say thou, whose praises all our host proclaim,  
Thou living glory of the *Grecian* name!  
Say whence these courfers, by what chance bestow'd,  
The spoil of foes, or present of a God?  
Not those fair steeds so radiant and so gay,  
That draw the burning chariot of the day,  
Old as I am, to age I scorn to yield,  
And daily mingle in the martial field;  
But sure till now no courfers struck my fight  
Like these, conspicuous thro' the ranks of fight.  
Some God, I deem, conferr'd the glorious prize,  
Blest as ye are, and fav'rites of the skies;  
The care of him who bids the thunder roar,  
And † her, whose fury bathes the world with gore.

Father! not so, (sage *Ithacus* rejoind)  
The gifts of heav'n are of a nobler kind.  
Of *Thracian* lineage are the steeds ye view, ‡  
Whose hostile king the brave *Tydidēs* flew;  
Sleeping he dy'd, with all his guards around,  
And twelve beside lay gasping on the ground. ||  
These other spoils from conquer'd *Dolon* came,  
A wretch, whose swiftness was his only fame,  
By *Hector* sent our forces to explore,  
He now lies headless on the sandy shore.

Then o'er the trench the bounding courfers flew;  
The joyful *Greeks* with loud acclaim pursue.  
Strait to *Tydidēs*' high pavillion borne,  
The matchless steeds his ample stall adorn:  
The neighing courfers their new fellows greet,  
And the full racks are heap'd with gen'rous wheat.  
But *Dolon*'s armour, to his ships convey'd,  
High on the painted stern *Ulysses* laid,  
A trophy destin'd to the blue-ey'd maid. }

Now from nocturnal sweat, and sanguine stain,  
They cleanse their bodies in the neighb'ring main: §  
Then

## NOTES.

† It is observable, that *Homer* in this place unravels the series of this night's exploits, and inverts the order of the former narration. This is partly occasioned by a necessity of *Nestor*'s inquiries, and partly to relate the same thing in a different way, that he might not tire the reader with an exact repetition of what he knew before.

|| How comes it to pass that the poet should here call *Dolon* the thirteenth that was slain, whereas he had already numbered up thirteen besides him? An eminent critic answers, that he mentions *Rhesus* by himself, by way of eminence. Then coming to recount the *Thracians*, he reckons twelve of them; so that taking *Rhesus* separately, *Dolon* will make the thirteenth.

§ We have here a regimen very agreeable to the simplicity and austerity of the old heroic times. These warriors plunge into the sea to wash themselves;



Then in the polish'd bath, refresh'd from toil,  
 Their joints they supple with dissolving oil,  
 In due repast indulge the genial hour,\*  
 And first to *Pallas* the libations pour

## NOTES.

selves; for the salt water is not only more purifying than any other, but more corroborates the nerves. They afterwards enter into a bath, and rub their bodies with oil, which by softening and moistening the flesh prevents too great a dissipation, and restores the natural strength.

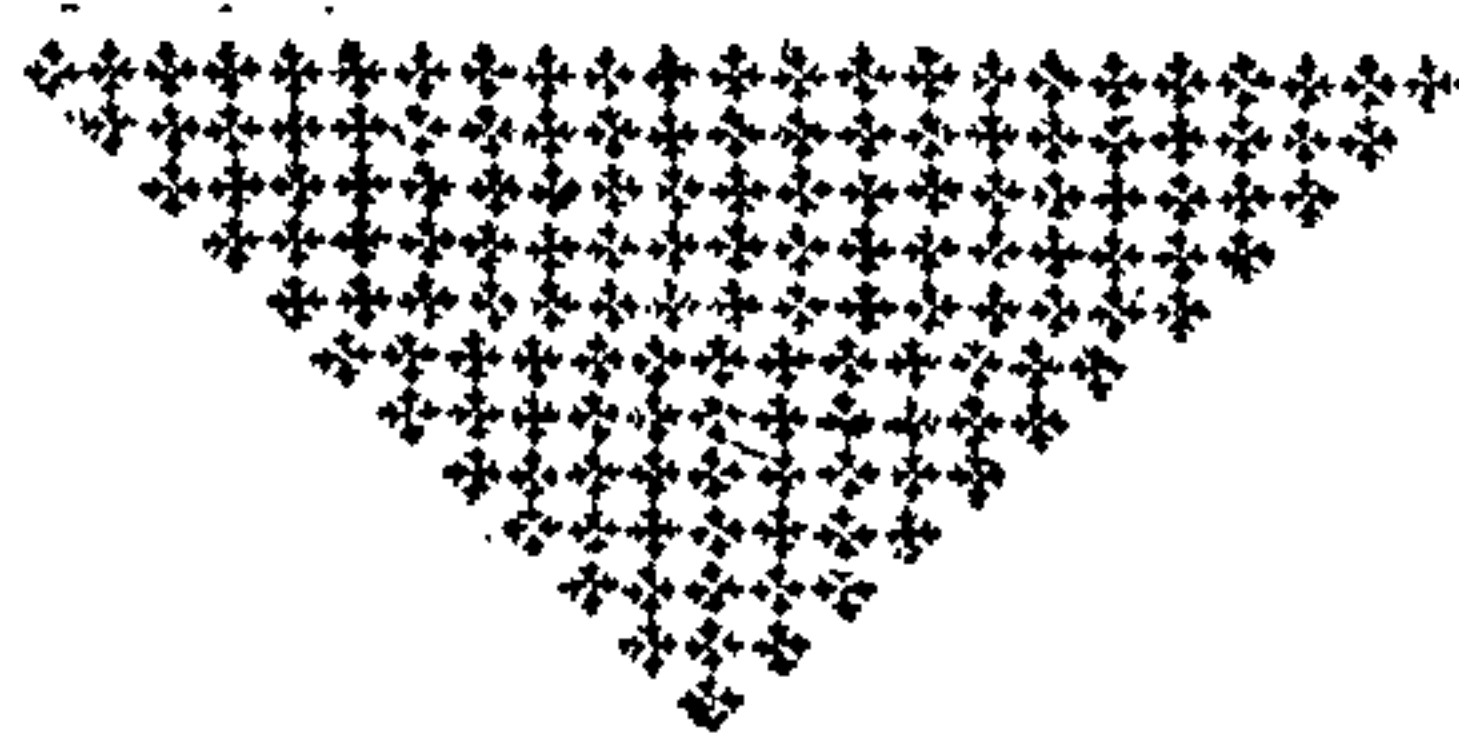
\* It appears from hence with what preciseness *Homer* distinguishes the time of these actions. It is evident from this passage, that immediately after their return, it was day-light; that being the time of taking such a repast as is here described.

We cannot conclude the notes to this book without observing, that what seems the principal beauty of it, and what distinguishes it among all the others, is the liveliness of it's paintings: the reader sees the most natural night scene in the world; he is led step by step with the adventurers, and made the companion of all their expectations, and uncertainties. We see the very colour of the sky, know the time to a minute, are impatient while the heroes are arming,

They sit, rejoicing in her aid divine,  
 And the crown'd goblet foams with floods of wine.

## NOTES.

our imagination steals out after them, becomes privy to all their doubts, and even to the secret wishes of their hearts sent up to *Minerva*. We are alarmed at the approach of *Dolon*, hear his very footsteps, assist the two chiefs in pursuing him, and stop just with the spear that arrests him. We are perfectly acquainted with the situation of all the forces, with the figure in which they lie, with the disposition of *Rhesus* and the *Thracians*, with the posture of his chariot and horses. The marshy spot of ground where *Dolon* is killed, the tamarisk, or aquatic plants upon which they hang his spoils, and the reeds that are heaped together to mark the place, are circumstances the most *picturesque* imaginable. And though it must be owned, that the human figures in this place are excellent, and disposed in the properest actions; we cannot but confess our opinion, that the chief beauty of it is in the prospect, a finer than which was never drawn by any pencil.





## The ELEVENTH BOOK of the ILIAD.\*

## A R G U M E N T.

## THE THIRD BATTLE, AND THE ACTS OF AGAMEMNON.

Agamemnon having armed himself, leads the Grecians to battle: Hector prepares the Trojans to receive them; while Jupiter, Juno and Minerva give the signals of war. Agamemnon bears all before him; and Hector is commanded by Jupiter (who sends Iris for that purpose) to decline the engagement, till the king shall be wounded and retire from the field. He then makes a great slaughter of the enemy; Ulysses and Diomed put a stop to him for a time; but the latter being wounded by Paris, is obliged to desert his companion, who is encompassed by the Trojans, wounded, and in the utmost danger, till Menelaus and Ajax rescue him. Hector comes against Ajax, but that hero alone opposes multitudes, and rallies the Greeks. In the mean time Machaon, in the other wing of the army, is pierced with an arrow by Paris, and carried from the fight in Nestor's chariot. Achilles (who overlooked the action from his ship) sends Patroclus to inquire which of the Greeks was wounded in that manner? Nestor entertains him in his tent with an account of the accidents of the day, and a long recital of some former wars which he remembered, tending to put Patroclus upon persuading Achilles to fight for his countrymen, or at least to permit him to do it, clad in Achilles's armour. Patroclus in his return meets Eurypylus also wounded, and assists him in that distress.

This book opens with the eight and twentieth day of the poem; and the same day, with it's various actions and adventures, is extended through the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and part of the eighteenth books. The scene lies in the field near the monument of Ilus.

THE saffron morn, with early blushes spread,  
Now rose refulgent from Tithonus' bed;  
With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,  
And gild the courts of heav'n with sacred light.

When baleful Eris sent by Jove's command,  
The torch of discord blazing in her hand,  
Through the red skies her bloody sign extends,  
And wrapt in tempests, o'er the fleet descends.

High

## NOTES.

\* As Homer's invention is in nothing more wonderful, than in the great variety of characters with which his poems are diversified, so his judgment appears in nothing more exact, than in that propriety with which each character is maintained. But this exactness must be collected by a diligent attention to his conduct through the whole: and when the particulars of each character are laid together, we shall find them all proceeding from the same temper and disposition of the person. If this observation be neglected, the poet's conduct will lose much of it's true beauty and harmony. It will not be unpleasant to the reader, to consider the picture of Agamemnon, drawn by so masterly an hand as

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## NOTES.

that of Homer, in it's full length, after having seen him in several views and lights since the beginning of the poem. He is a master of policy and stratagem, and maintains a good understanding with his council; which was but necessary, considering how many different, independent nations and interests he had to manage: he seems fully conscious of his own superior authority, and always knows the time when to exert it; he is personally very valiant, but not without some mixture of fierceness: highly resentful of the injuries done his family, even more than Menelaus himself: warm both in his passions and affections, particularly in the love he bears his brother. In short, he is (as Homer himself in another

No 8.

other



High on *Ulysses'* bark, her horrid stand  
 She took, and thunder'd thro' the seas and land.\*  
 Ev'n *Ajax* and *Achilles* heard the sound,  
 Whose ships, remote, the guarded navy bound.  
 Thence the black fury through the *Grecian* throng  
 With horror sounds the loud *Orthian* song:†  
 The navy shakes, and at the dire alarms  
 Each bosom boils, each warrior starts to arms.  
 No more they sigh, inglorious to return,  
 But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.  
 The king of men his hardy host inspires  
 With loud command, with great example fires;  
 Himself first rose, himself before the rest  
 His mighty limbs in radiant armour drest.  
 And first he cas'd his manly legs around  
 In shining greaves, with silver buckles bound:  
 The beaming cuirass next adorn'd his breast,  
 The same which once king *Cinyras* possess'd:‡  
 (The same of *Greece* and her assembled host  
 Had reach'd that monarch on the *Cyprian* coast;  
 'Twas then, the friendship of the chief to gain,  
 This glorious gift he sent, nor sent in vain.)

## NOTES.

other place describes him) both a good king, and a great warrior. It is very observable how this hero rises in the esteem of the reader as the poem advances: it opens with many circumstances very much to the disadvantage of his character; he insults the priest of *Apollo*, and outrages *Achilles*: but in the second book he grows sensible of the effects of his rashness, and takes the fault entirely upon himself: in the fourth he shews himself a skilful commander, by exhorting, reproving, and performing all the offices of a good general: in the eighth he is deeply touched by the sufferings of his army; and makes all the people's calamities his own: in the ninth he endeavours to reconcile himself to *Achilles*, and condescends to be the petitioner, because it is for the public good: in the tenth, finding those endeavours ineffectual, his concern keeps him the whole night awake, in contriving all possible methods to assist them: and now in the eleventh as it were resolving himself to supply the want of *Achilles*, he grows prodigiously in his valour, and performs wonders in his single person. Thus we see *Agamemnon* continually winning upon our esteem, as we grow acquainted with him; so that he seems to be like that Goddess the poet describes, who was low at the first, but rising by degrees, at last reaches the very heavens.

\* With what a wonderful sublimity does the poet begin this book? He awakens the reader's curiosity, and sounds an alarm to the approaching battle.

Ten rows of azure steel the work infold,  
 Twice ten of tin, and twelve of ductile gold;  
 Three glitt'ring dragons to the gorget rise,  
 Whose imitated scales against the skies  
 Reflected various light, and arching bow'd,§  
 Like colour'd rainbows o'er a show'ry cloud.  
 (*Jove's* wond'rous bow, of three celestial dyes,  
 Plac'd as a sign to man amid the skies.)  
 A radiant baldrick o'er his shoulder ty'd,  
 Sustain'd the sword that glitter'd at his side:  
 Gold was the hilt, a silver sheath encas'd  
 The shining blade, and golden hangers grac'd.  
 His buckler's mighty orb was next display'd,  
 That round the warrior cast a dreadful shade;  
 Ten zones of brass it's ample brim surround,  
 And twice ten bosses the bright convex crown'd:  
 Tremendous *Gorgon* frown'd upon it's field,  
 And circling terrors fill'd th' expressive shield:  
 Within it's concave hung a silver thong,  
 On which a mimic serpent creeps along,  
 His azure length in easy waves extends,  
 Till in three heads th' embroider'd monster ends.

Last

## NOTES.

With what magnificence does he usher in the deeds of *Agamemnon*? He seems for a while to have lost all view of the main battle, and lets the whole action of the poem stand still, to attend the motions of this single hero. Instead of a herald, he brings down a Goddess to inflame the army; instead of a trumpet, or such warlike music, *Juno* and *Minerva* thunder over the field of battle: *Jove* rains down drops of blood, and averts his eyes from such a scene of horrors. By the Goddess *Eris* is meant that ardour and impatience for the battle which now inspired the *Grecian* army: they who just before were almost in despair, now burn for the fight, and breathe nothing but war.

† This is a kind of an *Odaic* song, invented and sung on purpose to fire the soul to noble deeds in war. Such was that of *Timotheus* before *Alexander the Great*, which had such an influence upon him, that he leaped from his seat, and laid hold on his arms.

‡ It is probable this passage of *Cinyras*, king of *Cyprus*, alludes to a true history; and what makes it the more so is, that this island was famous for it's mines of several metals.

§ The poet intended to represent the bending figure of these serpents, as well as their colour, by comparing them to rainbows. This is a parallel passage to that in *Genesis*, where God tells *Noah*, "I have set my bow in the clouds, that it may be for a sign of the covenant between me and the earth."



Last o'er his brows his fourfold helm he plac'd,  
With nodding horse-hair formidably grac'd;  
And in his hands two steely javelins wields,  
That blaze to heav'n, and lighten all the fields.

That instant *Juno*, and the martial Maid  
In happy thunders promis'd *Greece* their aid;  
High o'er the chief they clash'd their arms in air,  
And leaning from the clouds, expect the war.

Close to the limits of the trench and mound,  
The fiery couriers to their chariots bound  
The squires restrain'd: the foot, with those who wield  
The lighter arms, rush forward to the field.\*  
To second these in close array combin'd,  
The squadrons spread their sable wings behind.  
Now shouts and tumults wake the tardy sun,  
As with the light the warriors toils begun.  
Ev'n *Jove*, whose thunder spoke his wrath, distill'd  
Red drops of blood o'er all the fatal field;†  
The woes of men unwilling to survey,  
And all the slaughters that must stain the day.

Near *Ilius'* tomb in order rang'd around,  
The *Trojan* lines possess'd the rising ground,  
There wise *Polydamas* and *Hector* stood;  
*Aeneas*, honour'd as a guardian God;  
Bold *Polybus*, *Agenor* the divine;  
The brother warriors of *Antenor's* line;  
With youthful *Acamas*, whose beauteous face  
And fair proportion, match'd th' etherial race;  
Great *Hector*, cover'd with his spacious shield,  
Plies all the troops, and orders all the field.

## NOTES.

\* Here we see the order of battle is inverted, and opposite to that which *Nestor* proposed in the fourth book: for it is the cavalry which is there sustained by the infantry; here the infantry by the cavalry. But to deliver our opinion, we believe it was the nearness of the enemy that oblig'd *Agamemnon* to change the disposition of the battle: he would break their battalions with his infantry, and compleat their defeat by his cavalry, which should fall upon the flyers.

† These prodigies, with which *Homer* embellishes his poetry, are the same with those which history relates not as ornaments, but as truths. Nothing is more common in history than showers of blood, and philosophy gives us the reason of them: the two battles which had been fought on the plains of *Troy*, had so drenched them with blood, that a great quantity of it might be exhaled in vapours, and carried into the air, and being there condensed, fall down again in dews and drops of the same colour.

‡ We have just seen at full length the picture of the general of the *Greeks*: here we see *Hector* beautifully drawn in miniature. This proceeded from

As the red star now shows his sanguine fires‡  
Through the dark clouds, and now in night retires;  
Thus through the ranks appear'd the god-like man,  
Plung'd in the rear, or blazing in the van;  
While streamy sparkles, restless as he flies,  
Flash from his arms as light'ning from the skies.  
As sweating reapers in some wealthy field, §  
Rang'd in two bands, their crooked weapons wield,  
Bear down the furrows, till their labours meet;  
Thick fall the heapy harvests at their feet.  
So *Greece* and *Troy* the field of war divide,  
And falling ranks are strow'd on ev'ry side.  
None stoop'd a thought to base inglorious flight;  
But horse to horse, and man to man they fight.  
Not rabid wolves more fierce contest their prey;  
Each wounds, each bleeds, but none resign the day.  
*Discord* with joy the scene of death describes,  
And drinks large slaughter at her sanguine eyes:  
*Discord* alone, of all th' immortal train,  
Swells the red horrors of this direful plain:  
The Gods in peace their golden mansions fill,  
Rang'd in bright order on th' *Olympian* hill;  
But gen'ral murmurs told their griefs above,  
And each accus'd the partial will of *Jove*.  
Mean while apart, superior, and alone,  
Th' eternal Monarch, on his awful throne,  
Wrapt in the blaze of boundless glory fate;  
And fix'd, fulfill'd the just decrees of fate.  
On earth he turn'd his all-considering eyes,  
And mark'd the spot where *Ilius'* tow'rs arise;

The

## NOTES.

the great judgment of the poet: it was necessary to speak fully of *Agamemnon*, who was to be the chief hero of this battle, and briefly of *Hector*, who had so often been spoken of at large before. This is an instance that the poet well knew when to be concise, and when to be copious. It is impossible that any thing should be more happily imagined than this similitude: it is so lively, that we see *Hector* sometimes shining in arms at the head of his troops; and then immediately lose sight of him, while he retires in the ranks of the army.

§ It will be necessary for the understanding of this similitude, to explain the method of mowing in *Homer's* days: they mowed in the same manner as they plowed, beginning at the extremes of the field, which was equally divided, and proceeded till they met in the middle of it. By this means they rais'd an emulation between both parties, which should finish their share first. If we consider this custom, we shall find it a very happy comparison to the two armies advancing against each other, together with an exact resemblance in every circumstance the poet intended to illustrate.



The sea with ships, the fields with armies spread,  
The victor's rage, the dying, and the dead.

Thus while the morning-beams increasing bright  
O'er heav'n's pure azure spread the growing light,  
Communal death the fate of war confounds,  
Each adverse battle goar'd with equal wounds.  
But now (what time in some sequester'd vale\*  
The weary woodman spreads his sparing meal,  
When his tir'd arms refuse the axe to rear,  
And claim a respite from the sylvan war;  
But not till half the prostrate forests lay  
Stretch'd in long ruin, and expos'd to day)

## NOTES.

\* One may gather from hence, that in *Homer's* time they did not measure the day by hours, but by the progression of the sun; and distinguished the parts of it by the most noted employments. It may perhaps be entertaining to the reader to see a general account of the mensuration of time among the ancients, which we shall take from *Spondanus*. At the beginning of the world it is certain there was no distinction of time but by the light and darkness, and the whole day was included in the general terms of the evening and the morning. *Munster* makes a pretty observation upon this custom: Our long-lived fore-fathers (says he) had not so much occasion to be exact observers how the day passed, as their frailer sons, whose shortness of life makes it necessary to distinguish every part of time, and suffer none of it to slip away without their observation. It is not improbable but that the *Chaldeans*, many ages after the flood, were the first who divided the day into hours; they being the first who applied themselves with any success to astrology. The most ancient sun-dial we read of, is that of *Achaz*, mentioned in the second book of *Kings*, ch. 20, about the time of the building of *Rome*: but as these were of no use in clouded days, and in the night, there was another invention of measuring the parts of time by water; but that not being sufficiently exact, they laid it aside for another by sand. It is certain the use of dials was earlier among the *Greeks* than the *Romans*; it was above three hundred years after the building of *Rome* before they knew any thing of them: but yet they had divided the day and night into twenty-four hours, as appears from *Varro* and *Macrobius*, though they did not count the hours as we do, numerically, but from midnight to midnight, and distinguished them by particular names, as by the cock-crowing, the dawn, the mid-day, &c. The first sun-dial we read of among the *Romans* which divided the day into hours, is mentioned by

Then, nor till then, the *Greeks* impulsive might †  
Pierc'd the black *phalanx*, and let in the light.  
Great *Agamemnon* then the slaughter led,  
And slew *Bienor* at his people's head:  
Whose squire *Oileus*, with a sudden spring,  
Leap'd from the chariot to revenge his king,  
But in his front he felt the fatal wound,  
Which pierc'd his brain, and stretch'd him on the ground:  
*Atrides* spoil'd, and left them on the plain:  
Vain was their youth, their glitt'ring armour vain:  
Now soil'd with dust, and naked to the sky,  
Their snowy limbs and beauteous bodies lie. ‡

Two

## NOTES.

*Pliny*, lib. 1, cap. 20, fixt upon the temple of *Quirinus* by *L. Papyrius* the censor, about the twelfth year of the wars with *Pyrrhus*. But the first that was of any use to the public, was set up near the *rostra* in the forum by *Valerius Messala* the consul, after the taking of *Catana* in *Sicily*; from whence it was brought, thirty years after the first had been set up by *Papyrius*: but this was still an imperfect one, the lines of it not exactly corresponding with the several hours. Yet they made use of it many years, till *Q. Marcius Philippus* placed another by it, greatly improved: but these had still one common defect of being useless in the night, and when the skies were overcast. All these inventions being thus ineffectual, *Scipio Nasica* some years after measured the day and night into hours from the dropping of water.

† We had just before seen that all the Gods were withdrawn from the battle; that *Jupiter* was resolved, even against the inclinations of them all, to honour the *Trojans*. Yet we here see the *Greeks* breaking through them; the love the poet bears to his countrymen makes him aggrandize their valour, and over-rule even the decrees of fate. To vary his battles, he supposes the Gods to be absent this day; and they are no sooner gone, but the courage of the *Greeks* prevails, even against the determination of *Jupiter*.

‡ Some refine upon this place, and believe that *Homer* intended, by particularizing the whiteness of the limbs, to ridicule the effeminate education of these unhappy youths. But as such an interpretation may be thought below the majesty of an epic poem, and a kind of barbarity to insult the unfortunate, we thought it better to give the passage an air of compassion. As the words are equally capable of either meaning, we imagined the reader would be more pleased with the humanity of the one, than with the satire of the other.



Two sons of *Priam* next to battle move,  
The product one of marriage, one of love;  
In the same car the brother warriors ride,  
This took the charge to combat, that to guide:  
Far other task, than when they went to keep;  
On *Ida*'s tops, their father's fleecy sheep!  
These on the mountains once *Achilles*-found,\*  
And captive led, with pliant osiers bound;  
Then to their fire for ample sums restor'd;  
But now to perish by *Atrides*' sword:  
Pierc'd in the breast the base-born *Iphus* bleeds:  
Cleft through the head, his brother's fate succeeds.  
Swift to the spoil the hasty victor falls,  
And stript, their features to his mind recalls.  
The *Trojans* see the youths untimely die,  
But helpless tremble for themselves, and fly:  
So when a lion, ranging o'er the lawns,  
Finds, on some grassy laze, the couching fawns,  
Their bones he cracks, their reeking vitals draws,  
And grinds the quiv'ring flesh with bloody jaws;  
The frighted hind beholds, and dares not stay,  
But swift through rustling thickets bursts her way;  
All drown'd in sweat the panting mother flies,  
And the big tears roll trickling from her eyes.

Amidst the tumult of the routed train;  
The sons of false *Antimachus* were slain;  
He, who for bribes his faithless counsels sold,  
And voted *Helen*'s stay for *Paris*' gold.  
*Atrides* mark'd as these their safety fought,  
And slew the children for the father's fault;  
Their headstrong horse unable to restrain,  
They shook with fear, and dropp'd the silken rein;  
Then in their chariot on their knees they fall,  
And thus with lifted hands for mercy call.

Oh spare our youths, and for the life we owe,  
*Antimachus* shall copious gifts bestow;

Soon as he hears, that not in battle slain,  
The *Grecian* ships his captive sons detain,  
Large heaps of brass in ransom shall be told,  
And steel well temper'd; and persuasive gold.  
These words, attended with a flood of tears,  
The youths address'd to unrelenting ears:  
The vengeful monarch gave this stern reply;  
If from *Antimachus* ye spring, ye die:  
The daring wretch who once in council stood †  
To shed *Ulysses*' and my brother's blood,  
For proffer'd peace! and sues his seed for grace!  
No, die, and pay the forfeit of your race.

This said, *Pisander* from the car he cast,  
And pierc'd his breast: supine he breath'd his last.  
His brother leap'd to earth; but as he lay,  
The trenchant faulchion lopp'd his hands away;  
His sever'd head was toss'd among the throng,  
And rolling drew a bloody trail along.  
Then, where the thickest fought, the victor flew;  
The king's example all his *Greeks* pursue.  
Now by the foot the flying foot were slain, ‡  
Horse trod by horse, lay foaming on the plain.  
From the dry fields thick clouds of dust arise,  
Shade the black host; and intercept the skies.  
The brass-hoof'd steeds tumultuous plunge and bound,  
And the thick thunder beats the lab'ring ground.  
Still slaught'ring on, the king of men proceeds;  
The distanc'd army wonders at his deeds.  
As when the winds with raging flames conspire,  
And o'er the forests roll the flood of fire,  
In blazing heaps the grove's old honours fall;  
And one refulgent ruin levels all.  
Before *Atrides*' rage so sinks the foe,  
Whole squadrons vanish, and proud heads lie low.  
The steeds fly trembling from his waving sword;  
And many a car, now lighted of it's lord,

Wide

## NOTES.

\* *Homer* never lets any opportunity pass of mentioning the hero of his poem, *Achilles*: he gives here an instance of his former resentment, and at once varies his poetry, and exalts his character. Nor does he mention him cursorily; he seems unwilling to leave him; and when he pursues the thread of the story in a few lines, takes occasion to speak again of him. This is a very artful conduct; by mentioning him so frequently, he takes care that the reader should not forget him, and shews the importance of that hero, whose anger is the subject of his poem.

† It is observable that *Homer* with a great deal of art interweaves the true history of the *Trojan* war in his poem: he here gives a circumstance that carries us back from the tenth year of the war to No. 8.

## NOTES.

the very beginning of it. So that although the action of the poem takes up but a small part of the last year of the war; yet by such incidents as these we are taught a great many particulars that happened through the whole series of it.

‡ After *Homer* with a poetical justice has punished the sons of *Antimachus* for the crimes of the father; he carries on the narration, and presents all the terrors of the battle to our view: we see in the lively description the men and chariots overthrown, and hear the trampling of the horses feet. Thus the poet very artfully, by such sudden alarms, awakens the attention of the reader, that is apt to be tired and grow remiss by a plain and more cool narration.

O o



Wide o'er the fields with guideless fury tolls,  
Breaking their ranks, and crushing out their souls;  
While his keen falchion drinks the warrior's lives;  
More grateful, now, to vultures than their wives!

Perhaps great *Hector* then had found his fate,  
But *Jove* and destiny prolong'd his fate.

Safe from the darts, the care of heav'n he stood,  
Amidst alarms, and death, and dust, and blood.

Now past the tomb where ancient *Ilus* lay,†  
Thro' the mid field the routed urge their way.

Where the wild figs th' adjoining summit crown,  
That path they take, and speed to reach the town.

As swift, *Atrides* with loud shouts pursu'd,  
Hot with his toil, and bath'd in hostile blood.

Now near the beech-tree, and the *Scæan* gates,  
The hero halts, and his associates waits.

Mean while on ev'ry side, around the plain,  
Dispers'd, disorder'd, fly the *Trojan* train.

So flies a herd of bees, that hear dismay'd  
The lion's roaring through the midnight shade;

On heaps they tumble with successful haste;  
The savage seizes, draws, and rends the last.

Not with less fury stern *Atrides* flew,  
Still press'd the rout, and still the hindmost flew;

Hurl'd from their cars the bravest chiefs are kill'd,  
And rage, and death, and carnage, load the field.

Now storms the victor at the *Trojan* wall;  
Surveys the tow'rs, and meditates their fall.

## NOTES.

\* This is a reflection of the poet, and such an one as arises from a sentiment of compassion; and indeed there is nothing more moving than to see those heroes, who were the love and delight of their spouses, reduced suddenly to such a condition of horror, that those very wives durst not look upon them. We were very much surpris'd to find a remark of *Eustathius*, upon this, which seems very wrong and unjust; he would have it, that there is in this place an ellipsis, which comprehends a severe raillery; "For, (says he) *Homer* would imply, that those dead warriors were now more agreeable to vultures, than they had ever been in all their days to their wives." This is very ridiculous; to suppose that these unhappy women did not love their husbands, is to insult them barbarously in their affliction; and every body can see that such a thought in this place would have appeared mean, frigid, and out of season. *Homer*, on the contrary, always endeavours to excite compassion by the grief of the wives, whose husbands are killed in the battle.

† By the exactness of *Homer*'s description, we see as in a landscape the very place where this battle

But *Jove*, descending, shook th' *Idæan* hills,  
And down their summits pour'd a hundred rills:  
Th' unkindled lightning in his hand he took,  
And thus the many-colour'd maid bespoke:

*Iris*, with haste thy golden wings display,  
To god-like *Hector* this our word convey.

While *Agamemnon* wastes the ranks around,  
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground.

Bid him give way; but issue forth commands,  
And trust the war to less important hands.

But when, or wounded by the spear, or dart,  
That chief shall mount his chariot, and depart:

Then *Jove* shall string his arm, and fire his breast,  
Then to her ships shall flying *Greece* be press'd,

Till to the main the burning sun descend,  
And sacred night her awful shade extend.

He spoke, and *Iris* at his word obey'd;  
On wings of wind descends the various maid.

The chief she found amidst the ranks of war,  
Close to the bulwarks, on his glitt'ring car.

The Goddess then: O son of *Priam* hear!  
From *Jove* I come, and his high mandate bear.

While *Agamemnon* wastes the ranks around,  
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground.

Abstain from fight; yet issue forth commands,  
And trust the war to less important hands.

But when, or wounded by the spear, or dart,  
The chief shall mount his chariot, and depart;

Then

was fought: *Agamemnon* drives the *Trojans* from the tomb of *Ilus* where they encamped all the night; that tomb stood in the middle of the plain: from thence he pursues them by the wild fig-tree to the beech-tree, and from thence to the very *Scæan* gate. Thus the scene of action is fixed, and we see the very rout through which the one retreats, and the other advances.

† It is evident that some such contrivance as this was necessary; the *Trojans*, we learn from the beginning of this book, were to be victorious this day; but if *Jupiter* had not now interposed, they had been driven even within the walls of *Troy*. By this means also the poet, consults both for the honour of *Hector*, and that of *Agamemnon*. *Agamemnon* has time enough to shew the greatness of his valour, and it is no disgrace to *Hector* not to encounter him when *Jupiter* interposes. The poet gives us here a sketch of what is drawn out at large in the story of this whole book; this he does to raise the curiosity of the reader, and make him impatient to hear those great actions which must be performed before *Agamemnon* can retire, and *Hector* be victorious.



Then *Jove* shall string thy arm, and fire thy breast,  
Then to her ships shall flying *Greece* be prest,  
Till to the main the burning sun descend,  
And sacred night her awful shade extend.

She said, and vanish'd: *Hector*, with a bound,  
Springs from his chariot on the trembling ground,  
In clanging arms: he grasps in either hand  
A pointed lance, and speeds from band to band;  
Revives their ardour, turns their steps from flight,  
And wakes anew the dying flames of fight.  
They stand to arms: the *Greeks* their onset dare,  
Condense their pow'rs, and wait the coming war.  
New force, new spirit to each breast returns:  
The fight renew'd with fiercer fury burns:  
The king leads on; all fix on him their eye,  
And learn from him, to conquer, or to die.

Ye sacred nine, celestial *Muses*! tell,\*  
Who fac'd him first, and by his prowess fell?  
The great *Iphidamas*, the bold and young,†  
From sage *Antenor* and *Theano* sprung;  
Whom from his youth his grandsire *Cisseus* bred,  
And nurs'd in *Thrace* where snowy flocks are fed.  
Scarce did the down his rosy cheeks invest,  
And early honour warm his gen'rous breast,  
When the kind fire consign'd his daughter's charms  
(*Theano's* sister) to his youthful arms.‡  
But call'd by glory to the wars of *Troy*,  
He leaves untasted the first fruits of joy;  
From his lov'd bride departs with melting eyes,  
And swift to aid his dearer country flies.  
With twelve black ships he reach'd *Percope's* strand,  
Thence took the long, laborious march by land.  
Now fierce for fame, before the ranks he springs,  
Tow'ring in arms, and braves the king of kings.  
*Atrides* first discharg'd the missive spear;  
The *Trojan* stoop'd, the javelin pass'd in air.  
Then near the corselet, at the monarch's heart,  
With all his strength the youth directs his dart:

## NOTES.

\* The poet, to win the attention of the reader, and seeming himself to be struck with the exploits of *Agamemnon* while he recites them, (who when the battle was rekindled, rushes out to engage his enemies) invokes not one muse, as he did in the beginning of the poem, but as if he intended to warn us that he was about to relate something surprising, he invokes the whole nine; and then, as if he had received their inspiration, goes on to deliver, what they suggested to him. By means of this apostrophe, the imagination of the reader is so filled, that he seems not only present, but active in the scene to which the skill of the poet has transported him.

But the broad belt, with plates of silver bound,  
The point rebated, and repell'd the wound.  
Encumber'd with the dart, *Atrides* stands,  
Till grasp'd with force, he wrench'd it from his hands.

At once his weighty sword discharg'd a wound  
Full on his neck; that fell'd him to the ground.  
Stretch'd in the dust th' unhappy warrior lies,  
And sleep eternal seals his swimming eyes.  
Oh worthy better fate! oh early slain!  
Thy country's friend; and virtuous, tho' in vain!  
No more the youth shall join his consort's side,  
At once a virgin, and at once a bride!  
No more with presents her embraces meet,  
Or lay the spoils of conquest at her feet.  
On whom his passion, lavish of his store,  
Bestow'd so much, and vainly promis'd more!  
Unwept, uncover'd on the plain he lay,  
While the proud victor bore his arms away.

*Coön*, *Antenor's* eldest hope, was nigh:  
Tears, at the sight, came starting from his eye,  
While pierc'd with grief the much-lov'd youth he view'd,

And the pale features now deform'd with blood.  
Then with his spear, unseen, his time he took,  
Aim'd at the king, and near his elbow struck.  
The thrilling steel transpierc'd the brawny part,  
And through his arm stood forth the barbed dart.  
Surpris'd the monarch feels, yet void of fear  
On *Coön* rushes with his lifted spear:  
His brother's corps the pious *Trojan* draws,  
And calls his country to assert his cause,  
Defends him breathless on the sanguine field,  
And o'er the body spreads his ample shield.  
*Atrides*, marking an unguarded part,  
Transfix'd the warrior with his brazen dart;  
Prone on his brother's bleeding breast he lay,  
The monarch's faulchion lopp'd his head away:

The.

## NOTES.

† *Homer* here gives us the history of this *Iphidamas*, his parentage, the place of his birth, and many circumstances of his private life. This he does to diversify his poetry, and to soften with some amiable embellishments, the continual horrors that must of necessity strike the imagination, in an uninterrupted narration of blood and slaughter.

‡ That the reader may not be shocked at the marriage of *Iphidamas* with his mother's sister, it may not be amiss to observe, that consanguinity was no impediment in *Greece* in the days of *Homer*: nor is *Iphidamas* singular in this kind of marriage, for *Diomed* was married to his own aunt as well as he.



The social shades the same dark journey go,  
And join each other in the realms below.

The vengeful victor rages round the fields,  
With ev'ry weapon, art or fury yields:  
By the long lance, the sword, or pond'rous stone,  
Wholeranks are broken, and whole troops o'erthrown.  
This, while yet warm, distill'd the purple flood;  
But when the wound grew stiff with clotted blood,  
Then grinding tortures his strong bosom rend,  
Less keen those darts the fierce *Ilythiæ* send,\*  
(The pow'rs that cause the trembling matron's throes,  
Sad mothers of unutterable woes!)

Stung with the smart, all panting with the pain,  
He mounts the car, and gives his squire the rein:  
Then with a voice which fury made more strong,  
And pain augmented, thus exhorts the throng.  
O friends! O *Greeks*! assert your honours won;  
Proceed, and finish what this arm begun:  
Lo! angry *Jove* forbids your chief to stay,†  
And envies half the glories of the day.

He said; the driver whirls his lengthful thong;  
The horses fly! the chariot smoaks along.  
Clouds from their nostrils the fierce coursers blow,  
And from their sides the foam descends in snow;  
Shot thro' the battle in a moment's space,  
The wounded monarch at his tent they place.

## NOTES.

\* These *Ilythiæ* are the Goddesses that *Homer* supposes to preside over child-birth: he arms their hands with a kind of instrument, from which a pointed dart is shot into the distressed mother, as an arrow from a bow; so that as *Eris* has her torch, and *Jupiter* his thunder, these Goddesses have their darts which they shoot into women in travail. He calls them the daughters of *Juno*, because she presides over the marriage-bed. Here we find the style of the holy scripture, which to express a severe pain, usually compares it to that of a woman in labour. Thus *David*, "Pain came upon them as upon a woman in travail;" and *Isaiab*, "They shall grieve as a woman in travail." And all the prophets are full of the like expressions.

† *Homer* describes *Agamemnon* as racked with almost intolerable pains, yet he does not complain of the anguish he suffers, but that he is obliged to retire from the fight. This indeed, as it proved his undaunted spirit, so did it likewise his wisdom: had he shewed any unmanly dejection, it would have dispirited the army; but his intrepidity makes them believe his wound less dangerous, and renders them not so highly concerned for the absence of their general.

No sooner *Hector* saw the king retir'd,  
But thus his *Trojans* and his aids he fir'd.  
Hear all ye *Dardan*, all ye *Lycian* race!  
Fam'd in close fight, and dreaded face to face;  
Now call to mind your ancient trophies won,  
Your great forefathers virtues, and your own.  
Behold, the gen'ral flies! deserts his pow'rs!  
Lo *Jove* himself declares the conquest our's!  
Now on yon ranks impel your foaming steeds;  
And, sure of glory, dare immortal deeds.

With words like these the fiery chief alarms  
His fainting host, and ev'ry bosom warms.  
As the bold hunter cheers his hounds to tear  
The brindled lion, or the tusky bear,  
With voice and hand provokes their doubting heart,  
And springs the foremost with his lifted dart:  
So god-like *Hector* prompts his troops to dare;  
Nor prompts alone, but leads himself to war.  
On the black body of the foes he pours,  
As from the cloud's deep bosom, swell'd with show'rs,  
A sudden storm the purple ocean sweeps,  
Drives the wild waves, and tosses all the deeps.  
Say *Muse*! when *Jove* the *Trojan's* glory crown'd,‡  
Beneath his arm what heroes bit the ground?  
*Ajax*, *Dolops*, and *Autonous* dy'd,  
*Opites* next was added to their side,

Then

## NOTES.

‡ The poet just before has given us an invocation of the muses, to make us attentive to the great exploits of *Agamemnon*. Here we have one with regard to *Hector*, but this last may perhaps be more easily accounted for than the other. For in that, after so solemn an invocation, we might reasonably have expected wonders from the hero: whereas in reality he kills but one man before he himself is wounded; and what he does afterwards seems to proceed from a frantic valour, arising from the smart of the wound: we do not find by the text that he kills one man, but overthrows several in his fury, and then retreats: so that one would imagine he invoked the muses only to describe his retreat. But upon a nearer view, we shall find that *Homer* shews a commendable partiality to his own countryman and hero *Agamemnon*: he seems to detract from the greatness of *Hector's* actions, by ascribing them to *Jupiter*; whereas *Agamemnon* conquers by the dint of bravery: and that this is a just observation, will appear by what follows. Those *Greeks* that fall by the sword of *Hector*, he passes over as if they were all vulgar men: he says nothing of them but that they died; and only briefly mentions their names, as if he endeavoured





*The two Armies being engag'd by break of day; Jupiter sends Iris to bid Hector retire from the Fight, and not return till Agamemnon's wounds had oblig'd him to withdraw from the Field of Battle.*

B XI.

*R. Buntricker sculp.*



Then brave *Hipponous* fam'd in many a fight,  
*Opheltius*, *Orus*, sunk to endless night,  
*Æsymnus*, *Agelaus*; all chiefs of name;  
The rest were vulgar deaths, unknown to fame.  
As when a western whirlwind, charg'd with storms,  
Dispels the gather'd clouds that *Notus* forms;  
The gust continu'd, violent, and strong,  
Rolls sable clouds in heaps and heaps along;  
Now to the skies the foaming billows rears,  
Now breaks the surge, and wide the bottom bates.  
Thus raging *Hector*, with resistless hands,  
O'erturns, confounds, and scatters all their bands.  
Now the last ruin the whole host appalls;  
Now *Greece* had trembled in her wooden walls;  
But wise *Ulysses* call'd *Tydidēs* forth,\*  
His soul rekindled, and awak'd his worth.  
And stand we deedless, O eternal shame!  
Till *Hector's* arm involve the ships in flame?  
Haste, let us join, and combat side by side.  
The warrior thus, and thus the friend reply'd.  
No martial toil I shun, no danger fear;  
Let *Hector* come; I wait his fury here.  
But *Jove* with conquest crowns the *Trojan* train;  
And, *Jove* our foe, all human force is vain.  
He sigh'd; but sighing, rais'd his vengeful steel,  
And from his car the proud *Thymbræus* fell:  
*Molion*, the charioteer, pursu'd his lord,  
His death ennobled by *Ulysses's* sword.  
There slain, they left them in eternal night;  
Then plung'd amidst the thickest ranks of fight.  
So two wild boars outstrip the following hounds,  
Then swift revert, and wounds return for wounds.  
Stern *Hector's* conquests in the middle plain  
Stood check'd awhile, and *Greece* respir'd again.

## NOTES.

to conceal the overthrow of the *Greeks*. But when he speaks of his favourite *Agamemnon*, he expatiates and dwells upon his actions; and shews us, that those that fell by his hand were all men of distinction, such as were the sons of *Priam*, of *Antenor*, and *Antimachus*. It is true, *Hector* killed as many leaders of the *Greeks* as *Agamemnon* of the *Trojans*, and more of the common soldiers; but by particularizing the deaths of the chiefs of *Troy*, he sets the deeds of *Agamemnon* in the strongest point of light, and by his silence in respect to the leaders whom *Hector* slew, he casts a shade over the greatness of the action, and consequently it appears less conspicuous.

\* There is something instructive in those which seem the most common passages of *Homer*, who by making the wise *Ulysses* direct the brave *Diomed* in all the enterprizes of the last book, and by main-

No. 8.

The sons of *Merops* shone amidst the war;  
Tow'ring they rode in one refulgent ear:  
In deep prophetic arts their father skill'd,  
Had warn'd his children from the *Trojan* field;  
Fate urg'd them on; the father warn'd in vain;  
They rush to fight, and perish'd on the plain!  
Their breasts no more the vital spirit warms;  
The stern *Tydidēs* strips their shining arms.  
*Hypirochus* by great *Ulysses* dies,  
And rich *Hippodamus* becomes his prize.  
Great *Jove* from *Ide* with slaughter fills his fight,  
And level hangs the doubtful scale of fight.  
By *Tydeus's* lance *Agastrophus* was slain,  
The far-fam'd hero of *Pæonian* strain;  
Wing'd with his fears, on foot he strove to fly,  
His steeds too distant, and the foe too nigh;  
Through broken orders, swifter than the wind,  
He fled, but flying left his life behind.  
This *Hector* sees, as his experienc'd eyes  
Traverse the files, and to the rescue flies;  
Shouts, as he past, the crystal regions rend,  
And moving armies on his march attend.  
Great *Diomed* himself was seiz'd with fear,†  
And thus bespoke his brother of the war.  
Mark how this way yon bending squadrons yield!  
The storm rolls on, and *Hector* rules the field:  
Here stand his utmost force—The warrior said;  
Swift as the word, his pondrous javelin fled;  
Nor miss'd it's aim, but where the plumage danc'd,  
Raz'd the smooth cone, and thence obliquely glanc'd.  
Safe in his helm (the gift of *Phæbus's* hands)  
Without a wound the *Trojan* hero stands;  
But yet so runn'd, that staggr'ing on the plain,  
His arm and knee his sinking bulk sustain;

O'er

## NOTES.

taining the same conduct in this, intended to shew this moral, That valour should always be under the guidance of wisdom. Thus in the eighth book, when *Diomed* could scarce be restrained by the thunder of *Jupiter*, *Nestor* is at hand to moderate his courage; and this hero seems to have made a very good use of those instructions; his valour no longer runs out into rashness; though he is too brave to decline the fight, yet he is too wise to fight against *Jupiter*.

† There seems to be some difficulty in these words: this brave warrior, who has frequently met *Hector* in the battle, and offered himself for the single combat, is here said to be seized with fear at the very sight of him: this may be thought not to agree with his usual behaviour, and to derogate from the general character of his intrepidity; but we must remember that *Diomed* himself has

P p

but



O'er his dim fight the misty vapours rise,  
And a short darkness shades his swimming eyes.  
*Tydidēs* followed to regain his lance;  
While *Hektor* rose, recover'd from the trance;  
Remounts his car, and herds amidst the croud;  
The *Greek* pursues him, and exults aloud.

Once more thank *Phœbus* for thy forfeit breath,  
Or thank that swiftness which outstrips the death.  
Well by *Apollo* are thy pray'rs repaid,  
And oft that partial pow'r has lent his aid.  
Thou shalt not long the death deserv'd withstand,  
If any God assist *Tydidēs'* hand.

Fly then, inglorious! but thy flight, this day,  
Whole hecatombs of *Trojan* ghosts shall pay.

Him, while he triumph'd, *Paris* ey'd from far,  
(The spouse of *Helen*, the fair cause of war)  
Around the fields his feather'd shafts he sent,  
From ancient *Ilus'* ruin'd monument;\*  
Behind the column plac'd, he bent his bow,  
And wing'd an arrow at th' unwary foe;  
Just as he stoop'd, *Agastrophus'* crest  
To seize, and drew the corselet from his breast,†  
The bow-string twang'd; nor flew the shaft in vain,  
But pierc'd his foot, and nail'd it to the plain.‡  
The laughing *Trojan*, with a joyful spring§  
Leaps from his ambush, and insults the king.

He bleeds! (he cries) some God has sped my dart;  
Would the same God had fixt it in his heart!

So *Troy* reliev'd from that wide-wasting hand,  
Shall breathe from slaughter, and in combat stand,  
Whose sons now tremble at his darted spear,  
As scatter'd lambs the rushing lion fear.

He dauntless, thus: Thou conqueror of the fair,  
Thou woman-warrior with the curling hair;  
Vain archer! trusting to the distant dart,  
Unskill'd in arms to act a manly part!

Thou hast but done what boys or women can;  
Such hands may wound, but not incense a man.  
Nor boast the scratch thy feeble arrow gave,  
A coward's weapon never hurts the brave.  
Not so this dart, which thou may'st one day feel:  
Fate wings it's flight, and death is on the steel;  
Where this but lights, some noble life expires,  
It's touch makes orphans, bathes the cheeks of fires,  
Steeps earth in purple, gluts the birds of air,  
And leaves such objects, as distract the fair.

*Ulysses* hastens with a trembling heart,  
Before him steps, and bending draws the dart:  
Forth flows the blood; an eager pang succeeds;  
*Tydidēs* mounts, and to the navy speeds.

Now on the field *Ulysses* stands alone,  
The *Greeks* all fled, the *Trojans* pouring on:  
But stands collected in himself and whole,  
And questions thus his own unconquer'd soul. ||

What farther subterfuge, what hopes remain?  
What shame, inglorious if I quit the plain?

What

#### NOTES.

but just told us, that *Jupiter* fought against the *Grecians*; and that all the endeavours of himself and *Ulysses* would be in vain: this fear therefore of *Diomed* is far from being dishonourable; it is not *Hektor*, but *Jupiter* of whom he is afraid.

\* We thought it necessary just to put the reader in mind, that the battle still continues near the tomb of *Ilus*: by a just observation of that, we may with pleasure see the various turns of the fight, and how every step of ground is won or lost, as the armies are repulsed or victorious.

† One would think that the poet at all times endeavoured to condemn the practice of stripping the dead, during the heat of the action; he frequently describes the victor wounded, while he is so employed about the bodies of the slain; thus in the present book we see *Agamemnon*, *Diomed*, *Ulysses*, *Elephenor*, and *Eurypylus*, all suffer as they strip the men they slew; and in the sixth book he brings in the wise *Nestor* directly forbidding it.

‡ It cannot but be a satisfaction to the reader to see the poet smitten with the love of his countrymen, and at all times consulting it's glory: this day was to be glorious to *Troy*, but *Homer* takes care

#### NOTES.

to remove with honour most of the bravest *Greeks* from the field of battle, before the *Trojans* can conquer. Thus *Agamemnon*, *Diomed*, and *Ulysses* must bleed, before the poet can allow his countrymen to retreat.

§ Some are of opinion that *Homer* intended to satirize in this place the unwarlike behaviour of *Paris*: such an effeminate laugh and gesture is unbecoming a brave warrior, but agrees very well with the character of *Paris*: nor do we remember that in the whole *Iliad* any one person is described in such an indecent transport, though upon a much more glorious or successful action. He concludes his ludicrous insult with a circumstance very much to the honour of *Diomed*, and very much to the disadvantage of his own character; for he reveals to an enemy the fears of *Troy*, and compares the *Greeks* to lions, and the *Trojans* to sheep. *Diomed* is the very reverse of him; he despises and lessens the wound he received, and in the midst of his pain, would not gratify his enemy with the little joy he might give him by letting him know it.

|| This is a passage which very much strikes us: we have here a brave hero making a noble soliloquy.



What danger, singly if I stand the ground,  
My friends all scatter'd, all the foes around?  
Yet wherefore doubtful? let this truth suffice;  
The brave meets danger, and the coward flies:  
To die, or conquer, proves a hero's heart;  
And knowing this, I know a soldier's part.

Such thoughts revolving in his careful breast,  
Near, and more near, the shady cohorts prest;  
These, in the warrior, their own fate inclose;  
And round him deep the steely circle grows.  
So fares a boar whom all the troop surrounds  
Of shouting huntsmen, and of clam'rous hounds;  
He grinds his iv'ry tusks; he foams with ire;  
His sanguine eyeballs glare with living fire;  
By these, by those, on ev'ry part is ply'd,  
And the red slaughter spreads on ev'ry side.  
Pierc'd thro' the shoulder, first *Deiops* fell;  
Next *Ennomus* and *Thoön* sunk to hell;  
*Chersidamas*, beneath the naval thrust,  
Falls prone to earth, and grasps the bloody dust.  
*Charops*, the son of *Hippasus*, was near;  
*Ulysses* reach'd him with the fatal spear;  
But to his aid his brother *Socus* flies,  
*Socus*, the brave, the gen'rous, and the wife:  
Near as he drew, the warrior thus began.

O great *Ulysses*, much-enduring man!  
Not deeper skill'd in ev'ry martial flight,  
Than worn to toils, and active in the fight!

This day two brothers shall thy conquest grace,  
And end at once the great *Hippasian* race,  
Or thou beneath this lance must press the field——  
He said, and forceful pierc'd his spacious shield:  
Thro' the strong brass the ringing javelin thrown,  
Plow'd half his side, and bar'd it to the bone.  
By *Pallas*' care, the spear, tho' deep infix'd,\*  
Stopp'd short of life, nor with his entrails mix'd.

The wound not mortal wise *Ulysses* knew,  
Then furious thus, (but first some steps withdrew:)  
Unhappy man! whose death our hands shall  
grace!

Fate calls thee hence, and finish'd is thy race.  
No longer check my conquests on the foe;  
But pierc'd by this, to endless darkness go,  
And add one spectre to the realms below!

He spoke, while *Socus* seiz'd with sudden fright,  
Trembling gave way, and turn'd his back to flight,  
Between his shoulders pierc'd the following dart,  
And held it's passage thro' the panting heart.  
Wide in his breast appear'd the grizly wound;  
He falls; his armour rings against the ground.  
Then thus *Ulysses*, gazing on the slain:  
Fam'd son of *Hippasus*! there press the plain;†  
There ends thy narrow span assign'd by fate,  
Heav'n owes *Ulysses* yet a longer date.  
Ah wretch! no father shall thy corps compose,  
Thy dying eyes no tender mother close, ‡

But

#### NOTES.

guy, or rather calling a council within himself, when he was singly to encounter an army: it is impossible for the reader not to be in pain for so gallant a man in such an imminent danger; he must be impatient for the event, and his whole curiosity must be awakened till he knows the fate of *Ulysses*, who scorn'd to fly, though encompassed by an army.

\* It is a just observation, that there is no moral so evident, or so constantly carried on through the *Iliad*, as the necessity mankind at all times has of divine assistance. Nothing is performed with success, without particular mention of this; *Hector* is not saved from a dart without *Apollo*, or *Ulysses* without *Minerva*. *Homer* is perpetually acknowledging the hand of God in all events, and ascribing to that only, all the victories, triumphs, rewards, or punishments of men. Thus the grand moral he laid down at the entrance of this poem, *The will of God was fulfilled*, runs through his whole work, and is with a most remarkable care and conduct put into the mouths of his greatest and wisest persons on every occasion. *Homer* generally makes some peculiar God attend on each hero: for the ancients

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believed that every man had his particular tutelary deity; these in succeeding times were called *Dæmons* or *Genii*, who (as they thought) were given to men at the hour of their birth, and directed the whole course of their lives.

† *Homer* has been blamed by some late censurers for making his heroes address discourses to the dead. But we may reply, that passion dictates these speeches, and it is generally to the dying, not to the dead, that they are often rather reflections, than insults. Were it otherwise, *Homer* deserves not to be censured for feigning what histories have reported as truth. We find in *Plutarch* that *Mark Antony*, upon sight of the dead body of *Brutus*, stopped and reproached him with the death of his brother *Caius*, whom *Brutus* had killed in *Macedonia*, in revenge for the murder of *Cicero*.

‡ This is not literally translated: what the poet says gives us the most lively picture imaginable of the vultures in the act of tearing their prey with their bills: they beat the body with their wings, as they rend it, which is a very natural circumstance, but scarce possible to be copied by a translator without losing the beauty of it.



But hungry birds shall tear those balls away,  
And hov'ring vultures scream around their prey.  
Me *Greece* shall honour, when I meet my doom,\*  
With solemn fun'rals and a lasting tomb.

Then raging with intolerable smart,  
He writhes his body, and extracts the dart.  
The dart a tide of spouting gore pursu'd,  
And gladden'd *Troy* with sight of hostile blood.  
Now troops on troops the fainting chief invade,  
Forc'd he recedes, and loudly calls for aid.  
Thrice to it's pitch his lofty voice he rears;  
The well-known voice thrice *Menelaus* hears:  
Alarm'd, to *Ajax Telamon* he cry'd,  
Who shares his labours, and defends his side.  
O friend! *Ulysses*' shouts invade my ear;  
Distress'd he seems, and no assistance near:  
Strong as he is; yet, one oppos'd to all,  
Oppress'd by multitudes, the best may fall.  
*Greece*, robb'd of him, must bid her host despair,  
And feel a loss, not ages can repair.

Then, where the cry directs, his course he bends;  
Great *Ajax*, like the God of war, attends.†  
The prudent chief in sore distress they found,  
With bands of furious *Trojans* compass'd round.  
As when some huntsman with a flying spear,  
From the blind thicket wounds a stately deer;  
Down his cleft side while fresh the blood distills,  
He bounds aloft, and scuds from hills to hills:  
Till life's warm vapour issuing through the wound,  
Wild mountain-wolves the fainting beast surround;  
Just as their jaws his prostrate limbs invade,  
The lion rushes through the woodland shade,  
The wolves, though hungry, scour dispers'd away;  
The lordly savage vindicates his prey.

## NOTES.

\* We may see from such passages as these, that honours paid to the ashes of the dead have been greatly valued in all ages: this posthumous honour was paid as a public acknowledgment that the person deceased had deserved well of his country, and consequently was an incitement to the living to imitate his actions: in this view there is no man but would be ambitious of them, not as they are testimonies of titles or riches, but of distinguished merit.

† The silence of other heroes on many occasions is very beautiful in *Homer*, but particularly so in *Ajax*, who is a gallant rough soldier, and readier to act than to speak: the present necessity of *Ulysses* required such a behaviour, for the least delay might have been fatal to him: *Ajax* therefore complying both with his own inclinations, and the urgent condition of *Ulysses*, makes no reply to *Menelaus*, but immediately hastens to his relief. The reader will

*Ulysses* thus, unconquer'd by his pains,  
A single warrior, half an host sustains:  
But soon as *Ajax* heaves his tow'r-like shield,  
The scatter'd crouds fly frighted o'er the field;  
*Atrides*' arm the sinking hero stays,  
And sav'd from numbers, to his car conveys.

Victorious *Ajax* plies the routed crew;  
And first *Dorychus*, *Priam*'s son, he slew;  
On strong *Pandarus* next inflicts a wound,  
And lays *Lyfander* bleeding on the ground.  
As when a torrent, swell'd with wintry rains,  
Pours from the mountains o'er the delug'd plains,  
And pines and oaks, from their foundations torn,  
A country's ruins! to the seas are borne:  
Fierce *Ajax* thus o'erwhelms the yielding throng,  
Men, steeds, and chariots, roll in heaps along.

But *Hector*, from this scene of slaughter far,  
Rag'd on the left, and rul'd the tide of war:  
Loud groans proclaim his progress through the plain,  
And loud *Scamander* swells with heaps of slain.  
There *Nestor* and *Idomeneus* oppose  
The warrior's fury, there the battle glows;  
There fierce on foot, or from the chariot's height,  
His sword deforms the beauteous ranks of fight.  
The spouse of *Helen* dealing darts around,  
Had pierc'd *Machaon* with a distant wound:  
In his right shoulder the broad shaft appear'd,  
And trembling *Greece* for her physician fear'd.  
To *Nestor* then *Idomeneus* begun:  
Glory of *Greece*, old *Neleus*' valiant son!  
Ascend thy chariot, haste with speed away,  
And great *Machaon* to the ships convey.  
A wise physician, skill'd our wounds to heal,‡  
Is more than armies to the public weal.

Old

## NOTES.

observe how justly the poet maintains this character of *Ajax* throughout the whole *Iliad*, who is often silent when he has an opportunity to speak, and when he speaks, it is like a soldier, with a martial air, and always with brevity.

‡ The poet passes a very signal commendation upon physicians: the army had seen several of the bravest of their heroes wounded, yet were not so much dispirited for them all, as they were at the single danger of *Machaon*: but the person whom he calls a physician seems rather to be a surgeon; the cutting out of arrows, and applying anodynes being the province of the latter: however, we must conclude that *Machaon* was both a physician and surgeon, and that those two professions were practised by one person. It is reasonable to think, from the frequency of their wars, that the profession in those days was chiefly surgical: *Celsus* says expressly that



Old *Nestor* mounts the seat: beside him rode  
The wounded offspring of the healing God.  
He lends the lash; the steeds with sounding feet  
Shake the dry field, and thunder tow'rd the fleet.

But now *Cebriones*, from *Hector's* car,  
Survey'd the various fortune of the war.  
While here (he cry'd) the flying *Greeks* are slain;  
*Trojans* on *Trojans* yonder load the plain.

Before great *Ajax*, see the mingled throng  
Of men and chariots driv'n in heaps along!  
I know him well, distinguish'd o'er the field  
By the broad glitt'ring of the sev'nfold shield.  
Thither, O *Hector*, thither urge thy steeds;

There danger calls, and there the combat bleeds,  
There horse and foot in mingled deaths unite,  
And groans of slaughter mix with shouts of fight.

Thus having spoke, the driver's lash resounds;  
Swift thro' the ranks the rapid chariot bounds;  
Stung by the stroke, the coursers scour the fields,  
O'er heaps of carcases, and hills of shields.  
The horses' hoofs are bath'd in heroes' gore,  
And dashing, purple all the car before,  
The groaning axle-sable drops distills,  
And mangled carnage clogs the rapid wheels.

## NOTES.

that the *Diatetic* was long after invented; but that *botany* was in great esteem and practice, appears from the stories of *Medea*, *Circe*, &c. We often find mention among the most ancient writers, of women eminent in that art; as of *Agamède* in this very book, who is said (like *Solomon*) to have known the virtues of every plant that grew on the earth, and of *Polydamne* in the fourth book of the *Odyssey*. *Homer*, we believe, knew all that was known in his time of the practice of these arts. His methods of extracting of arrows, flanching of blood by the bitter root, fomenting of wounds with warm water, applying proper bandages and remedies, are all according to the true precepts of art. There are likewise several passages in his work that shew his knowledge of the virtue of plants, even of those qualities which are commonly (though perhaps erroneously) ascribed to them, as of the *moly* against enchantments, the willow which causes barrenness, the *nepenthe*, &c.

\* The address of *Homer* in bringing off *Ajax* with decency is admirable: he makes *Hector* afraid to approach him: he brings down *Jupiter* himself to terrify him; so that he retreats not from a mortal, but from a God. This whole passage is inimitably just and beautiful: we see *Ajax* drawn in the most bold and strong colours, and in a manner alive in the description. We see him slowly and

No. 8.

Here *Hector* plunging through the thickest fight,  
Broke the dark *phalanx*, and let in the light:

(By the long lance, the sword, or pond'rous stone,  
The ranks lie scatter'd, and the troops o'erthrown)

*Ajax* he shuns, through all the dire debate,  
And fears that arm, whose force he felt so late.

But partial *Jove*, espousing *Hector's* part,\*  
Shot heav'n-bred horror through the *Grecian's* heart;  
Confus'd, unnerv'd in *Hector's* presence grown,  
Amaz'd he stood, with terrors not his own.

O'er his broad back his moony shield he threw,  
And glaring round, by tardy steps withdrew.

Thus the grim lion his retreat maintains,  
Beset with watchful dogs, and shouting swains,

Repuls'd by numbers from the nightly stalls,  
Tho' rage impels him, and tho' hunger calls,

Long stands the show'ring darts, and missile fires;  
Then sourly slow th' indignant beast retires.

So turn'd stern *Ajax*, by whole hosts repell'd,  
While his swollen heart at ev'ry step rebell'd.

As the slow beast with heavy strength indu'd,  
In some wide field by troops of boys pursu'd,

Tho' round his sides a wooden tempest rain,  
Crops the tall harvest, and lays waste the plain;

Thick

## NOTES.

fully retreat between two armies, and even with a look repulse the one, and protect the other: there is not one line but what resembles *Ajax*; the character of a stubborn but undaunted warrior is perfectly maintained, and must strike the reader at the first view. He compares him first to the lion for this undauntedness in fighting, and then to the ass for his stubborn slowness in retreating; though in the latter comparison there are many other points of likeness that enliven the image. The havoc he makes in the field is represented by the tearing and trampling down the harvests; and we see the bulk, strength, and obstinacy of the hero, when the *Trojans*: in respect to him are compared but to troops of boys that impatiently endeavour to drive him away. In the time of *Homer* (let us observe) an ass was not in such circumstances of contempt as in our's: the name of that animal was not then converted into a term of reproach, but it was a beast upon which kings and princes might be seen with dignity. And it will not be very discreet to ridicule this comparison, which the holy scripture has put into the mouth of *Jacob*, who says in the benediction of his children, "*Issachar* shall be as a strong ass." To judge rightly of comparisons, we are not to examine if the subject from whence they are derived be great or little, noble or familiar; but we are principally to consider if the image produced be clear and lively, if the

Q. 9

poet:



Thick on his hide the hollow blows resound,  
 The patient animal maintains his ground,  
 Scarce from the field with all their efforts chac'd,  
 And stirs but slowly when he stirs at last.  
 On *Ajax* thus a weight of *Trojans* hung,  
 The strokes redoubled on his buckler rung;  
 Confiding now in bulky strength he stands,  
 Now turns, and backward bears the yielding bands;  
 Now stiff recedes, yet hardly seems to fly,  
 And threats his followers with retorted eye.  
 Fix'd as the bar between two warring pow'rs,  
 While hissing darts descend in iron show'rs:  
 In his broad buckler many a weapon stood,  
 It's surface bristled with a quiv'ring wood;  
 And many a javelin, guiltless on the plain,  
 Marks the dry dust, and thirsts for blood in vain.  
 But bold *Eurypylus* his aid imparts,  
 And dauntless springs beneath a cloud of darts;  
 Whose eager javelin launch'd against the foe,  
 Great *Apisaon* felt the fatal blow;  
 From his torn liver the red current flow'd,  
 And his slack knees desert their dying load.  
 The victor rushing to despoil the dead,  
 From *Paris*' bow a vengeful arrow fled.  
 Fix'd in his nervous thigh the weapon stood,  
 Fix'd was the point, but broken was the wood.  
 Back to the lines the wounded *Greek* retir'd,\*  
 Yet thus, retreating, his associates fir'd.

## NOTES.

poet has the skill to dignify it by poetical words, and if it perfectly paints the thing it is intended to represent. Upon the whole, a translator owes so much to the taste of the age in which he lives, as not to make too great a complement to a former; and this induced us to omit the mention of the word *Afs* in the translation.

\* We see here almost all the chiefs of the *Grecian* army withdrawn: *Nestor* and *Ulysses*, the two great counsellors; *Agamemnon*, *Diomed*, and *Eurypylus*, the bravest warriors; all retreated: so that now in this necessity of the *Greeks*, there was occasion for the poet to open a new scene of action, or else the *Trojans* had been victorious, and the *Grecians* driven from the shores of *Troy*. To shew the distress of the *Greeks* at this period, from which the poem takes a new turn, it will be convenient to cast a view on the posture of their affairs: all human aid is cut off by the wounds of their heroes, and all assistance from the Gods forbid by *Jupiter*: whereas the *Trojans* see their general at their head, and *Jupiter* himself fights on their side. Upon this hinge turns the whole poem; the distress of the *Greeks* occasions first the assistance of *Patroclus*, and

What God, O *Grecians*! has your hearts dismay'd?  
 Oh, turn to arms; 'tis *Ajax* claims your aid.  
 This hour he stands the mark of hostile rage,  
 And this the last brave battle he shall wage:  
 Haste, join your forces; from the gloomy grave  
 The warrior rescue, and your country save.

Thus urg'd the chief; a gen'rous troop appears,  
 Who spread their bucklers, and advance their spears,  
 To guard their wounded friend: while thus they stand  
 With pious care, great *Ajax* joins the band:  
 Each takes new courage at the hero's sight;  
 The hero rallies, and renews the fight.

Thus rag'd both armies like conflicting fires,  
 While *Nestor*'s chariot far from fight retires:  
 His couriers steep'd in sweat, and stain'd with gore,  
 The *Greeks* preserver, great *Machaon* bore.  
 That hour, *Achilles* from the topmost height †  
 Of his proud fleet, o'erlook'd the fields of fight;  
 His feasted eyes beheld around the plain  
 The *Grecian* rout, the slaying, and the slain.  
 His friend *Machaon* singled from the rest, ‡  
 A transient pity touch'd his vengeful breast.  
 Strait to *Meneceus*' much lov'd son he sent;  
 Graceful as *Mars*, *Patroclus* quits his tent,  
 (In evil hour! then fate decreed his doom;  
 And fix'd the date of all his woes to come!)

Why calls my friend? thy lov'd injunctions lay,  
 Whate'er thy will, *Patroclus* shall obey.

O first

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then the death of that hero draws on the return of *Achilles*. It is with great art that the poet conducts all these incidents: he lets *Achilles* have the pleasure of seeing that the *Greeks* were no longer able to carry on the war without his assistance: and upon this depends the great catastrophe of the poem.

† Though the resentment of *Achilles* would not permit him to be an actor in the battle, yet his love of war inclines him to be a spectator: and as the poet did not intend to draw the character of a perfect man in *Achilles*, he makes him delighted with the destruction of the *Greeks*, because it conspired with his revenge: that resentment, which is the subject of the poem, still prevails over all his other passions, even the love of his country, for though he begins now to pity his countrymen, yet his anger stifles those tender emotions, and he seems pleased with their distress, because he judges it will contribute to his glory.

‡ It may be asked why *Machaon* is the only person whom *Achilles* pities? *Eustathius* answers, that it was either because he was his countryman, a *Thes-salian*; or because *Aesculapius*, the father of *Machaon*, presided over physic, the profession of his preceptor *Chiron*.



O first of friends! (*Pelides* thus reply'd)  
Still at my heart, and ever at my side!  
The time is come, when yon despairing host  
Shall learn the value of the man they lost:  
Now at my knees the *Greeks* shall pour their moan,\*  
And proud *Atrides* tremble on his throne.  
Go now to *Nestor*, and from him be taught  
What wounded warrior late his chariot brought?  
For seen at distance, and but seen behind,  
His form recall'd *Machaon* to my mind;  
Nor could I, through yon cloud, discern his face,  
The coursers past me with so swift a pace.

The hero said. His friend obey'd with haste,  
Through intermingled ships and tents he past;  
The chiefs descending from their car he found;  
The panting steeds *Eurymedon* unbound.  
The warriors standing on the breezy shore,  
To dry their sweat, and wash away the gore,  
Here paus'd a moment, while the gentle gale  
Convey'd that freshness the cool seas exhale;

## NOTES.

*Chiron*. But perhaps it may be a better reason to say that a physician is a public good, and was valued by the whole army; and it is not improbable but he might have cured *Achilles* of a wound during the course of the *Trojan* war.

\* The poet by putting these words into the mouth of *Achilles*, leaves room for a second embassy, and (since *Achilles* himself mentions it) one may think it would not have been unsuccessful: but the poet, by a more happy management, makes his friend *Patroclus* the advocate of the *Greeks*, and by that means his return becomes his own choice. This conduct admirably maintains the character of *Achilles*, who does not assist the *Greeks* through his kindness to them, but from a desire of revenge upon the *Trojans*: his present anger for the death of his friend, blots out the former one for the injury of *Agamemnon*; and as he separated from the army in a rage, so he joins it again in the like disposition.

† The poet here steals away the reader from the battle, and relieves him by the description of *Nestor's* entertainment. We hope to be pardoned for having more than once repeated this observation, which extends to several passages of *Homer*. Without this piece of conduct, the frequency and length of his battles might fatigue the reader, who could not so long be delighted with continued scenes of blood.

‡ There has ever been a great dispute about this passage; nor is it apparent for what reason the poet should tell us that *Nestor*, even in his old age, could more easily lift this bowl than any other man. This has drawn a great deal of railery upon the old man,

Then to consult on farther methods went,  
And took their seats beneath the shady tent. †  
The draught prescrib'd, fair *Hecamede* prepares,  
*Arsinous'* daughter, grac'd with golden hairs:  
(Whom to his aged arms, a royal slave,  
*Greece*, as the prize of *Nestor's* wisdom, gave)  
A table first with azure feet she plac'd;  
Whose ample orb a brazen charger grac'd:  
Honey new-press'd, the sacred flow'r of wheat,  
And wholesome garlick crown'd the sav'ry treat.  
Next her white hand an antique goblet brings,  
A goblet sacred to the *Pylion* kings,  
From eldest times: emboss'd with studs of gold,  
Two feet support it, and four handles hold;  
On each bright handle, bending o'er the brink,  
In sculptur'd gold, two turtles seem to drink:  
A massy weight, yet heav'd with ease by him, ‡  
When the brisk nectar overlook'd the brim.  
Temper'd in this, the nymph of form divine  
Pours a large potion of the *Pramnian* wine; §

With

## NOTES.

as if he had learned to lift it by frequent use; an insinuation that *Nestor* was no enemy to wine. Others, with more justice to his character, have put another construction upon the words, which solves the improbability very naturally. According to this opinion, the word, which is usually supposed to signify *another man*, is rendered *another old man*, meaning *Machaon*, whose wound made him incapable to lift it.

§ The potion which *Hecamede* here prepared for *Machaon*, has been thought a very extraordinary one in the case of a wounded person, and by some critics held in the same degree of repute with the balsam of *Fierabras* in *Don Quixot*. But it is rightly observed by the commentators, that *Machaon* was not so dangerously hurt, as to be obliged to a different regimen from what he might use at another time. *Homer* had just told us that he staid on the sea-side to refresh himself, and he now enters into a long conversation with *Nestor*; neither of which would have been done by a man in any great pain or danger: his loss of blood and spirits might make him not so much in fear of a fever, as in want of a cordial; and accordingly this potion is rather alimentary than medicinal. If it had been directly improper in this case, we cannot help fancying that *Homer* would not have failed to tell us of *Machaon's* rejecting it. Yet after all, some answer may be made even to the grand objection, that wine was too inflammatory for a wounded man. *Hippocrates* allows wine in acute cases, and even without water in cases of indigestion. He says indeed in his book

of



With goat's-milk cheese a flav'rous taste bestows,  
And last with flour the smiling surface strows.  
This for the wounded prince the dame prepares;  
The cordial bev'rage rev'rend *Nestor* shares:  
Salubrious draughts the warriors thirst allay,  
And pleasing conference beguiles the day.

Mean time *Patroclus*, by *Achilles* sent,  
Unheard approach'd, and stood before the tent.  
Old *Nestor* rising then, the hero led  
To his high seat; the chief refus'd, and said,  
'Tis now no season for these kind delays;  
The great *Achilles* with impatience stays.  
To great *Achilles* this respect I owe;  
Who asks what hero, wounded by the foe,  
Was borne from combat by thy foaming steeds?  
With grief I see the great *Machaon* bleeds.  
This to report, my hasty course I bend;  
Thou know'st the fiery temper of my friend.

## NOTES.

of ancient medicine, that the ancients were ignorant both of the good and bad qualities of wine: and yet the potion here prescribed will not be allowed by physicians to be an instance that they were so; for wine might be proper for *Machaon*, not only as a cordial, but as an opiate. *Asclepiades*, a physician who flourished at *Rome* in the time of *Pompey*, prescribed wine in fevers, and even in phrensies, to cause sleep.

\* It is customary with those who translate or comment on an author, to use him as they do their mistress; they can see no faults, or convert his very faults into beauties; but some are not so partial to *Homer*, as to imagine that this speech of *Nestor*'s is not greatly blameable for being too long; he crowds incident upon incident, and when he speaks of himself, he expatiates upon his own great actions, very naturally indeed to old age, but unreasonably in the present juncture. When he comes to speak of his killing the son of *Augias*, he is so pleased with himself, that he forgets the distress of the army, and cannot leave his favourite subject, till he has given us the pedigree of his relations, his wife's name, her excellence, the command he bore, and the fury with which he assaulted him. These and many other circumstances, as they have no visible allusion to the design of the speech, seem to be unfortunately introduced. But we think they are valuable upon another account, viz. because they preserve a piece of ancient history, which had otherwise been lost. What tends yet farther to make this story seem absurd, is what *Patroclus* said at the beginning of the speech, that he had not leisure even

Can then the sons of *Greece* (the sage rejoin'd)\*  
Excite compassion in *Achilles*' mind?  
Seeks he the sorrows of our host to know?  
This is not half the story of our woe.  
Tell him, not great *Machaon* bleeds alone,  
Our bravest heroes in the navy groan,  
*Ulysses*, *Agamemnon*, *Diomed*,  
And stern *Eurypylus*, already bleed.  
But ah! what flatt'ring hopes I entertain?  
*Achilles* heeds not, but derides our pain;  
Ev'n till the flames consume our fleets he stays,  
And waits the rising of the fatal blaze.  
Chief after chief the raging foe destroys;  
Calm he looks on, and ev'ry death enjoys.  
Now the slow course of all-impairing time  
Unstrings my nerves, and ends my manly prime;  
Oh! had I still that strength my youth possess'd,  
When this bold arm th' *Epeian* pow'rs oppress'd,

The

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to sit down: so that *Nestor* detains him in the tent standing, during the whole narration. They that are of the contrary opinion observe, that there is a great deal of art in some branches of the discourse; that when *Nestor* tells *Patroclus* how he had himself disobeyed his father's commands for the sake of his country; he says it to make *Achilles* reflect that he disobeys his father by the contrary behaviour: that what he did himself was to retaliate a small injury, but *Achilles* by fighting may save the *Grecian* army. He mentions the wound of *Agamemnon* at the very beginning, with an intent to give *Achilles* a little revenge, and that he may know how much his greatest enemy has suffered by his absence. There are many other arguments brought in the defence of particular parts; and it may not be from the purpose to observe, that *Nestor* might designedly protract the speech, that *Patroclus* might himself behold the distress of the army: thus every moment he detained him, enforced his arguments by the growing misfortunes of the *Greeks*. Whether this was the intention or not, it must be allowed that the stay of *Patroclus* was very happy for the *Greeks*; for by this means he met *Eurypylus* wounded, who confirmed him into a certainty that their affairs were desperate without *Achilles*'s aid. As for *Nestor*'s second story, it is much easier to be defended; it tends directly to the matter in hand, and is told in such a manner as to affect both *Patroclus* and *Achilles*; the circumstances are well adapted to the person to whom they are spoken, and by repeating their father's instructions, he as it were brings them in, seconding his admonitions.



The bulls of *Elis* in glad triumph led,\*  
 And stretch'd the great *Itymonæus* dead!  
 Then, from my fury fled the trembling swains,  
 And our's was all the plunder of the plains:  
 Fifty white flocks, full fifty herds of swine,  
 As many goats, as many lowing kine:  
 And thrice the number of unrival'd steeds,  
 All teeming females, and of gen'rous breeds.  
 These, as my first essay of arms, I won;  
 Old *Neleus* glory'd in his conqu'ring son.  
 Thus *Elis* forc'd, her long arrears restor'd,  
 And shares were parted to each *Pylian* lord.  
 The state of *Pyle* was sunk to last despair,  
 When the proud *Elians* first commenc'd the war.  
 For *Neleus*' sons *Alcides*' rage had slain;  
 Of twelve bold brothers, I alone remain!  
 Oppress'd, we arm'd; and now this conquest gain'd,  
 My fire three hundred chosen sheep obtain'd.  
 (That large reprizal he might justly claim,  
 For prize defrauded, and insulted fame,  
 When *Elis*' monarch at the public course  
 Detain'd his chariot, and victorious horse.)†  
 The rest the people shar'd; myself survey'd  
 The just partition, and due victims pay'd.  
 Three days were past, when *Elis* rose to war,  
 With many a courser, and with many a car;  
 The sons of *Ator* at their army's head‡  
 (Young as they were) the vengeful squadrons led.  
 High on a rock fair *Thryocissa* stands,  
 Our utmost frontier on the *Pylian* lands;  
 Not far the streams of fam'd *Alpheus* flow;  
 The stream they pass'd, and pitch'd their tents below.  
*Pallas*, descending in the shades of night,  
 Alarms the *Pylians*, and commands the fight.  
 Each burns for fame, and swells with martial pride;  
 Myself the foremost; but my fire deny'd;  
 Fear'd for my youth, expos'd to stern alarms;  
 And stopp'd my chariot, and detain'd my arms.

## NOTES.

\* *Elis* is the whole southern part of *Peloponnesus*, between *Achaia* and *Messenia*; it was originally divided into several districts or principalities, afterwards it was reduced to two; the one of the *Elians*, who were the same with the *Epeians*; the other of *Nestor*. This remark is necessary for the understanding what follows. In *Homer*'s time the city *Elis* was not built.

† It is said that these were particular games, which *Augias* had established in his own state, and that the *Olympic* games cannot be here understood, because *Hercules* did not institute them till he had killed this king, and delivered his kingdom to *Phyleus*, whom his father *Augias* had banished. The

No. 9.

My fire deny'd in vain: on foot I fled  
 Amidst our chariots: for the Goddess led.  
 Along fair *Arene*'s delightful plain,  
 Soft *Minyas* rolls his waters to the main,  
 There, horse and foot, the *Pylian* troops unite,  
 And sheath'd in arms, expect the dawning light.  
 Thence, ere the sun advanc'd his noon-day flame,  
 To great *Alpheus*' sacred source we came.  
 There first to *Jove* our solemn rites were paid;  
 An untam'd heifer pleas'd the blue-ey'd maid;  
 A bull *Alpheus*; and a bull was slain  
 To the Blue Monarch of the wat'ry main.  
 In arms we slept, beside the winding flood,  
 While round the town the fierce *Epeians* stood.  
 Soon as the sun, with all-revealing ray,  
 Flam'd in the front of heav'n, and gave the day;  
 Bright scenes of arms, and works of war appear;  
 The nations meet; there *Pylas*, *Elis* here.  
 The first who fell, beneath my javelin bled;  
 King *Augias*' son, and spouse of *Agamede*:  
 (She that all simples' healing virtues knew,  
 And ev'ry herb that drinks the morning dew.)  
 I seiz'd his car, the van of battle led;  
 Th' *Epeians* saw, they trembled, and they fled.  
 The foe dispers'd, their bravest warrior kill'd,  
 Fierce as a whirlwind now I swept the field:  
 Full fifty captive chariots grac'd my train;  
 Two chiefs from each, fell breathless to the plain.  
 Then *Ator*'s sons had dy'd, but *Neptune* shrouds  
 The youthful heroes in a veil of clouds.  
 O'er heapy shields, and o'er the prostrate throng,  
 Collecting spoils, and slaught'ring all along,  
 Through wide *Buprasian* fields we forc'd the foes,  
 Where o'er the vales th' *Olenian* rocks arose;  
 Till *Pallas* stopp'd us where *Alisium* flows.  
 Ev'n there, the hindmost of their rear I slay,  
 And the same arm that led, concludes the day;  
 Then back to *Pyle* triumphant take my way.

There

## NOTES.

prizes of these games of *Augias* were prizes of wealth, as golden tripods, &c. whereas the prizes of the *Olympic* games were only plain chaplets of leaves or branches: besides, it is probable *Homer* knew nothing of these chaplets given at the games, nor of the triumphal crowns, nor of the garlands wore at feasts; if he had, he would somewhere or other have mentioned them.

‡ These are the same whom *Homer* calls the two *Molions*, namely, *Eurytus* and *Creatus*. *Thryocissa*, in the lines following, is the same town which he calls *Thryon* in the catalogue. The river *Minyas* is the same with *Angrus*, about half way between *Pylas* and *Thryocissa*, called *Minyas* from the *Myntians* who

R r



There to high *Jove* were public thanks assign'd \*  
 As first of Gods, to *Nestor*, of mankind.  
 Such then I was, impell'd by youthful blood;  
 So prov'd my valour for my country's good.  
*Achilles* with unactive fury glows,  
 And gives to passion what to *Greece* he owes.  
 How shall he grieve, when to th' eternal shade  
 Her hosts shall sink, nor his the pow'r to aid?  
 O friend! my memory recalls the day,  
 When gath'ring aids along the *Grecian* sea,  
 I, and *Ulysses*, touch'd at *Pthia's* port,  
 And enter'd *Peleus'* hospitable court.  
 A bull to *Jove* he flew in sacrifice,  
 And pour'd libations on the flaming thighs.  
 Thyself, *Achilles*, and thy rev'rend sire  
*Menæti*us, turn'd the fragments on the fire.  
*Achilles* sees us, to the feast invites;  
 Social we sit, and share the genial rites.  
 We then explain'd the cause on which we came,  
 Urg'd you to arms, and found you fierce for fame.  
 Your ancient fathers gen'rous precepts gave;  
*Peleus* said only this—"My son! be brave.†  
*Menæti*us thus: "Though great *Achilles* shine  
 "In strength superior, and of race divine,  
 "Yet cooler thoughts thy elder years attend;  
 "Let thy just counsels aid, and rule thy friend.  
 Thus spoke your father at *Theffalia's* court;  
 Words now forgot, though now of vast import.  
 Ah! try the utmost that a friend can say,‡  
 Such gentle force the fiercest minds obey;  
 Some fav'ring God *Achilles'* heart may move;  
 Though deaf to glory, he may yield to love.

## NOTES.

who lived on the banks of it. It appears from what the poet says of the time of their march; that it is half a day's march between *Pylus* and *Thryœssa*.

\* There is a resemblance between this passage and one in the sacred scripture, where all the congregation "blessed the Lord God of their fathers, and bowed down their heads, and worshipp'd the Lord, and the king," 1 Chron. xxix. 20.

† The conciseness of this advice is very beautiful; *Achilles* being hasty, active, and young, might not have burthened his memory with a long discourse: therefore *Peleus* comprehends all his instructions in one sentence. But *Menæti*us speaks more largely to *Patroclus*, he being more advanced in years, and mature in judgment; and we see by the manner of the expression, that he was sent with *Achilles*, not only as a companion, but as a monitor, of which *Nestor* puts him in mind, to shew that it is rather his duty to give good advice to *Achilles*, than to follow his caprice, and espouse his resentment.

If some dire oracle his breast alarm,  
 If aught from heav'n withhold his saving arm; §  
 Some beam of comfort yet on *Greece* may shine,  
 If thou but lead the *Myrmidonian* line;  
 Clad in *Achilles'* arms, if thou appear,  
 Proud *Troy* may tremble, and desist from war;  
 Press'd by fresh forces her o'er-labour'd train  
 Shall seek their walls, and *Greece* respire again.

This touch'd his gen'rous heart, and from the tent  
 Along the shore with hasty strides he went;  
 Soon as he came, where, on the crowded strand,  
 The public mart and courts of justice stand,  
 Where the tall fleet of great *Ulysses* lies,  
 And altars to the guardian Gods arise;  
 There sad he met the brave *Evæmon's* son,  
 Large painful drops from all his members run,  
 An arrow's head yet rooted in his wound,  
 The sable blood in circles mark'd the ground,  
 As faintly reeling he confess'd the smart;  
 Weak was his pace, but dauntless was his heart.  
 Divine compassion touch'd *Patroclus'* breast,  
 Who sighing, thus his bleeding friend address:

Ah hapless leaders of the *Grecian* host!  
 Thus must ye perish on a barb'rous coast?  
 Is this your fate, to glut the dogs with gore?  
 Far from your friends, and from your native shore  
 Say, great *Euryppylus!* shall *Greece* yet stand?  
 Resists she yet the raging *Hector's* hand?  
 Or are her heroes doom'd to die with shame,  
 And this the period of our wars and fame?

*Euryppylus* replies: No more (my friend),  
*Greece* is no more! this day her glories end.

Ev'n

‡ It may not be ungrateful to the reader to see at one view the aim and design of *Nestor's* speech. By putting *Patroclus* in mind of his father's injunctions, he provokes him to obey him by a like zeal for his country: by the mention of the sacrifice, he reprimands him for a breach of those engagements to which the Gods were witnesses: by saying that the very arms of *Achilles* would restore the fortunes of *Greece*, he makes a high compliment to that hero, and offers a powerful insinuation to *Patroclus* at the same time, by giving him to understand, that he may personate *Achilles*.

§ *Nestor* says this upon account of what *Achilles* himself spoke in the ninth book; and it is very much to the purpose, for nothing could sooner move *Achilles*, than to make him think it was the general report in the army, that he shut himself up in his tent for no other reason but to escape death, with which his mother had threatened him in discovering to him the decrees of the destinies.



Ev'n to the ships victorious *Troy* pursues,  
 Her force increasing as her toil renews.  
 Those chiefs, that us'd her utmost rage to meet,  
 Lie pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in the fleet.  
 But thou, *Patroclus*! act a friendly part,  
 Lead to my ships, and draw this deadly dart:  
 With lukewarm water wash the gore away,  
 With healing balms the raging smart allay,  
 Such as sage *Chiron*, sire of *pharmacy*,  
 Once taught *Achilles*, and *Achilles* thee.  
 Of two fam'd surgeons, *Podalirius* stands\*  
 This hour surrounded by the *Trojan* bands;  
 And great *Machaon*, wounded in his tent,  
 Now wants that succour which so oft he lent.

## N O T E S.

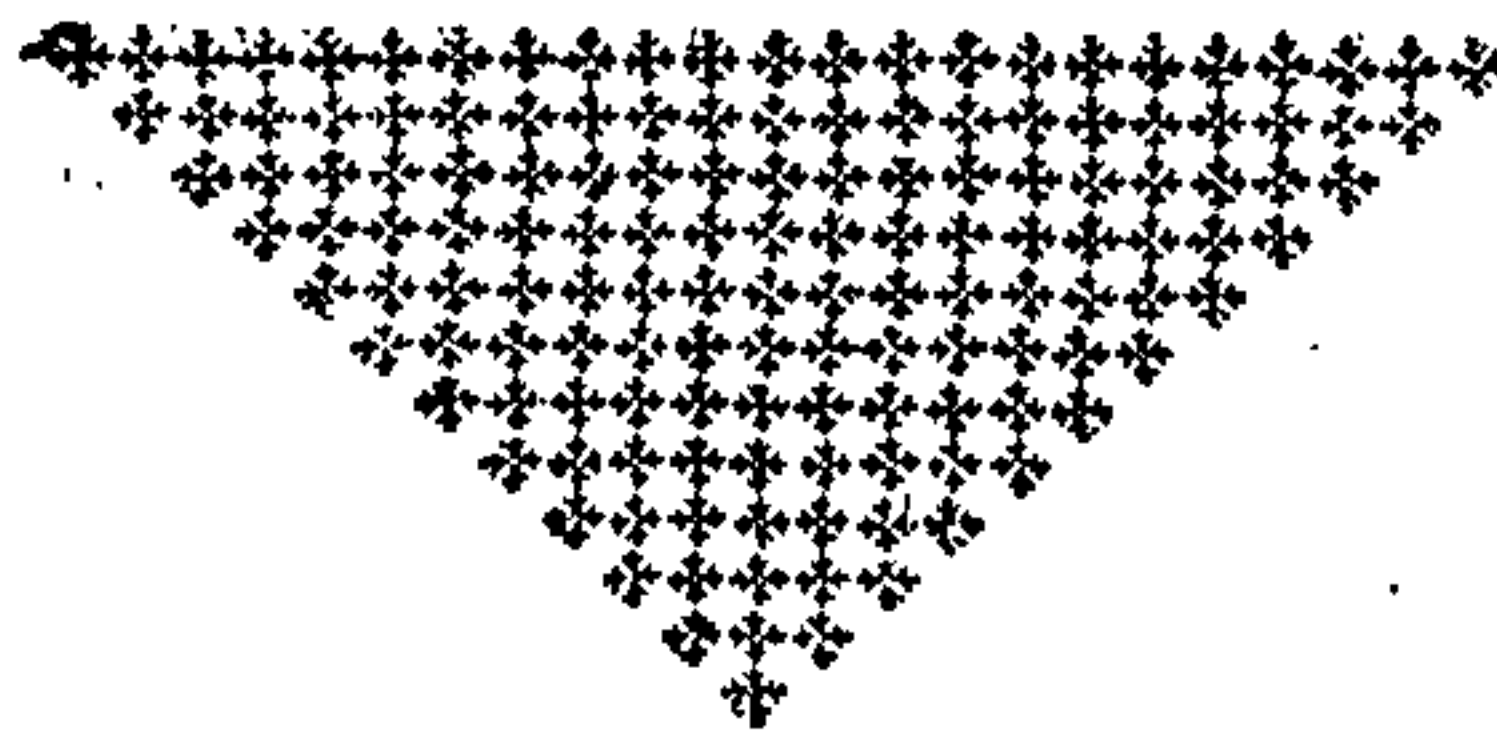
\* Though *Podalirius* is mentioned first for the sake of the verse, both here and in the catalogue, *Machaon* seems to be the person of the greatest character upon many accounts: besides, it is to him that *Homer* attributes the cure of *Philoctetes*, who was lame by having let an arrow dipt in the gall of the *Hydra* of *Lerna* fall upon his foot; a plain mark that *Machaon* was an abler physician than *Chiron* the centaur, who could not cure himself of such a wound. *Podalirius* had a son named

To him the chief. What then remains to do?  
 Th' event of things the Gods alone can view.  
 Charg'd by *Achilles'* great command I fly,  
 And bear with haste the *Pylian* king's reply:  
 But thy distress this instant claims relief.  
 He said, and in his arms upheld the chief. †  
 The slaves their master's slow approach survey'd,  
 And hides of oxen on the floor display'd:  
 There stretch'd at length the wounded hero lay,  
*Patroclus* cut the forky steel away.  
 Then in his hand a bitter root he bruis'd;  
 The wound he wash'd, the styptic juice infus'd.  
 The closing flesh that instant ceas'd to glow,  
 The wound to torture, and the blood to flow.

## N O T E S.

*Hypolochus*, from whom the famous *Hippocrates* was descended.

† *Homer* draws a great advantage for the conduct of his poem from this incident of the stay of *Patroclus*; for while he is employed in the friendly task of taking care of *Eurypylus*, he becomes an eye-witness of the attack upon the entrenchments, and finds the necessity of using his utmost efforts to move *Achilles*.





## The TWELFTH BOOK of the ILIAD.\*

## A R G U M E N T.

## THE BATTLE AT THE GRECIAN WALL.

*The Greeks being retired into their entrenchments, Hector attempts to force them; but it proving impossible to pass the ditch, Polydamas advises to quit their chariots, and manage the attack on foot. The Trojans follow his counsel, and having divided their army into five bodies of foot, begin the assault. But upon the signal of an eagle with a serpent in his talons, which appeared on the left hand of the Trojans, Polydamas endeavours to withdraw them again. This Hector opposes, and continues the attack; in which, after many actions, Sarpedon makes the first breach in the wall: Hector also casting a stone of a vast size, forces open one of the gates, and enters at the head of his troops, who victoriously pursue the Grecians even to their ships.*

WHILE thus the hero's pious cares attend  
The cure and safety of his wounded friend,  
Trojans and Greeks with clashing shields engage,  
And mutual deaths are dealt with mutual rage.  
Nor long the trench or lofty walls oppose;  
With Gods averse th' ill-fated works arose;  
Their pow'rs neglected, and no victim slain,  
The walls were rais'd, the trenches sunk in vain.

## NOTES.

\* It may be proper here to take a general view of the conduct of the Iliad: the whole design turns upon the wrath of Achilles; that wrath is not to be appeased but by the calamities of the Greeks, who are taught by their frequent defeats the importance of this hero: for in Epic, as in Tragic poetry, there ought to be some evident and necessary incident at the winding up of the catastrophe, and that should be founded upon some visible distress. This conduct has an admirable effect, not only as it gives an air of probability to the relation, by allowing leisure to the wrath of Achilles to cool and die away by degrees, (who is every where described as a person of a stubborn resentment, and consequently ought not to be easily reconciled) but also as it highly con-

Without the Gods, how short a period stands:  
The proudest monument of mortal hands!  
This flood, while Hector and Achilles rag'd,  
While sacred Troy the warring hosts engag'd;  
But when her sons were slain, her city burn'd,  
And what surviv'd of Greece to Greece return'd;  
Then Neptune and Apollo shook the shore, †  
Then Ida's summits pour'd their wat'ry store;

Rhesus

## NOTES.

tributes to the honour of Achilles, which was to be fully satisfied before he could relent.

† Homer here teaches a truth conformable to sacred scripture, and almost in the very words of the Psalmist: "Unless the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it."

‡ This whole episode of the destruction of the wall is spoken as a kind of prophecy, where Homer in a poetical enthusiasm relates what was to happen in future ages. It has been conjectured from hence that our author flourished not long after the Trojan war; for had he lived at a greater distance, there had been no occasion to have recourse to such extraordinary means to destroy a wall, which would have been lost and worn away by time alone. Homer forefaw



*Rhesus* and *Rhodius* then unite their rills,  
*Carexus* roaring down the stony hills,  
*Æsepus*, *Granicus*, with mingled force,  
 And *Xanthus* foaming from his fruitful source;  
 And gulphy *Simois*, rolling to the main  
 Helmets, and shields, and god-like heroes slain:  
 These, turn'd by *Phæbus* from their wonted ways,  
 Delug'd the rampire nine continual days; \*  
 The weight of waters saps the yielding wall,  
 And to the sea the floating bulwarks fall.  
 Incessant cataracts the thund'rer pours,  
 And half the skies descend in sluicy show'rs.  
 The God of Ocean, marching stern before,  
 With his huge trident wounds the trembling shore,  
 Vast stones and piles from their foundation heaves,  
 And whelms the smoaky ruin in the waves.  
 Now smooth'd with sand, and levell'd by the flood,  
 No fragment tells where once the wonder stood;  
 In their old bounds the rivers roll again,  
 Shine 'twixt the hills, or wander o'er the plain.

But this the Gods in later times perform;  
 As yet the bulwark stood, and brav'd the storm;  
 The strokes yet echo'd of contending pow'rs;  
 War thunder'd at the gates, and blood distain'd the  
 tow'rs.

Smote by the arm of *Jove*, and dire dismay,  
 Close by their hollow ships the *Grecians* lay;  
*Hector's* approach in ev'ry wind they hear,  
 And *Hector's* fury ev'ry moment fear.  
 He like a whirlwind, tofs'd the scatt'ring throng,  
 Mingled the troops, and drove the field along.  
 So 'midst the dogs and hunter's daring bands,  
 Fierce of his might, a boar or lion stands;  
 Arm'd foes around a dreadful circle form,  
 And hissing javelins rain an iron storm:  
 His pow'rs untam'd their bold assault defy,  
 And where he turns, the rout disperse, or die:  
 He foams, he glares, he bounds against them all,  
 And if he falls, his courage makes him fall.

## NOTES.

foresaw the question might be asked, how it came to pass that no ruins remained of so great a work? and therefore contrived to give his fiction the nearest resemblance to truth. Inundations and earthquakes are sufficient to abolish the strongest works of man, so as not to leave the least remains where they stood. But we are told this in a manner wonderfully noble and poetical: we see *Apolló* turning the course of the rivers against the wall, *Jupiter* opening the cataracts of heaven, and *Neptune* rending the foundations with his trident: that is, the sun exhales the vapours, which descend in rain from the air or *Æther*; this rain causes an inundation, and that inundation overturns the wall. Thus the

No. 9.

With equal rage encompass'd *Hector* glows;  
 Exhorts his armies, and the trenches shows.  
 The panting steeds impatient fury breathe,  
 But snort and tremble at the gulph beneath;  
 Just on the brink, they neigh, and paw the ground,  
 And the turf trembles, and the skies resound.  
 Eager they view'd the prospect dark and deep,  
 Vast was the leap, and headlong hung the steep;  
 The bottom bare; (a formidable show!)  
 And bristled thick with sharpen'd flakes below.  
 The foot alone this strong defence could force,  
 And try the pass impervious to the horse.  
 This saw *Polydamas*; who, wisely brave,  
 Restrain'd great *Hector*, and this counsel gave,  
 Oh thou! bold leader of our *Trojan* bands,  
 And you, confed'rate chiefs from foreign lands!  
 What entrance here can cumb'rous chariots find,  
 The stakes beneath, the *Grecian* walls behind?  
 No pass through those, without a thousand wounds,  
 No space for combat in yon narrow bounds.  
 Proud of the favours mighty *Jove* has shown,  
 On certain dangers we too rashly run:  
 If 'tis his will our haughty foes to tame,  
 Oh may this instant end the *Grecian* name!  
 Here, far from *Argos*, let their heroes fall,  
 And one great day destroy, and bury all!  
 But should they turn, and here oppress our train,  
 What hopes, what methods of retreat remain?  
 Wedg'd in the trench, by our own troops con-  
 fus'd,  
 In one promiscuous carnage crush'd and bruise'd,  
 All *Troy* must perish, if their arms prevail,  
 Nor shall a *Trojan* live to tell the tale.  
 Hear then ye warriors! and obey with speed;  
 Back from the trenches let your steeds be led;  
 Then all alighting, wedg'd in firm array,  
 Proceed on foot, and *Hector* lead the way.  
 So *Greece* shall stoop before our conqu'ring pow'r,  
 And this (if *Jove* consent) her fatal hour.

This

## NOTES.

poetry of *Homer*, like magic, first raises a stupendous object, and then immediately causes it to vanish.

\* Some of the ancients thought it incredible that a wall which was built in one day by the *Greeks*, should resist the joint efforts of three Deities nine days: to solve this difficulty, *Crates* the *Mallefian* was of opinion, that it should be writ, *one day*. But there is no occasion to have recourse to so forced a solution; it being sufficient to observe, that nothing but such an extraordinary power could have so entirely ruined the wall, that not the least remains of it should appear, but such a one, as we have before said *Homer* flood in need of.

S s



This counsel pleas'd, the God-like *Hector* sprung  
 Swift from his seat; his clanging armour rung.  
 The chief's example follow'd by his train,  
 Each quits his car, and issues on the plain.  
 By orders strict the charioteers enjoin'd,  
 Compel the coursers to their ranks behind.  
 The forces part in five distinguish'd bands,\*  
 And all obey their several chief's commands.  
 The best and bravest in the first conspire,  
 Pant for the fight, and threat the fleet with fire:  
 Great *Hector* glorious in the van of these,  
*Polydamas*, and brave *Cebriones*.  
 Before the next the graceful *Paris* shines,  
 And bold *Alcathous*, and *Agenor* joins.  
 The sons of *Priam* with the third appear,  
*Deiphobus*, and *Helenus* the seer:  
 In arms with these the mighty *Asius* flood,  
 Who drew from *Hyrtacus* his noble blood,  
 And who n *Arisba's* yellow coursers bore,  
 The coursers fed on *Selle's* winding shore,  
*Antenor's* sons the fourth battalion guide,  
 And great *Aeneas*, born on fount-full *Ide*.  
 Divine *Sarpedon* the last band obey'd,  
 Whom *Glaucus* and *Asteropæus* aid,  
 Next him, the bravest at their army's head,  
 But he more brave than all the hosts he led.

Now with compacted shields, in close array,  
 The moving legions speed their headlong way:  
 Already in their hopes they fire the fleet,  
 And see the *Grecians* gasping at their feet.

While ev'ry *Trojan* thus, and ev'ry aid,  
 Th' advice of wife *Polydamas* obey'd;

*Asius* alone, confiding in his car, †  
 His vaunted coursers urg'd to meet the war.  
 Unhappy hero! and advis'd in vain! ‡  
 Those wheels returning ne'er shall mark the plain;  
 No more those coursers with triumphant joy  
 Restore their master to the gates of *Troy*!  
 Black death attends behind the *Grecian* wall,  
 And great *Idomeneus* shall boast thy fall;  
 Fierce to the left he drives, where from the plain  
 The flying *Grecians* strove their ships to gain;  
 Swift thro' the wall their horse and chariots past,  
 The gates half-open'd to receive the last.  
 Thither, exulting in his force, he flies;  
 His following host with clamours rend the skies;  
 To plunge the *Grecians* headlong in the main,  
 Such their proud hopes, but all their hopes were vain!

To guard the gates, two mighty chiefs attend;  
 Who from the *Lapiths* warlike race descend;  
 This *Polypætes*, great *Perithous'* heir,  
 And that *Leonteus*, like the God of war. §  
 As two tall oaks, before the wall they rise;  
 Their roots in earth, their heads amidst the skies:  
 Whose spreading arms with leafy honours crown'd,  
 Forbid the tempest, and protect the ground;  
 High on the hills appears their stately form,  
 And their deep roots for ever brave the storm.  
 So graceful these, and so the shock they stand  
 Of raging *Asius*, and his furious band.  
*Orestes*, *Acamas* in front appear,  
 And *Oenomaus* and *Thoön* close the rear;  
 In vain their clamours shake the ambient fields,  
 In vain around them beat their hollow shields;

The

#### NOTES.

\* The *Trojan* army is divided into five parts, perhaps because there were five gates in the wall, so that an attack might be made upon every gate at the same instant: by this means the *Greeks* would be obliged to disunite, and form themselves into as many bodies, to guard five places at the same time. The poet here breaks the thread of his narration, and stops to give us the names of the leaders of every battalion: by this conduct he prepares us for an action entirely new, and different from any other in the poem.

† It appears from hence that the three captains who commanded each battalion, were not subordinate one to the other, but commanded separately, each being empowered to order his own troop as he thought fit: for otherwise *Asius* had not been permitted to keep his chariot when the rest were on foot. One may observe from hence, that *Homer* does not attribute the same regular discipline in war to the barbarous nations, which he had given

#### NOTES.

to his *Grecians*; and he makes some use too of this defect, to cast the more variety over this part of the description.

‡ *Homer* observes a poetical justice in relation to *Asius*; he punishes his folly and impiety with death, and shews the danger of despising wise counsel, and blaspheming the Gods. In pursuance of this prophecy, *Asius* is killed in the thirteenth book by *Idomeneus*.

§ These heroes are the originals of *Pandarus* and *Bitias* in *Virgil*. We see two gallant officers exhorting their soldiers to act bravely; but being deserted by them, they execute their own commands, and maintain the pass against the united force of the battalions of *Asius*: nor does the poet transgress the bounds of probability in the story: the *Greeks* from above beat off some of the *Trojans* with stones, and the gate-way being narrow, it was easy to be defended.



The fearless brothers on the *Grecians* call,  
 To guard their navies, and defend the wall.  
 Ev'n when they saw *Troy's* sable troops impend,  
 And *Greece* tumultuous from her tow'rs descend,  
 Forth from the portals rush'd th' intrepid pair,  
 Oppos'd their breasts, and flood themselves the war.  
 So two wild boars spring furious from their den,  
 Rouz'd with the cries of dogs and voice of men;  
 On ev'ry side the crackling trees they tear,  
 And root the shrubs, and lay the forest bare;  
 They gnash their tusks, with fire their eye-balls roll,  
 Till some wide wound lets out their mighty soul.  
 Around their heads the whistling javelins sung;  
 With sounding strokes their brazen targets rung:  
 Fierce was the fight, while yet the *Grecian* pow'rs  
 Maintain'd the walls and mann'd the lofty tow'rs:  
 To save their fleet, the last efforts they try,  
 And stones and darts in mingled tempests fly.

As when sharp *Boreas* blow abroad, and brings  
 The dreary winter on his frozen wings;  
 Beneath the low-hung clouds the sheets of snow  
 Descend, and whiten all the fields below.  
 So fast the darts on either army pour,  
 So down the rampires rolls the rocky show'r;  
 Heavy, and thick, resound the batter'd shields,  
 And the deaf echo rattles round the fields.

With shame repuls'd, with grief and fury driv'n,  
 The frantic *Asius* thus accuses heav'n: \*  
 In pow'rs immortal who shall now believe?  
 Can those too flatter, and can *Jove* deceive?  
 What man could doubt but *Troy's* victorious pow'r  
 Should humble *Greece*, and this her fatal hour?  
 But look how wasps from hollow crannies drive,  
 To guard the entrance of their common hive,  
 Dark'ning the rock, while with unweary'd wings  
 They strike th'affailants, and infix their stings;  
 A race determin'd, that to death contend:  
 So fierce, these *Greeks* their last retreats defend.  
 Gods! shall two warriors only guard their gates,  
 Repel an army, and defraud the fates?

These empty accents mingled with the wind,  
 Nor mov'd great *Jove's* unalterable mind;  
 To God-like *Hector* and his matchless might  
 Was ow'd the glory of the destin'd fight.  
 Like deeds of arms thro' all the forts were try'd,  
 And all the gates sustain'd an equal tide;

## NOTES.

\* The speech of *Asius* is very extravagant: he exclaims against *Jupiter* for a breach of promise, not because he had broken his word, but because he had not fulfilled his own vain imaginations: This conduct, though very blameable in *Asius*, is very natural to persons under a disappointment,

Thro' the long walls the stony show'rs were heard,  
 The blaze of flames, the slain of arms appear'd.  
 The spirit of a God my breast inspire,  
 To raise each act to life, and sing with fire!  
 While *Greece* unconquer'd kept alive the war,  
 Secure of death, confiding in despair;  
 And all her guardian Gods, in deep dismay,  
 With unassisting arms deplor'd the day.

Ev'n yet the dauntless *Lapithæ* maintain  
 The dreadful pass, and round them heap the slain.  
 First *Damafus*, by *Polypates'* steel,  
 Pierc'd thro' his helmet's brazen vizor, fell;  
 The weapon drank the mingled brains and gore;  
 The warrior sinks, tremendous now no more!  
 Next *Ormenus* and *Pylon* yield their breath:  
 Nor less *Lecnteus* strows the field with death;  
 First thro' the belt *Hippomachus* he goar'd,  
 Then sudden wav'd his unresisted sword;  
*Antiphates*, as thro' the ranks he broke,  
 The faulchion struck, the fate pursu'd the stroke;  
*Læmenus*, *Orestes*, *Menon*, bled;  
 And round him rose a monument of dead.

Mean-time the bravest of the *Trojan* crew  
 Bold *Hector* and *Polydamas* pursue;  
 Fierce with impatience on the works to fall,  
 And wrap in rolling flames the fleet and wall.  
 These on the farther bank now stood and gaz'd,  
 By heav'n alarm'd, by prodigies amaz'd:  
 A signal omen stopp'd the passing host,  
 Their martial fury in their wonder lost.  
*Jove's* bird on sounding pinions beat the skies;  
 A bleeding serpent, of enormous size,  
 His talons truss'd; alive, and curling round,  
 He stung the bird, whose throat receiv'd the wound:  
 Mad with the smart, he drops the fatal prey,  
 In airy circles wings his painful way.  
 Floats on the winds, and rends the heav'ns with cries:  
 Amidst the host the fallen serpent lies.  
 They, pale with terror, mark it's spires unroll'd,  
 And *Jove's* portent with beating hearts behold.  
 Then first *Polydamas* the silence broke,  
 Long weigh'd the signal, and to *Hector* spoke. †

How oft, my brother, thy reproach I bear,  
 For words well meant, and sentiments sincere?  
 True to those counsels which I judge the best,  
 I tell the faithful dictates of my breast.

To

## NOTES.

who are ever ready to blame heaven, and turn their misfortunes into a crime.

† The address of *Polydamas* to *Hector* in this speech is admirable: he knew that the daring spirit of that hero would not suffer him to listen to any mention of a retreat: he had already stormed the walls



To speak his thought, is ev'ry freeman's right,  
 In peace and war, in council and in fight;  
 And all I move, deferring to thy sway,  
 But tends to raise that pow'r which I obey.  
 Then hear my words, nor may my words be vain;  
 Seek not, this day, the *Grecian* ships to gain;  
 For sure to warn us *Jove* his omen sent,  
 And thus my mind explains it's clear event.  
 The victor eagle, whose sinister flight  
 Retards our host, and fills our hearts with fright,  
 Dismiss'd his conquest in the middle skies,  
 Allow'd to seize, but not possess the prize;  
 Thus though we gird with fires the *Grecian* fleet,  
 Though the proud bulwarks tumble at our feet,  
 Toils unforeseen, and fiercer, are decreed;  
 More woes shall follow, and more heroes bleed.  
 So bodes my soul, and bids me thus advise:  
 For thus a skilful seer would read the skies.

To him then *Hector* with disdain return'd;\*  
 (Fierce as he spoke, his eyes with fury burn'd)  
 Are these the faithful counsels of thy tongue?  
 Thy will is partial, not thy reason wrong:  
 Or if the purpose of thy heart thou vent,  
 Sure heaven resumes the little sense it lent.  
 What coward counsels would thy madness move,  
 Against the word, the will reveal'd of *Jove*?  
 The leading sign, th' irrevocable nod,  
 And happy thunders of the fav'ring God,  
 These shall I slight? and guide my wav'ring mind  
 By wand'ring birds, that flit with ev'ry wind?  
 Ye vagrants of the sky! your wings extend,  
 Or where the suns arise, or where descend;  
 To right, to left, unheeded take your way,  
 While I the dictates of high heav'n obey.

## NOTES.

walls in imagination, and consequently the advice of *Polydamas* was sure to meet with a bad reception. He therefore softens every expression, and endeavours to flatter *Hector* into an assent; and though he is assured he gives a true interpretation of the prodigy, he seems to be diffident: but that his personated distrust may not prejudice the interpretation, he concludes with a plain declaration of his opinion, and tells him that what he delivers is not conjecture, but science, and appeals for the truth of it to the augurs of the army.

\* This speech of *Hector*'s is full of spirit: his valour is greater than the skill of *Polydamas*, and he is not to be argued into a retreat.

† There is something very heroic in these two last lines. And if any thing can add to the beauty of it, it is in being so well adapted to the character of him who speaks it, who is every where described

Without a sign, his sword the brave man draws,  
 And asks no omen but his country's cause.†  
 But why should'st thou suspect the war's success?  
 None fears it more, as none promotes it less:  
 Though all our chiefs amid yon ships expire,  
 Trust thy own cowardice to 'scape their fire.  
*Troy* and her sons may find a gen'ral grave,  
 But thou can'st live, for thou can'st be a slave.  
 Yet should the fears that wary mind suggests  
 Spread their cold poison through our soldiers breasts,  
 My javelin can revenge so base a part,  
 And free the soul that quivers in thy heart.

Furious he spoke, and rushing to the wall,  
 Calls on his host; his host obey the call;  
 With ardour follow where their leader flies:  
 Redoubling clamours thunder in the skies.  
*Jove* breathes a whirlwind from the hills of *Idæ*,‡  
 And drifts of dust the clouded navy hide:  
 He fills the *Greeks* with terror and dismay,  
 And gives great *Hector* the predestin'd day.  
 Strong in themselves, but stronger in their aid,  
 Close to the works their rigid siege they laid.  
 In vain the mounds and massy beams defend,  
 While these they undermine, and those they rend;  
 Upheave the piles that prop the solid wall;  
 And heaps on heaps the smoaky ruins fall.  
*Greece* on her rampart stands the fierce alarms;  
 The crouded bulwarks blaze with waving arms,  
 Shield touching shield, a long-refulgent row;  
 Whence hissing darts, incessant, rain below.  
 The bold *Ajaces* fly from tow'r to tow'r,  
 And rouse, with flame divine, the *Grecian* pow'r.  
 The gen'rous impulse ev'ry *Greek* obeys;  
 Threats urge the fearful, and the valiant, praise.

Follows

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as a great lover of his country. It may seem at the first view that *Hector* uses *Polydamas* with too much severity in the conclusion of his speech: but he will be sufficiently justified, if we consider that the interpretation of the omen given by *Polydamas* might have discouraged the army; and this makes it necessary for him to decry the prediction, and insinuate that the advice proceeded not from his skill but his cowardice.

‡ It is worth our notice to observe how the least circumstance grows in the hand of a great poet. In this battle it is supposed that the *Trojans* had got the advantage of the wind of the *Grecians*, so that a cloud of dust was blown upon their army: this gave room for the fiction of *Homer*, which supposes that *Jove*, or the air, raised the dust, and drove it in the face of the *Grecians*.



Fellows in arms! whose deeds are known to fame,  
And you whose ardour hopes an equal name!  
Since not alike endu'd with force or art,  
Behold a day when each may act his part!  
A day to fire the brave, and warm the cold,  
To gain new glories, or augment the old.  
Urge those who stand, and those who faint excite;  
Drown *Hector's* vaunts in loud exhortations of fight;  
Conquest, not safety, fill the thoughts of all;  
Seek not your fleet, but sally from the wall;  
So *Jove* once more may drive their routed train,  
And *Troy* lie trembling in her walls again.

Their ardour kindles all the *Grecian* powers;  
And now the stones descend in heavier showers.  
As when high *Jove* his sharp artillery forms,  
And opens his cloudy magazine of storms;  
In winter's bleak, uncomfortable reign,  
A snowy inundation hides the plain;  
He stills the winds, and bids the skies to sleep;  
Then pours the silent tempest, thick, and deep:  
And first the mountain-tops are cover'd o'er,  
Then the green fields, and then the sandy shore;  
Bent with the weight the nodding woods are seen,  
And one bright waste hides all the works of men:  
The circling seas alone absorbing all,  
Drink the dissolving fleeces as they fall.  
So from each side increas'd the stony rain,  
And the white ruin rises o'er the plain.

Thus god-like *Hector* and his troops contend  
To force the ramparts, and the gates to rend;  
Nor *Troy* could conquer, nor the *Greeks* would yield,  
Till great *Sarpedon* tower'd amid the field;\*  
For mighty *Jove* inspir'd with martial flame  
His matchless son, and urg'd him on to fame.  
In arms he shines, conspicuous from afar,  
And bears aloft his ample shield in air;

## NOTES.

\* The poet here ushers in *Sarpedon* with abundance of pomp: he forces him upon the observation of the reader by the greatness of the description, and raises our expectations of him, intending to make him perform many remarkable actions in the sequel of the poem, and become worthy to fall by the hand of *Patroclus*.

† This comparison very much resembles that of the prophet *Isaiah*, chap. xxxi. 4, where God himself is compared to a lion: "Like as the lion, and the young lion roaring on his prey, when a multitude of shepherds is called forth against him, he will not be afraid of their voice, nor abase himself for the noise of them: so shall the Lord of hosts come down that he may fight upon mount Sion."

‡ In former times kings were looked upon as the No. 9.

Within whose orb the thick bull-hides were roll'd,  
Pond'rous with brass, and bound with ductile gold:  
And while two pointed javelins arm his hands,  
Majestic moves along, and leads his *Lycian* bands.

So press'd with hunger, from the mountain's brow†  
Descends a lion on the flocks below;  
So stalks the lordly savage o'er the plain,  
In fullen majesty, and stern disdain:  
In vain loud mastives bay him from afar,  
And shepherds gall him with an iron war;  
Regardless, furious, he pursues his way;  
He foams, he roars, he rends the panting prey.

Resolv'd alike, divine *Sarpedon* glows  
With generous rage that drives him on the foes.  
He views the towers, and meditates their fall,  
To sure destruction dooms th' aspiring wall;  
Then casting on his friend an ardent look,  
Fir'd with the thirst of glory, thus he spoke.

Why boast we, *Glaucus*! our extended reign,‡  
Where *Xanthus*' streams enrich the *Lycian* plain,  
Our numerous herds that range the fruitful field,  
And hills where vines their purple harvest yield,  
Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd,  
Our feasts enhanc'd with music's sprightly sound?  
Why on those shores are we with joy survey'd,  
Admir'd as heroes, and as Gods obey'd?  
Unless great acts superior merit prove,  
And vindicate the bounteous powers above.  
'Tis our's, the dignity they give, to grace;  
The first in valour, as the first in place.  
That when with wond'ring eyes our martial bands  
Behold our deeds transcending our commands,  
Such, they may cry, deserve the sov'reign state,  
Whom those that envy, dare not imitate!  
Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,  
Which claims no less the fearful than the brave;

For

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generals of armies, who to return the honours that were done them, were obliged to expose themselves first in the battle, and be an example to their soldiers. Upon this *Sarpedon* grounds his discourse, which is full of generosity and nobleness. We are, says he, honoured like Gods; and what can be more unjust, than not to behave ourselves like men? he ought to be superior in virtue, who is superior in dignity. What strength is there, and what greatness in that thought! it includes justice, gratitude, and magnanimity; justice, in that he scorns to enjoy what he does not merit; gratitude, because he would endeavour to recompence his obligations to his subjects; and magnanimity, in that he despises death, and thinks of nothing but glory.

T t



For lust of fame I should not vainly dare\*  
 In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war.  
 But since, alas! ignoble age must come,  
 Disease, and death's inexorable doom;  
 The life which others pay, let us bestow,  
 And give to fame what we to nature owe;  
 Brave though we fall, and honour'd if we live,  
 Or let us glory gain, or glory give!

He said; his words the list'ning chief inspire  
 With equal warmth, and rouse the warrior's fire;  
 The troops pursue their leaders with delight,  
 Rush to the foe, and claim the promis'd fight.  
*Menestheus* from on high the storm beheld,  
 Threat'ning the fort, and black'ning in the field;  
 Around the walls he gaz'd, to view from far  
 What aid appear'd t' avert th' approaching war,  
 And saw where *Teucer* with th' *Ajaces* stood,  
 Of fight insatiate, prodigal of blood.  
 In vain he calls; the din of helms and shields  
 Rings to the skies, and echoes through the fields,  
 The brazen hinges fly, the walls resound,  
 Heav'n trembles, roar the mountains, thunders all  
 the ground.

Then thus to *Thoös*:—Hence with speed, (he said)  
 And urge the bold *Ajaces* to our aid;  
 Their strength, united, best may help to bear  
 The bloody labours of the doubtful war:  
 Hither the *Lycian* princes bend their course,  
 The best and bravest of the hostile force.  
 But if too fiercely there the foes contend,  
 Let *Telamon*, at least, our row'rs defend,  
 And *Teucer* haste with his unerring bow,  
 To share the danger, and repel the foe.

Swift as the word, the herald speeds along  
 The lofty ramparts, through the martial throng;

And finds the heroes bath'd in sweat and gore,  
 Oppos'd in combat on the dusty shore.  
 Ye valiant leaders of our warlike bands!  
 Your aid (said *Thoös*) *Peteus*' son demands,  
 Your strength, united, best may help to bear  
 The bloody labours of the doubtful war:  
 Thither the *Lycian* princes bend their course,  
 The best and bravest of the hostile force.  
 But if too fiercely, here, the foes contend  
 At least, let *Telamon* those tow'rs defend,  
 And *Teucer* haste with his unerring bow,  
 To share the danger, and repel the foe.

Strait to the fort great *Ajax* turn'd his care,  
 And thus bespoke his brothers of the war.  
 Now valiant *Lycomedes*! exert your might,  
 And brave *Oileus*, prove your force in fight:  
 To you I trust the fortune of the field,  
 Till by this arm the foe shall be repell'd;  
 That done, expect me to compleat the day——  
 Then, with his sev'nfold shield, he strode away.  
 With equal steps bold *Teucer* press'd the shore,  
 Whose fatal bow the strong *Pandion* bore.†

High on the walls appear'd the *Lycian* pow'rs,  
 Like some black tempest gath'ring round the tow'rs;  
 The *Greeks*, oppress'd, their utmost force unite,  
 Prepar'd to labour in th' unequal fight;  
 The war renews, mix'd shouts and groans arise;  
 Tumultuous clamour mounts, and thickens in the  
 skies.

Fierce *Ajax* first th' advancing host invades,  
 And sends the brave *Epicles* to the shades;  
*Sarpedon*'s friend; a-cross the warrior's way,  
 Rent from the walls a rocky fragment lay:‡  
 In modern ages not the strongest swain ||  
 Could heave th' unwieldy burthen from the plain.

He

#### NOTES.

\* There is not a more forcible argument than this, to make men condemn dangers, and seek glory by brave actions. Immortality with eternal youth, is certainly preferable to glory purchased with the loss of life; but glory is certainly better than an ignominious life; which at last, though perhaps late, must end. It is ordained that all men shall die, nor can our escaping danger secure us immortality; it can only give us a longer continuance in disgrace, and even that continuance will be but short, though the infamy everlasting. This is uncontrollable, and whoever weighs his actions in these scales, can never hesitate in his choice: but what is most worthy of remark, is, that *Homer* does not put this in the mouth of an ordinary person, but ascribes it to the son of *Jupiter*.

† It is remarkable that *Teucer*, who is excellent for his skill in archery, does not carry his own bow,

#### NOTES.

but has it borne after him by *Pandion*: we thought it not improper to take notice of this, by reason of its unusualness. It may be supposed that *Teucer* had changed his arms in this fight, and complied with the exigencies of this battle, which was about the wall; he might judge that some other weapon might be more necessary upon this occasion, and therefore committed his bow to the care of *Pandion*.

‡ In this book both *Ajax* and *Hector* are described throwing stones of a prodigious size. But the poet, who loves to give the preference to his countrymen, relates the action much to the advantage of *Ajax*: *Ajax*, by his natural strength, performs what *Hector* could not do without the assistance of *Jupiter*.

|| The difference which our author makes between the heroes of his poem, and the men of his age, is so great, that some have made use of it as an argument



He pois'd, and swung it round; then tofs'd on high,  
It flew with force, and labour'd up the sky;  
Full on the *Lycian's* helmet thund'ring down,  
The pond'rous ruin crush'd his batter'd crown.  
As skilful divers from some airy sleep,  
Headlong descend, and shoot into the deep,  
So falls *Epicles*; then in groans expires,  
And murmur'ing to the shades the soul retires.

While to the ramparts daring *Glaucus* drew,  
From *Teucer's* hand a winged arrow flew;  
The bearded shaft the destin'd passage found,  
And on his naked arm inflicts a wound.  
The chief, who fear'd some foe's insulting boast  
Might stop the progress of his warlike host,  
Conceal'd the wound, and leaping from his height,  
Retir'd reluctant from th' unfinish'd fight.

Divine *Sarpedon* with regret beheld  
Disabled *Glaucus* slowly quit the field;  
His beating breast with gen'rous ardour glows,  
He springs to fight, and flies upon the foes.  
*Alcmaon* first was doom'd his force to feel;  
Deep in his breast he plung'd the pointed steel;  
Then, from the yawning wound with fury tore  
The spear, pursu'd by gushing streams of gore;  
Down sinks the warrior with a thund'ring sound,  
His brazen armour rings against the ground.

Swift to the battlement the victor flies,\*  
Tugs with full force, and ev'ry nerve applies;  
It shakes; the pond'rous stones disjointed yield;  
The rolling ruins smother along the field.  
A mighty breach appears; the walls lie bare;  
And, like a deluge, rushes in the war.  
At once bold *Teucer* draws the twanging bow,  
And *Ajax* sends his javelin at the foe;

## NOTES.

argument that *Homer* lived many ages after the war of *Troy*: but this argument does not seem to be of any weight; for supposing *Homer* to have writ two hundred and sixty years after the destruction of *Troy*, this space is long enough to make such a change as he speaks of; peace, luxury, or effeminacy would do it in a much less time.

\* From what *Sarpedon* here performs, we may gather that this wall of the *Greeks* was not higher than a tall man; from the great depth and breadth of it, as it is described just before, one might have concluded that it had been much higher: but it appears to be otherwise from this passage; and consequently the thickness of the wall was answerable to the wideness of the ditch.

† This simile is wonderfully proper; it has one circumstance that is seldom to be found in *Homer's* allusions; it corresponds in every point with the

Fix'd in his belt the feather'd weapon stood,  
And through his buckler drove the trembling wood;  
But *Jove* was present in the dire debate,  
To shield his offspring, and avert his fate.  
The prince gave back, not meditating flight,  
But urging vengeance, and severer fight;  
Then rais'd with hope, and fir'd with glory's charms,  
His fainting squadrons to new fury warms.

O where, ye *Lycians*! is the strength you boast?  
Your former fame, and ancient virtue lost!

The breach lies open, but your chief in vain  
Attempts alone the guarded pass to gain:

Unite, and soon that hostile fleet shall fall;

The force of pow'rful union conquers all.

This just rebuke inflam'd the *Lycian* crew,

They join, they thicken, and th' assault renew;

Unmov'd th' unbod'd *Greeks* their fury dare,

And fix'd support the weight of all the war;

Nor could the *Greeks* repel the *Lycian* pow'rs,

Nor the bold *Lycians* force the *Grecian* tow'rs.

As on the confines of adjoining grounds,†

Two stubborn swains with blows dispute their bounds;

They tug, they sweat; but neither gain, nor yield,

One foot, one inch, of the contended field:

Thus obstinate to death, they fight, they fall;

Nor these can keep, nor those can win the wall.

Their manly breasts are pierc'd with many a wound,

Loud strokes are heard, and rattling arms resound,

The copious slaughter covers all the shore,

And the high ramparts drop with human gore.

As when two scales are charg'd with doubtful loads,‡

From side to side the trembling balance nods,

(While some laborious matron, just and poor,

With nice exactness weighs her woolly store)

Till

## NOTES.

subject it was intended to illustrate: the measures of the two neighbours represent the spears of the combatants; the confines of the field, shew that they engaged hand to hand; and the wall which divides the armies, gives us a lively idea of the large stones that were fixed to determine the bounds of adjoining fields.

‡ This comparison is excellent on account of it's justness; for there is nothing that better represents an exact equality than a balance? but *Homer* was particularly exact, in having neither described a woman of wealth and condition, for such a one is never very exact, nor valuing a small inequality; nor a slave, for such a one is ever regardless of a matter's interest: but he speaks of a poor woman that gains her livelihood by her labour, who is at the same time just and honest; for she will neither defraud others nor be defrauded herself. She therefore takes care that

the



Till pois'd aloft, the resting beam suspends  
 Each equal weight; nor this, nor that, descends:  
 So stood the war, till *Hector's* matchless might  
 With fates prevailing, turn'd the scale of fight.  
 Fierce as a whirlwind up the walls he flies,  
 And fires his host with loud repeated cries.  
 Advance, ye *Trojans*! lend your valiant hands,  
 Haste to the fleet, and toss the blazing brands!  
 They hear, they run; and gath'ring at his call,  
 Raise scaling engines, and ascend the wall:  
 Around the works a wood of glitt'ring spears  
 Shoots up, and all the rising host appears.  
 A pond'rous stone bold *Hector* heav'd to throw,  
 Pointed above, - and rough and gross below:  
 Not two strong men th' enormous weight could raise,  
 Such men as live in these degen'rate days.  
 Yet this, as easy as a swain could bear  
 The snowy fleece, he toss'd, and shook in air:  
 For *Jove* upheld, and lighten'd of it's load  
 Th' unwieldy rock, the labour of a God.

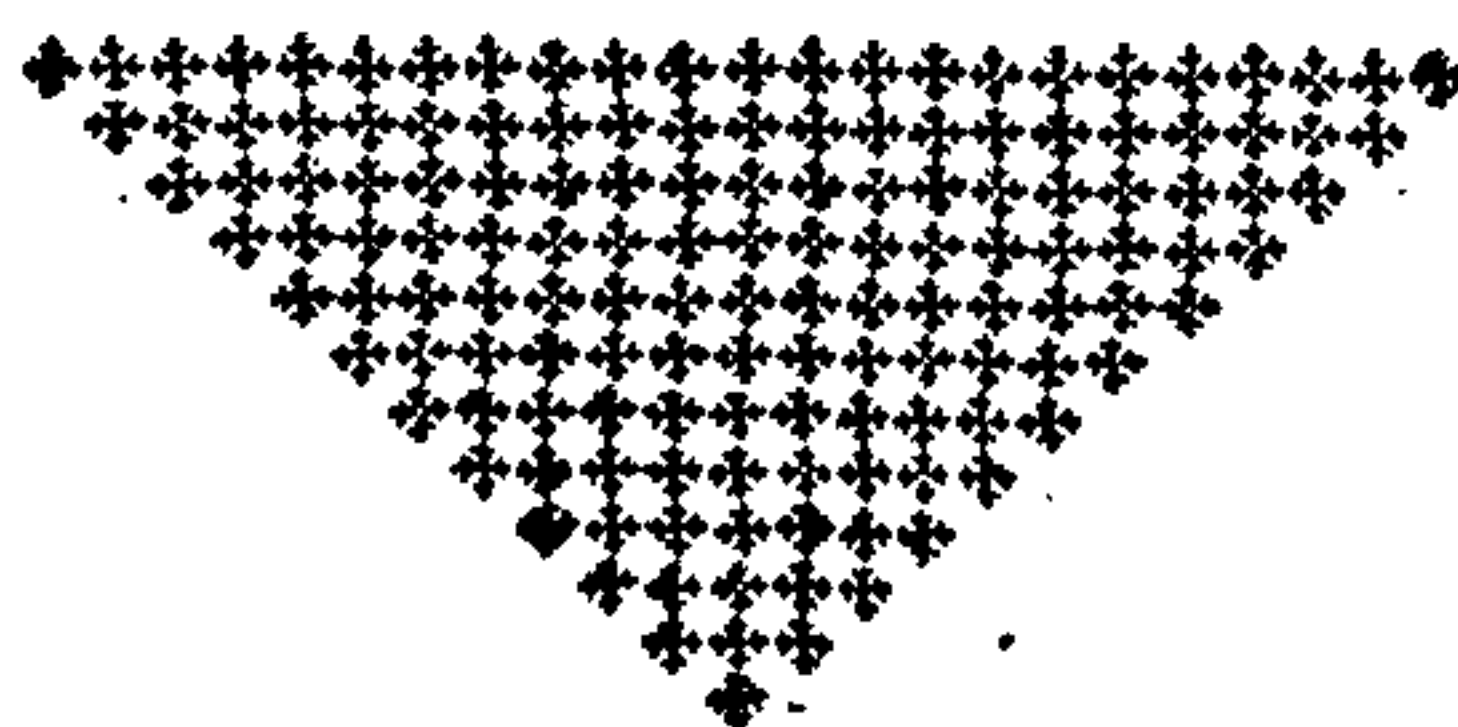
## NOTES.

the scales be exactly of the same weight. It was an ancient tradition, (and is countenanced by the author of *Homer's* life ascribed to *Herodotus*) that the poet drew this comparison from his own family;

Thus arm'd, before the folded gates he came,  
 Of massy substance and stupendous frame;  
 With iron bars and brazen hinges strong,  
 On lofty beams of solid timber hung.  
 Then thund'ring thro' the planks, with forceful sway,  
 Drives the sharp rock; the solid beams give way,  
 The folds are shatter'd; from the crackling door  
 Leap the resounding bars, the flying hinges roar.  
 Now rushing in, the furious chief appears,  
 Gloomy as night! and shakes two shining spears:  
 A dreadful gleam from his bright armour came,  
 And from his eye-balls flash'd the living flame.  
 He moves a God, resistless in his course,  
 And seems a match for more than mortal force.  
 Then pouring after through the gaping space,  
 A tide of *Trojans* flows, and fills the place;  
 The *Greeks* behold, they tremble, and they fly;  
 The shore is heap'd with death, and tumult rends the sky.

## NOTES.

being himself the son of a woman who maintained herself by her own industry; he therefore, to extol her honesty, (a qualification very rare in poverty) gives her a place in his poem.







*Phemius the Minstrel, imploring Mercy of Ulysses,  
who is engaged in Slaying the Suitors of his Queen Penelope  
in his Palace at Ithaca.*

*J. Wooding sculpt.*

*Published by Alex<sup>r</sup>. Hogg, at the Kings Arms, N<sup>o</sup> 16, Paternoster Row.*



## The THIRTEENTH BOOK of the ILIAD.

## A R G U M E N T.

THE FOURTH BATTLE CONTINUED, IN WHICH NEPTUNE ASSISTS THE GREEKS: THE ACTS OF IDOMENEUS.

Neptune, concerned for the loss of the Grecians, upon seeing the fortification forced by Hector, (who had entered the gate near the station of the Ajaxes) assumes the shape of Calchas, and inspires those heroes to oppose him; then in the form of one of the generals, encourages the other Greeks who had retired to their vessels. The Ajaxes form their troops in a close phalanx, and put a stop to Hector and the Trojans. Several deeds of valour are performed; Meriones losing his spear in the encounter, repairs to seek another at the tent of Idomeneus: this occasions a conversation between those two warriors, who return together to the battle. Idomeneus signalizes his courage above the rest; he kills Othryoneus, Asius, and Alcatous: Deiphobus and Aeneas march against him, and at length Idomeneus retires. Menelaus wounds Helenus, and kills Pisander. The Trojans are repulsed in the left wing; Hector still keeps his ground against the Ajaxes, till being galled by the Locrian slingers and archers, Polydamas advises to call a council of war: Hector approves his advice, but goes first to rally the Trojans; upbraids Paris, rejoins Polydamas, meets Ajax again, and renews the attack.

The eight and twentieth day still continues. The scene is between the Grecian wall and the sea-shore.

WHEN now the Thund'rer on the sea-beat coast  
Had fix'd great Hector and his conqu'ring host;  
He left them to the fates, in bloody fray  
To toil and struggle through the well-fought day.  
Then turn'd to Thracia from the field of fight\*  
Those eyes, that shed insufferable light,

To where the Mysians prove their martial force,  
And hardy Thracians tame the savage horse;  
And where the far-sam'd Hippemolgian strays,  
Renown'd for justice and for length of days:  
Thrice happy race! that, innocent of blood,  
From milk, innoxious, seek their simple food:

*Jove*

## NOTES.

\* One might fancy at the first reading of this passage, that Homer here turned aside from the main view of his poem, in a vain ostentation of learning, to amuse himself with a foreign and unnecessary description of the manners and customs of these nations. But we shall find, upon better consideration, that Jupiter's turning aside his eyes was necessary to the conduct of the work, as it gives op-

No. 9.

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portunity to Neptune to assist the Greeks, and thereby causes all the adventures of this book.

† There is much dispute among the critics, which are the proper names, and which the epithets in these verses. In this diversity of opinions, we have chosen that which we thought would make the best figure in poetry. It is a beautiful and moral imagination, to suppose that the long life of

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the



*Jove* sees delighted ; and avoids the scene  
Of guilty *Troy*, of arms, and dying men :  
No aid, he deems, to either host is giv'n,  
While his high law suspends the pow'rs of heav'n.

Meantime the Monarch of the wat'ry main  
Observ'd the Thund'r'er, nor observ'd in vain.  
In *Samothracia*, on a mountain's brow,  
Whose waving woods o'erhung the deeps below,  
He sat ; and round him cast his azure eyes,  
Where *Ida*'s misty tops confus'dly rise ;  
Below, fair *Ilium*'s glitt'ring spires were seen ;  
The crouded ships, and fable seas between.

There, from the crystal chambers of the main  
Emerg'd, he sat ; and mourn'd his *Argives* slain.  
At *Jove* incens'd, with grief and fury stung,  
Prone down the rocky steep he rush'd along ;  
Fierce as he past, the lofty mountains nod,\*  
The forests shake ! earth trembled as he trod,  
And felt the footsteps of th' immortal God.  
From realm to realm three ample strides he took,†  
And, at the fourth, the distant *Ægæ* shook.‡

Far in the bay his shining palace stands,  
Eternal frame ! not rais'd by mortal hands :  
This having reach'd, his brass-hoof'd steeds he reins,  
Fleet as the winds, and deck'd with golden manes.

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the *Hippemolgians* was an effect of their simple diet, and a reward of their justice : and that the Supreme Being, displeased at the continued scenes of human violence and dissension, as it were recreated his eyes in contemplating the simplicity of these people. It is observable that the same custom of living on milk is preserved to this day by the *Tartars*, who inhabit the same country.

\* *Longinus* confesses himself wonderfully struck with the sublimity of this passage. That critic, after having blamed the defects with which *Homer* draws the manners of his Gods, adds, that he has much better succeeded in describing their figure and persons. He owns that he often paints a God such as he is, in all his majesty and grandeur, and without any mixture of mean and terrestrial images ; of which he produces this passage as a remarkable instance, and one that had challenged the admiration of all antiquity. The book of *Psalms* affords us a description of the like sublime manner of imagery, which is parallel to this : " O God, when thou wentest forth before thy people, when thou didst march through the wilderness, the earth shook, the heavens dropped at the presence of God, even *Sinai* itself was moved at the presence of God, the God of *Israel*." Ps. lxxviii.

† This is a very grand imagination, and equals,

Refulgent arms his mighty limbs infold,  
Immortal arms, of adamant and gold.  
He mounts the car, the golden scourge applies,  
He sits superior, and the chariot flies :  
His whirling wheels the glassy surface sweep ;  
Th' enormous monsters rolling o'er the deep, ||  
Gambol around him on the wat'ry way ;  
And heavy whales in aukward measures play :  
The sea subsiding spreads a level plain,  
Exults, and owns the monarch of the main ;  
The parting waves before his coursers fly :  
The wond'ring waters leave his axle dry.

Deep in the liquid regions lies a cave ;  
Between where *Tenedos* the surges lave,  
And rocky *Imbrus* breaks the rolling wave : }  
There the great ruler of the azure round  
Stopp'd his swift chariot, and his steeds unbound,  
Fed with ambrosial herbage from his hand,  
And link'd their fetlocks with a golden band,  
Infrangible, immortal : there they stay.  
The father of the floods pursues his way ;  
Where, like a tempest dark'ning heav'n around,  
Or fiery deluge that devours the ground,  
Th' impatient *Trojans*, in a gloomy throng,  
Embattled roll'd, as *Hector* rush'd along.

To

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if not transcends, what he has feigned before of the passage of this God. We are told, that at four steps he reached *Ægæ*, which (supposing it meant the town of that name in *Eubæa*, which lay the highest to *Thrace*) is hardly less than a degree at each step. One may, from a view of the map, imagine him striding from promontory to promontory, his first step on mount *Athos*, his second on *Pallene*, his third on *Pelion*, and his fourth in *Eubæa*.

‡ There were three places of this name which were all sacred to *Neptune* ; an island in the *Ægean* sea, mentioned by *Nicostratus*, a town in *Peloponnesus*, and another in *Eubæa*. *Homer* is supposed in this passage to speak of the last ; but the question is put, why *Neptune* who stood upon a hill in *Samothrace*, instead of going on the left to *Troy*, turns to the right, and takes a way contrary to that which leads to the army ? This difficulty is ingeniously solved, for *Jupiter* being now on mount *Ida*, with his eyes turned towards *Thrace*, *Neptune* could not take the direct way from *Samothrace* to *Troy* without being discovered by him ; and therefore fetches this compass to conceal himself.

|| This description of *Neptune* rises upon us ; his passage by water is yet more pompous than that by land. The God driving through the seas, the whales acknowledging him, and the waves rejoic-

ing



To the loud tumult and the barb'rous cry,  
The heav'n's re-echo, and the shores reply;  
They vow destruction to the *Grecian* name,  
And in their hopes, the fleets already flame.

But *Neptune*, rising from the seas profound,  
The God whose earthquakes rock the solid ground,  
Now wears a mortal form; like *Calchas* seen,  
Such his loud voice, and such his manly mien;  
His shouts incessant ev'ry *Greek* inspire,  
But most th' *Ajaces*, adding fire to fire.

'Tis your's, O warriors, all our hopes to raise;  
Oh recollect your ancient worth and praise:  
'Tis your's to save us, if you cease to fear;  
Flight, more than shameful, is destructive here.  
On other-works though *Troy* with fury fall,  
And pour her armies o'er our batter'd wall;  
There, *Greece* has strength: but this, this part o'er-  
thrown,\*

Her strength were vain; I dread for you alone.  
Here *Hector* rages like the force of fire,  
Vaunts of his Gods; and call high *Jove* his fire.  
If yet some heav'nly pow'r your breast excite,†  
Breathe in your hearts, and string your arms to fight,  
*Greece* yet may live, her threaten'd fleet maintain,  
And *Hector*'s force, and *Jove*'s own aid, be vain.

Then with his sceptre that the deep controuls,  
He touch'd the chiefs, and steel'd their manly souls:  
Strength, not their own, the touch divine imparts,  
Prompts their light limbs and swells their daring  
hearts!

## NOTES.

ing and making way for their monarch, are full of that *marvellous* so natural to the imagination of our author.

\* What address, and at the same time, what strength is there in these words! *Neptune* tells the two *Ajaces*, that he is only afraid for their post, and that the *Greeks* will perish by that gate, since it is *Hector* who assaults it: at every other quarter, the *Trojans* will be repulsed. It may therefore be properly said, that the *Ajaces* only are vanquished, and that their defeat draws destruction upon all the *Greeks*. We do not think that any thing better could be invented to animate courageous men, and make them attempt even impossibilities.

† Here *Neptune*, considering how the *Greeks* were discouraged by the knowledge that *Jupiter* assisted *Hector*, insinuates, that notwithstanding *Hector*'s confidence in that assistance, yet the power of some other God might countervail it on their part; wherein he alludes to his own aiding them, and seems not to doubt his ability of contesting the point with *Jove* himself. It is with the same con-

Then, as a falcon from the rocky height,  
Her quarry seen, impetuous at the sight  
Forth-springing instant, darts herself from high,  
Shoots on the wing, and skims along the sky:  
Such, and so swift, the Pow'r of Ocean flew;  
The wide horizon shut him from their view.

Th' inspiring God, *Oileus*' active son†  
Perceiv'd the first, and thus to *Telamon*.

Some God, my friend, some God in human form  
Fav'ring descends, and wills to stand the storm.  
Not *Calchas* this, the venerable seer;  
Short as he turn'd, I saw the pow'r appear: ||  
I mark'd his parting, and the steps he trod;  
His own bright evidence reveals a God.  
Ev'n now some energy divine I share,  
And seem to walk on wings, and tread in air!

With equal ardour (*Telamon* returns)  
My soul is kindled, and my bosom burns;  
New rising spirits all my force alarm,  
Lift each impatient limb, and brace my arm.  
This ready arm, unthinking, shades the dart;  
The blood pours back, and fortifies my heart;  
Singly; methinks, yon tow'ring chief I meet,  
And stretch the dreadful *Hector* at my feet.

Full of the God that urg'd their burning breast,  
The heroes thus their mutual warmth express'd.  
*Neptune* meanwhile the routed *Greeks* inspir'd;  
Who breathless, pale, with length of labours tir'd,  
Pant in the ships; while *Troy* to conquest calls,  
And swarms victorious o'er their yielding walls:  
Trembling

## NOTES.

fidence he afterwards speaks to *Iris*, of himself and his power, when he refuses to submit to the order of *Jupiter* in the fifteenth book. It must be an incentive to the *Ajaces* to hear those who could stand against *Hector* equalled, in this oblique manner to the Gods themselves.

† The reason has been asked, why the lesser *Ajax* is the first to perceive the assistance of God? and the ancient solution of this question was very ingenious: they said that the greater *Ajax*, being slow of apprehension, and naturally valiant, could not be sensible so soon of this accession of strength as the other, who immediately perceived it, as not owing so much to his natural courage.

|| This opinion, that the majesty of the Gods was such that they could not be seen face to face by men, seems to have been generally received in most nations. *Spondanus* observes, that it might be derived from sacred truth, and founded upon what God says to *Moses* in *Exodus*, ch. xxxiii. 20, 23. "Man shall not see me and live: thou shalt see my back parts, but my face thou shalt not behold."



Trembling before th' impending storm they lie,  
While tears of rage stand burning in their eye,  
*Greece* sunk they thought, and this their fatal hour;  
But breathe new courage as they feel the pow'r.  
*Teucer* and *Leitus* first his words excite;  
The stern *Peneleus* rises to the fight;  
*Thous*, *Deipyrus*, in arms renown'd,  
And *Merion* next, th' impulsive fury found;  
Last *Nestor's* son the same bold ardour takes,  
While thus the God the martial fire awakes,

Oh lasting infamy, oh dire disgrace\*  
To chiefs of vig'rous youth, and manly race!  
I trusted in the Gods, and you, to see  
Brave *Greece* victorious, and her navy free:  
Ah no—the glorious combat you disclaim,  
And one black day clouds all her former fame.  
Heav'n's! what a prodigy these eyes survey,  
Unseen, unthought, till this amazing day!  
Fly we at length from *Troy's* oft-conquer'd bands?  
And falls our fleet by such inglorious hands?  
A rout undisciplin'd, a straggling train, †  
Not born to glories of the dusty plain;  
Like frightened fawns from hill to hill pursu'd,  
A prey to every savage of the wood;  
Shall these, so late who trembled at your name,  
Invade your camps, involve your ships in flame?

## NOTES.

\* After *Neptune* in his former discourse to the *Ajaces*, who yet maintained a retreating fight, had encouraged them to withstand the attack of the *Trojans*; he now addresses himself to those, who having fled out of the battle, and retired to the ships, had given up all for lost. These he endeavoured to bring again to the engagement, by one of the most noble and spirited speeches in the whole *Iliad*. He represents that their present miserable condition was not to be imputed to their want of power, but to their want of resolution to withstand the enemy, whom by experience they had often found unable to resist them. But what is particularly artful, while he is endeavouring to prevail upon them, is, that he does not attribute their present dejection of mind to a cowardly spirit, but to a resentment and indignation of their general's usage of their favourite hero *Achilles*. With the same softening art, he tells them, he scorns to speak thus to cowards, but is only concerned for their misbehaviour as they are the bravest of the army. He then exhorts them for their own sake to avoid destruction, which would certainly be inevitable, if for a moment longer they delayed to oppose so imminent a danger.

† This line is translated with allusion to the want of military discipline among the *Barbarians*,

A change so shameful, say what cause has wrought?  
The soldiers baseness, or the general's fault?  
Fools! will ye perish for your leader's vice?  
The purchase infamy, and life the price!  
'Tis not your cause, *Achilles'* injur'd fame:  
Another's is the crime, but your's the shame.  
Grant that our chief offend through rage or lust;  
Must you be cowards, if your king's unjust?  
Prevent this evil, and your country save; †  
Small thought retrieves the spirits of the brave.  
Think, and subdue! on dastards dead to fame  
I waste no anger, for they feel no shame:  
But you, the pride, the flow'r of all our host,  
My heart weeps blood to see your glory lost!  
Nor deem this day, this battle, all you lose;  
A day more black, a fate more vile, ensues.  
Let each reflect, who prizes fame or breath,  
On endless infamy, on instant death.  
For lo! the fated time, th' appointed shore;  
Hark! the gates burst, the brazen barriers roar!  
Impetuous *Hector* thunders at the wall;  
The hour, the spot, to conquer, or to fall.

These words the *Grecians* fainting hearts inspire,  
And list'ning armies catch the godlike fire.  
Fix'd at his post was each bold *Ajax* found, ||  
With well-rang'd squadrons strongly circled round:

So

## NOTES.

so often hinted at in *Homer*. He is always opposing to this, the exact and regular disposition of his *Greeks*, and accordingly a few lines after, we are told that the *Grecian* phalanxes were such, that *Mars* or *Minerva* could not have found a defect in them.

† This verse in the original may be capable of receiving another sense to this effect; "If it be your resentment of *Agamemnon's* usage of *Achilles*, that withholds you from the battle, that evil (viz. the dissention of those two chiefs) may soon be remedied, for the minds of good men are easily calmed and composed." But upon considering the whole context more attentively, the other explanation appeared the more natural and unforced, and we have accordingly followed it.

|| We must here take notice of an old story, which, however groundless and idle it seems, is related by *Plutarch*, *Philostatus*, and others. "*Ganietor* the son of *Amphidamas* king of *Eubœa*, celebrating with all solemnity the funeral of his father, proclaimed according to custom several public games, among which was the prize for poetry. *Homer* and *Hesiod* came to dispute for it. After they had produced several pieces on either side, in all which the audience declared for *Homer*, *Panides*, the brother of the deceased, who sat as one of the judges, ordered





Dr. Martin Luther King



So close their order, so dispos'd their fight,\*  
 As *Pallas*' self might view with fix'd delight:  
 Or had the God of war inclin'd his eyes,  
 The God of war had own'd a just surprize.  
 A chosen phalanx, firm, resolv'd as fate,†  
 Descending *Hector* and his battle wait.  
 An iron scene gleams dreadful o'er the fields,  
 Armour in armour lock'd, and shields in shields,  
 Spears lean on spears, on targets targets throng,  
 Helms stuck to helms, and man drove man along,  
 The floating plumes unnumber'd wave above,  
 As when an earthquake stirs the nodding grove;  
 And levell'd at the skies with pointing rays,  
 Their brandish'd lances at each motion blaze.  
 Thus breathing death, in terrible array,  
 The close-compacted legions urg'd their way:  
 Fierce they drove on, impatient to destroy;  
*Troy* charg'd the first, and *Hector* first of *Troy*.

## NOTES.

ordered each of the contending poets to recite that part of his works which he esteemed the best. *Hesiod* repeated those lines which make the beginning of the second book. *Homer* answered with the verses which follow here: but the prince preferring the peaceful subject of *Hesiod* to the martial one of *Homer*, contrary to the expectation of all, adjudged the prize to *Hesiod*." The commentators upon this occasion are very rhetorical, and universally exclaim against so crying a piece of injustice: all the hardest names which learning can furnish, are very liberally bestowed upon poor *Panides*. *Spondanus* is mighty smart, calls him *Midas*, takes him by the ear, and asks the dead prince as many insulting questions, as any of his author's own heroes could have done. *Dacier* with all gravity tells us, that posterity proved a more equitable judge than *Panides*. And if we had not told this tale in our turn, we must have incurred the censure of all the school-masters in the nation.

\* When *Homer* retouches the same subject, he has always the art to rise in his ideas above what he said before. We shall find an instance of it in this place; if we compare this manner of commending the exact discipline of an army, with what he had made use of on the same occasion at the end of the fourth *Iliad*. There it is said, that the most experienced warrior could not have reprehended any thing, had he been led by *Pallas* through the battle; but he carries it farther, in affirming that *Pallas* and the God of war themselves must have admired this disposition of the *Grecian* forces.

† *Homer* in these lines has given us a description of the ancient phalanx, which consisted of several  
 No. 9,

As from some mountain's craggy forehead torn,‡  
 A rock's round fragment flies, with fury borne,  
 (Which from the stubborn stone a torrent rends)  
 Precipitate the pond'rous mass descends:  
 From steep to steep the rolling ruin bounds;  
 At ev'ry shock the crackling wood resounds;  
 Still gath'ring force, it smoaks; and, urg'd amain,  
 Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous to the  
 plain:  
 There stops—So *Hector*. Their whole force lie  
 prov'd  
 Resistless when he rag'd, and when he stopt, unmov'd,  
 On him the war is bent, the darts are shed,  
 And all their faulchions wave around his head:  
 Repuls'd he stands, nor from his stand retires;  
 But with repeated shouts his army fires.  
*Trojans*! be firm; this arm shall make your way:  
 Through yon square body, and that black array:  
 Stand,

## NOTES.

ranks of men closely ranged in this order. The first line stood with their spears levelled directly forward; the second rank being armed with spears two cubits longer, levelled them likewise forward through the interstices of the first; and the third in the same manner held forth their spears yet longer through the two former ranks; so that the points of the spears of three ranks terminated in one line. All the other ranks stood with their spears erected in readiness to advance, and fill the vacant places of such as fell. This phalanx was only fit for a body of men acting on the defensive, but improper for the attack: and accordingly *Homer* here only describes the *Greeks* ordering their battle in this manner, when they had no other view but to stand their ground against the furious assault of the *Trojans*. This manner of ordering the phalanx was afterwards introduced among the *Spartans* by *Lycurgus*, among the *Argives* by *Lysander*, among the *Thebans* by *Epaminondas*, and among the *Macedonians* by *Charidemus*.

‡ This is one of the noblest similes in all *Homer*, and the most justly corresponding in its circumstances to the thing described. The furious descent of *Alecto* from the wall represented by a stone that flies from the top of a rock, the hero pushed on by the superior force of *Jupiter*, as the stone driven by a torrent; the ruins of the wall falling after him, all things yielding before him, the clamour and tumult around him, all imaged in the violent bounding and leaping of the stone, the crackling of the woods, the shock, the noise, the rapidity, the irresistibility, and the augmentation of force in its progress; all these points of likeness make but the

W. w

first



Stand, and my spear shall rout their scatt'ringpow'r,  
Strong as they seem, embattled like a tow'r.

For he that *Juno's* heav'nly bosom warms,  
The first of Gods, this day inspires our arms.

He said, and rouz'd the soul in ev'ry breast;  
Urg'd with desire of fame, beyond the rest,  
Forth march'd *Deiphobus*; but marching, held  
Before his wary steps, his ample shield.

Bold *Merion* aim'd a stroke (nor aim'd it wide)  
The glitt'ring javelin pierc'd the tough bull-hide;  
But pierc'd not through: unfaithful to his hand,  
The point broke short, and sparkled in the sand.

The *Trojan* warrior, touch'd with timely fear,  
On the rais'd orb to distance bore the spear:  
The *Greeks* retreating mourn'd his frustrate blow,  
And curs'd the treach'rous lance that spar'd a foe;  
Then to the ships with surly speed he went,  
To seek a surer javelin in his tent.

Meanwhile with rising rage the battle glows,  
The tumult thickens, and the clamour grows.  
By *Teucer's* arm the warlike *Imbrius* bleeds,  
The son of *Mentor*, rich in gen'rous steeds.  
Ere yet to *Troy* the sons of *Greece* were led,  
In fair *Pedæus'* verdant pastures bred,  
The youth had dwelt; remote from war's alarms,  
And bless'd in bright *Medesicaste's* arms:  
(This nymph, the fruit of *Priam's* ravish'd joy,  
Ally'd the warrior to the house of *Troy*.)  
To *Troy*, when glory call'd his arms, he came,  
And march'd the bravest of her chiefs in fame:  
With *Priam's* sons, a guardian of the throne,  
He liv'd, belov'd and honour'd as his own.  
Him *Teucer* pierc'd between the throat and ear:  
He groans beneath the *Telamonian* spear.  
As from some far-seen mountain's airy crown,  
Subdu'd by steel, a tall ash tumbles down,  
And soils it's verdant tresses on the ground:  
So falls the youth; his arms the fall resound.

## NOTES.

first part of this admirable simile. Then the sudden stop of the stone when it comes to the plain, as if *Hector* at the phalanx of the *Ajaces* (alluding also to the natural situation of the ground, *Hector* rushing down the declivity of the shore, and being stopped on the level of the sea;) and lastly, the immobility of both when so stopped, the enemy being as unable to move him back, as he to get forward: this last branch of the comparison is the happiest in the world, and though not hitherto observed, is what in our opinion makes the principal beauty and force of it.

\* *Amphimachus*.

Then *Teucer* rushing to despoil the dead,  
From *Hector's* hand a shining javelin fled:  
He saw, and shun'd the death; the forceful dart  
Sung on, and pierc'd *Amphimachus* his heart,  
*Cteatus'* son, of *Neptune's* forceful line;  
Vain was his courage, and his race divine!  
Prostrate he falls; his clanging arms resound,  
And his broad buckler thunders on the ground.  
To seize his beamy helm the victor flies,  
And just had fasten'd on the dazzling prize,  
When *Ajax'* manly arm a javelin flung;  
Full on the shield's round boss the weapon rung;  
He felt the shock, nor more was doom'd to feel,  
Secure in mail, and sheath'd in shining steel.  
Repuls'd he yields; the victor *Greeks* obtain  
The spoil contested, and bear off the slain.  
Between the leaders of th' *Athenian* line,  
(*Stichius* the brave, *Meneftheus* the divine,)  
Deplor'd *Amphimachus*, sad object! lies  
*Imbrius* remains the fierce *Ajaces'* prize.  
As two grim lions bear across the lawn,  
Snatch'd from devouring hounds, a slaughter'd fawn,  
In their fell jaws high-lifting through the wood,  
And sprinkling all the shrubs with drops of blood;  
So these the chief: great *Ajax* from the dead  
Strips his bright arms, *Qileus* lops his head:  
Toss'd like a ball, and whirl'd in air away,  
At *Hector's* feet the goary visage lay.

The God of Ocean fir'd with stern disdain,  
And pierc'd with sorrow for his\* grandson slain,  
Inspires the *Grecian* hearts, confirms their hands,  
And breathes destruction on the *Trojan* bands.  
Swift as a whirlwind rushing to the fleet,  
He finds the lance-fam'd *Idomen* of *Crete*;†  
His pensive brow the gen'rous care express'd  
With which a wounded soldier touch'd his breast,  
Whom in the chance of war a javelin tore,  
And his sad comrades from the battle bore;

Him

## NOTES.

† *Idomeneus* appears at large in this book, whose character is such as we see pretty often in common life: a person of the first rank, sufficient enough of his high birth, growing into years, conscious of his decline of strength and active qualities; and therefore endeavouring to make it up to himself in dignity, and to preserve the veneration of others. The true picture of a stiff old soldier, not willing to lose any of the reputation he has acquired; yet not inconsiderate in danger; and by the sense of his age, and by his experience in battle, become too cautious to engage with any great odds against him: very careful and tender of his soldiers, whom he had



Him to the surgeons of the camp he sent; \*  
That office paid, he issu'd from his tent,  
Fierce for the fight: to him the God begun,  
In *Thoas*' voice, *Andraemon*'s valiant son,  
Who rul'd where *Calydon*'s white rocks arise,  
And *Pleuron*'s chalky cliffs emblaze the skies.

Where's now th' imperious vaunt, the daring boast  
Of *Greece* victorious, and proud *Ilium* lost?

To whom the king. On *Greece* no blame be thrown,  
Arms are her trade, and war is all her own.

Her hardy heroes from the well-fought plains  
Nor fear with-holds, nor shameful sloth detains.

'Tis heav'n, alas! and *Jove*'s all-pow'rful doom,  
That far, far distant from our native home

Wills us to fall, inglorious! O my friend!

Once foremost in the fight, still prone to lend

Or arms, or counsels; now perform thy best,

And what thou canst not singly, urge the rest.

Thus he; and thus the God, whose force can make  
The solid globe's eternal basis shake.

Ah! never may he see his native land,

But feed the vultures on this hateful strand,

## NOTES.

had commanded so long, that they were become old acquaintance; (so that it was with great judgment *Homer* chose to introduce him here, in performing a kind office to one of them who was wounded.) Talkative upon subjects of war, as afraid that others might lose the memory of what he had done in better days, of which the long conversation with *Meriones*, and *Ajax*'s reproach to him in book 23, of the *Iliad*, are sufficient proofs. One may observe some strokes of lordliness and state in his character: that respect *Agamemnon* seems careful to treat him with, and the particular distinctions shewn him at table, are mentioned in a manner that insinuates they were points upon which this prince not a little insisted, book 4. The vaunting of his family in this book, together with his sarcasms and contemptuous railleries on his dead enemies, favour of the same turn of mind. And it seems there was among the ancients a tradition of *Idomeneus*, which strengthens this conjecture of his pride: for we find in the *Heroics* of *Philostratus*, that before he would come to the *Trojan* war, he demanded a share in the sovereign command with *Agamemnon* himself. We must, upon this occasion, make an observation once for all, which will be applicable to many passages in *Homer*, and afford a solution of many difficulties. It is, that our author drew several of his characters with an eye to the histories then known of famous persons, or the tradition that past in those times. One

Who seeks ignobly in his ships to stay,  
Nor dares to combat on this signal day!  
For this, behold! in horrid arms I shine,  
And urge thy soul to rival acts with mine;  
Together let us battle on the plain;  
Two, not the worst; nor ev'n this succour vain:  
Not vain the weakest, if their force unite;  
But our's, the bravest have confess'd in fight.

This said, he rushes where the combat burns;  
Swift to his tent the *Cretan* king returns.

From thence, two javelins glitt'ring in his hand,

And clad in arms that lighten'd all the strand,

Fierce on the foe th' impetuous hero drove;

Like light'ning bursting from the arm of *Jove*,

Which to pale man the wrath of heav'n declares,

Or terrifies th' offending world with wars;

In streamy sparkles, kindling all the skies,

From pole to pole the trail of glory flies;

Thus his bright armour o'er the dazzled throng

Gleam'd dreadful, as the monarch flash'd along.

Him, near his tent, *Meriones* attends;

Whom thus he questions: Ever best of friends!

O say,

## NOTES.

cannot believe otherwise of a poet, who appears so nicely exact in observing all the customs of the age he described; nor can we imagine the infinite number of minute circumstances relating to particular persons, which we meet with every where in his poem, could possibly have been invented purely as ornaments to it. This reflection will account for a hundred seeming oddnesses, not only in the characters, but in the speeches of the *Iliad*: for as no author is more true than *Homer* to the character of the person he introduces speaking, so no one more often suits his oratory to the character of the person spoken to. Many of these beauties must needs be lost to us, yet this supposition will give a new light to several particulars. For instance, the speech we have been mentioning of *Agamemnon* to *Idomeneus* in the fourth book, wherein he puts this hero in mind of the magnificent entertainments he had given him, becomes in this view much less odd and surprizing. Or who can tell but it had some allusion to the manners of the *Cretans* whom he commanded, whose character was so well known, as to become a proverb: *The Cretans, evil beasts, and slow bellies*.

\* *Podalirius* and *Machaon* were not the only physicians in the army; it appears from some passages in this poem, that each body of troops had one peculiar to themselves. It may not be improper to advertise, that the ancient physicians were all surgeons.



O say, in ev'ry art of battle skill'd,  
What holds thy courage from so brave a field?  
On some important message art thou bound,  
Or bleeds my friend by some unhappy wound?  
Inglorious here, my soul abhors to stay,  
And glows with prospects of th' approaching day.

O prince! (*Meriones* replies) whose care\*  
Leads forth th' embattled sons of *Crete* to war;  
This speaks my grief; this headless lance I wield;†  
The rest lies rooted in a *Trojan* shield.

To whom the *Cretan*: Enter, and receive  
The wanted weapons; those my tent can give;

Spears I have store, (and *Trojan* lances all) ‡  
That shed a lustre round th' illumin'd wall.  
Though I, disdainful of the distant war,  
Nor trust the dart, or aim th' uncertain spear,  
Yet hand to hand I fight, and spoil the slain;  
And thence these trophies, and these arms I gain.  
Enter, and see on heaps the helmets roll'd,  
And high-hung spears, and shields that flame with gold.

Nor vain (said *Merion*) are our martial toils;  
We too can boast of no ignoble spoils.  
But those my ship contains, whence distant far,  
I fight conspicuous in the van of war.

What

## NOTES.

\* This conversation between *Idomeneus* and *Meriones* has generally been censured as highly improper and out of place. But if we look closely into the occasion and drift of this discourse, the accusation will, we believe, appear not well grounded. Two persons of distinction, just when the enemy is put to a stop by the *Ajaces*, meet behind the army: having each on important occasions retired out of the fight, the one to help a wounded soldier, the other to seek a new weapon. *Idomeneus*, who is superior in years as well as in authority, returning to the battle, is surprized to meet *Meriones* out of it, who was one of his own officers, (as *Homer* here calls him) and being jealous of his soldier's honour, demands the cause of his quitting the fight. *Meriones* having told him it was the want of a spear, he yet seems unsatisfied with the excuse; adding, that he himself did not approve of that distant manner of fighting with a spear. *Meriones* being touched to the quick with this reproach, replies, that he of all the *Greeks* had the least reason to suspect his courage: whereupon *Idomeneus* perceiving him highly piqued, assures him he entertains no such hard thoughts of him, since he had often known his courage proved on such occasions, where the danger being greater, and the number smaller, it was impossible for a coward to conceal his natural infirmity: but now recollecting that a malicious mind might give a sinister interpretation to their inactivity during this discourse, he immediately breaks it off upon that reflection. As therefore this conversation has its rise from a jealousy in the most tender point of honour, we think the poet cannot justly be blamed for suffering a discourse so full of warm sentiments to run on for about forty verses; which after all cannot be supposed to take up more than two or three minutes from action.

† We have often seen several of *Homer's* combatants lose and break their spears, yet they do not therefore retire from the battle to seek other

## NOTES.

weapons, why therefore does *Homer* here send *Meriones* on this errand? It may be said, that in the kind of fight which the *Greeks* now maintained drawn up into the phalanx, *Meriones* was useless without this weapon.

‡ *Idomeneus* describes his tent as a magazine, stored with variety of arms won from the enemy, which were not only laid up as useless trophies of his victories, but kept there in order to supply his own, and his friends' occasions. And this consideration shews us one reason why these warriors contended with such eagerness to carry off the arms of a vanquished enemy. This gives us an occasion to animadvert upon a false remark of *Eustathius*, who says, "that *Homer*, to shew us nothing is so unseasonable in a battle as to stay to despoil the slain, feigns that most of the warriors who do it, are killed, wounded, or unsuccessful." We are astonished how so great a mistake should fall from any man who had read *Homer*, much more from one who had read him so thoroughly, and even superstitiously, as the old archbishop of *Thessalonica*. There is scarce a book in *Homer* that does not abound with instances to the contrary, where the conquerors strip their enemies, and bear off their spoils in triumph. It was as honourable an exploit in those days to carry off the arms, as it is now to gain a standard. But it is a strange consequence, that because our author sometimes represents a man unsuccessful in a glorious attempt, he therefore discommends the attempt itself: and is as good an argument against encountering an enemy living, as against despoiling him dead. One ought not to confound this with plundering, between which *Homer* has so well marked the distinction; when he constantly speaks of the spoils as glorious, but makes *Nestor* in the sixth book, and *Hector* in the fifteenth, directly forbid the pillage, as a practice that has often proved fatal in the midst of a victory, and sometimes even after it.



What need I more? if any *Greek* there be  
Who knows not *Merion*, I appeal to thee.

To this, *Idomeneus*. The fields of fight \*  
Have prov'd thy valour, and unconquer'd might;  
And were some ambush for the foes design'd,  
Ev'n there, thy courage would not lag behind,  
In that sharp service, singled from the rest,†  
The fear of each, or valour, stands confest.  
No force, no firmness, the pale coward shows;  
He shifts his place; his colour comes and goes;  
A dropping sweat creeps cold on ev'ry part;  
Against his bosom beats his quiv'ring heart;  
Terror and death in his wild eye-balls stare;  
With chatt'ring teeth he stands, and stiff'ning hair,  
And looks a bloodless image of despair! }  
Not so the brave—still dauntless, still the same,  
Unchang'd his colour, and unmov'd his frame;  
Compos'd his thought, determin'd is his eye,  
And fix'd his soul, to conquer or to die:  
If aught disturb the tenor of his breast,  
'Tis but the wish to strike before the rest.

In such assays thy blameless worth is known,  
And ev'ry art of dang'rous war thy own.  
By chance of fight whatever wounds you bore,  
Those wounds were glorious all, and all before;  
Such as may teach, 'twas still thy brave delight  
T' oppose thy bosom where the foremost fight.

## NOTES.

\* There is a great deal more dialogue in *Homer* than in *Virgil*. The *Roman* poets are generally set speeches, those of the *Greek* more in conversation. What *Virgil* does by two words of a narration, *Homer* brings about by a speech; he hardly raises one of his heroes out of bed without some talk concerning it. There are not only replies, but rejoinders in *Homer*, a thing scarce ever to be found in *Virgil*; the consequence whereof is, that there must be in the *Iliad* many continued conversations (such as this of our two heroes) a little resembling common chit-chat. This renders the poem more natural and animated, but less grave and majestic. However, that such was the way of writing generally practised in those ancient times, appears from the like manner used in most of the books of the Old Testament; and it particularly agreed with our author's warm imagination, which delighted in perpetual imagery, and in painting every circumstance of what he described.

† In a general battle cowardice may be the more easily concealed, by reason of the number of the combatants; but in an ambuscade, where the soldiers are few, each must be discovered to be what he is: this is the reason why the ancients enter-

No. 10.

But why, like infants, cold to honour's charms,  
Stand we to talk, when glory calls to arms?  
Go—from my conquer'd spears, the choicest take,  
And to their owners send them nobly back.

Swift as the word bold *Merion* snatch'd a spear,  
And breathing slaughter, follow'd to the war.  
So *Mars* omnipotent invades the plain,‡  
(The wide destroyer of the race of man)  
*Terror*, his best-lov'd son, attends his course,  
Arm'd with stern boldness, and enormous force;  
The pride of haughty warriors to confound,  
And lay the strength of tyrants on the ground:  
From *Thrace* they fly, call'd to the dire alarms  
Of warring *Phlegians*, and *Ephyrian* arms;  
Invok'd by both, relentless they dispose  
To these glad conquest, murd'rous rout to those.  
So march'd the leaders of the *Cretan* train,  
And their bright arms shot horror o'er the plain.

Then first spake *Merion*: Shall we join the  
right, §

Or combat in the center of the fight?  
Or to the left our wanted succour lend?  
Hazard and fame all parts alike attend.

Not in the center, (*Idomen* reply'd)  
Our ablest chieftains the main battle guide;  
Each godlike *Ajax* makes that post his care,  
And gallant *Teucer* deals destruction there:

Skill'd,

## NOTES.

trained. so great an idea of this sort of war; the bravest men were always chosen to serve upon such occasions.

‡ *Homer* varies his similitudes with all imaginable art, sometimes deriving them from the properties of animals, sometimes from natural passions, sometimes from the occurrences of life, and sometimes (as in the simile before us) from history. The invention of *Mars's* passage from *Thrace* (which was feigned to be the country of that God) to the *Phlegians* and *Ephyrians*, is a very beautiful and poetical manner of celebrating the martial genius of that people, who lived in perpetual wars. There is something of a fine enthusiasm in *Homer's* manner of fetching a compass, as it were to draw in new images, besides those in which the direct point of likeness consists. As for the general purport of this comparison of *Homer*, it gives us a noble and majestic idea, at once of *Idomeneus* and *Merion* represented by *Mars* and his son *Terror*; in which each of these heroes is greatly elevated, yet the just distinction between them preserved.

§ The common interpreters have to this question of *Merion's* given a meaning which is highly impertinent, if not downright nonsense; explaining

N x

11.



Skill'd, or with shafts to gall the distant field,  
 Or bear close battle on the sounding shield. \*  
 These can the rage of haughty *Hector* tame;  
 Safe in their arms, the navy fears no flame;  
 Till *Jove* himself descend, his bolts to shed,  
 And hurl the brazen ruin at our head.  
 Great must he be, of more than human birth,  
 Nor feed like mortals on the fruits of earth,  
 Him neither rocks can crush, nor steel can wound,  
 Whom *Ajax* fells not on th' ensanguin'd ground.  
 In standing fight he mates *Achilles'* force,  
 Excell'd alone in swiftness in the course.  
 Then to the left our ready arms apply,  
 And live with glory, or with glory die.  
 He said; and *Merion* to th' appointed place,  
 Fierce as the God of battles, urg'd his pace.  
 Soon as the foe the shining chiefs beheld  
 Rush like a fiery torrent o'er the field,  
 Their force embody'd in a tide they pour;  
 The rising combat sounds along the shore.  
 As warring winds, in *Sirius'* sultry reign,  
 From diff'rent quarters sweep the sandy plain;  
 On ev'ry side the dusty whirlwinds rise,  
 And the dry fields are lifted to the skies:  
 Thus by despair, hope, rage, together driv'n,  
 Met the black hosts, and meeting, darken'd heav'n.

## NOTES.

it thus: Shall we fight on the right, or in the middle; or on the left, for no where else do the *Greeks* so much want assistance?" which amounts to this: "Shall we engage where our assistance is most wanted, or where it is not wanted?" The context, as well as the words of the original, oblige us to understand it in this obvious meaning; "Shall we bring our assistance to the right, to the left, or to the center? since the *Greeks* being equally pressed and engaged on all sides, equally need our aid in all parts."

\* There is in this answer of *Idomeneus* a small circumstance which is overlooked by the commentators, but in which the whole spirit and reason of what is said by him consists. He says he is in no fear for the center, since it is defended by *Teucer* and *Ajax*: *Teucer* being not only most famous for the use of the bow, but likewise excellent in a close standing fight: and as for *Ajax*, though not so swift of foot as *Achilles*, yet he was equal to him in the same steadfast manner of fighting; hereby plainly intimating that he was secure for the center, because that post was defended by two persons both accomplished in that part of war which was most necessary for the service they were then engaged in; the two expressions before mentioned peculiarly signify-

All dreadful glar'd the iron face of war,  
 Bristled with upright spears, that flash'd afar;  
 Dire was the gleam, of breast-plates, helms, and shields,  
 And polish'd arms emblaz'd the flaming fields:  
 Tremendous scene! that gen'ral horror gave,  
 But touch'd with joy the bosoms of the brave.  
*Saturn's* great Sons in fierce contention vy'd,  
 And crowds of heroes in their anger dy'd.  
 The Sire of earth and heav'n, by *Thetis* won  
 To crown with glory *Peleus'* godlike son,  
 Will'd not destruction to the *Grecian* pow'rs,  
 But spar'd awhile the destin'd *Trojan* tow'rs:  
 While *Neptune* rising from his azure main,  
 Warr'd on the King of heav'n with stern disdain,  
 And breath'd revenge, and fir'd the *Grecian* train. }  
 Gods of one source, of one etherial race,  
 Alike divine, and heav'n their native place;  
 But *Jove* the greater; first-born of the skies,  
 And more than men or Gods, supremely wise.  
 For this, of *Jove's* superior might afraid,  
*Neptune* in human form conceal'd his aid.  
 These pow'rs inclose the *Greek* and *Trojan* train †  
 In war and discord's adamant chain;  
 Indissolubly strong, the fatal tyet  
 Is stretch'd on both, and heaps on heaps they die.  
 Dreadful

## NOTES.

ing a firm and steady way of fighting, most useful in maintaining a post.

† It will be necessary, for the better understanding the conduct of *Homer* in every battle he describes, to reflect on the particular kind of fight, and the circumstances that distinguish each. In this view therefore we ought to remember through this whole book, that the battle described in it, is a fixed close fight, wherein the armies engage in a gross compact body, without any skirmishes or feats of activity so often mentioned in the foregoing engagements. We see at the beginning of it the *Grecians* form a phalanx, which continues unbroken at the very end. The chief weapon made use of is a spear, being most proper for this manner of combat; nor do we see any other use of a chariot, but to carry off the dead or wounded (as in the instance of *Harpalion* and *Deiphobus*). From hence we may observe with what judgment and propriety *Homer* introduces *Idomeneus* as the chief in action on this occasion: for this hero being declined from his prime, and somewhat stiff with years, was only fit for this kind of engagement, as *Homer* expressly says in the present book.

‡ This short but comprehensive allegory is very proper to give us an idea of the present condition of the



Dreadful in arms, and grown in combats grey,  
The bold *Idomeneus* controuls the day.  
First by his hand *Othryoneus* was slain,  
Swell'd with false hopes, with mad ambition vain!  
Call'd by the voice of war to martial fame,  
From high *Cabesus*' distant walls he came;  
*Cassandra*'s love he sought, with boasts of pow'r,  
And promis'd conquest was the proffer'd dow'r.  
The king consented, by his vaunts abus'd;  
The king consented, but the Fates refus'd.  
Proud of himself, and of th' imagin'd bride,  
The field he measur'd with a larger stride.  
Him, as he stalk'd, the *Cretan* javelin found;  
Vain was his breast-plate to repel the wound:  
His dream of glory lost, he plung'd to hell:  
The plains resounded as the boaster fell.

The great *Idomeneus* bestrides the dead;\*  
And thus (he cries) behold thy promise sped!  
Such is the help thy arms to *Ilium* bring,  
And such the contract of the *Phrygian* king!†  
Our offers now, illustrious prince! receive;  
For such an aid what will not *Argos* give?  
To conquer *Troy*, with our's thy forces join,  
And count *Atrides*' fairest daughter thine.  
Meantime, on farther methods to advise,  
Come, follow to the fleet thy new allies;  
There hear what *Greece* has on her part to say,  
He spoke, and dragg'd the goary corse away.

This *Asius* view'd, unable to contain,  
Before his chariot warring on the plain;

(His valu'd courfers, to his squire consign'd,  
Impatient panted on his neck behind)  
To vengeance rising with a sudden spring,  
He hop'd the conquest of the *Cretan* king.  
The wary *Cretan*, as his foe drew near,  
Full on his throat discharg'd the forceful spear,  
Beneath the chin the point was seen to glide,  
And glitter'd, extant at the farther side.  
As when the mountain oak, or poplar tall,  
Or pine, fit mast for some great admiral,  
Groans to the oft-heav'd ax, with many a wound,  
Then spreads a length of ruin e'er the ground:  
So sunk proud *Asius* in that dreadful day,  
And stretch'd before his much-lov'd courfers lay.  
He grinds the dust distain'd with streaming gore,  
And, fierce in death, lies foaming on the shore.  
Depriv'd of motion, stiff with stupid fear,  
Stands all aghast his trembling charioteer,  
Nor shuns the foe, nor turns the steeds away,  
But falls transfix'd, an unresisting prey:  
Pierc'd by *Antilochus*, he pants beneath  
The stately car, and labours out his breath.  
Thus *Asius*' steeds (their mighty master gone)  
Remain the prize of *Nestor*'s youthful son.  
Stabb'd at the sight, *Deiphobus* drew nigh,  
And made, with force, the vengeful weapon fly.  
The *Cretan* saw; and stooping, caus'd to glance‡  
From his slope shield, the disappointed lance.  
Beneath the spacious targe (a blazing round,  
Thick with bull-hides, and brazen orbits bound,

On

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the two contending armies, who being both powerfully sustained by the assistance of superior Deities, join and mix together in a close and bloody engagement, without any remarkable advantage on either side. To image to us this state of things, the poet represents *Jupiter* and *Neptune* holding the two armies close bound by a mighty chain, which he calls the knot of contention and war, and of which the two Gods drew the extremities, whereby the two armies are compelled together, without any possibility on either side to separate or conquer. There is not perhaps in *Homer* any image at once so exact and so bold.

\* It seems that the *Iliad* being an heroic poem, it is of too serious a nature to admit of raillery: yet *Homer* has found the secret of joining two things that are in a manner incompatible. For this piece of raillery is so far from raising laughter, that it becomes a hero, and is capable to inflame the courage of all who hear it. It also elevates the character of *Idomeneus*, who notwithstanding he is in the midst of imminent dangers, preserves his usual gaiety of

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temper, which is the greatest evidence of an uncommon courage.

† It was but natural to raise a question, on occasion of these and other passages in *Homer*, how it comes to pass that the heroes of different nations are so well acquainted with the stories and circumstances of each other? *Eustathius*'s solution is no ill one, that the warriors on both sides might learn the story of their enemies from the captives they took, during the course of so long a war.

‡ Nothing could paint in a more lively manner this whole action, and every circumstance of it, than the following lines. There is the posture of *Idomeneus* upon seeing the lance flying towards him; the lifting the shield obliquely to turn it aside; the arm discovered in that position; the form, composition, materials, and ornaments of the shield distinctly specified; the flight of the dart over it; the sound of it first as it flew, then as it fell; and the decay of that sound on the edge of the buckler, which being thinner than the other parts, rather tinkled than rung, especially when the first force of the stroke

was



On his rais'd arm by two strong braces stay'd)  
 He lay collected in defensive shade.  
 O'er his safe head the javelin idly hung,  
 And on the tinkling verge more faintly rung.  
 Ev'n then, the spear the vig'rous arm confest,  
 And pierc'd, obliquely, king *Hypsenor's* breast:  
 Warm'd in his liver, to the ground it bore  
 The chief, his people's guardian now no more!  
 Not unattended (the proud *Trojan* cries)  
 Not unreveng'd, lamented *Asius* lies:  
 For thee, though hell's black portals stand display'd,

This mate shall joy thy melancholy shade.  
 Heart-panting anguish, at the haughty boast,  
 Touch'd ev'ry *Greek*, but *Nestor's* son the most.  
 Griev'd as he was, his pious arms attend,  
 And his broad buckler shields his slaughter'd friend;  
 Till sad *Mecistheus* and *Alastor* bore  
 His honour'd body to the tented shore.

Nor yet from fight *Idomeneus* withdraws;  
 Resolv'd to perish in his country's cause,  
 Or find some foe, whom heav'n and he shall doom  
 To wail his fate in death's eternal gloom.  
 He sees *Alcathous* in the front aspire:  
 Great *Aisyetes* was the hero's sire;  
 His spouse *Hippodamè*, divinely fair,  
*Archifes'* eldest hope, and darling care;  
 Who charm'd her parent's and her husband's heart,  
 With beauty, sense, and ev'ry work of art:  
 He once, of *Lion's* youth, the loveliest boy,  
 The fairest she, of all the fair of *Troy*.  
 By *Neptune* now the hapless hero dies,  
 Who covers with a cloud those beautiful eyes,

And fetters ev'ry limb: yet bent to meet  
 His fate, he stands; nor shuns the lance of *Crete*.  
 Fix'd as some column, or deep rooted oak,  
 (While the winds sleep) his breast receiv'd the stroke.  
 Before the pond'rous stroke his corselet yields;  
 Long us'd to ward the death in fighting fields.  
 The riven armour sends a jarring sound:  
 His lab'ring heart heaves with so strong a bound,\*  
 The long lance shakes, and vibrates in the wound:  
 Fast-flowing from it's source, as prone he lay,  
 Life's purple tide impetuous gush'd away.

Then *Idomen*, insulting o'er the slain,  
 Behold, *Deiphobus*! nor vaunt in vain:  
 See! on one *Greek* three *Trojan* ghosts attend;  
 This, my third victim, to the shades I send.  
 Approaching now thy boasted might approve,  
 And try the prowess of the seed of *Jove*.  
 From *Jove*, enamour'd on a mortal dame,  
 Great *Minos*, guardian of his country, came:  
*Deucalion*, blameless prince! was *Minos'* heir;  
 His first born I, the third from *Jupiter*:  
 O'er spacious *Crete*, and her bold sons I reign,  
 And thence my ships transport me through the main;  
 Lord of a host, o'er all my host I shine,  
 A scourge to thee, thy father, and thy line.

The *Trojan* heard; uncertain, or to meet  
 Alone, with vent'rous arms, the king of *Crete*;  
 Or seek auxiliar force; at length decreed  
 To call some hero to partake the deed.  
 Forthwith *Aeneas* rises to his thought;  
 For him, in *Troy's* remotest lines he sought,  
 Where he, incens'd at partial *Priam*, stands,†  
 And sees superior posts in meaner hands.

To

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was spent on the orb of it. All this in the compass of so few lines, in which every word is an image, is something more beautifully particular, than we remember to have met with in any poet.

\* We cannot read *Homer* without observing a wonderful variety in the wounds and manner of dying. Some of these wounds are painted with very singular circumstances, and those of uncommon art and beauty. This passage is a masterpiece in that way; *Alcathous* is pierced into the heart, which throbs with so strong a pulse, that the motion is communicated even to the distant end of the spear, which is vibrated thereby. The circumstance might appear too bold, and the effect beyond nature, were we not informed by the most skilful anatomists of the wonderful force of this muscle, which some of them have computed to be equal to the weight of several thousand pounds.

† *Homer* here gives the reason why *Aeneas* did not fight in the foremost ranks. It was against

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his inclination that he served *Priam*, and he was rather engaged by honour and reputation to assist his country, than by any disposition to aid that prince. This passage is purely historical, and the ancients have preserved to us a tradition which serves to explain it. They say that *Aeneas* became suspected by *Priam*, on account of an oracle which prophesied he should in process of time rule over the *Trojans*. The king therefore shewed him no great degree of esteem or consideration, with design to discredit, and render him despicable to the people. This envy of *Priam*, and this report of the oracle, are mentioned by *Achilles* to *Aeneas* in the 20th book. We shall conclude this note with the character of *Aeneas*, as it is drawn by *Philostratus*, wherein he makes mention of the same tradition. "*Aeneas* was inferior to *Hector* in battle only, in all else equal, and in prudence superior. He was likewise skilful in whatever related to the Gods, and conscious of what destiny had reserved for him after the



To him, ambitious of so great an aid,  
The bold *Deiphobus* approach'd and said:

Now, *Trojan* prince, employ thy pious arms,  
If e'er thy bosom felt fair honour's charms.

*Alcathous* dies, thy brother and thy friend!  
Come, and the warrior's lov'd remains defend.

Beneath his cares thy early youth was train'd,  
One table fed you, and one roof contain'd.

This deed to fierce *Idomeneus* we owe;  
Haste, and revenge it on th' insulting foe.

*Aeneas* heard, and for a space resign'd  
To tender pity all his manly mind;  
Then rising in his rage, he burns to fight:  
The *Greek* awaits him, with collected might.

As the fell boar on some rough mountain's head,  
Arm'd with wild terrors, and to slaughter bred,  
When the loud rustics rise, and shout from far,  
Attends the tumult, and expects the war;

O'er his bent back the bristly horrors rise,  
Fires stream in light'ning from his sanguine eyes,  
His foaming tusks both dogs and men engage,  
But most his hunters rouse his mighty rage.

So stood *Idomeneus*, his javelin shook,  
And met the *Trojan* with a low'ring look.

*Antilochus*, *Deipyrus* were near,  
The youthful offspring of the God of war,  
*Merion*, and *Aphareus*, in field renown'd:

To these the warrior sent his voice around.  
Fellows in arms! your timely aid unite;

Lo, great *Aeneas* rushes to the fight:  
Sprung from a God, and more than mortal bold;  
He fresh in youth, and I in arms grown old.

Else should this hand, this hour, decide the strife,  
The great dispute, of glory, or of life.

He spoke, and all as with one soul obey'd;  
Their lifted bucklers cast a dreadful shade

Around the chief. *Aeneas* too demands  
Th' assisting forces of his native bands:

*Paris*, *Deiphobus*, *Agenor* join;  
(Co-aids and captains of the *Trojan* line)

In order follow all th' embody'd train;  
Like *Ida's* flocks proceeding o'er the plain; \*  
Before his fleecy care, erect and bold,

Stalks the proud ram, the father of the fold:  
With joy the swain surveys them, as he leads

To the cool fountains, thro' the well known meads.  
So joys *Aeneas*, as his native band

Moves on in rank, and stretches o'er the land.  
Round dead *Alcathous* now the battle rose;

On ev'ry side the steely circle grows;  
Now batter'd breast-plates and hack'd helmets ring,

And o'er their heads unheeded javelins sing.  
Above the rest, two tow'ring chiefs appear,

There great *Idomeneus*, *Aeneas* here.  
Like Gods of war, dispensing fate, they flood,

And burn'd to drench the ground with mutual blood.  
The *Trojan* weapon whizz'd along in air:

The *Cretan* saw, and shun'd the brazen spear:  
Sent from an arm so strong, the missile wood

Stuck deep in earth, and quiver'd where it stood.  
But *Oenomas* receiv'd the *Cretan's* stroke,

The forceful spear his hollow corselet broke,  
It ripp'd his belly with a ghastly wound,

And roll'd the smoking entrails to the ground.  
Stretch'd on the plain, he sobs away his breath,

And furious, grasps the bloody dust in death.  
The victor from his breast the weapon tears;

(His spoils he could not, for the show'r of spears.)  
Though now unfit an active war to wage,

Heavy with cumb'rous arms, stiff with cold age,  
His listless limbs unable for the course;

In standing fight he yet maintains his force.  
Till faint with labour, and by foes repell'd,

His tir'd, slow steps, he drags from off the field.  
*Deiphobus* beheld him as he past,

And, fir'd with hate, a parting javelin cast: †

The

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the taking of *Troy*. Incapable of fear, never discomposed, and particularly possessing himself in the article of danger. *Hector* is reported to have been called the hand, and *Aeneas* the head of the *Trojans*; and the latter more advantaged their affairs by his caution, than the former by his fury. These two heroes were much of the same age, and the same stature: the air of *Aeneas* had something in it less bold and forward, but at the same time more fixed and constant."

\* *Homer*, whether he treats of the customs of men or beasts, is always a faithful interpreter of nature. When sheep leave the pasture and drink freely, it is a certain sign, that they have found good pasturage, and that they are all found; it is therefore upon this

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account, that *Homer* says the shepherd rejoices. *Homer*, we find, well understood what *Aristotle* many ages after him remarked, viz. that sheep grow fat by drinking. This therefore is the reason, why shepherds are accustomed to give their flocks a certain quantity of salt every five days in the summer, that they may by this means drink the more freely.

† *Homer* does not tell us the occasion of this hatred; but since his days *Simonides* and *Ibycus* write, that *Idomeneus* and *Deiphobus* were rivals, and both in love with *Helen*. This very well agrees with the ancient tradition which *Euripides* and *Virgil* have followed; for after the death of *Paris*, they tell us the was espoused to *Deiphobus*.

V v



The javelin err'd, but held it's course along,  
And pierc'd *Ascalaphus*, the brave and young:  
The son of *Mars* fell gasping on the ground,  
And gnash'd the dust all bloody with his wound.

Nor knew the furious father of his fall;  
High-thron'd amidst the great *Olympian* hall,  
On golden clouds th' immortal synod sat!  
Detain'd from bloody war by *Jove* and *Fate*.

Now, where in dust the breathless hero lay,  
For slain *Ascalaphus* commenc'd the fray.

*Deiphobus* to seize his helmet flies,  
And from his temples rend the glitt'ring prize;  
Valiant as *Mars*, *Meriones* drew near,

And on his loaded arm discharg'd his spear:  
He drops the weight, disabled with the pain;  
The hollow helmet rings against the plain.

Swift as a vulture leaping on his prey,  
From his torn arm the *Grecian* rent away  
The reeking javelin, and rejoin'd his friends.

His wounded brother good *Polites* tends;  
Around his waist his pious arms he threw,  
And from the rage of combat gently drew:  
Him his swift courfers, on his splendid car  
Rapt from the less'ning thunder of the war;  
To *Troy* they drove him, groaning from the shore,  
And sprinkling, as he pass'd, the sands with gore.

Meanwhile fresh slaughter bathes the sanguine  
ground,

Heaps fall on heaps, and heav'n and earth resound.

Bold *Aphareus* by great *Aeneas* bled;  
As tow'rd the chief he turn'd his daring head,  
He pierc'd his throat; the bending head deprest  
Beneath his helmet, nods upon his breast;  
His shield revers'd o'er the fall'n warrior lies;  
And everlasting slumber seals his eyes.

*Antilochus*, as *Thoon* turn'd him round,  
Transpierc'd his back with a dishonest wound:  
The hollow vein that to the neck extends  
Along the chin, his eager javelin rends:  
Supine he falls, and to his social train  
Spreads his imploring arms, but spreads in vain.  
Th' exulting victor leaping where he lay,  
From his broad shoulders tore the spoils away;

His time observ'd; for clos'd by foes around,  
On all sides thick, the peals of arms resound.  
His shield emboss'd, the ringing storm sustains,  
But he impervious and untouch'd remains.

(Great *Neptune's* care preserv'd from hostile rage  
This youth, the joy of *Nestor's* glorious age)

In arms intrepid, with the first he fought,  
Fac'd ev'ry foe, and ev'ry danger fought;

His winged lance, resistless as the wind,  
Obeys each motion of the master's mind,

Restless it flies, impatient to be free,

And meditates the distant enemy.

The son of *Asius*, *Adamas* drew near,

And struck his target with the brazen spear,

Fierce in his front: but *Neptune* wards the blow,

And blunts the javelin of th' eluded foe.

In the broad buckler half the weapon stood;

Splinter'd on earth flew half the broken wood.

Disarm'd, he mingled in the *Trojan* crew;

But *Merion's* spear o'ertook him as he flew,

Deep in the belly's rim an entrance found,

Where sharp the pang, and mortal is the wound. }

Bending he fell, and doubled to the ground,\*

Lay panting. Thus an ox, in fetters ty'd,

While death's strong pangs distend his lab'ring side,

His bulk enormous on the field displays;

His heaving heart beats thick, as ebbing life decays.

The spear the conqu'ror from his body drew,

And death's dim shadows swam before his view.

Next brave *Deipyrus* in dust was laid;

King *Helenus* wav'd high the *Thracian* blade,†

And smote his temples, with an arm so strong,

The helm fell off, and roll'd amid the throng:

There, for some luckier *Greek* it rests a prize,

For dark in death the god-like owner lies.

With raging grief great *Menelaus* burns,

And fraught with vengeance, to the victor turns;

That shook the pond'rous lance, in act to throw,

And this stood adverse with the bended bow:

Full on his breast the *Trojan* arrow fell,

But harmless bounded from the plated steel.

As on some ample barn's well hardened floor,‡

(The winds collected at each open door)

While

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\* The versification in this place, represents the broken panting of the dying warrior, in the short sudden break at the second syllable of the second line. And this beauty is, as it happens, precisely copied in the *English*. It is not often that a translator can do this justice to *Homer*, but he must be content to imitate these graces and properties at more distance, by endeavouring at something parallel, though not the same.

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† The appellation of king was not anciently confined to those only who bore the sovereign dignity, but applied also to others. There was in the island of *Cyprus* a whole order of officers called kings, whose business it was to receive the relations of informers, concerning all that happened in the island, and to regulate affairs accordingly.

‡ We ought not to be shocked at the frequency of these similes taken from the idea of a rural life.



While the broad fan with force is whirl'd around,  
Light leaps the golden grain, resulting from the ground:  
So from the steel that guards *Atrides'* heart,  
Repell'd to distance flies the bounding dart.

*Atrides*, watchful of th' unwary foe,  
Pierc'd with his lance the hand that grasp'd the bow,  
And nail'd it to the eugh: the wounded hand  
Trail'd the long lance that mark'd with blood the sand:  
But good *Agenor* gently from the wound  
The spear solicits, and the bandage bound;  
A sling's soft wool, snatch'd from a soldier's side,  
At once the tent and ligature supply'd.

Behold! *Pisander*, urg'd by fate's decree,  
Springs thro' the ranks to fall, and fall by thee,  
Great *Menelaüs*! To enhance thy fame;  
High-tow'ring in the front, the warrior came,  
First the sharp lance was by *Atrides* thrown;  
The lance far distant by the winds was blown.  
Nor pierc'd *Pisander* through *Atrides'* shield;  
*Pisander's* spear fell shiver'd on the field.  
Not so discourag'd, to the future blind,  
Vain dreams of conquest swell his haughty mind;

Dauntless he rushes where the *Spartan* lord  
Like light'ning brandish'd his far-beaming sword.  
His left arm high oppos'd the shining shield;  
His right, beneath, the cover'd pole-axe held;\*  
(An olive's cloudy grain the handle made,  
Distinct with studs; and brazen was the blade)  
This on the helm discharg'd a noble blow;  
The plume dropp'd nodding to the plain below,  
Shorn from the crest. *Atrides* wav'd his steel:  
Deep thro' his front the weighty faulchion fell.  
The crashing bones before it's force gave way;  
In dust and blood the groaning hero lay;  
Forc'd from their ghastly orbs, and spouting gore,  
The clotted eye-balls tumble on the shore.

The fierce *Atrides* spurn'd him as he bled,  
Tore off his arms, and loud-exulting, said:  
Thus, *Trojans*, thus, at length be taught to hear;  
O race perfidious, who delight in war! †  
Already noble deeds ye have perform'd,  
A princess rap'd transcends a navy storm'd:  
In such bold feats your impious might approve,  
Without th' assistance, or the fear of *Jove*.

The

## NOTES.

In early times, before politeness had raised the esteem of arts subservient to luxury, above those necessary to the subsistence of mankind; agriculture was the employment of persons of the greatest esteem and distinction: we see in sacred history princes busy at sheep-shearing; and in the time of the *Roman* common-wealth, a dictator taken from the plough. Wherefore it ought not to be wondered at, that allusions and comparisons of this kind are frequently used by ancient heroic writers, as well to raise, as illustrate their descriptions. But since these arts are fallen from their ancient dignity, and become the drudgery of the lowest people, the images of them are likewise sunk into meanness, and without this consideration must appear to common readers unworthy to have place in epic poems.

\* *Homer* never allots this weapon to any but the *barbarians*, for the battle-axe was not used in war by the politer nations. It was the favourite weapon of the *Amazons*.

† This speech of *Menelaus* over his dying enemy, is very different from those with which *Homer* frequently makes his heroes insult the vanquished, and answers very well the character of this good-natured prince. Here are no insulting taunts, no cruel sarcasms, nor any sporting with the particular misfortunes of the dead: the invectives he makes are general, arising naturally from a remembrance of his wrongs, and being almost nothing else but a re-

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capitulation of them. These reproaches come most justly from this prince, as being the only person among the *Greeks* who had received any personal injury from the *Trojans*. The apostrophe he makes to *Jupiter*, wherein he complains of his protecting a wicked people, has given occasion to censure *Homer* as guilty of impiety, in making his heroes tax the Gods with injustice: but since, in the former part of this speech, it is expressly said, that *Jupiter* will certainly punish the *Trojans* by the destruction of their city for violating the laws of hospitality, the latter part ought only to be considered as a complaint to *Jupiter* for delaying that vengeance: this reflection being no more than what a pious suffering mind, grieved at the flourishing condition of prosperous wickedness, might naturally fall into. Not unlike this is the complaint of the prophet *Jeremiah*, chap. xii. 1. "Righteous art thou, O Lord, when I plead with thee: yet let me talk with thee of thy judgments. Wherefore doth the way of the wicked prosper? Wherefore are all they happy that deal very treacherously?" Nothing can more fully represent the cruelty and injustice of the *Trojans*, than the observation with which *Menelaus* finishes their character, by saying, that they have a more strong, constant, and insatiable appetite after bloodshed and rapine, than others have to satisfy the most agreeable pleasures and natural desires.



The violated rights, the ravish'd dame,  
 Our heroes slaughter'd, and our ships on flame;  
 Crimes heap'd on crimes, shall bend your glory down,  
 And whelm in ruins yon flagitious town.  
 O thou, great Father! Lord of earth and skies,  
 Above the thought of man, supremely wise!  
 If from thy hand the fates of mortals flow,  
 From whence this favour to an impious foe?  
 A godless crew, abandon'd and unjust,  
 Still breathing rapine, violence, and lust!  
 The best of things beyond their measure, cloy;\*  
 Sleep's balmy blessing, love's endearing joy;  
 The feast, the dance; whate'er mankind desire,†  
 Ev'n the sweet charms of sacred numbers tire.  
 But *Troy* for ever reaps a dire delight  
 In thirst of slaughter, and in lust of fight.

This said, he seiz'd (while yet the carcase heav'd)  
 The bloody armour, which his train receiv'd:  
 Then sudden mix'd among the warring crew,  
 And the bold son of *Pylæmenes* flew.

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\* These words comprehend a very natural sentiment, which perfectly shews the wonderful folly of men: they are soon wearied with the most agreeable things, when they are innocent, but never with the most toilsome things in the world, when unjust and criminal.

† In the original it is called *the blameless dance*; to distinguish what sort of dancing it is that *Homer* commends. For there were two kinds of dancing practised among the ancients, the one reputable, invented by *Minerva*, or by *Castor* and *Pollux*; the other dishonest, of which *Pan*, or *Bacchus*, was the author. They were distinguished by the name of the tragic, and the comic or satyrical dance. But those which probably our author commends were certain military dances used by the greatest heroes. One of this sort was known to the *Macedonians* and *Persians*, practised by *Antiochus* the great, and the famous *Polyperchon*. There was another which was danced in complete armour, called the *Pyrrhic*, from *Pyrrhicus* the *Spartan* it's inventor, which continued in fashion among the *Lacedæmonians*. *Scaliger* the father remarks, that this dance was too laborious to remain long in use even among the ancients; however it seems that labour could not discourage this bold critic from reviving that laudable kind of dance in the presence of the emperor *Maximilian* and his whole court. It is not to be doubted but the performance raised their admiration; nor much to be wondered at, if they desired to see more than once so extraordinary a spectacle.

‡ Some are of opinion, that this simile was de-

*Harpalion* had thro' *Asia* travell'd far,  
 Following his martial father to the war;  
 Through filial love he left his native shore,  
 Never, ah never, to behold it more!  
 His unsuccessful spear he chanc'd to fling  
 Against the target of the *Spartan* king;  
 Thus of his lance disarm'd, from death he flies,  
 And turns around his apprehensive eyes.  
 Him, through the hip transpiercing as he fled,  
 The shaft of *Merion* mingled with the dead.  
 Beneath the bone the glancing point descends,  
 And driving down, the swelling bladder rends:  
 Sunk in his sad companions arms he lay,  
 And in short pantings sobb'd his soul away:  
 (Like some vile worm extended on the ground) ‡  
 While life's red torrent gush'd from out the wound:  
 Him on his car the *Paphlagonian* train  
 In slow procession bore from off the plain.  
 The pensive father, father now no more! §  
 Attends the mournful pomp along the shore,

And

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signed to debase the character of *Harpalion*, and to represent him in a mean and disgraceful view, as one who had nothing noble in him. But we rather think from the character he gives of this young man, whose piety carried him to the wars to attend his father, and from the air of this whole passage, which is tender and pathetic, that he intended this humble comparison only as a mortifying picture of human misery and mortality. The retreat here described is common to the greatest heroes in *Homer*; the same words are applied to *Deiphobus* and *Meriones* in this book, and to *Patroclus* in the 16th. The same thing in other words is said even of the great *Ajax*, book 15. And we have *Ulysses* described in the 4th, with the same circumspection and fear of the darts: though none of those warriors have the same reason as *Harpalion* for their retreat or caution, he alone being unarmed, which circumstance takes away all imputation of cowardice.

§ We have seen in the fifth book of the *Iliad* the death of *Pylæmenes*, general of the *Paphlagonians*: how comes he then in this place to be introduced as following the funeral of his son? *Eustathius* informs us of a most ridiculous solution of some critics, who thought it might be the ghost of this unhappy father, who not being yet interred, according to the opinion of the ancients, wandered upon the earth. *Zenodotus* not satisfied with this (as indeed he had little reason to be) changed the name *Pylæmenes* into *Kylæmenes*. *Didymus* thinks there were two of the same name; as there are in *Homer* two *Schedius*'s, two *Eurymedens*, and three *Adrastus*'s. And

others



And unavailing tears profusely shed,  
And unreveng'd, deplor'd his offspring dead.

*Paris* from far the moving sight beheld,  
With pity soften'd, and with fury swell'd :  
His honour'd host, a youth of matchless grace,  
And lov'd of all the *Paphlagonian* race !  
With his full strength he bent his angry bow,  
And wing'd the feather'd vengeance at the foe.  
A chief there was, the brave *Euchenor* nam'd,  
For riches much, and more for virtue fam'd,  
Who held his seat in *Corinth's* stately town ;  
*Polydus'* son, a seer of old renown.

Oft had the father told his early doom,  
By arms abroad, or slow disease at home :  
He climb'd his vessel, prodigal of breath,  
And chose the certain, glorious path to death.\*  
Beneath his ear the pointed arrow went ;  
The soul came issuing at the narrow vent :  
His limbs, unnerv'd, drop useless on the ground,  
And everlasting darkness shades him round.

Nor knew great *Hector* how his legions yield, †  
(Wrapt in the cloud and tumult of the field)  
Wide on the left the force of *Greece* commands,  
And conquest hovers o'er th' *Achaian* bands :  
With such a tide superior virtue sway'd,  
And ‡ he that shakes the solid earth, gave aid.

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others correct the verse by adding a negative, *his father did not follow his chariot with his face bathed in tears*. Which last, if not of more weight than the rest, is yet more ingenious.

\* Thus we see *Euchenor* is like *Achilles*, who sailed to *Troy*, though he knew he should fall before it: this might somewhat have prejudiced the character of *Achilles*, every branch of which ought to be single, and superior to all others, as he ought to be without a rival in every thing that speaks a hero: therefore we find two essential differences between *Euchenor* and *Achilles*, which preserve the superiority of the hero of the poem. *Achilles* being independent, and as a king, could have lived at ease at home, without being obnoxious to any disgrace; but *Euchenor* being but a private man, must have either gone to the war, or been exposed to an ignominious penalty.

† Most part of this book being employed to describe the brave resistance the *Greeks* made on their left under *Idomeneus* and *Meriones*; the poet now shifts the scene, and returns to *Hector*, whom he left in the center of the army, after he had passed the wall, endeavouring in vain to break the phalanx where *Ajax* commanded. And that the reader

No. 10.

But in the center *Hector* fix'd remain'd,  
Where first the gates were forc'd, and bulwarks gain'd ;  
There, on the margin of the hoary deep,  
(Their naval station where th' *Ajaces* keep,  
And where low walls confine the beating tides,  
Whose humble barrier scarce the foes divides ;  
Where late in fight, both foot and horse engag'd,  
And all the thunder of the battle rag'd)  
There join'd, the whole *Bæotian* strength remains,  
The proud *Ionians* with their sweeping trains,  
*Locrians* and *Phthians*, and th' *Epeian* force ; ||  
But join'd, repel not *Hector's* fiery course.  
The flow'r of *Athens*, *Stichius*, *Phidas* led,  
*Bias*, and great *Menestheus* at their head.  
*Meges* the strong th' *Epeian* bands controul'd,  
And *Dracius* prudent, and *Amphion* bold ;  
The *Phthians* *Medon*, fam'd for martial might,  
And brave *Podarces*, active in the fight.  
This drew from *Phylacus* his noble line:  
*Iphichus'* son : and that (*Oileus*) thine :  
(Young *Ajax'* brother, by a stol'n embrace ;  
He dwelt far distant from his native place,  
By his fierce stepdame from his father's reign  
Expell'd and exil'd, for her brother slain.)  
These rule the *Phthians*, and their arms employ  
Mixt with *Bæotians*, on the shores of *Troy*.

Now

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might take notice of this change of place, and carry distinctly in his mind each scene of action, *Homer* is very careful in the following lines to let us know that *Hector* still continues in the place where he had first passed the wall, at that part of it which was lowest, (as appears from *Sarpedon's* having pulled down one of it's battlements on foot, book 12,) and which was nearest the station where the ships of *Ajax* were laid, because that hero was probably thought a sufficient guard for that part. As the poet is so very exact in describing each scene as in a chart or plan, the reader ought to be careful to trace each action in it; otherwise he will see nothing but confusion in things which are in themselves very regular and distinct. The observation is the more necessary, because even in this place, where the poet intended to prevent any such mistake, some interpreters have applied to the present action what is only a recapitulation of the time and place described in the former book.

‡ *Neptune*.

|| The *Phthians* are not the troops of *Achilles*, for these were called *Phthiotæ*; but they were the troops of *Protosilaus* and *Philestætes*.

Z z



Now side by side, with like unweary'd care,  
 Each *Ajax* labour'd through the field of war.  
 So when two lordly bulls, with equal toil,\*  
 Force the bright plowshare through the fallow soil,  
 Join'd to one yoke, the stubborn earth they tear,  
 And trace large furrows with the shining share;  
 O'er their huge limbs the foam descends in snow,  
 And streams of sweat down their four foreheads flow.  
 A train of heroes follow'd through the field,  
 Who bore by turns great *Ajax*'s sevenfold shield;  
 Whene'er he breath'd, remissive of his might,  
 Tir'd with th' incessant slaughters of the fight.  
 His brave associate had no following band,  
 His troops unpractis'd in the fights of stand:  
 For not the spear the *Locrian* squadrons wield,  
 Nor bear the helm, nor lift the moon's shield;  
 But skill'd from far the flying shaft to wing,  
 Or whirl the sounding pebble from the sling,  
 Dex'trous with these they aim a certain wound,  
 Or fell the distant warrior to the ground.  
 Thus in the van, the *Telamonian* train  
 Throng'd in bright arms, a pressing fight maintain;  
 Far in the rear the *Locrian* archers lie,  
 Thick stones and arrows intercept the sky,  
 The mingled tempest on the foes they pour;  
 Troy's scatt'ring orders open to the show'r.

Now had the *Greeks* eternal fame acquir'd,  
 And the gall'd *Ilions* to their walls retir'd;  
 But sage *Polydamas*, discreetly brave,  
 Address'd great *Hector*, and this counsel gave:

Though great in all, thou seem'st averse to lend  
 Impartial audience to a faithful friend:  
 To Gods and men thy matchless worth is known,  
 And ev'ry art of glorious war thy own;  
 But in cool thought and counsel to excel,  
 How widely differs this from warring well?

## NOTES.

\* The image here given of the *Ajaces* is very lively and exact; there being no circumstance of their present condition that is not to be found in the comparison; and no particular in the comparison that does not resemble the action of the heroes. Their strength and labour, their unanimity and nearness to each other, the difficulties they struggle against, and the sweat occasioned by the struggling, perfectly correspond with the simile.

† There never was a nobler encomium than this of *Achilles*. It seems enough to so wise a counsellor as *Polydamas*, to convince so intrepid a warrior as *Hector*, in how great danger the *Trojans* stood, to say, *Achilles* sees us. "Though he abstains from the fight, he still casts his eye on the battle; it is true, we are a brave army, and yet keep our ground, but still *Achilles* sees us, and we are not safe." This

Content with what the bounteous Gods have giv'n,  
 Seek not alone t'engross the gifts of heav'n.  
 To some the pow'rs of bloody war belong,  
 To some; sweet music, and the charm of song;  
 To few, and wond'rous few, has *Jove* assign'd  
 A wise, extensive, all-considering mind;  
 Their guardians these, the nations round confess,  
 And towns and empires for their safety bless.  
 If heav'n have lodg'd this virtue in my breast,  
 Attend, O *Hector*, what I judge the best.  
 See, as thou mov'st, on dangers dangers spread,  
 And war's whole fury burns around thy head.  
 Behold! distress'd within yon hostile wall,  
 How many *Trojans* yield, disperse, or fall?  
 What troops, out-number'd, scarce the war maintain?  
 And what brave heroes at the ships lie slain?  
 Here cease thy fury; and the chiefs and kings  
 Convok'd to council, weigh the sum of things.  
 Whether (the Gods succeeding our desires)  
 To yon tall ships to bear the *Trojan* fires;  
 Or quit the fleet, and pass unhurt away,  
 Contented with the conquest of the day.  
 I fear, I fear, lest *Greece* (not yet undone)  
 Pay the large debt of last revolving sun;  
*Achilles*, great *Achilles* yet remains †  
 On yonder decks, and yet o'erlooks the plains!  
 The counsel pleas'd; and *Hector*, with a bound,  
 Leap'd from his chariot on the trembling ground;  
 Swift as he leap'd, his clanging arms resound.  
 To guard this post (he cry'd) thy art employ,  
 And here detain the scatter'd youth of *Troy*;  
 Where yonder heroes faint, I bend my way,  
 And hasten back to end the doubtful day.

This said; the tow'ring chief prepares to go,  
 Shakes his white plumes that to the breezes flow,  
 And seems a moving mountain topt with snow. ‡

Through

## NOTES.

reflection makes him a God, a single regard of whom can turn the fate of armies, and determine the destiny of a whole people. And how nobly is this thought extended in the progress of the poem, where we shall see in the 16th book the *Trojans* fly at the first sight of his armour, worn by *Patroclus*; and in the 18th their defeat complicated by his sole appearance, unarmed, on his ship.

‡ This simile is very short in the original, and requires to be opened a little to discover it's full beauty. It seems to allude to the plume upon his helmet, in the action of shaking which, this hero is so frequently painted by our author, and from thence distinguished. This is a very pleasing image, and very much what the painters call *picturesque*.



Through all his host, inspiring force, he flies,  
And bids anew the martial thunder rise.  
To *Panthus*' son, at *Hector*'s high command,  
Haste the bold leaders of the *Trojan* band :  
But round the battlements, and round the plain,  
For many a chief he look'd, but look'd in vain ;  
*Deiphobus*, nor *Helenus* the seer,  
Nor *Asius*' son, nor *Asius*' self appear.  
For these were pierc'd with many a ghastly wound,  
Some cold in death, some groaning on the ground ;  
Some low in dust (a mournful object) lay,  
High on the wall some breath'd their souls away.

Far on the left, amid the throng he found  
(Cheering the troops, and dealing death around)  
The graceful *Paris* ; whom, with fury mov'd,  
Opprobrius, thus, th' impatient chief reprov'd.  
All fated *Paris* ! slave to womankind,\*  
As smooth of face as fraudulent of mind !  
Where is *Deiphobus*, where *Asius* gone ?  
The godlike father, and th' intrepid son ?  
The force of *Helenus*, dispensing fate,  
And great *Othryoneus* so fear'd of late ?  
Black fate hangs o'er thee from th' avenging Gods,  
Imperial *Troy* from her foundations nods ;  
Whelm'd in thy country's ruins shalt thou fall,  
And one devouring vengeance swallow all.

When *Paris* thus : My brother and my friend,  
Thy warm impatience makes thy tongue offend.  
In other battles I deserv'd thy blame,  
Though then not deedless, nor unknown to fame :  
But since yon rampart by thy arms lay low,  
I scatter'd slaughter from my fatal bow.  
The chiefs you seek on yonder shore lie slain ;  
Of all those heroes, two alone remain ;  
*Deiphobus*, and *Helenus* the seer ;  
Each now disabled by a hostile spear.  
Go then ; successful, where thy soul inspires ;  
This heart and hand shall second all thy fires :  
What with this arm I can, prepare to know,  
Till death for death be paid, and blow for blow.  
But 'tis not our's, with forces not our own  
To combat ; strength is of the Gods alone.

These words the hero's angry mind assuage :  
Then fierce they mingle where the thickest rage.

## NOTES.

\* The reproaches which *Hector* here casts on *Paris*, gives us the character of this hero, who in many things resembles *Achilles* ; being (like him) unjust, violent, and impetuous, and making no distinction between the innocent and criminal. It is he who is obstinate in attacking the entrenchments, yet asks an account of those who were slain in the attack from *Paris* ; and though he ought to

Around *Polydamas*, distain'd with blood,  
*Cebrius*, *Phalces*, stern *Orthæus* stood,  
*Palmus*, with *Polypætes* the divine,  
And two bold brothers of *Hippotion*'s line :  
(Who reach'd fair *Ilion*, from *Ascania* far,  
The former day ; the next, engag'd in war.  
As when from gleomy clouds a whirlwind springs,  
That bears *Jove*'s thunder on it's dreadful wings,  
Wide o'er the blasted fields the tempest sweeps,  
Then gather'd, settles on the hoary deeps ;  
Th' afflicted deeps tumultuous mix and roar ;  
The waves behind impel the waves before,  
Wide-rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to the  
shore. †

Thus rank on rank the thick battalions throng,  
Chief urg'd on chief, and man drove man along :  
Far o'er the plains in dreadful order bright,  
The brazen arms reflect a beamy light.  
Full in the blazing van great *Hector* shin'd,  
Like *Mars* commission'd to confound mankind.  
Before him flaming, his enormous shield,  
Like the broad sun, illumin'd all the field :  
His nodding helm emits a streamy ray ;  
His piercing eyes through all the battle stray,  
And, while beneath his targe he flash'd along,  
Shot terrors round, that wither'd ev'n the strong.

Thus stalk'd he, dreadful ; death was in his look ;  
Whole nations fear'd : but not an *Argive* shook.  
The tow'ring *Ajax*, with an ample stride,  
Advanc'd the first, and thus the chief defy'd.

*Hector* ! come on, thy empty threats forbear :  
'Tis not thy arm, 'tis thund'ring *Jove* we fear :  
The skill of war to us not idly giv'n,  
Lo ! *Greece* is humbled not by *Troy*, but heav'n.  
Vain are the hopes that haughty mind imparts,  
To force our fleet : the *Greeks* have hands, and hearts.  
Long ere in flames our lofty navy fall,  
Your boasted city, and your god-built wall  
Shall sink beneath us, sinking on the ground ;  
And spread a long, unmeasur'd ruin round.  
The time shall come, when chac'd along the plain  
Ev'n thou shalt call on *Jove*, and call in vain ;  
Ev'n thou shalt wish, to aid thy desp'rate course,  
The wings of falcons for thy flying horse ;

Shalt

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blame himself for their deaths, yet he speaks to *Paris*, as if through his cowardice he had suffered these to be slain, whom he might have preserved if he had fought courageously.

† We have endeavoured in this verse to imitate the confusion, and broken sound of the original, which images the tumult and roaring of many waters.



Shalt run, forgetful of a warrior's fame,  
While clouds of friendly dust conceal thy shame. \*

As thus he spoke, behold, in open view,  
On founding wings a dexter eager flew.  
To *Jove's* glad omen all the *Grecians* rise,  
And hail, with shouts, his progress through the skies:  
Far-echoing clamours bound from side to side;  
They ceas'd; and thus the chief of *Troy* reply'd:

From whence this menace, this insulting strain?  
Enormous boaster! doom'd to vaunt in vain.  
So may the Gods on *Hector* life bestow,  
(Not that short life which mortals lead below,  
But such as those of *Jove's* high lineage born,  
The blue-ey'd Maid, or He that gilds the morn.)

As this decisive day shall end the fame  
Of *Greece*, and *Argos* be no more a name.  
And thou, imperious! if thy madness wait  
The lance of *Hector*, thou shalt meet thy fate:  
That giant-corse, extended on the shore,  
Shall largely feast the fowls with fat and gore.

He said, and like a lion stalk'd along:  
With shouts incessant earth and ocean rung,  
Sent from his following host: the *Grecian* train.  
With answering thunders fill'd the echoing plain;  
A shout that tore heav'n's concave, and above  
Shook the fix'd splendors of the throne of *Jove*.

## NOTES.

\* A critic might take occasion from hence, to speak of the exact time of the year in which the actions of the *Iliad* are supposed to have happened; and (according to the grave manner of a learned dissertator) begin by informing us, that he has found it must be the *summer* season, from the frequent mention made of clouds of *dust*: though what he discovers might be full as well inferred from common sense, the summer being the natural season for a campaign. However he should quote all these passages at large; and adding to the article of *dust* as much as he can find of the *sweat* of the heroes, it might fill three pages very much to his own satisfaction. It would look well to observe farther, that the fields are described flowery, book 2; that the branches of a tamarisk-tree are flourishing, book 10. that the warriors sometimes wash themselves in the sea, book 10; and sometimes refresh themselves by cool breezes from the sea, book 11; that *Diomed* sleeps out of his tent on the ground, book 10; that the flies are very busy about the dead body of *Patroclus*, book 19; that *Apollo* covers the body of *Hector* with a cloud to prevent it's being scorched, book 23. All this would prove the very thing which was said at first, that it was *summer*. He might next proceed to inquire, what

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precise critical time of summer? And here the mention of new-made honey in book 11, might be of great service in the investigation of this important matter: he would conjecture from hence, that it must be near the end of summer, honey being seldom taken till that time; to which having added the plague which rages in book 1, and remarked, that infections of that kind generally proceed from the extremest heats, which heats are not till near the *autumn*; the learned inquirer might hug himself in this discovery, and conclude with triumph. If any one think this too ridiculous to have been ever put to practice, he may see what *Bossu* has done to determine the precise season of the *Aeneid*, lib. 3. ch. 12. The memory of that learned critic failed him, when he produced as one of the proofs that it was autumn, a passage in the 6th book, where the fall of the leaf is only mentioned in a *simile*. He has also found out a beauty in *Homer*, which few even of his greatest admirers can believe he intended; which is, that to the violence and fury of the *Iliad* he artfully adapted the heat of summer, but to the *Odyssey* the cooler and maturer season of autumn, to correspond with the sedateness and prudence of *Ulysses*.



## The FOURTEENTH BOOK of the ILIAD.\*

## A R G U M E N T.

## JUNO DECEIVES JUPITER BY THE GIRDLE OF VENUS.

*Nestor sitting at the table with Machaon, is alarmed with the increasing clamour of the war, and hastens to Agamemnon: on his way he meets that prince with Diomed and Ulysses, whom he informs of the extremity of the danger. Agamemnon proposes to make their escape by night, which Ulysses withstands; to which Diomed adds his advice, that, wounded as they were, they should go forth and encourage the army with their presence; which advice is pursued. Juno seeing the partiality of Jupiter to the Trojans, forms a design to over-reach him; she sets off her charms with the utmost care, and (the more surely to enchant him) obtains the magic girdle of Venus. She then applies herself to the God of Sleep, and, with some difficulty, persuades him to seal the eyes of Jupiter; this done, she goes to mount Ida, where the God, at first sight, is ravished with her beauty, sinks in her arms, and is laid asleep. Neptune takes advantage of his slumber, and succours the Greeks: Hector is struck to the ground with a prodigious stone by Ajax, and carried off from the battle: several actions succeed; till the Trojans, much distressed, are obliged to give way: the lesser Ajax signalizes himself in a particular manner.*

**B**UT nor the genial feast, nor flowing bowl,†  
Could charm the cares of Nestor's watchful  
soul;  
His startled ears th' increasing cries attend;  
Then thus, impatient, to his wounded friend:  
What new alarm, divine Machaon, say,  
What mix'd events attend this mighty day?  
Hark! how the shouts divide, and how they  
meet;  
And now come full, and thicken to the fleet!

Here, with the cordial draught dispel thy care;  
Let Hecamede the strength'ning bath prepare,‡  
Refresh thy wound, and cleanse the clotted gore;  
While I th' adventures of the day explore.  
He said; and seizing Thrasimedes' shield,  
(His valiant offspring) hasten'd to the field;  
(That day, the son his father's buckler bore)  
Then snatch'd a lance, and issu'd from the door.  
Soon as the prospect open'd to his view,  
His wounded eyes the scene of sorrow knew;

Dire

## NOTES.

\* The poet, to advance the character of Nestor, and give us a due esteem for his conduct and circumspection, represents him as deeply solicitous for the common good: in the very article of mirth or relaxation from the toils of war, he is all attention to learn the fate and issue of the battle: and through his long use and skill in martial events, he judges from the nature of the uproar still increasing, that the fortune of the day is held no longer in suspense, but inclines to one side.

† At the end of the eleventh book we left Nestor at the table with Machaon. The attack of the entrenchments, described through the twelfth and No. 10.

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thirteenth books, happened while Nestor and Machaon sat at the table; nor is there any improbability herein, since there is nothing performed in those two books, but what might naturally happen in the space of two hours. Homer constantly follows the thread of his narration, and never suffers his reader to forget the train of action, or the time it employs.

‡ The custom of women officiating to men in the bath was usual in ancient times. Examples are frequent in the *Odyssey*. And it is not at all more odd, or to be sneered at, than the custom now used in France, of valets de chambres dressing and undressing the ladies.



Dire disarray! the tumult of the fight,  
The wall in ruins, and the *Greeks* in flight.  
As when old Ocean's silent surface sleeps,  
The waves just heaving on the purple deeps;\*  
While yet th' expected tempest hangs on high,  
Weighs down the cloud, and blackens in the sky,  
The mass of waters will no wind obey;  
*Jove* sends one gulf, and bids them roll away.  
While wav'ring counsels thus his mind engage,  
Fluctuates in doubtful thought the *Pylian* sage;  
To join the host, or to the gen'ral haste,  
Debating long, he fixes on the last: †

## NOTES.

\* There are no where more finished pictures of nature, than those which *Homer* draws in several of his comparisons. The beauty however of some of these will be lost to many, who cannot perceive the resemblance, having never had an opportunity to observe the things themselves. The life of this description will be most sensible to those who have been at sea in a calm: in this condition the water is not entirely motionless, but swells gently in smooth waves, which fluctuate backwards and forwards in a kind of ballancing motion: this state continues till a rising wind gives a determination to the waves, and rolls them one certain way. There is scarce any thing in the whole compass of nature that can more exactly represent the state of an irresolute mind, wavering between two different designs, sometimes inclining to the one, sometimes to the other, and then moving to that point to which its resolution is at last determined. Every circumstance of this comparison is both beautiful and just; and it is the more to be admired, because it is very difficult to find sensible images proper to represent the motions of the mind; wherefore we but rarely meet with such comparisons even in the best poets.

† *Nestor* appears in this place a great friend to his prince; for upon deliberating whether he should go through the body of the *Grecian* host, or else repair to *Agamemnon's* tent; he determines at last, and judges it the best way to go to the latter. Now because it had been ill concerted to have made a man of his age walk a great way round about in quest of his commander, *Homer* has ordered it so, that he should meet *Agamemnon* in his way thither. And nothing could be better imagined than the reason, why the wounded princes left their tents; they were impatient to behold the battle, anxious for its success, and desirous to inspirit the soldiers by their presence. The poet was obliged to give a reason; for in *epic* poetry, as well as in *dramatic*, no person ought to be introduced without some necessity, or at least some probability, for his appearance.

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Whom thus the gen'ral of the host address.

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What drives thee, *Nestor*, from the field of fame?  
Shall then proud *Hector* see his boast fulfill'd,  
Our fleets in ashes, and our heroes kill'd?  
Such was his threat, ah now too soon made good,  
On many a *Grecian* bosom writ in blood.  
Is ev'ry heart inflam'd with equal rage  
Against your king; nor will one chief engage?  
And have I liv'd to see with mournful eyes  
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*Gereñian Nestor* then. So fate has will'd;  
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Not he that thunders from th' aëreal bow'r,  
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Dire difarray! the tumult of the fight,  
The wall in ruins, and the *Greeks* in flight.  
As when old Ocean's silent surface sleeps,  
The waves just heaving on the purple deeps;\*  
While yet th' expected tempest hangs on high,  
Weighs down the cloud, and blackens in the sky,  
The mass of waters will no wind obey;  
*Jove* sends one gulf, and bids them roll away.  
While wav'ring counsels thus his mind engage,  
Fluctuates in doubtful thought the *Pylian* sage;  
To join the host, or to the gen'ral haste,  
Debating long, he fixes on the last: †

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A host, by *Jove* endu'd with martial might,  
 And taught to conquer, or to fall in fight:  
 Advent'rous combats and bold wars to wage,  
 Employ'd our youth, and yet employs our age.  
 And wilt thou thus desert the *Trojan* plain?  
 And have whole streams of blood been spilt in vain?  
 In such base sentence if thou couch thy fear,  
 Speak it in whispers, lest a *Greek* should hear.  
 Lives there a man so dead to fame, who dares  
 To think such meanness, or the thought declares?  
 And comes it ev'n from him whose sov'reign sway  
 The banded legions of all *Greece* obey? \*  
 Is this a gen'ral's voice, that calls to flight,  
 While war hangs doubtful, while his soldiers fight?  
 What more could *Troy*? What yet their fate de-  
 nies

Thou giv'st the foe: all *Greece* becomes their prize.  
 No more the troops, (our hoisted sails in view,  
 Themselves abandon'd) shall the fight pursue,  
 Thy ships first flying with despair shall see,  
 And owe destruction to a prince like thee.

Thy just reproofs (*Atrides* calm replies)  
 Like arrows pierce me, for thy words are wise.  
 Unwilling as I am to lose the host,  
 I force not *Greece* to quit this hateful coast:  
 Glad I submit, whoe'er, or young or old, †  
 Aught, more conducive to our weal, unfold.

## NOTES.

\* As who should say, that another man might indeed have uttered the same advice, but it could not be a person of prudence; or if he had prudence, he could not be a governor, but a private man; or if a governor, yet one who had not a well-disciplined and obedient army; or lastly, if he had an army so conditioned, yet it could not be so large and numerous as one as that of *Agamemnon*. This is a fine climax, and of wonderful strength.

† This nearly resembles an ancient custom at *Athens*, where in times of trouble and distress, every one, of what age or quality soever, was invited to give in his opinion with freedom, by the public cryer.

‡ This speech of *Diomed* is naturally introduced, beginning with an answer, as if he had been called upon to give his advice. The counsel he proposes was that alone which could be of any real service in their present exigency: however, since he ventures to advise where *Ulysses* is at a loss, and *Nestor* himself silent, he thinks it proper to apologize for this liberty by reminding them of his birth and descent, hoping thence to add to his counsel a weight and authority which he could not from his years and experience. It cannot indeed be denied that this his-

*Tydid*es cut him short, and thus began: ‡  
 Such counsel if you seek, behold the man  
 Who boldly gives it, and what he shall say;  
 Young though he be, disdain not to obey;  
 A youth, who from the mighty *Tydeus* springs,  
 May speak to councils and assembled kings.  
 Hear then in me the great *Oenides*' son,  
 Whose honour'd dust (his race of glory run)  
 Lies whelm'd in ruins of the *Theban* wall;  
 Brave in his life, and glorious in his fall,  
 With three bold sons was gen'rous *Prothous* blest,  
 Who *Pleuron*'s walls and *Calydon* possess;  
*Melas* and *Agrias*, but (who surpass  
 The rest in courage) *Oeneus* was the last.  
 From him, my sire. From *Calydon* expell'd,  
 He past to *Argos*, and in exile dwell'd; ||  
 The monarch's daughter there (so *Jove* ordain'd)  
 He won, and flourish'd where *Adrastus* reign'd:  
 There rich in fortune's gifts, his acres till'd,  
 Beheld his vines their liquid harvest yield;  
 And num'rous flocks that whiten'd all the field.  
 Such *Tydeus* was, the foremost once in fame!  
 Nor lives in *Greece* a stranger to his name.  
 Then, what for common good my thoughts inspire,  
 Attend, and in the son, respect the sire.  
 Though sore of battle, though with wounds oppress'd,  
 Let each go forth, and animate the rest, §

Advance

## NOTES.

torical digression seems more out of season than any of the same kind which we so frequently meet with in *Homer*, since his birth and parentage must have been sufficiently known to all at the siege, as he here tells them. This has been thought a defect not altogether to be excused in the poet; but it may receive some alleviation, if considered as a fault of temperament. For he had certainly a strong inclination to genealogical stories, and too frequently takes occasion to gratify this humour.

|| This is a very artful colour: he calls the flight of his father for killing one of his brothers, *traveling and dwelling at Argos*, without mentioning the cause and occasion of his retreat. What immediately follows (*so Jove ordained*) does not only contain in it a dispute of his crime, but is a just motive likewise for our compassion.

§ It is worth a remark, with what management and discretion the poet has brought these four kings, and no more towards the engagement, since these are sufficient alone to perform all that he requires. For *Nestor* proposes to them to inquire, if there be any way or means which prudence can direct for their security. *Agamemnon* attempts to discover that method. *Ulysses* refutes him, as one whose method

was



Advance the glory which he cannot share,  
Though not partaker, witness of the war.  
But lest new wounds on wounds o'erpower us quite,  
Beyond the missile javelin's sounding flight,  
Safe let us stand; and from the tumult far,  
Inspire the ranks, and rule the distant war.

He added not: the list'ning kings obey,  
Slow moving on; *Atrides* leads the way.  
The God of Ocean (to inflame their rage)  
Appears a warrior furrow'd o'er with age:  
Prest in his own, the gen'ral's hand he took,  
And thus the venerable hero spoke.

*Atrides*, lo! with what disdainful eye  
*Achilles* sees his country's forces fly:  
Blind impious man! whose anger is his guide,  
Who glories in unutterable pride.  
So may he perish, so may *Jove* disclaim  
The wretch relentless, and o'erwhelm with shame!

## NOTES.

was dishonourable, but proposes no other project. *Diomed* supplies that deficiency, and shews what must be done: that wounded as they are, they should go forth to the battle; for though they were not able to engage, yet their presence would re-establish their affairs by detaining in arms those who might otherwise quit the field. This counsel is embraced, and readily obeyed by the rest.

\* We do not know a bolder fiction in all antiquity, than this of *Jupiter's* being deceived and laid asleep. It is an observation of *Monf. de St. Evremont* upon the ancient poets, "That it is surprising enough to find them so scrupulous to preserve probability, in actions purely human; and so ready to violate it in representing the actions of the Gods. Even those who have spoken more sagely than the rest, of their nature, could not forbear to speak extravagantly of their conduct. When they establish their being and their attributes, they make them immortal, infinite, almighty, perfectly wise, and perfectly good: but the moment they represent them acting, there is no weakness to which they do not make them stoop, and no folly or wickedness they do not make them commit." The same author in another place remarks, "That truth was not the inclination of the first ages: a foolish lie or a lucky falsehood gave reputation to impostors, and pleasure to the credulous. It was the whole secret of the great and the wise, to govern the simple and ignorant herd. The vulgar, who pay a profound reverence to mysterious errors, would have despised plain truth, and it was thought a piece of prudence to deceive them. All the discourses of the ancients were fitted to so advantageous a design. There was

No. 10.

But heav'n forsakes not thee: o'er yonder sands  
Soon shalt thou view the scatter'd *Trojan* bands  
Fly diverse; while proud kings, and chiefs renown'd,  
Driv'n heaps on heaps, with clouds involv'd around  
Of rolling dust, their winged wheels employ  
To hide their ignominious heads in *Troy*.

He spoke, then rush'd amid the warrior crew;  
And sent his voice before him as he flew,  
Loud, as the shout encountering armies yield,  
When twice ten thousand shake the lab'ring field;  
Such was the voice, and such the thund'ring sound  
Of him, whose trident rends the solid ground.  
Each *Argive* bosom beats to meet the fight,  
And grizly war appears a pleasing sight.

Meantime *Saturnia* from *Olympus'* brow,\*  
High-thron'd in gold, beheld the fields below;  
With joy the glorious conflict she survey'd,  
Where her great brother gave the *Grecians* aid.

But

## NOTES.

nothing to be seen but fictions, allegories, and similitudes, and nothing was to appear as it was in itself." In answer to this, we may observe, that before *Homer's* time there had been a tradition of *Jupiter's* being laid asleep, as appears from the story of *Hercules* at *Coos*. There is also a passage in *Diodorus*, which gives some light to this fiction. Among other reasons which that historian lays down to prove that *Homer* travelled into *Aegypt*, he alledges this passage of the interview of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, which he says was grounded upon an *Aegyptian* festival, "whereon the nuptial ceremonies of these two deities were celebrated, at which time both their tabernacles, adorned with all sorts of flowers, are carried by the priests to the top of a high mountain." Indeed as the greatest part of the ceremonies of the ancient religions consisted in some symbolical representations of certain actions of their Gods, or rather deified mortals, so a great part of ancient poetry consisted in the description of the action exhibited in those ceremonies. The loves of *Venus* and *Adonis* are a remarkable instance of this kind, which, though under different names, were celebrated by annual representations, as well in *Aegypt* as in several nations of *Greece* and *Asia*: and to the images which were carried in these festivals, several ancient poets were indebted for their most happy descriptions. If the truth of this observation of *Diodorus* be admitted, the present passage will appear with more dignity, being grounded on religion; and the conduct of the poet will be more justifiable, if that, which has been generally counted an indecent, wanton fiction, should prove to be the representation of a religious solemnity. Considering

3 B

the



But plac'd aloft, on *Ida's* shady height  
 She sees her *Jove*, and trembles at the sight.  
*Jove* to deceive, what methods shall she try,  
 What arts, to blind his all-beholding eye?  
 At length she trusts her pow'r; resolv'd to prove  
 The old, yet still successful, cheat of love;  
 Against his wisdom to oppose her charms,  
 And lull the Lord of thunders in her arms.

Swift to her bright apartment she repairs,\*  
 Sacred to dress, and beauty's pleasing cares:  
 With skill divine had *Vulcan* form'd the bow'r,  
 Safe from access of each intruding pow'r.

## NOTES.

the great ignorance we are in of many ancient ceremonies, there may be probably in *Homer* many incidents entirely of this nature; wherefore we ought to be reserved in our censures, lest what we decry as wrong in the poet, should prove only a fault in his religion. And indeed it would be a very unfair way to tax any people, or any age whatever, with grossness in general, purely from the gross or absurd ideas or practices that are to be found in their religions. In the next place, if we have recourse to allegory, (which softens and reconciles every thing) it may be imagined that by the congress of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, is meant the mingling of the *æther* and the *air* (which are generally said to be signified by these two deities.) The ancients believed the *æther* to be igneous, and that by it's kind influence upon the air, it was the cause of all vegetation: to which nothing more exactly corresponds, than the fiction of the earth putting forth her flowers immediately upon this congress. *Virgil* has some lines in the second *Georgic*, that seem a perfect explanation of the fable into this sense. In describing the spring, he hints as if something of a vivifying influence was at that time spread from the upper heavens into the air. He calls *Jupiter* expressly *Æther*, and represents him operating upon his spouse for the production of all things. But, be all this as it will, it is certain, that whatever may be thought of this fable in a theological or philosophical view, it is one of the most beautiful pieces that ever was produced by poetry.

\* This passage may be of consideration to the ladies, and for their sakes, we take a little pains to observe upon it. *Homer* tells us that the very Goddesses, who are all over charms, never dress in sight of any one: the Queen of Heaven adorns herself in private, and the doors lock after her. In *Homer* there are *Dieux des Ruelles*, no Gods are admitted to the toilette. We are afraid there are some earthly Goddesses of less prudence, who have lost much of

Touch'd with her secret key, the doors unfold:  
 Self-clos'd behind her shut the valves of gold.  
 Here first she bathes; and round her body pours  
 Soft oil of fragrance, and ambrosial show'rs:†  
 The winds perfum'd, the balmy gale convey  
 Thro' heav'n, thro' earth, and all th'ærial way;  
 Spirit divine! whose exhalation greets  
 The sense of Gods with more than mortal sweets.  
 Thus while she breath'd of heav'n, with decent pride  
 Her artful hands the radiant tresses ty'd:‡  
 Part on her head in shining ringlets roll'd,  
 Part o'er her shoulders wav'd like melted gold.

Around

## NOTES.

the adoration of mankind by the contrary practice. *Lucretius* (a very good judge in gallantry) prescribes as a cure to a desperate lover, the frequent sight of his mistress undressed. *Juno* herself has suffered a little by the very *Muse's* peeping into her chamber, since some nice critics are shocked in this place of *Homer*, to find that the Goddess washes herself, which presents some idea as if she was dirty. Those who have delicacy will profit by this remark.

† The practice of *Juno* in anointing her body with perfumed oils, was a remarkable part of ancient cosmetics, though entirely disused in the modern arts of dress. It may possibly offend the niceness of modern ladies; but such of them as paint, ought to consider that this practice might, without much greater difficulty, be reconciled to cleanliness. This passage is a clear instance of the antiquity of this custom, and clearly determines against *Pliny*, who is of opinion that it was not so ancient as those times. Besides the custom of anointing kings among the *Jews*, which the Christians have borrowed, there are several allusions in the Old Testament which shew that this practice was thought ornamental among them. The *Psalmist*, speaking of the gifts of God, mentions wine and oil, the former to make glad the heart of man, and the latter to give him a cheerful countenance. It seems most probable that this was an eastern invention, agreeable to the luxury of the *Asiatics*, among whom the most proper ingredients for these unguents were produced; from them this custom was propagated among the *Romans*, by whom it was esteemed a pleasure of a very refined nature.

‡ We have here a compleat picture from head to foot of the dress of the *Fair Sex*, and of the mode between two and three thousand years ago. May we have leave to observe the great simplicity of *Juno's* dress, in comparison with the innumerable equipage of a modern toilette? The Goddess, even when



Around her next a heav'nly mantle flow'd,  
That rich with *Pallas'* labour'd colours glow'd:  
Large clasps of gold the foldings gather'd round,  
A golden zone her swelling bosom bound.  
Far beaming pendants tremble in her ear,  
Each gem illumin'd with a triple star.

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when she is setting herself out on the greatest occasion, has only her own locks to tie, a white veil to cast over them, a mantle to dress her whole body, her pendants, and her sandals. This the poet expressly says was *all her dress*, and one may reasonably conclude it was all that was used by the greatest princesses and finest beauties of those times. The good *Eustathius* is ravished to find, that here are no washes for the face, no dyes for the hair, and none of those artificial embellishments since in practice; he also rejoices not a little, that *Juno* has no looking-glass, tire-woman, or waiting-maid. One may preach till doomsday on this subject, but all the commentators in the world will never prevail upon a lady to stick one pin the less in her gown, except she can be convinced that the ancient dress will better set off her person. As the *Asiatics* always surpassed the *Grecians* in whatever regarded magnificence and luxury, so we find their women far gone in the contrary extreme of dress. There is a passage in *Isaiah*, ch. iii. that gives us an account of their wardrobe, with the number of their ornaments. We should be glad to ask the ladies which they should like best to imitate, the *Greeks* or the *Asiatics*? We would desire those that are handsome and well-made, to consider, that the dress of *Juno* (which is the same they see in *statues*) has manifestly the advantage of the present, in displaying whatever is beautiful: that the charms of the neck and breast are not less laid open, than by the modern stays; and that those of the leg are more gracefully discovered, than even by the hoop-petticoat: that the fine turn of the arms is better observed; and that several natural graces of the shape and body appear much more conspicuous. It is not to be denied, but the *Asiatic* and our present modes were better contrived to conceal some people's defects, but we do not speak to such people: we speak only to ladies of that beauty, who can make any fashion prevail by their being seen in it; and who put others of their sex under the wretched necessity of being like them at all. As for the rest, let them follow the mode of *Judea*, and be content with the name of *Asiatic*.

\* Thus the Goddess comes from her apartment, against her spouse, in complete armour. The

Then o'er her head she casts a veil more white  
Than new-fall'n snow, and dazling as the light.  
Lest her fair feet celestial sandals grace.  
Thus issuing radiant, with majestic pace,\*  
Forth from the dome th' imperial Goddess moves,  
And calls the Mother of the Smiles and Loves.†

How

## NOTES.

pleasures of women mostly prevail by pure cunning, and the artful management of their persons; for there is but one way for the weak to subdue the mighty, and that is by pleasure. The poet shews at the same time, that men of understanding are not mastered without a great deal of artifice and address. There are but three ways whereby to overcome another, by violence, by persuasion, or by craft: *Jupiter* was invincible by main force; to think of persuading was as fruitless, after he had passed his nod to *Achilles*; therefore *Juno* was obliged of necessity to turn her thoughts entirely upon craft; and by the force of pleasure it is, that she ensnares and manages the God.

† Notwithstanding all the pains *Juno* has been at to adorn herself, she is still conscious that neither the natural beauty of her person, nor the artificial one of her dress, will be sufficient to work upon a husband. She therefore has recourse to the *Cestus* of *Venus*, as a kind of love-charm, not doubting to enflame his mind by magical enchantment; a folly which in all ages has possessed her sex. To procure this, she applies to the Goddess of Love; from whom hiding her real design under a feigned story, (another propriety in the character of the fair) she obtains the valuable present of this wonder-working girdle. The allegory of the *Cestus* lies very open. In it are comprized the most powerful incentives to love, as well as the strongest effects of the passion. The just admiration of this passage has been always so great and universal, that the *Cestus* of *Venus* is become proverbial. The beauty of the lines which in a few words comprehend this agreeable fiction, can scarce be equalled: so beautiful an original has produced very fine imitations, wherein we may observe a few additional figures, expressing some of the improvements which the affectation, or artifice of the fair sex, have introduced into the art of love since *Homer's* days. *Spencer*, in his fourth book, canto 5, describes a girdle of *Venus* of a very different nature; for this had the power to raise up loose desires in others, that had a more wonderful faculty to suppress them in the person that wore it: but it had a most dreadful quality, to burst asunder when ever tied about any but a chaste bosom. Such a girdle, it is to be feared, would produce effects very different



How long (to *Venus* thus apart she cry'd)  
Shall human strifes celestial minds divide?

Ah yet, will *Venus* aid *Saturnia's* joy,  
And set aside the cause of *Greece* and *Troy*?

Let heav'n's dread Empress (*Cytheræa* said)  
Speak her request, and deem her will obey'd.

Then grant me (said the Queen) those conqu'ring  
charms,

That pow'r, which mortals and immortals warms,  
That love, which melts mankind in fierce desires,  
And burns the sons of heav'n with sacred fires!

For lo! I haste to those remote abodes,  
Where the great parents (sacred source of Gods!)

*Ocean* and *Tethys* their old empire keep,

On the last limits of the land and deep.

In their kind arms my tender years were past;

What-time old *Saturn*, from *Olympus* cast,

Of upper heav'n to *Jove* resign'd the reign,

Whelm'd under the huge mass of earth and main.

For strife, I hear, has made the union cease,

Which held so long that ancient pair in peace.

What honour, and what love shall I obtain,

If I compose those fatal feuds again?

Once more their minds in mutual ties engage,

And what my youth has ow'd, repay their age.

She said. With awe divine the Queen of Love

Obey'd the sister and the wife of *Jove*:

And from her fragrant breast the zone unbrac'd,  
With various skill, and high embroid'ry grac'd.

In this was ev'ry art, and ev'ry charm,

To win the wisest; and the coldest warm:

Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,

The kind deceit, the still-reviving fire,

Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,

Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes.

This on her hand the *Cyprian* Goddess laid;

Take this, and with it all thy wish, she said:

With smiles she took the charm; and smiling prest

The pow'rful *Cestus* to her snowy breast.\*

Then *Venus* to the courts of *Jove* withdrew;

Whilst from *Olympus* pleas'd *Saturnia* flew,

O'er high *Piëria* thence her course she bore,

O'er fair *Emathia's* ever-pleasing shore,

O'er *Hæmus'* hills with snows eternal crown'd;

Nor once her flying foot approach'd the ground.

Then taking wing from *Athos'* lofty steep,

She speeds to *Lemnos* o'er the rolling deep,†

And seeks the cave of Death's half-brother, *Sleep*.§

Sweet pleasing *Sleep*! (*Saturnia* thus began)

Who spread'st thy empire o'er each God and man;

If e'er obsequious to thy *Juno's* will,

O Pow'r of Slumbers! hear, and favour still.

Shed thy soft dew on *Jove's* immortal eyes,

While sunk in love's entrancing joys he lies.

A. splen-

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different from the other: *Homer's Cestus* would be a peace-maker to reconcile man and wife; but *Spencer's Cestus* would probably destroy the good agreement of many a happy couple.

\* The word *Cestus* is not the name, but epithet only of *Venus's* girdle; though the epithet has prevailed so far as to become the proper name in common use. This has happened to others of our author's epithets; the word *Pygmy* is of the same nature. *Venus* wore this girdle below her neck, and in open sight; but *Juno* hides it in her bosom, to shew the difference of the two characters: it suits well with *Venus* to make a shew of whatever is engaging in her; but *Juno*, who is a matron of prudence and gravity, ought to be more modest.

† In this fiction *Homer* introduces a new divine personage: it does not appear whether this God of *Sleep* was a God of *Homer's* creation, or whether his pretensions to divinity were of more ancient date. The poet indeed speaks of him as of one formerly active in some heavenly transactions. Be this as it will, succeeding poets have always acknowledged his title. The critics, who cannot see all the allegories which the commentators pretend to find in *Homer's* divinities, must be obliged to acknowledge

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the reality and propriety of this; since every thing that is here said of this imaginary Deity is justly applicable to *Sleep*. He is called the *Brother of Death*; said to be protected by *Night*; and is employed very naturally to lull a husband to rest in the embraces of his wife; which effect of this conjugal opiate, even the modest *Virgil* has remarked in the persons of *Vulcan* and *Venus*, probably with an eye to this passage of *Homer*.—The commentators are hard put to it, to give a reason why *Juno* seeks for *Sleep* in *Lemnos*. Some finding out that *Lemnos* anciently abounded with wine, inform us that it was a proper place of residence for him, wine being naturally a great provoker of *Sleep*. Others will have it, that this God being in love with *Pasithea*, who resided with her sister the wife of *Vulcan*, in *Lemnos*, it was very probable he might be found haunting near his mistress. Other commentators perceiving the weakness of these conjectures, will have it that *Juno* met *Sleep* here by mere accident; but this is contradictory to the whole thread of the narration. But who knows whether *Homer* might not design this fiction as a piece of raillery upon the sluggishness of the *Lemnians*; though this character of them does not appear? A kind of satire like that of *Ariosto*, who makes





*The Battle still continuing advantageous to the Trojans, Juno makes use of Venus's Girdle to charm Jupiter, and of Somnus to lay him to sleep, in the mean time Neptune spirits up the Greeks, and the Trojans are repulsed in their turn.*

B. XIV.

*FE. and J. del. and sculp.*



A splendid footstool, and a throne, that shine \*  
 With gold unfading, *Somnus*, shall be thine;  
 The work of *Vulcan*; to indulge thy ease,  
 When wine and feasts thy golden humours please.  
 Imperial Dame (the balmy pow'r replies)  
 Great *Saturn's* heir, and empress of the skies!  
 O'er other Gods I spread my easy chain;  
 The Sire of all, old *Ocean*, owns my reign,†  
 And his hush'd waves lie silent on the main.  
 But how, unbidden, shall I dare to sleep‡  
*Jove's* awful temples in the dew of sleep?  
 Long since too vent'rous, at thy bold command,  
 On those eternal lids I laid my hand:  
 What-time, deserting *Ilion's* wasted plain,§  
 His conqu'ring son, *Alcides*, plow'd the main:  
 When lo! the deeps arise, the tempests roar,  
 And drive the hero to the *Coan* shore:

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makes the Angel find *Discord* in a monastery? Or like that of *Boileau* in his *Lutrin*, where he places *Mollesse* in a dormitory of the monks of *St. Bernard*?

\* An easy chair was no improper present for *Sleep*. As to the footstool, besides it's being a conveniency, it was a mark of honour, and was far from presenting any low or trivial idea. It is upon that account we find it so frequently mentioned in scripture, where the earth is called the footstool of the throne of God. In *Jeremiah*, *Judea* is called (as a mark of distinction) the footstool of the feet of God. *Lament. ii. 1. And he remembered not the footstool of his feet, in the day of his wrath.* We see here the same image, founded no doubt upon the same customs.

† "*Homer* (says *Plutarch*) calls the sea *Father of All*, with a view to this doctrine, that all things were generated from water. *Thales*, the *Milesian*, the head of the *Ionic* sect, who seems to have been the first author of philosophy, affirmed water to be the principle from whence all things spring, and into which all things are resolved; because the prolific seed of all animals is a moisture; all plants are nourished by moisture; the very sun and stars, which are fire, are nourished by moist vapours and exhalations; and consequently he thought the world was produced from this element."

‡ This particularity is worth remarking; *Sleep* tells *Juno* that he dares not approach *Jupiter* without his own order; whereby he seems to intimate, that a spirit of a superior kind may give itself up to a voluntary cessation of thought and action, though it does not want this relaxation from any weakness or necessity of it's nature.

§ One may observe from hence, that to make fallity in fables useful and subservient to our de-

No. II.

Great *Jove* awaking, shook the blest abodes  
 With rising wrath, and tumbled Gods on Gods;  
 Me chief he sought, and from the realms on high  
 Had hurl'd indignant to the nether sky,  
 But gentle *Night*, to whom I fled for aid,  
 (The friend of earth and heav'n) her wings display'd;  
 Impower'd the wrath of Gods and men to tame,  
 Ev'n *Jove* rever'd the venerable dame.||

Vain are thy fears (the Queen of heav'n replies,  
 And speaking, rolls her large majestic eyes)  
 Think'st thou that *Troy* has *Jove's* high favour  
 won,

Like great *Alcides*, his all-conqu'ring son?  
 Hear, and obey the mistress of the skies,  
 Nor for the deed expect a vulgar prize;  
 For know, thy lov'd-one shall be ever thine,  
 The youngest *Grace*, *Pasithee* the divine.

Swear

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signs, it is not enough to cause the story to resemble truth, but we are to corroborate it by parallel places; which method the poet uses elsewhere. Thus many have attempted great difficulties, and surmounted them. So did *Hercules*, so did *Juno*, so did *Pluto*. Here, therefore, the poet feigning that *Sleep* is going to practise insidiously upon *Jove*, prevents the strangeness and incredibility of the tale, by squaring it to an ancient story; which ancient story was, that *Sleep* had once before got the mastery of *Jove* in the case of *Hercules*.

|| *Jupiter* is represented as unwilling to do any thing that might be offensive or ungrateful to *Night*; the poet instructs us by this, that a wise and honest man will curb his wrath before any awful and venerable persons. Such was *Night* in regard of *Jupiter*, feigned as an ancestor, and honourable on account of her antiquity and power. For the *Greek* theology teaches that *Night* and *Chaos* were before all things. Wherefore it was held sacred to obey the *Night* in the conflicts of war, as we find by the admonitions of the heralds to *Hector* and *Ajax* in the seventh *Iliad*. *Milton* has made a fine use of this ancient opinion in relation to *Chaos* and *Night*, in the latter part of his second book, where he describes the passage of *Satan* through their empire. He calls them,

————— Eldest *Night*

And *Chaos*, ancestors of nature; ———

And alludes to the same, in those noble verses,

————— Behold the throne

Of *Chaos*, and his dark pavilion spread  
 Wide on the wasteful deep: with him enthron'd  
 Sat sable-vested *Night*, eldest of things,  
 The consort of his reign. ———



Swear then, (he said) by those tremendous floods  
That roar thro' hell, and bind th' invoking Gods :  
Let the great parent Earth one hand sustain,  
And stretch the other o'er the sacred Main.\*  
Call the black Gods that round *Saturnus* dwell,  
To hear, and witness from the depths of hell ;  
That she, my lov'd-one, shall be ever mine,  
The youngest *Grace*, *Pasithea* the divine. †

The Queen assents, and from th' infernal bow'rs  
Invokes the fable Subtartarean pow'rs,  
And those who rule th' inviolable floods,  
Whom mortals name the dread *Titanian* Gods.

Then swift as wind, o'er *Lemnos* smoky isle,  
They wing their way, and *Imbrus*' sea-beat soil,  
Thro' air-unseen involv'd in darkness glide,  
And light on *Lectos*, on the point of *Ida*.

(Mother of savages, whose echoing hills  
Are heard resounding with a hundred rills)  
Fair *Ida* trembles underneath the God : ‡  
Hush'd are her mountains, and her forests nod.  
There on a fir, whose spiry branches rise  
To join it's summit to the neighb'ring skies,  
Dark in embow'ring shade, conceal'd from sight,  
Sat *Sleep*, in likeness of the bird of night. §

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\* There is something wonderfully solemn in this manner of swearing proposed by *Sleep* to *Juno*. How answerable is this idea to the dignity of the Queen of the Goddesses, where Earth, Ocean, and Hell itself, where the whole creation, all things visible and invisible, are called to be witnesses of the oath of the Deity?

† *Sleep* is here made to repeat the words of *Juno*'s promise, than which repetition nothing, we think, can be more beautiful or better placed. The lover fired with these hopes, insists on the promise, dwelling with pleasure on each circumstance that relates to his fair-one. The throne and footstool, it seems, are quite out of his head.

‡ It is usually supposed at the approach or presence of any heavenly being, that upon their motion all should shake that lies beneath them. Here the poet, giving a description of the descent of these Deities upon the ground at *Lectos*, says that the loftiest of the wood trembled under their feet: which expression is to intimate the lightness and swiftness of the motions of heavenly beings; the wood does not shake under their feet from any corporeal weight, but from a certain awful dread and horror.

§ This is a bird about the size of a hawk, entirely black; and that is the reason why *Homer* describes *Sleep* under it's form. Here *Homer* lets us

(*Chaleis* his name by those of heav'nly birth,  
But call'd *Cymindis* by the race of earth.)

To *Ida*'s top successful *Juno* flies ;  
Great *Jove* surveys her with desiring eyes :  
The God, whose light'ning sets the heav'ns on fire,  
Through all his bosom feels the fierce desire ;  
Fierce as when first by stealth he seiz'd her charms,  
Mix'd with her soul, and melted in her arms.  
Fix'd on her eyes he fed his eager look,  
Then press'd her hand, and thus with transport spoke:

Why comes my Goddess from th' æthereal sky,  
And not her steeds and flaming chariot nigh ?

Then she——I haste to those remote abodes,  
Where the great parents of the deathless Gods,  
The rev'rend *Ocean* and grey *Tethys* reign,  
On the last limits of the land and main.

I visit these, to whose indulgent cares  
I owe the nursing of my tender years. ||  
For strife, I hear, has made that union cease,  
Which held so long this ancient pair in peace.  
The steeds, prepar'd my chariot to convey  
O'er earth and seas, and through th' aerial way,  
Wait under *Ida* : of thy superior pow'r  
To ask consent, I leave th' *Olympian* bow'r ;

Nor

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know, as well as in many other places, that he is no stranger to the language of the Gods. We find in *Plato's Cratylus* a discourse of great subtilty, grounded chiefly on this observation of *Homer*, that the Gods and men call the same thing by different names. The philosopher supposes that in the original language every thing was expressed by a word, whose sound was naturally apt to mark the nature of the thing signified. This great work he ascribes to the Gods, since it required more knowledge both in the nature of sounds and things, than man had attained to. This resemblance, he says, was almost lost in modern languages, by the unskilful alterations men had made, and the great licence they had taken in compounding of words. However, he observes there were yet among the *Greeks* some remains of this original language, of which he gives a few instances, adding, that many more were to be found in some of the barbarous languages, that had deviated less from the original, which was still preserved entire among the Gods. This appears a notion so uncommon, that we could not forbear to mention it.

|| The allegory of this is very obvious. *Juno* is constantly understood to be the *air* ; and we are here told she was nourished by the vapours which rise from the *Ocean* and the *Earth*. For *Tethys* is the same with *Rhea*.



Nor seek, unknown to thee, the sacred cells  
Deep under seas, where hoary *Ocean* dwells.

For that (said *Jove*) suffice another day;  
But eager love denies the least delay.  
Let softer cares the present hour employ,  
And be these moments sacred all to joy.  
Ne'er did my soul so strong a passion prove,  
Or for an earthly, or a heav'nly love:  
Not when I press'd *Ixion's* matchless dame,  
Whence rose *Perithous* like the Gods in fame.  
Not when fair *Danaë* felt the show'r of gold  
Stream into life, whence *Perseus* brave and bold.  
Not thus I burn'd for either *Theban* dame,  
(*Bacchus* from this, from that *Alcides* came)  
Not *Phœnix's* daughter, beautiful and young,  
Whence godlike *Rhadamanth* and *Minos* sprung.  
Not thus I burn'd for fair *Latona's* face,  
Nor comelier *Ceres's* more majestic grace.  
Not thus ev'n for thyself I felt desire,  
As now my veins receive the pleasing fire.\*

He spoke; the Goddess with the charming eyes  
Glow's with celestial red, and thus replies.  
Is this a scene for love? on *Ida's* height,  
Expos'd to mortal, and immortal sight;  
Our joys prophan'd by each familiar eye;  
The sport of heav'n, and fable of the sky!  
How shall I e'er review the blest abodes,  
Or mix among the senate of the Gods?

## NOTES.

\* This courtship of *Jupiter* to *Juno* may possibly be thought pretty singular. He endeavours to prove the ardor of his passion to her, by the instances of it's warmth to other women. A great many people will look upon this as no very likely method to recommend himself to *Juno's* favour. Yet, after all, something may be said in defence of *Jupiter's* way of thinking, with respect to the ladies. Perhaps a man's love to the sex in general may be no ill recommendation of him to a particular. And to be known or thought to have been successful with a good many, is what some moderns have found no unfortunate qualification in gaining a lady, even a most virtuous one like *Juno*, especially one who (like her) has had the experience of a married state.

† It is an observation of *Aristotle*, that when *Homer* is obliged to describe any thing of itself absurd or too improbable; he constantly contrives to blind and dazzle the judgment of his readers with some shining description. This passage is a remarkable instance of that artifice; for having imagined a fiction of very great absurdity, that the Supreme Being should be laid aside in a female embrace, he immediately, as it were to divert his reader from reflecting on his boldness, pours forth a great variety

Shall I not think, that, with disorder'd charms,  
All heav'n beholds me recent from thy arms?  
With skill divine has *Vulcan* form'd thy bow'r,  
Sacred to love and to the genial hour;  
If such thy will, to that recess retire,  
And secret there indulge thy soft desire.

She ceas'd; and smiling with superior love,  
Thus answer'd mild the cloud-compelling *Jove*.  
Nor God, nor mortal shall our joys behold,  
Shaded with clouds, and circumfus'd in gold,  
Not ev'n the sun, who darts thro' heav'n his rays,  
And whose broad eye th' extended earth surveys.

Gazing he spoke, and kindling at the view,  
His eager arms around the Goddess threw.  
Glad Earth perceives, and from her bosom pours  
Unbidden herbs, and voluntary flow'rs:†  
Thick new-born vi'lets a soft carpet spread,  
And clust'ring *lotos* swell'd the rising bed,  
And sudden *hyacinths* the turf bestrow,  
And flaming *crocus* made the mountain glow.  
There golden clouds conceal the heav'nly pair,  
Steep'd in soft joys, and circumfus'd with air;  
Celestial dew's, descending o'er the ground,  
Perfume the mount, and breathe *ambrosia* round.  
At length with love and sleep's soft pow'r oppress'd,  
The panting Thund'rer nods, and sinks to rest.

Now to the navy borne on silent wings,  
To *Neptune's* ear soft *Sleep* his message brings;

Beside

## NOTES.

of poetical ornaments; by describing the various flowers the earth shoots up to compose their couch, the golden clouds that encompassed them, and the bright heavenly dew's that were showered round them. It is observable, as an instance of *Homer's* modest conduct in so delicate an affair, that he has purposely adorned the bed of *Jupiter* with such a variety of beautiful flowers, that the reader's thoughts being entirely taken up with these ornaments, might have no room for loose imaginations. In the same manner an ancient scholiast has observed, that the golden cloud was contrived to lock up this action from any farther inquiry of the reader. We cannot conclude the notes on this story of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, without observing with what particular care *Milton* has imitated the several beautiful parts of this episode, introducing them upon different occasions as the subjects of his poem would admit. The circumstance of *Sleep's* sitting in likeness of a bird on the fir-tree upon mount *Ida*, is alluded to in his 4th book, where *Satan* sits in likeness of a cormorant on the tree of life. The creation is made to give the same tokens of joy at the performance of the nuptial rites of our first parents, as she does here at the congress of *Jupiter* and *Juno*.



Beside him sudden, unperceiv'd he stood,  
And thus with gentle words address'd the God.

Now, *Neptune*! now, th' important hour employ,  
To check awhile the haughty hopes of *Troy*:  
While *Jove* yet rests, while yet my vapours shed  
The golden vision round his sacred head;  
For *Juno's* love, and *Somnus'* pleasing ties,  
Have clos'd those awful and eternal eyes.

Thus having said, the power of slumber flew,  
On human lids to drop the balmy dew.

*Neptune*, with zeal increas'd, renews his care,  
And tow'ring in the foremost ranks of war,  
Indignant thus—Oh once of martial fame!

O *Greeks*! if yet ye can deserve the name!  
This half-recover'd day shall *Troy* obtain?  
Shall *Hector* thunder at your ships again?  
Lo still he vaunts, and threats the fleet with fires,  
While stern *Achilles* in his wrath retires.  
One hero's loss too tamely you deplore,  
Be still yourselves, and we shall need no more.  
Oh yet, if glory any bosom warms,  
Brace on your firmest helms, and stand to arms:  
His strongest spear each valiant *Grecian* wield,  
Each valiant *Grecian* seize his broadest shield;  
Let, to the weak, the lighter arms belong,  
The pond'rous targe be wielded by the strong.

## NOTES.

\* *Homer* makes the bravest and stoutest of his warriors march to battle, in the best arms. The *Grecian* legislators punished those who cast away their shields, but not those who lost their spears or their swords; as an intimation that the care of preserving and defending ourselves is preferable to the wounding our enemy, especially in those who are generals of armies, or governors of states. The poet here makes the best warriors take the largest shields and longest spears, that they might be ready prepared, with proper arms, both offensive and defensive, for a new kind of fight, in which they are soon to be engaged when the fleet is attacked. Which indeed seems the most rational account that can be given for *Neptune's* advice in this exigence.

† The chief advantage the *Greeks* gain by the sleep of *Jupiter*, seems to be this: *Neptune* unwilling to offend *Jupiter*, has hitherto concealed himself in disguised shapes; so that it does not appear that *Jupiter* knew of his being among the *Greeks*, since he takes no notice of it. This precaution hinders him from assisting the *Greeks* otherwise than by his advice. But upon the intelligence received of what *Juno* had done, he assumes a form that manifests his divinity, inspiring courage into

(Thus arm'd) not *Hector* shall our presence stay;  
Myself, ye *Greeks*! myself will lead the way.

The troops assent; their martial arms they change,  
The busy chiefs their banded legions range.  
The kings, though wounded, and oppress'd with pain,  
With helpful hands themselves assist the train.  
The strong and cumb'rous arms the valiant wield,  
The weaker warrior takes a lighter shield.\*  
Thus sheath'd in shining brass in bright array,  
The legions march, and *Neptune* leads the way: †  
His brandish'd faulchion flames before their eyes,  
Like light'ning flashing through the frighted skies.  
Clad in his might th' Earth-shaking pow'r appears;  
Pale mortals tremble, and confess their fears.

*Troy's* great defender stands alone unaw'd,  
Arms his proud host, and dares oppose a God:  
And lo! the God, and wond'rous man appear; ‡  
The sea's stern ruler there, and *Hector* here.  
The roaring main, at her great master's call, §  
Rose in huge ranks, and form'd a watry wall.  
Around the ships: seas hanging o'er the shores,  
Both armies join: earth thunders, ocean roars.  
Not half so loud the bellowing deeps resound, §  
When stormy winds disclose the dark profound;  
Less loud the winds, that from th' *Eolian* hall  
Rear through the woods, and make whole forests fall;

Less

## NOTES.

the *Grecian* chiefs, appearing at the head of their army, brandishing a sword in his hand, the sight of which struck such a terror into the *Trojans*, that, as *Homer* says, none durst approach it. And therefore it is not to be wondered, that the *Trojans*, who are no longer sustained by *Jupiter*, immediately give way to the enemy.

‡ What magnificence and nobleness is there in this idea? where *Homer* opposes *Hector* to *Neptune*, and equalizes him in some degree to a God.

§ This swelling and inundation of the sea towards the *Grecian* camp, as if it had been agitated by a storm, is meant for a prodigy, intimating that the waters had the same resentments with their commander *Neptune*, and seconded him in his quarrel.

§ The poet having ended the episode of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, returns to the battle, where the *Greeks* being animated and led on by *Neptune*, renew the fight with vigour. The noise and outcry of this fresh onset, he endeavours to express by these three sounding comparisons; as if he thought it necessary to awake the reader's attention, which by the preceding descriptions might be lulled into a forgetfulness of the fight. He might likewise design to shew how soundly *Jupiter* slept, since he is not awaked



Less loud the woods, where flames in torrents pour,  
 Catch the dry mountain, and its shades devour.  
 With such a rage the meeting hosts are driv'n,  
 And such a clamour shakes the founding heav'n.  
 The first bold javelin urg'd by *Hector's* force,  
 Direct at *Ajax's* bosom wing'd its course;  
 But there no pass the crossing belts afford,  
 (One brac'd his shield, and one sustain'd his sword.)  
 Then back the disappointed *Trojan* drew,  
 And curs'd the lance that unavailing flew:  
 But scap'd not *Ajax*; his tempestuous hand  
 A ponderous stone up-heaving from the sand;  
 (Where heaps laid loose beneath the warrior's feet,  
 Or serv'd to ballast, or to prop the fleet)  
 Toss'd round and round, the missive marble flings;  
 On the raz'd shield the falling ruin rings,  
 Full on his breast and throat with force descends;  
 Nor deaden'd there its giddy fury spends,  
 But whirling on, with many a fiery round,  
 Smokes in the dust, and ploughs into the ground.\*  
 As when the bolt red-hissing from above,  
 Darts on the consecrated plant of *Jove*,  
 The mountain-oak in flaming ruin lies,  
 Black from the blow, and smokes of sulphur rise;  
 Stiff with amaze the pale beholders stand,  
 And own the terrors of th' Almighty hand!  
 So lies great *Hector* prostrate on the shore;  
 His slacken'd hand deserts the lance it bore;  
 His following shield the fallen chief o'erspread;  
 Beneath his helmet drop'd his fainting head;  
 His load of armour sinking to the ground,  
 Clanks on the field; a dead, and hollow sound.  
 Loud shouts of triumph fill the crowded plain;  
 Greece sees, in hope, *Troy's* great defender slain:  
 All spring to seize him; storms of arrows fly;  
 And thicker javelins intercept the sky.  
 In vain an iron tempest hisses round;  
 He lies protected, and without a wound.

## NOTES.

awaked by so terrible an uproar. This passage cannot be thought justly liable to the objections which have been made against heaping comparisons one upon another, whereby the principal object is lost amidst too great a variety of different images. In this case the principal image is more strongly impressed on the mind by a multiplication of similes, which are the natural product of an imagination labouring to express something very fast: but finding no single idea sufficient to answer its conceptions, it endeavours by redoubling the comparisons to supply this defect: the different sounds of waters, winds, and flames, being as it were united in one.

\* These words are translated by several, as if  
 No. 11.

*Polydamas*, *Agenor* the divine,  
 The pious warrior of *Anchises'* line,  
 And each bold leader of the *Lycian* band;  
 With cov'ring shields (a friendly circle) stand:  
 His mournful followers, with assistant care,  
 The groaning hero to his chariot bear;  
 His foaming courfers, swifter than the wind,  
 Speed to the town, and leave the war behind.  
 When now they touch'd the mead's enamel'd side,  
 Where gentle *Xanthus* rolls his easy tide,  
 With watry drops the chief they sprinkle round,  
 Plac'd on the margin of the flow'ry ground.  
 Rais'd on his knees, he now ejects the gore;  
 Now faints anew, low-sinking on the shore;  
 By fits he breathes, half views the fleeting skies,  
 And seals again, by fits, his swimming eyes.  
 Soon as the *Greeks* the chief's retreat beheld,  
 With double fury each invades the field.  
*Oilean Ajax* first his javelin sped,  
 Pierc'd by whose point, the son of *Enops* bled;  
 (*Satnius* the brave, whom beauteous *Neis* bore  
 Amidst her flocks on *Satnio's* silver shore)  
 Struck through the belly's rim, the warrior lies:  
 Supine, and shades eternal veil his eyes.  
 Air arduous battle rose around the dead;  
 By turns the *Greeks*, by turns the *Trojans* bled.  
 Fir'd with revenge, *Polydamas* drew near,  
 And at *Prothænor* shook the trembling spear;  
 The driving javelin through his shoulder thrust,  
 He sinks to earth, and grasps the bloody dust.  
 Lo thus (the victor cries) we rule the field,  
 And thus their arms the race of *Panthus* wield:  
 From this unerring hand there flies no dart  
 But bathes its point within a *Grecian* heart:  
 Propt on that spear to which thou ow'st thy fall,\*  
 Go, guide thy darksome steps to *Pluto's* dreary hall!  
 He said, and sorrow touch'd each *Argive* breast:  
 The soul of *Ajax* burn'd above the rest?

As.

## NOTES.

they signified that *Hector* was turned round with the blow, like a whirlwind; which would enhance the wonderful greatness of *Ajax's* strength. But others rather incline to refer the words to the stone itself, and the violence of its motion. It is above the wit of man to give a more fiery illustration both of *Ajax's* strength and *Hector's*; of *Ajax*, for giving such a force to the stone, that it could not spend itself on *Hector*; but afterwards turned upon the earth with that violence; and of *Hector*, for standing the blow so solidly: for without that consideration, the stone could never have recoiled so fiercely.

\* The occasion of this sarcasm of *Polydamas* seems taken from the attitude of his falling enemy.



As by his side the groaning warrior fell,  
At the fierce foe he launch'd his piercing steel;  
The foe reclining, shunn'd the flying death;  
But fate, *Archelochus*, demands thy breath:  
Thy lofty birth no succour could impart,  
The wings of death o'ertook thee on the dart,  
Swift to perform heav'n's fatal will it fled,  
Full on the juncture of the neck and head,  
And took the joint, and cut the nerves in twain:  
The dropping head first tumbled to the plain.  
So just the stroke, that yet the body stood  
Erect, then roll'd along the sands in blood.

Here, proud *Polydamas*, here turn thy eyes!  
(The tow'ring *Ajax* loud-insulting cries)  
Say, is this chief extended on the plain,  
A worthy vengeance for *Prothænor* slain?  
Mark well his port! his figure and his face;  
Nor speak him vulgar, nor of vulgar race;  
Some lines, methinks, may make his lineage known,  
*Antenor's* brother, or perhaps his son.

He spake, and smil'd severe, for well he knew  
The bleeding youth: *Troy* sadden'd at the view.  
But furious *Acamas* aveng'd his cause;  
As *Promachus* his slaughter'd brother draws,  
He pierc'd his heart—Such fate attends you all,  
Proud *Argives*! destin'd by our arms to fall.  
Not *Troy* alone, but haughty *Greece* shall share  
The toils, the sorrows, and the wounds of war.  
Behold your *Promachus* depriv'd of breath,  
A victim ow'd to my brave brother's death.  
Not unappeas'd he enters *Pluto's* gate,  
Who leaves a brother to revenge his fate.

Heart-piercing anguish struck the *Grecian* host,  
But touch'd the breast of bold *Peneleus* most:  
At the proud boaster he directs his course;  
The boaster flies, and shuns superior force.  
But young *Ilioneus* receiv'd the spear;  
*Ilioneus*, his father's only care:  
(*Phorbas* the rich, of all the *Trojan* train  
Whom *Hermes* lov'd, and taught the arts of gain)  
Full in his eye the weapon chanc'd to fall,  
And from the fibres scoop'd the rooted ball,

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who is transfix'd with a spear through his right shoulder. This posture bearing some resemblance

Drove thro' the neck, and hurl'd him to the plain:  
He lifts his miserable arms in vain!  
Swift his broad faulchion fierce *Peneleus* spread,  
And from the spouting shoulders struck his head;  
To earth at once the head and helmet fly;  
The lance, yet sticking thro' the bleeding eye,  
The victor seiz'd; and as aloft he shook  
The goary visage, thus insulting spoke.

*Trojans*! your great *Ilioneus* behold!  
Haste, to his father let the tale be told:  
Let his high roofs resound with frantic woe,  
Such, as the house of *Promachus* must know;  
Let doleful tidings greet his mother's ear,  
Such, as to *Promachus's* sad spouse we bear;  
When we victorious shall to *Greece* return,  
And the pale matron in our triumphs mourn.

Dreadful he spoke, then toss'd the head on high;  
The *Trojans* hear, they tremble, and they fly:  
Aghast they gaze around the fleet and wall,  
And dread the ruin that impends on all.

Daughters of *Jove*! that on *Olympus* shine,  
Ye all-beholding, all-recording nine!  
O say, when *Neptune* made proud *Hion* yield,  
What chief, what hero first embur'd the field?  
Of all the *Grecians* what immortal name,  
And whose blest trophies, will ye raise to fame?

Thou first, great *Ajax*! on th' ensanguin'd plain  
Laid *Hyrtius*, leader of the *Mysian* train.  
*Phalces* and *Mermer*, *Nestor's* son o'erthrew,  
Bold *Merion*, *Morys*, and *Hippotion* flew.  
Strong *Periphetes* and *Prothoon* bled,  
By *Teucer's* arrows mingled with the dead.  
Pierc'd in the flank by *Menelaüs's* steel,  
His people's pastor, *Hyperenor* fell;  
Eternal darkness wrapt the warrior round,  
And the fierce soul came rushing thro' the wound.  
But stretch'd in heaps before *Oileus's* son,  
Fall mighty numbers, mighty numbers run;  
*Ajax* the less, of all the *Grecian* race  
Skill'd in pursuit, and swiftest in the chase.

## NOTES.

to that of a man leaning on a staff, might probably suggest the conceit.



## The FIFTEENTH BOOK of the ILIAD.

## A R G U M E N T.

## THE FIFTH BATTLE, AT THE SHIPS; AND THE ACTS OF AJAX.

Jupiter awaking, sees the Trojans repulsed from the trenches, Hector in a swoon, and Neptune at the head of the Greeks: he is highly incensed at the artifice of Juno, who appeases him by her submissions; she is then sent to Iris and Apollo. Juno repairing to the assembly of the Gods, attempts with extraordinary address to incense them against Jupiter; in particular she touches Mars with a violent resentment: he is ready to take arms, but is prevented by Minerva. Iris and Apollo obey the orders of Jupiter; Iris commands Neptune to leave the battle, to which, after much reluctance and passion, he consents. Apollo re-inspires Hector with vigour, brings him back to the battle, marches before him with his Aegis, and turns the fortune of the fight. He breaks down great part of the Grecian wall: the Trojans rush in, and attempt to fire the first line of the fleet, but are, as yet, repelled by the greater Ajax with a prodigious slaughter.

NOW in swift flight they pass the trench profound,  
And many a chief lay gasping on the ground:  
Then stopp'd and panted, where the chariots lie;  
Fear on their cheek, and horror in their eye.  
Meanwhile awaken'd from his dream of love,  
On Ida's summit sat imperial Jove:  
Round the wide fields he cast a careful view,  
There saw the Trojans fly, the Greeks pursue:  
These proud in arms, those scatter'd o'er the plain;  
And 'midst the war, the Monarch of the main.  
Not far, great Hector on the dust he spies,  
(His sad associates round with weeping eyes)

## NOTES.

\* Adam, in *Paradise Lost*, awakes from the embrace of Eve in much the same humour with Jupiter in this place. Their circumstance is very parallel; and each of them, as soon as his passion is over, full of that resentment natural to a superior, who is im-

Ejecting blood, and panting yet for breath,  
His senses wand'ring to the verge of death.  
The God beheld him with a pitying look,  
And thus, incens'd, to fraudulent Juno spoke.  
O thou, still adverse to th' eternal will,\*  
For ever studious in promoting ill!  
Thy arts have made the god-like Hector yield,  
And driv'n his conqu'ring squadrons from the field.  
Canst thou, unhappy in thy wiles! withstand  
Our pow'r immense, and brave th' almighty hand?  
Hast thou forgot, when bound and fix'd on high,  
From the vast concave of the spangled sky,†

I hung

## NOTES.

posed upon by one of less worth and sense than himself, and imposed upon in the worst manner, by shews of tenderness and love.

† It is in the original to this effect, *Have you forgot how you swung in the air, when I hung a load of*  
JAV



I hung thee trembling, in a golden chain ;  
 And all the raging Gods oppos'd in vain ?  
 Headlong I hurl'd them from th' *Olympian* hall,  
 Stunn'd in the whirl, and breathless with the fall.  
 For godlike *Hercules* these deeds were done,  
 Nor seem'd the vengeance worthy such a son ;  
 When by thy wiles induc'd, fierce *Briar* tost  
 The shipwreck'd hero on the *Coan* coast:  
 Him thro' a thousand forms of death I bore,  
 And sent to *Argos*, and his native shore.  
 Hear this, remember, and our fury dread,  
 Nor pull th' unwilling vengeance on thy head ;  
 Lest arts and blandishments successless prove,  
 Thy soft deceits, and well-dissembled love.

The Thund'rer spoke : imperial *Juno* mourn'd,  
 And trembling, these submissive words return'd.

By ev'ry oath that pow'rs immortal ties,  
 The foodful earth, and all-infolding skies,  
 By thy black waves, tremendous *Styx* ! that flow \*  
 Through the drear realms of gliding ghosts below :  
 By the dread honours of thy sacred head,  
 And that unbroken vow, our virgin bed !

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two anvils at your feet, and a chain of gold on your hands? Though it is not our design to give a reason for every story in the pagan theology, yet we cannot prevail upon ourselves to pass over this in silence. The physical allegory seems very apparent: *Homer* mysteriously in this place explains the nature of the *air*, which is *Juno*; the two anvils which she had to her feet are the two elements, earth and water; and the chains of gold about her hands are the *ether*, or fire which fills the superior region: the two grosser elements are called anvils, to shew us, that in these two elements only, arts are exercised. We do not know but that a moral allegory may here be found, as well as a physical one; the poet, by these masses tied to the feet of *Juno*, and by the chain of gold with which her hands were bound, might signify, not only that domestic affairs should like fetters detain the wife at home, but that proper and beautiful works like chains of gold ought to employ her hands.—What *Homer* says of the punishment of *Juno* was not an invention of his own, but founded upon an ancient tradition. There had probably been some statue of *Juno* with anvils at her feet, and chains on her hands; and nothing but chains and anvils being left by time, superstitious people raised this story; so that *Homer* only followed common report. What farther confirms it is, that there were shewn near *Troy*, certain ruins, which were said to be the remains of these masses.

\* *Herodotus*, in his sixth book, writes thus.  
 "The *Arcadians* say, that near the city *Nonacris*

Not by my arts the ruler of the main †  
 Steeps *Troy* in blood, and ranges round the plain:  
 By his own ardor, his own pity sway'd  
 To help his *Greeks*: he fought, and disobey'd:  
 Else had thy *Juno* better counsels giv'n,  
 And taught submission to the Sire of heav'n:  
 Think'st thou with me? fair Empress of the skies—  
 (Th' immortal Father with a smile replies!)  
 Then soon the haughty sea-god shall obey,  
 Nor dare to act, but when we point the way.  
 If truth inspires thy tongue, proclaim our will:  
 To yon bright synod on th' *Olympian* hill;  
 Our high decree let various *Iris* know,  
 And call the God that bears the silver bow.  
 Let her descend, and from th' embattled plain:  
 Command the sea-god to his wat'ry reign:  
 While *Phæbus* hastes, great *Hector* to prepare  
 To rise afresh, and once more wake the war,  
 His lab'ring bosom re-inspires with breath,  
 And calls his senses from the verge of death.  
 Greece chac'd by *Troy* ev'n to *Achilles'* fleet;  
 Shall fall by thousands at the hero's feet.

Hec.

## NOTES.

flows the water of *Styx*, and that it is a small rill, which distilling from an exceeding high rock, falls into a little cavity or basin, environed with a hedge." *Pausanias*, who had seen the place, gives light to this passage of *Herodotus*. "Going from *Phoreus*, says he, in the country of the *Arcadians*, and drawing towards the West, we find on the left the city of *Clytorus*, and on the right that of *Nonacris*, and the fountain of *Styx*, which from the height of a shaggy precipice falls drop by drop upon an exceeding high rock, and before it has traversed this rock, flows into the river *Crathis*: this water is mortal both to man and beast, and therefore it is said to be an infernal fountain. *Homer* gives it a place in his poems, and by the description which he delivers, one would think he had seen it." This shews the wonderful exactness of *Homer*, in the description of places which he mentions. The Gods swore by *Styx*, and this was the strongest oath they could take; but we likewise find that men too swore by this fatal water: for *Herodotus* tells us, *Cleomenes* going to *Arcadia* to engage the *Arcadians* to follow him in a war against *Sparta*, had a design to assemble at the city *Nonacris*, and make them swear by the water of this fountain.

† This apology is well contrived; *Juno* could not swear that she had not deceived *Jupiter*, for this had been entirely false, and *Homer* would be far from authorizing perjury by so great an example. *Juno*, we see, throws part of the fault on *Neptune*, by shewing she had not acted in concert with him.



He, not untouch'd with pity, to the plain\*  
 Shall send *Patroclus*, but shall send in vain.  
 What youth he slaughters under *Ilium's* walls!  
 Ev'n my lov'd son, divine *Sarpedon* falls!  
 Vanquish'd at last by *Hector's* lance he lies.  
 Then, nor till then, shall great *Achilles* rise:  
 And lo! that instant, godlike *Hector* dies.  
 From that great hour the war's whole fortune turns,  
*Pallas* assists, and lofty *Ilium* burns.  
 Not till that day shall *Jove* relax his rage,  
 Nor one of all the heav'nly host engage  
 In aid of *Greece*. The promise of a God  
 I gave, and seal'd it with th' almighty nod,  
*Achilles'* glory to the stars to raise;  
 Such was our word, and fate the word obeys.

## NOTES.

\* In this discourse of *Jupiter*, the poet opens his design, by giving his reader a sketch of the principal events he is to expect. As this conduct of *Hommer* may to many appear no way artful, and since it is a principal article of the charge brought against him by some late *French* critics, it will not be improper here to look a little into this dispute. It must be owned that a surprize artfully managed, which arises from unexpected revolutions of great actions, is extremely pleasing. In this consists the principal pleasure of a romance, or well-writ tragedy. But besides this, there is in the relation of great events a different kind of pleasure, which arises from the artful unravelling a knot of actions, which we know before in the gross. This is a delight peculiar to history and epic poetry, which is founded on history. In these kinds of writing, a preceding summary knowledge of the events described does no way damp our curiosity, but rather makes it more eager for the detail. This is evident in a good history, where generally the reader is affected with a greater delight in proportion to his preceding knowledge of the facts described: the pleasure in this case is like that of an architect's first view of some magnificent building, who was before well acquainted with the proportions of it. In an epic poem the case is of a like nature; where, as if the historical fore-knowledge were not sufficient, the most judicious poets never fail to excite their reader's curiosity by some small sketches of their design; which, like the outlines of a fine picture, will necessarily raise in us a greater desire to see it in it's finished colouring. Had our author been inclined to follow the method of managing our passions by surprizes, he could not well have succeeded by this manner in the subject he chose to write upon, which being a story of great importance, the

No. 11.

The trembling Queen (th' almighty order giv'n)  
 Swift from th' *Idæan* summit shot to heav'n.  
 As some way-faring man, who wanders o'er  
 In thought, a length of lands he trod before,  
 Sends forth his active mind from place to place,  
 Joins hill to dale, and measures space with space:  
 So swift flew *Juno* to the blest abodes,  
 If thought of man can match the speed of Gods.  
 There sat the pow'rs in awful synod plac'd;  
 They bow'd, and made obeisance as she pass'd,  
 Through all the brazen dome: with goblets  
 crown'd  
 They hail her Queen; the *nectar* streams around.  
 Fair *Themis* first presents the golden bowl,  
 And anxious asks what cares disturb her soul?

To

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principal events of which were well known to the *Greeks*, it was not possible for him to alter the ground work of his piece; and probably he was willing to mark sometimes by anticipation, sometimes by recapitulations, how much of his story was founded on historical truths, and that what is super-added were the poetical ornaments. There is another consideration worth remembering on this head, to justify our author's conduct. It seems to have been an opinion in those early times, deeply rooted in most countries and religions, that the actions of men were not only foreknown, but predestinated by a superior being. This sentiment is very frequent in the most ancient writers both sacred and profane, and seems a distinguished character of the writings of the greatest antiquity. "The word of the Lord was fulfilled," is the principal observation in the history of the Old Testament; and is the declared and most obvious moral of the *Iliad*. If this great moral be fit to be represented in poetry, what means so proper to make it evident, as this introducing *Jupiter* foretelling the events which he had decreed?

† The discourse of *Jupiter* to *Juno* being ended, she ascends to heaven with wonderful celerity, which the poet explains by this comparison. On other occasions he has illustrated the action of the mind by sensible images from the motion of the bodies; here he inverts the case, and shews the great velocity of *Juno's* flight by comparing it to the quickness of thought. No other comparison could have equalled the speed of an heavenly being. To render this more beautiful and exact, the poet describes a traveller who revolves in his mind the several places he has seen, and in an instant passes in imagination from one distant part of the earth to another.

3 E



To whom the white-arm'd Goddess thus replies:  
 Enough thou know'st the tyrant of the skies,  
 Severely bent his purpose to fulfil,  
 Unmov'd his mind, and unrestrain'd his will.  
 Go thou, the feasts of heav'n attend thy call; \*  
 Bid the crown'd *nectar* circle round the hall;  
 But *Jove* shall thunder through th' ethereal dome,  
 Such stern decrees, such threaten'd woes to come,  
 As soon shall freeze mankind with dire surprize,  
 And damp th' eternal banquets of the skies.

† The Goddess said, and sullen took her place;  
 Blank horror sadden'd each celestial face.  
 To see the gath'ring grudge in ev'ry breast,  
 Smiles on her lips a spleenful joy express,  
 While on her wrinkled front, and eye-brow bent,  
 Sat stedfast care, and low'ring discontent.  
 Thus she proceeds—Attend ye pow'rs above! †  
 But know, 'tis madness to contest with *Jove*:  
 Supreme he sits; and sees, in pride of sway,  
 Your vassal Godheads grudgingly obey;  
 Fierce in the majesty of pow'r controuls,  
 Shakes all the thrones of heav'n, and bends the poles.  
 Submit, immortals! all he wills, obey;  
 And thou, great *Mars*, begin and shew the way.  
 Behold *Ascalaphus*! behold him die,  
 But dare not murmur, dare not vent a sigh;  
 Thy own lov'd boasted offspring lies o'erthrown,  
 If that lov'd boasted offspring be thy own.

Stern *Mars*, with anguish for his slaughter'd son,  
 Smote his rebelling breast, and fierce begun.  
 Thus then, Immortals! thus shall *Mars* obey;  
 Forgive me, Gods, and yield my vengeance way:  
 Descending first to yon forbidden plain,  
 The God of battles dares avenge the slain;

Dares, though the thunder bursting o'er my head  
 Should hurl me blazing on those heaps of dead.

With that, he gives command to *Fear* and *Flight* ‡  
 To join his rapid courfers for the fight:  
 Then grim in arms, with hasty vengeance flies;  
 Arms, that reflect a radiance through the skies.  
 And now had *Jove*, by bold rebellion driv'n,  
 Discharg'd his wrath on half the host of heav'n;  
 But *Pallas* springing through the bright abode,  
 Starts from her azure throne to calm the God.  
 Struck for th' immortal race with timely fear,  
 From frantic *Mars* she snatch'd the shield and spear;  
 Then the huge helmet lifting from his head,  
 Thus, to th' impetuous homicide she said.

By what wild passion, furious! art thou toss'd?  
 Striv'st thou with *Jove*? thou art already lost.  
 Shall not the Thund'rer's dread command restrain,  
 And was imperial *Juno* heard in vain?  
 Back to the skies would'st thou with shame be driv'n,  
 And in thy guilt involve the host of heav'n?  
*Ilium* and *Greece* no more should *Jove* engage;  
 The skies would yield an ampler scene of rage,  
 Guilty and guiltless find an equal fate,  
 And one vast ruin whelm th' *Olympian* state.  
 Cease then thy offspring's death unjust to call;  
 Heroes as great have dy'd, and yet shall fall.  
 Why should heav'n's law with foolish man comply,  
 Exempted from the race ordain'd to die?

This menace fix'd the warrior to his throne;  
 Sullen he sat, and curb'd the rising groan.  
 Then *Juno* call'd (*Jove's* orders to obey)  
 The winged *Iris*, and the God of Day.  
 Go wait the Thund'rer's will (*Saturnia* cry'd) ||  
 On yon tall summit of the fount-full *Idæ*:

There

#### NOTES.

\* This is a passage worthy our observation. *Homer* feigns, that *Themis*, that is, Justice, presides over the feast of the Gods; to let us know, that she ought much more to preside over the feasts of men.

† It was no sort of exaggeration what the ancients have affirmed of *Homer*, that the examples of all kinds of oratory are to be found in his works. The present speech of *Juno* is a master-piece in that sort, which seems to say one thing, and persuades another: for while she is only declaring to the Gods the orders of *Jupiter*, at the time that she tells them they must obey, she fills them with a reluctance to do it. By representing so strongly the superiority of his power, she makes them uneasy at it, and by particularly advising that God to submit, whose temper could least brook it, she incites him to downright rebellion. Nothing can be more sly

#### NOTES.

and artfully provoking, than that stroke on the death of his darling son: "Do thou, O *Mars*, teach obedience to us all, for it is upon thee that *Jupiter* has put the severest trial: *Ascalaphus* thy son lies slain by his means: bear it with so much temper and moderation, that the world may not think he was thy son."

‡ *Homer* does not say, that *Mars* commanded they should join his horses to his chariot, which horses were called *Fear* and *Flight*. *Fear* and *Flight* are not the names of the horses of *Mars*, but the names of two furies in the service of this God: it appears likewise by other passages, that they were his children, book 13.

|| It is remarkable, that whereas it is familiar with the poet to repeat his errands and messages, here he introduces *Juno* with very few words, where she carries a dispatch from *Jupiter* to *Iris* and *Apollo*.  
 She



There in the father's awful presence stand,  
Receive, and execute his dread command.

She said, and sat. The God that gilds the day,  
And various *Iris* wing their airy way.  
Swift as the wind, to *Ida*'s hills they came,  
(Fair nurse of fountains, and of savage game)  
There sat th' Eternal; he whose nod controuls  
The trembling world, and shakes the steady poles.  
Veil'd in a mist of fragrance him they found,  
With clouds of gold and purple circled round.  
Well-pleas'd the Thund'rer saw their earnest care,  
And prompt obedience to the Queen of Air;  
Then (while a smile serene his awful brow)  
Commands the Goddesses of the show'ry bow.

*Iris*! descend, and what we here ordain  
Report to yon mad tyrant of the main.  
Bid him from fight to his own deeps repair,  
Or breathe from slaughter in the fields of air.  
If he refuse, then let him timely weigh  
Our elder birthright, and superior sway.  
How shall his rashness stand the dire alarms,  
If heav'n's omnipotence descend in arms?  
Strives he with me, by whom his pow'r was giv'n,  
And is there equal to the Lord of heav'n?

Th' Almighty spoke; the Goddess wing'd her flight  
To sacred *Ilion* from th' *Idæan* height.  
Swift as the rattling hail, or fleecy snows  
Drive through the skies, when *Boreas* fiercely blows;  
So from the clouds descending *Iris* falls;  
And to blue *Neptune* thus the Goddess calls.

Attend the mandate of the Sire above,  
In me behold the messenger of *Jove*:

He bids thee from forbidden wars repair  
To thy own deeps, or to the fields of air.  
This if refus'd, he bids thee timely weigh  
His elder birth-right, and superior sway.  
How shall thy rashness stand the dire alarms,  
If heav'n's omnipotence descend in arms?  
Striv'st thou with him, by whom all pow'r is giv'n?  
And art thou equal to the Lord of heav'n?

What means the haughty Sov'reign of the skies?  
(The King of Ocean thus, incens'd, replies)  
Rule as he will his portion'd realms on high;  
No vassal God, nor of his train am I.  
Three brother Deities from *Saturn* came,\*  
And ancient *Rhea*, earth's immortal dame:  
Assign'd by lot, our triple rule we know;  
Infernal *Pluto* sways the shades below;  
O'er the wide clouds, and o'er the starry plain,  
Ethereal *Jove* extends his high domain;  
My court beneath the hoary waves I keep,  
And hush the roarings of the sacred deep:  
*Olympus*, and this earth in common lie;  
What claim has here the tyrant of the sky?  
Far in the distant clouds let him controul,  
And awe the younger brothers of the pole;  
There to his children his commands be giv'n,  
The trembling, servile, second race of heav'n.

And must I then (said she) O Sire of floods!  
Bear this fierce answer to the King of Gods?  
Correct it yet, and change thy rash intent;  
A noble mind disdains not to repent.  
To elder brothers guardian fiends are giv'n,†  
To scourge the wretch insulting them and heav'n.

Great

#### NOTES.

She only says, "*Jove* commands you to attend him on mount *Ida*," and adds nothing of what had passed between herself and her consort before. The reason of this brevity is not only that she is highly disgusted with *Jupiter*, and so unwilling to tell her tale from the anguish of her heart; but also because *Jupiter* had given her no commission to relate fully the subject of their discourse: wherefore she is cautious of declaring what possibly he would have concealed. Neither does *Jupiter* himself in what follows reveal his decrees: for he lets *Apollo* only so far into his will, that he would have him discover and rout the *Greeks*: their good fortune, and the success which was to ensue, he hides from him, as one who favoured the cause of *Troy*. One may remark in this passage *Homer*'s various conduct and discretion concerning what ought to be put in practice, or left undone; whereby his reader may be informed how to regulate his own affairs.

\* This fable seems to be a remain of ancient

#### NOTES.

history, importing, that the empire of the then known world was divided among the three brothers; to *Jupiter* the oriental part; which was called Heaven, as the region of light, or the sun: to *Pluto* the occidental, or darker regions; and to *Neptune* the sovereignty of the seas.

† *Iris*, that she may not seem to upbraid *Neptune* with weakness of judgment, out of regard to the greatness and dignity of his person, does not say that *Jupiter* is stronger or braver; but attacking him from a motive not in the least invidious, superiority of age, she says sententially, that the *Furies* wait upon our elders. The *Furies* are said to wait upon men in a double sense: either for evil, as they did upon *Orestes* after he had slain his mother; or else for their good, as upon elders when they are injured, to protect them and avenge their wrong. This is an instance that the Pagans looked upon birth-right as a right divine.



Great is the profit (thus the God rejoin'd)  
When ministers are blest with prudent mind:  
Warn'd by thy words, to pow'rful *Jove* I yield,  
And quit, though angry, the contended field.  
Not but his threats with justice I disclaim,  
The same our honours, and our birth the same.  
If yet, forgetful of his promise giv'n  
To *Hermes*, *Pallas*, and the Queen of heav'n;  
To favour *Ilium*, that perfidious place,  
He breaks his faith with half th' ethereal race;  
Give him to know, unless the *Grecian* train  
Lay yon proud structures level with the plain,  
Howe'er th' offence by other Gods be past,  
The wrath of *Neptune* shall for ever last.

Thus speaking, furious from the field he strode,  
And plung'd into the bosom of the flood.  
The Lord of Thunders from his lofty height  
Beheld, and thus bespoke the Source of light.

Behold! the God whose liquid arms are hurl'd  
Around the globe, whose earthquakes rock the world,  
Desists at length his rebel war to wage,  
Seeks his own seas, and trembles at our rage;  
Else had my wrath, heav'n's thrones all shaking round,\*  
Burn'd to the bottom of the seas profound!  
And all the Gods that round old *Saturn* dwell,  
Had heard the thunders to the deeps of hell.  
Well was the crime, and well the vengeance spar'd;  
Ev'n pow'r immense had found such battle hard.  
Go, thou, my son! the trembling *Greeks* alarm,  
Shake my broad *Aegis* on thy active arm,  
Be god-like *Hector* thy peculiar care,  
Swell his bold heart, and urge his strength to war:  
Let *Ilium* conquer, till th' *Achaian* train  
Fly to their ships and *Hellaspont* again:  
Then *Greece* shall breath from toils—the Godhead said;  
His will divine the son of *Jove* obey'd.  
Not half so swift the sailing falcon flies,  
That drives a turtle through the liquid skies;  
As *Phæbus* shooting from th' *Idæan* brow,  
Glides down the mountain to the plain below.

## NOTES.

\* This representation of the terrors which must have attended the conflict of two such mighty powers as *Jupiter* and *Neptune*, whereby the elements had been mixed in confusion, and the whole frame of nature endangered, is imagined in these few lines with a nobleness suitable to the occasion.

† This is a very sublime representation of the power of *Jupiter*, to make *Hector's* pains cease from the moment wherein *Jupiter* first turned his thoughts towards him. *Apollo* finds him so far recovered, as to be able to sit up, and know his friends.

There *Hector* seated by the stream he sees,  
His sense returning with the coming breeze;  
Again his pulses beat, his spirits rise;  
Again his lov'd companions meet his eyes;  
*Jove* thinking of his pains, they pass away. †  
To whom the God who gives the golden day.  
Why sits great *Hector* from the field so far,  
What grief, what wound, withholds him from the war?  
The fainting hero, as the vision bright  
Stood shining o'er him, half unseal'd his sight;  
What blest immortal, with commanding breath,  
Thus wakens *Hector* from the sleep of death?  
Has fame not told, how, while my trusty sword  
Bath'd *Greece* in slaughter, and her battle gor'd,  
The mighty *Ajax* with a deadly blow  
Had almost sunk me to the shades below?  
Ev'n yet, methinks, the gliding ghosts I spy,  
And hell's black horrors swim before my eye.

To him *Apollo*. Be no more dismay'd;  
See, and be strong! the Thund'rer sends thee aid,  
Behold! thy *Phæbus* shall his arms employ,  
*Phæbus*, propitious still to thee, and *Troy*.  
Inspire thy warriors then with manly force,  
And to the ships impel thy rapid horse;  
Ev'n I will make thy fiery couriers way,  
And drive the *Grecians* headlong to the sea.

Thus to bold *Hector* spoke the son of *Jove*,  
And breath'd immortal ardour from above.  
As when the pamper'd steed, with reins unbound, ‡  
Breaks from his stall, and pours along the ground;  
With ample strokes he rushes to the flood,  
To bathe his sides, and cool his fiery blood.  
His head now freed, he tosses to the skies;  
His mane dishevel'd o'er his shoulders flies;  
He snuffs the females in the well-known plain,  
And springs, exulting, to his fields again:  
Urg'd by the voice divine, thus *Hector* flew,  
Full of the God; and all his hosts pursue.  
As when the force of men and dogs combin'd  
Invade the mountain goat, or branching hind;

Far

## NOTES.

Thus much was the work of *Jupiter*; the God of health perfects the cure.

‡ This comparison is repeated from the sixth book, and we are told that the ancient critics retained no more than the two first verses and the four last in this place, and that they gave the verses two marks; by the one (which was the asterisk) they intimated, that the four lines were very beautiful; but by the other (which was the obelus) that they were ill placed. We believe an impartial reader who considers the two places may discern a beauty in each.







Far from the hunter's rage secure they lie  
Close in the rock, (not fated yet to die)\*  
When lo! a lion shoots across the way!  
They fly! at once the chacers and the prey.  
So *Greece*, that late in conqu'ring troops pursu'd,  
And mark'd their progress thro' the ranks in blood,  
Soon as they see the furious chief appear,  
Forget to vanquish, and consent to fear.

*Thoas* with grief observ'd his dreadful course,  
*Thoas*, the bravest of th' *Ætolian* force:  
Skill'd to direct the jav'lin's distant flight,  
And bold to combat in the standing fight;  
Nor more in councils fam'd for solid sense,  
Than winning words and heav'nly eloquence.  
Gods! what portent (he cry'd) these eyes invades?  
Lo! *Hector* rises from the *Stygian* shades!  
We saw him, late, by thund'ring *Ajax* kill'd;  
What God restores him to the frighted field;  
And not content that half of *Greece* lie slain,  
Pours new destruction on her sons again?  
He comes not, *Jove*! without thy pow'rful will;  
Lo! still he lives, pursues, and conquers still!  
Yet hear my counsel, and his worst withstand;  
The *Greek's* main body to the fleet command:  
But let the few whom brisker spirits warm,  
Stand the first onset, and provoke the storm:  
Thus point your arms; and when such foes appear,  
Fierce as he is, let *Hector* learn to fear.

The warrior spoke, the list'ning *Greeks* obey,  
Thick'ning their ranks, and form a deep array.  
Each *Ajax*, *Teucer*, *Merion*, gave command,  
The valiant leader of the *Cretan* band,  
And *Mars*-like *Meges*: these the chiefs excite,  
Approach the foe, and meet the coming fight.  
Behind, unnumber'd multitudes attend,  
To flank the navy, and the shores defend.

## NOTES.

\* We may remark on this passage, that *Homer* extended destiny (that is, the care of Providence) even over the beasts of the field; an opinion that agrees perfectly with true theology. In the book of *Jonas*, the regard of the Creator extending to the meanest rank of his creatures, is strongly expressed in those words of the Almighty, where he makes his compassion to the brute beasts one of the reasons against destroying *Nineveh*. "Shall I not spare the great city, in which there are more than sixscore thousand persons, and also much cattle?" And what is still more parallel to this passage, in *St. Matthew*, chap. x. "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And yet one of them shall not fall to the ground, without your father."

No. 11.

Full on the front the pressing *Trojans* bear,  
And *Hector* first came tow'ring to the war.  
*Phæbus* himself the rushing battle led;  
A veil of clouds involv'd his radiant head:  
High-held before him, *Jove's* enormous shield  
Portentous shone, and shaded all the field.  
*Vulcan* to *Jove* th' immortal gift consign'd,  
To scatter hosts, and terrify mankind.  
The *Greeks* expect the shock; the clamours rise  
From diff'rent parts, and mingle in the skies.  
Dire was the hiss of darts, by heroes flung,  
And arrows leaping from the bow-string sung;  
These drink the life of gen'rous warriors slain;  
Those guiltless fall, and thirst for blood in vain.  
As long as *Phæbus* bore unmov'd the shield,  
Sat doubtful Conquest hov'ring o'er the field;  
But when aloft he shakes it in the skies,†  
Shouts in their ears, and lightens in their eyes,  
Deep horror seizes ev'ry *Grecian* breast,  
Their force is humbled, and their fear confess.  
So flies a herd of oxen, scatter'd wide,  
No swain to guard 'em, and no day to guide,  
When two fell lions from the mountain come,  
And spread the carnage thro' the shady gloom.  
Impending *Phæbus* pours around 'em fear,  
And *Troy* and *Hector* thunder in the rear.  
Heaps fall on heaps: the slaughter *Hector* leads;  
First great *Arcefilas*, then *Stichius* bleeds;  
One to the bold *Bæotians* ever dear,  
And one *Meneſtheus'* friend, and fam'd compeer.  
*Medon* and *Iäsus*, *Aeneas* sped;  
This sprung from *Phelus*, and th' *Athenians* led;  
But hapless *Medon* from *Oileus* came;  
Him *Ajax* honour'd with a brother's name,  
Tho' born of lawless love: from home expell'd,  
A banish'd man, in *Phylacè* he dwell'd,

Press'd

## NOTES.

† *Apollo* in this passage, by this mere shaking his *Ægis*, without acting offensively, annoys and puts the *Greeks* into disorder. Some think that such a motion might possibly create the same confusion, as hath been reported by historians to proceed from panic fears: or that it might intimate some dreadful confusion in the air, and a noise issuing from thence; a notion which seems to be warranted by *Apollo's* out-cry, which presently follows in the same verse. But perhaps we need not go so far to account for this fiction of *Homer*: the sight of a hero's armour often has the like effect in an Epic Poem: the shield of prince *Arthur*, in *Spenser*, works the same wonders with this *Ægis* of *Apollo*.

3 F



Press'd by the vengeance of an angry wife,  
 Troy ends, at last, his labours and his life.  
*Mecystes* next, *Polydamas* o'erthrew;  
 And thee, brave *Clonius*! great *Agenor* flew.  
 By *Paris*, *Deiobus* inglorious dies,\*  
 Pierc'd through the shoulder as he basely flies.  
*Polites*' arm laid *Echius* on the plain;  
 Stretch'd on one heap, the victors spoil the slain.  
 The *Greeks* dismay'd, confus'd, disperse or fall,  
 Some seek the trench, some skulk behind the wall,  
 While these fly trembling, others pant for breath,  
 And o'er the slaughter stalks gigantic death.  
 On rush'd bold *Hector*, gloomy as the night,  
 Forbids to plunder, animates the fight,  
 Points to the fleet: for by the Gods, who flies,†  
 Who dares but linger, by this hand he dies;  
 No weeping sister his cold eye shall close,  
 No friendly hand his fun'ral pyre compose.  
 Who stops to plunder, in this signal hour,  
 The birds shall tear him, and the dogs devour.  
 Furious he said; the smarting scourge resounds;  
 The coursers fly; the smoking chariot bounds:  
 The hosts rush on; loud clamours shake the shore;  
 The horses thunder, Earth and Ocean roar!  
*Apollo*, planted at the trench's bound,  
 Push'd at the bank: down sunk th' enormous mound:

## NOTES.

\* Here is one that falls under the spear of *Paris*, smitten in the extremity of his shoulder as he was flying. This gives occasion to an observation, that this is the only *Greek* who falls by a wound in the back, so careful is *Homer* of the honour of his countrymen. And this remark will appear not ill grounded, if we except the death of *Eioneus* in the beginning of book 6.

† It sometimes happens (says *Longinus*) that a writer in speaking of some person, all on a sudden puts himself in that other's place, and acts his part; a figure which marks the impetuosity and hurry of passion. It is this which *Homer* practises in these verses; the poet stops his narration, forgets his own person, and instantly, without any notice, puts this precipitate menace into the mouth of his furious and transported hero. How must his discourse have languished, had he stayed to tell us, *Hector* then said these, or the like words? Instead of which, by this unexpected transition he prevents the reader, and the transition is made before the poet himself seems sensible he had made it. The true and proper place for this figure is when the time presses, and when the occasion will not allow of any delay: it is elegant then to pass from one person to another, as in that of *Hecataeus*. "The herald, ex-

Roll'd in the ditch the happy ruin lay;  
 A sudden road! a long and ample way.  
 O'er the dread fosse (a late impervious space)  
 Now steeds, and men, and cars, tumultuous pass.  
 The wond'ring crouds the downward level trod;  
 Before them flam'd the shield, and march'd the God.  
 Then with his hand he shook the mighty wall;  
 And lo! the turrets nod, the bulwarks fall.  
 Easy, as when ashore an infant stands,‡  
 And draws imagin'd houses in the sands;  
 The sportive wanton, pleas'd with some new play,  
 Sweeps the flight works and fashion'd domes away.  
 Thus vanish'd, at thy touch, the tow'rs and walls,  
 The toil of thousands in a moment falls.

The *Grecians* gaze around with wild despair,  
 Confus'd, and weary all the pow'rs with pray'r;  
 Exhort their men, with praises, threats, commands;  
 And urge the Gods, with voices, eyes, and hands.  
 Experienc'd *Nestor* chief obtests the skies,  
 And weeps his country with a father's eyes.

O *Jove*! if ever, on his native shore,||  
 One *Greek* enrich'd thy shrine with offer'd gore;  
 If e'er, in hope our country to behold,  
 We paid the fattest firstling of the fold;  
 If e'er thou sign'f't our wishes with thy nod;  
 Perform the promise of a gracious God!

## NOTES.

tremely discontented at the orders he had received, gave command to the *Heracidae* to withdraw.—It is no way in my power to help you; if therefore you would not perish entirely, and if you would not involve me too in your ruin, depart and seek a retreat among some other people."

‡ This simile of the sand is inimitable; it is not easy to imagine any thing more exact and emphatical to describe the tumbling and confused heap of a wall, in a moment. Moreover the comparison here taken from sand is the juster, as it rises from the very place and scene before us. For the wall here demolished, as it was founded on the coast, must needs border on the sand; wherefore the similitude is borrowed immediately from the subject matter under view.

|| The form of *Nestor*'s prayer in this place resembles that of *Chryses* in the first book. And it is worth remarking, that the poet well knew what shame and confusion the reminding one of past benefits is apt to produce. From the same topic *Achilles* talks with his mother, and *Thetis* herself accolls *Jove*; and likewise *Phœnix*, where he holds a parley with *Achilles*. This righteous prayer hath it's wished accomplishment:



This day, preserve our navies from the flame,  
And save the reliques of the *Grecian* name.

Thus pray'd the sage: th' Eternal gave consent,  
And peals of thunder shook the firmament.  
Presumptuous *Troy* mistook th' accepting sign,\*  
And catch'd new fury at the voice divine.  
As, when black tempests mix the seas and skies,  
The roaring deeps in watry mountains rise,  
Above the side of some tall ship ascend,  
It's womb they deluge, and it's ribs they rend:  
Thus loudly roaring, and o'er-pow'ring all,  
Mount the thick *Trojans* up the *Grecian* wall;  
Legions on legions from each side arise:  
Thick sound the keels; the storm of arrows flies.  
Fierce on the ships above, the cars below,†  
These wield the mace, and those the javelin throw.

While thus the thunder of the battle rag'd,  
And lab'ring armies round the works engag'd;  
Still in the tent *Patroclus* sat, to tend  
The good *Eurypylus*, his wounded friend.  
He sprinkles healing balms, to anguish kind,  
And adds discourse, the medicine of the mind:  
But when he saw, ascending up the fleet,  
Victorious *Troy*; then, starting from his seat,  
With bitter groans his sorrows he express,  
He wrings his hands, he beats his manly breast.  
Though yet thy state require redress, (he cries)  
Depart I must: what horrors strike my eyes!  
Charg'd with *Achilles'* high commands I go,  
A mournful witness of this scene of woe:  
I haste to urge him, by his country's care,  
To rise in arms, and shine again in war.  
Perhaps some fav'ring God his soul may bend;  
The voice is pow'rful of a faithful friend.

He spoke; and speaking, swifter than the wind  
Sprung from the tent, and left the war behind.  
Th' embody'd *Greeks* the fierce attack sustain,  
But strive, though numerous, to repulse in vain.

## NOTES.

\* The thunder of *Jupiter* is designed as a mark of his acceptance of *Nestor's* prayers, and a sign of his favour to the *Greeks*. However, there being nothing in the prodigy particular to the *Greeks*, the *Trojans* expound it in their own favour, as they seem warranted by their present success. This self-partiality of men in appropriating to themselves the protection of heaven, has been always natural to them. In the same manner *Virgil* makes *Turnus* explain the transformation of the *Trojan* ships into nymphs, as an ill omen to the *Trojans*. History furnishes many instances of oracles, which by reason of this partial interpretation, have proved an occasion to lead men into great misfortunes: it

Nor could the *Trojans*, through that firm array,‡  
Force, to the fleet and tents, th' impervious way.  
As when a shipwright, with *Palladian* art,  
Smooths the rough wood, and levels ev'ry part;  
With equal hand he guides his whole design,  
By the just rule, and the directing line.  
The martial leaders, with like skill and care,  
Preserv'd their line, and equal kept the war.  
Brave deeds of arms thro' all the ranks were try'd,  
And ev'ry ship sustain'd an equal tide.  
At one proud bark, high tow'ring o'er the fleet,  
*Ajax* the great, and god-like *Hector* meet;  
For one bright prize the matchless chiefs contend;  
Nor this the ships can fire, nor that defend;  
One kept the shore, and one the vessel trod;  
That fix'd as fate, this acted by a God.  
The son of *Clyteus* in his daring hand,  
The deck approaching, shakes a flaming brand;  
But pierc'd by *Telamon's* huge lance expires;  
Thund'ring he falls, and drops th' extinguish'd fires.  
Great *Hector* view'd him with a sad survey,  
As stretch'd in dust before the stern he lay.  
Oh! all of *Trojan*, all of *Lycian* race!  
Stand to your arms, maintain this arduous space.  
Lo! where the son of royal *Clyteus* lies,  
Ah save his arms, secure his obsequies!

This said, his eager javelin sought the foe:  
But *Ajax* shunn'd the meditated blow.  
Not vainly yet the forceful lance was thrown;  
It stretch'd in dust unhappy *Lysophron*:  
An exile long, sustain'd at *Ajax's* board,  
A faithful servant to a foreign lord;  
In peace, in war, for ever at his side,  
Near his lov'd master, as he liv'd, he dy'd.  
From the high poop he tumbles on the sand,  
And lies a lifeless load, along the land.  
With anguish *Ajax* views the piercing sight,  
And thus inflames his brother to the fight.

*Teucer,*

## NOTES.

was the case of *Cræsus* in his wars with *Cyrus*; and a like mistake engaged *Pyrrhus* to make war upon the *Romans*.

† This is a new sort of battle, which *Homer* has never before mentioned; the *Greeks* on their ships, and the *Trojans* in their chariots, as on a plain.

‡ *Homer* always marks distinctly the place of battle; he here shews us clearly, that the *Trojans* attacked the first line of the fleet that stood next the wall, or the vessels that were drawn foremost on the land: these vessels were a strong rampart to the tents which were pitched behind, and to the other line of the navy which stood nearer to the sea; to penetrate therefore to the tents, they must necessarily force.



*Teucer*, behold! extended on the shore  
 Our friend; our lov'd companion! now no more!  
 Dear as a parent, with a parent's care  
 To fight our wars, he left his native air.  
 This death deplor'd to *Hector's* rage we owe;  
 Revenge, revenge it on the cruel foe.  
 Where are those darts on which the fates attend?  
 And where the bow, which *Phæbus* taught to bend?  
 Impatient *Teucer*, hast'ning to his aid,  
 Before the chief his ample bow display'd;  
 The well-stor'd quiver on his shoulders hung:  
 Then his'd his arrow, and the bow-string sung.  
*Clytus*, *Pisenor's* son, renown'd in fame,  
 (To thee, *Polydamas*! an honour'd name)  
 Drove through the thickest of th' embattled plains  
 The startling steeds, and shook his eager reins.  
 As all on glory ran his ardent mind,  
 The pointed death arrests him from behind:  
 Through his fair neck the thrilling arrow flies;  
 In youth's first bloom reluctantly he dies.  
 Hurl'd from the lofty seat, at distance far,  
 The headlong coursers spurn his empty car;  
 Till sad *Polydamas* the steeds restrain'd,  
 And gave, *Astynous*, to thy careful hand;  
 Then, fir'd to vengeance, rush'd amidst the foe;  
 Rage edg'd his sword, and strengthen'd ev'ry blow.  
 Once more bold *Teucer*, in his country's cause,  
 At *Hector's* breast a chosen arrow draws;  
 And had the weapon found the destin'd way,  
 Thy fall, great *Trojan*! had renown'd that day.  
 But *Hector* was not doom'd to perish then:  
 Th' all-wiser Disposer of the fates of men,  
 (Imperial *Jove*) his present death withstands;  
 Nor was such glory due to *Teucer's* hands.  
 At his full stretch as the tough string he drew,  
 Struck by an arm unseen, it burst in two;  
 Down dropp'd the bow: the shaft with brazen head  
 Fell innocent, and on the dust lay dead.  
 Th' astonish'd archer to great *Ajax* cries;  
 Some God prevents our destin'd enterprize:  
 Some God, propitious to the *Trojan* foe,  
 Has, from my arm unfailing, struck the bow,

And broke the nerve my hands had twin'd with art,  
 Strong to impel the flight of many a dart.  
 Since heav'n commands it, (*Ajax* made reply)  
 Dismiss the bow, and lay thy arrows by;  
 Thy arms no less suffice the lance to wield,  
 And quit the quiver for the pond'rous shield.  
 In the first ranks indulge thy thirst of fame,  
 Thy brave example shall the rest inflame.  
 Fierce as they are, by long successes vain;  
 To force our fleet, or ev'n a ship to gain,  
 Asks toil, and sweat, and blood: their utmost might  
 Shall find it's match—No more: 'tis our's to fight.

Then *Teucer* laid his faithless bow aside;  
 The four-fold buckler o'er his shoulder ty'd;  
 On his brave head a crested helm he plac'd,  
 With nodding horse-hair formidably grac'd;  
 A dart, whose point with brass refulgent shines,  
 The warrior wields; and his great brother joins.

This *Hector* saw, and thus express'd his joy:  
 Ye troops of *Lycia*, *Dardanus*, and *Troy*!  
 Be mindful of yourselves, your ancient fame,  
 And spread your glory with the navy's flame.  
*Jove* is with us; I saw his hand, but now,  
 From the proud archer strike his vaunted bow.  
 Indulgent *Jove*! how plain thy favours shine,  
 When happy nations bear the marks divine!  
 How easy then, to see the sinking state  
 Of realms accurst, deserted, reprobate!  
 Such is the fate of *Greece*, and such is our's:  
 Behold, ye warriors, and exert your pow'rs.  
 Death is the worst; a fate which all must try;\*  
 And, for our country, 'tis a bliss to die.  
 The gallant man, though slain in fight he be,  
 Yet leaves his nation safe, his children free;  
 Entails a debt on all the grateful state;  
 His own brave friends shall glory in his fate;  
 His wife live honour'd, all his race succeed;  
 And late posterity enjoy the deed!

This rous'd the soul in ev'ry *Trojan* breast:  
 The god-like *Ajax* next his *Greeks* address: †  
 How long, ye warriors of the *Argive* race,  
 (To gen'rous *Argos* what a dire disgrace!)

How

## NOTES.

force the first line, and defeat the troops which defended it.

\* It is with very great address, that to the bitterness of death, he adds the advantages that were to accrue after it. And the ancients are of opinion, that it would be as advantageous for young soldiers to read this lesson, concise as it is, as all the volumes of *Tyrtæus*, wherein he endeavours to raise the spirits of his countrymen. *Homer* makes a noble enumeration of the parts wherein the hap-

For having told us in an-

## NOTES.

other place, the three great evils to which a town, when taken, is subject; the slaughter of the men, the destruction of the place by fire, the leading of their wives and children into captivity; now he reckons up the blessings that are contrary to those calamities. To the slaughter of the men indeed he makes no opposition; because it is not necessary to the well-being of a city, that every individual should be saved, and not a man slain.

† The oration of *Hector* is more splendid and shining than that of *Ajax*, and also more solemn, from



How long, on these curs'd confines will ye lie,  
 Yet undetermin'd, or to live, or die?  
 What hopes remain, what methods to retire,  
 If once your vessels catch the *Trojan* fire?  
 Mark how the flames approach, how near they fall,  
 How *Hector* calls, and *Troy* obeys his call!  
 Not to the dance that dreadful voice invites,  
 It calls to death, and all the rage of fights.  
 'Tis now no time for wisdom or debates;  
 To your own hands are trusted all your fates:  
 And better far in one decisive strife,  
 One day should end our labour, or our life;  
 Than keep this hard-got inch of barren sands,  
 Still press'd, and press'd by such inglorious hands.

The list'ning *Grecians* feel their leader's flame,  
 And ev'ry kindling bosom pants for fame.  
 Then mutual slaughters spread on either side;  
 By *Hector* here the *Phocian Schedius* dy'd;  
 There pierc'd by *Ajax*, sunk *Laodamas*,  
 Chief of the foot, of old *Antenor's* race.  
*Polydamas* laid *Otus* on the sand,  
 The fierce commander of th' *Epeian* band.  
 His lance bold *Meges* at the victor threw;  
 The victor stooping, from the death withdrew;  
 (That valu'd life, O *Phæbus*! was thy care)  
 But *Cræsmus's* bosom took the flying spear:  
 His corps fell bleeding on the slipp'ry shore;  
 His radiant arms triumphant *Meges* bore.  
*Dolops*, the son of *Lampus* rushes on,  
 Sprung from the race of old *Laomedon*,  
 And fam'd for prowess in a well-fought field;  
 He pierc'd the center of his sounding shield:  
 But *Meges*, *Phyleus's* ample breast-plate wore,  
 (Well known in fight on *Selles's* winding shore,  
 For king *Euphetes* gave the golden mail,  
 Compact, and firm with many a jointed scale)  
 Which oft, in cities storm'd, and battles won,  
 Had sav'd the father, and now saves the son,  
 Full at the *Trojan's* head he urg'd his lance,  
 Where the high plumes above the helmet dance,  
 New-ting'd with *Tyrian* dye: in dust below  
 Shorn from the crest, the purple honours glow.

## NOTES.

from his sentiments concerning the favour and assistance of *Jupiter*. But that of *Ajax* is the more politic, fuller of management, and adapted to persuade: for it abounds with no less than seven generous arguments to inspire resolution. He exhorts his people even to death, from the danger to which their navy was expos'd, which if once consumed, they were never like to get home. And as the *Trojans* were bid to die, so he bids his men dare to die likewise; and indeed with great necessity, for  
 No. 12.

Meantime their fight the *Spartan* king survey'd;  
 And stood by *Meges's* side, a sudden aid,  
 Through *Dolops's* shoulder urg'd his forceful dart,  
 Which held it's passage through the panting heart,  
 And issu'd at his breast. With thund'ring sound  
 The warrior falls, extended on the ground.  
 In rush the conqu'ring *Greeks* to spoil the slain:  
 But *Hector's* voice excites his kindred train;  
 The hero most, from *Hicetaon* sprung,  
 Fierce *Melanippus*, gallant, brave, and young.  
 He (ere to *Troy* the *Grecians* cross'd the main) \*  
 Fed his large oxen on *Percote's* plain;  
 But when oppress'd, his country claim'd his care,  
 Return'd to *Ilium*, and excell'd in war:  
 For this, in *Priam's* court he held his place,  
 Belov'd no less than *Priam's* royal race.  
 Him *Hector* singled, as his troops he led,  
 And thus inflam'd him, pointing to the dead.  
 Lo *Melanippus*! lo where *Dolops* lies;  
 And is it thus our royal kinsman dies?  
 O'ermatch'd he falls; to two at once a prey,  
 And lo! they bear the bloody arms away!  
 Come on—a distant war no longer wage,  
 But hand to hand thy country's foes engage:  
 Till *Greece* at once, and all her glory end;  
 Or *Ilium* from her tow'ry height descend,  
 Heav'd from the lowest stone; and bury all  
 In one sad sepulchre, one common fall.

*Hector* (thus said) rush'd forward on the foes:  
 With equal ardour *Melanippus* glows:  
 Then *Ajax* thus—O *Greeks*! respect your fame,  
 Respect yourselves, and learn an honest shame:  
 Let mutual rev'rence mutual warmth inspire,  
 And catch from breast to breast the noble fire.  
 On valour's side the odds of combat lie,  
 The brave live glorious, or lamented die;  
 The wretch that trembles in the field of fame,  
 Meets death, and worse than death, eternal shame.  
 His gen'rous sense he not in vain imparts;  
 It sunk, and rooted in the *Grecian* hearts.  
 They join, they throng, they thicken at his call,  
 And flank the navy with a brazen wall; \*

Shields

## NOTES.

the *Trojans* may recruit after the engagement, but for the *Greeks*, they had no better way than to hazard their lives; and if they should gain nothing else by it, yet at least they would have a speedy dispatch, not a lingering and dilatory destruction.

\* The poet has built the *Grecians* a new sort of wall out of their arms; and perhaps one might say, it was from this passage *Apollon* borrow'd that oracle which he gave to the *Athenians* about their wall of wood; in like manner the *Spartans* were said to have



Shields touching shields, in order blaze above,  
And stop the *Trojans*, though impell'd by *Jove*.  
The fiery *Spartan* first, with loud applause,  
Warms the bold son of *Nestor* in his cause.  
Is there (he said) in arms a youth like you,  
So strong to fight, so active to pursue?  
Why stand you distant, nor attempt a deed?  
Lift the bold lance, and make some *Trojan* bleed.

He said, and backward to the lines retir'd;  
Forth rush'd the youth, with martial fury fir'd,  
Beyond the foremost ranks; his lance he threw,  
And round the black battalions cast his view.  
The troops of *Troy* recede with sudden fear,  
While the swift javelin hiss'd along in air.  
Advancing *Menalippus* met the dart  
With his bold breast, and felt it in his heart:  
Thund'ring he falls: his falling arms resound,  
And his broad buckler rings against the ground.  
The victor leaps upon his prostrate prize;  
Thus on a roe the well-breath'd beagle flies,  
And rends his side, fresh-bleeding with the dart  
The distant hunter sent into his heart.  
Observing *Hector* to the rescue flew;  
Bold as he was, *Antilochus* withdrew:  
So when a savage, ranging o'er the plain,  
Has torn the shepherd's dog, or shepherd swain;  
While conscious of the deed, he glares around,  
And hears the gath'ring multitude resound,  
Timely he flies the yet-untasted food,  
And gains the friendly shelter of the wood.  
So fears the youth; all *Troy* with shouts pursue,  
While stones and darts in mingled tempest flew;  
But enter'd in the *Grecian* ranks he turns  
His manly breast, and with new fury burns.

Now on the fleet the tides of *Trojans* drove,  
Pierce to fulfil the stern decrees of *Jove*:

The Sire of Gods, confirming *Thetis'* pray'r,  
The *Grecian* ardour quench'd in deep despair;  
But lifts to glory *Troy's* prevailing bands,  
Swells all their hearts, and strengthens all their hands.  
On *Ida's* top he waits with longing eyes,  
To view the navy blazing to the skies;  
Then, nor till then, the scale of war shall turn,  
The *Trojans* fly, and conquer'd *Ilium* burn.  
These fates revolv'd in his almighty mind,  
He raises *Hector* to the work design'd,\*  
Bids him with more than mortal fury glow,  
And drives him, like a light'ning, on the foe.  
So *Mars*, when human crimes for vengeance call,  
Shakes his huge javelin, and whole armies fall.  
Not with more rage a conflagration rolls,  
Wraps the vast mountains, and involves the poles.  
He foams with wrath; beneath his gloomy brow  
Like fiery meteors his red eye-balls glow:  
The radiant helmet on his temples burns,  
Waves when he nods, and lightens as he turns:  
For *Jove* his splendor round the chief had thrown,  
And cast the blaze of both the host on one.  
Unhappy glories! for his fate was near,<sup>†</sup>  
Due to stern *Pallas*, and *Pelides'* spear:  
Yet *Jove* deferr'd the death he was to pay,  
And gave what fate allow'd, the honours of a day!

Now all on fire for fame, his breast, his eyes  
Burn at each foe, and single ev'ry prize;  
Still at the closest ranks, the thickest fight,  
He points his ardour, and exerts his might.  
The *Grecian* phalanx moveless as a tow'r  
On all sides batter'd, yet resists his pow'r:  
So some tall rock o'erhangs the hoary main,  
By winds assail'd, by billows beat in vain,  
Unmov'd it hears, above, the tempest blow,  
And sees the wat'ry mountains break below.

Girt

## NOTES.

have a wall of bones: if so, we must allow the God not a little obliged to the poet.

\* This picture of *Hector*, impulsed by *Jupiter*, is a very finished piece, and excels all the drawings of this hero which *Homer* has given us in so various attitudes. He is here represented as an instrument in the hand of *Jupiter*, to bring about those designs the Gods had long projected: and as his fatal hour now approaches, *Jove* is willing to recompense his hasty death with this short-lived glory. Accordingly this being the last scene of victory he is to appear in, the poet introduces him with all imaginable pomp, and adorns him with all the terror of a conqueror: his eyes sparkle with fire, his mouth foams with fury, his figure is compared to the God of War, his rage is equalled to a conflagration and

## NOTES.

a storm, and the destruction he causes is resembled to that which a lion makes among the herds. The poet, by this heap of comparisons, raises the idea of the hero higher than any simple description could reach.

† It may be asked, what *Pallas* has to do with the *Fates*, or what power she has over them? *Homer* speaks thus, because *Minerva* has already resolved to succour *Achilles*, and deceived *Hector* in the combat between these two heroes, as we find in book 22. Properly speaking, *Pallas* is nothing but the knowledge and wisdom of *Jove*, and it is wisdom which presides over the counsels of his providence; therefore she may be looked upon as drawing all things to the fatal term to which they are decreed.



Girt in surrounding flames, he seems to fall  
Like fire from *Jove*, and bursts upon them all :  
Bursts as a wave that from the clouds impends,\*  
And swell'd with tempests on the ship descends ;  
White are the decks with foam ; the winds aloud  
Howl o'er the masts, and sing thro' ev'ry shroud :  
Pale, trembling, tir'd, the sailors freeze with fears ;  
And instant death on ev'ry wave appears.  
So pale the *Greeks* the eyes of *Hector* meet,  
The chief so thunders, and so shakes the fleet.

As when a lion, ruffling from his den,  
Amidst the plain of some wide-water'd fen,  
(Where num'rous oxen, as at ease they feed,  
At large expatiate o'er the ranker mead,)  
Leaps on the herds before the herdsman's eyes ;  
The trembling herdsman far to distance flies :  
Some lordly bull (the rest dispers'd and fled)  
He singles out, arrests, and lays him dead.  
Thus from the rage of *Jove*-like *Hector* flew  
All *Greece* in heaps ; but one he seiz'd, and slew.  
*Mycenæan Periphus*, a mighty name,  
In wisdom great, in arms well known to fame :  
The minister of stern *Eurystheus*' ire  
Against *Alcides*, *Copreus*, was his fire :  
The son redeem'd the honours of the race,  
A son as gen'rous as the fire was base ;  
O'er all his country's youth conspicuous far  
In ev'ry virtue, or of peace or war :  
But doom'd to *Hector*'s stronger force to yield !  
Against the margin of his ample shield  
He struck his hasty foot : his heels up-sprung ;  
Supine he fell ; his brazen helmet rung.  
On the fall'n chief th' invading *Trojan* prest,  
And plung'd the pointed javelin in his breast.  
His circling friends, who strove to guard too late  
Th' unhappy hero, fled, or shar'd his fate.

## NOTES.

\* *Longinus*, observing that oftentimes the principal beauty of writing consists in the judicious assembling together of the great circumstances, and the strength with which they are marked in the proper place, chuses this passage of *Homer* as a plain instance of it. "Where (says that noble critic) in describing the terror of a tempest, he takes care to express whatever are the accidents of most dread and horror in such a situation : he is not content to tell us that the mariners were in danger, but he brings them before our eyes, as in a picture, upon the point of being every moment overwhelmed by every wave ; nay, the very words and syllables of the description give us an image of their peril." He shews, that a poet of less judgment would amuse himself in less important circumstances, and spoil

Chac'd from the foremost line, the *Grecian* train  
Now man the next, receding tow'rd the main :  
Wedg'd in one body at the tents they stand.  
Wall'd round with sterns, a gloomy, desp'rate band.  
Now manly shame forbids th' inglorious flight ;  
Now fear itself confines them to the fight :  
Man courage breathes in man ; but *Nestor* most  
(The sage preserver of the *Grecian* host)  
Exhorts, adjures, to guard these utmost shores ;  
And by their parents, by themselves, implores.

O friends ! be men : your gen'rous breasts inflame  
With mutual honour, and with mutual shame !  
Think of your hopes, your fortunes ; all the care  
Your wives, your infants, and your parents share ;  
Think of each living father's rev'rend head ;  
Think of each ancestor with glory dead ;  
Absent, by me they speak, by me they sue ;  
They ask their safety and their fame from you :  
The Gods their fates on this one action lay,  
And all are lost, if you desert the day.

He spoke, and round him breath'd heroic fires ;  
*Minerva* seconds what the sage inspires.  
The mist of darkness *Jove* around them threw  
She clear'd, restoring all the war to view ;  
A sudden ray shot beaming o'er the plain,  
And shew'd the shores, the navy, and the main :  
*Hector* they saw, and all who fly, or fight,  
The scene wide-opening to the blaze of light.  
First of the field great *Ajax* strikes their eyes,†  
His port majestic, and his ample size :  
A pond'rous mace, with studs of iron crown'd,  
Full twenty cubits long, he swings around.  
Nor fights like others fix'd to certain stands,  
But looks a moving tow'r above the bands ;  
High on the decks, with vast gigantic stride,  
The godlike hero stalks from side to side.

So

## NOTES.

the whole effect of the image by minute, ill-chosen, or superfluous particulars.

† This popular harangue of *Nestor* is justly extolled as the strongest and most persuasive piece of oratory imaginable. It contains in it every motive by which men can be affected ; the preservation of their wives and children, the secure possession of their fortunes, the respect of their living parents, and the due regard for the memory of those that were departed : by these he diverts the *Grecians* from any thoughts of flight in the article of extreme peril.

‡ In this book, *Homer*, to raise the valour of *Hector*, gives him *Neptune* for an antagonist ; and to raise that of *Ajax*, he first opposed to him *Hector*, supported by *Apollo*, and now the same *Hector* impelled



So when a horseman from the wat'ry mead  
 (Skill'd in the manage of the bounding steed)  
 Drives four fair couriers practis'd to obey \*  
 To some great city through the public way;  
 Safe in his art, as side by side they run,  
 He shifts his seat, and vaults from one to one;  
 And now to this, and now to that he flies;  
 Admiring numbers follow with their eyes.  
 From ship to ship thus *Ajax* swiftly flew,  
 No less the wonder of the warring crew.  
 As furious *Hector* thunder'd threats aloud,  
 And rush'd enrag'd before the *Trojan* croud:  
 Then swift invades the ships, whose beaky proes  
 Lay rank'd contiguous on the bending shores.  
 So the strong eagle from his airy height,  
 Who marks the swans' or cranes' embody'd flight,  
 Stoops down impetuous, while they light for food,  
 And stooping, darkens with his wings the flood.  
*Jove* leads him on with his almighty hand,  
 And breathes fierce spirits in his following band.  
 The warring nations meet, the battle roars,  
 Thick beats the combat on the founding proes.  
 Thou would'st have thought, so furious was their fire,  
 No force could tame them, and no toil could tire;  
 As if new vigour from new fights they won,  
 And the long battle was but then begun.  
*Greece* yet unconquer'd, kept alive the war,  
 Secure of death, confiding in despair;

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pelled and seconded by *Jupiter* himself. These are strokes of a master-hand.

\* The comparison which *Homer* here introduces, is a demonstration that the art of mounting and managing horses was brought to so great a perfection in these early times, that one man could manage four at once, and leap from one to the other even when they ran full speed. But some object, that the custom of riding was not known in *Greece* at the time of the *Trojan* war: besides, they say the comparison is not just, for the horses are said to run full speed, whereas the ships stand firm and unmoved. Had *Homer* put the comparison in the mouth of one of his heroes, the objection had been just, and he guilty of an inconsistency; but it is he himself who speaks: saddle-horses were in use in his age, and any poet may be allowed to illustrate pieces of antiquity by images familiar to his own times. This is sufficient for the first objection; nor is the second more reasonable; for it is not absolutely necessary that comparisons should correspond in every particular; it suffices if there be a general resemblance. This is only introduced to shew the agility of *Ajax*, who passes swiftly from one vessel to another, and is therefore entirely just.

*Troy* in proud hopes already view'd the main  
 Bright with the blaze, and red with heroes slain!  
 Like strength is felt from hope, and from despair,  
 And each contends, as his were all the war.  
 'Twas thou, bold *Hector*! whose resistless hand  
 First seiz'd a ship on that contested strand;  
 The same which dead *Protesilaüs* bore,†  
 The first that touch'd th' unhappy *Trojan* shore:  
 For this in arms the warring nations stood,  
 And bath'd their gen'rous breasts with mutual blood.  
 No room to poize the lance, or bend the bow;  
 But hand to hand, and man to man they grow:  
 Wounded, they wound; and seek each other's hearts  
 With faulchions, axes, swords, and shorten'd darts.  
 The faulchions ring, shields rattle, axes sound,  
 Swords flash in air, or glitter on the ground;  
 With streaming blood the slipp'ry shores are dy'd,  
 And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.  
 Still raging *Hector* with his ample hand  
 Grasps the high stern, and gives this loud command:  
 Haste, bring the flames! the toil of ten long years  
 Is finish'd; and the day desir'd appears!  
 This happy day with acclamations greet,  
 Bright with destruction of yon hostile fleet.  
 The coward-counsels of a tim'rous throng  
 Of rev'rend dotards, check'd our glory long:‡  
 Too long *Jove* lull'd us with lethargic charms,  
 But now in peals of thunder calls to arms;§

IT

## NOTES.

† *Homer* feigns that *Hector* laid hold on the ship of the dead *Protesilaüs*, rather than on that of any other, that he might not disgrace any of his *Grecian* generals.

‡ *Homer* adds this with a great deal of art and prudence, to answer beforehand all the objections which he well foresaw might be made, because *Hector* never till now attacks the *Grecians* in their camp, or endeavours to burn their navy. He was retained by the elders of *Troy*, who frozen with fear at the sight of *Achilles*, never suffered him to march from the ramparts. Our author forgets nothing that has the resemblance of truth; but he had yet a farther reason for inserting this, as it exalts the glory of his principal hero: these elders of *Troy* thought it less difficult to defeat the *Greeks*, though defended with strong entrenchments, while *Achilles* was not with them; than to overcome them without entrenchments when he assisted them. And this is the reason that they prohibited *Hector* before, and permit him now, to sally upon the enemy.

§ *Hector* seems to be sensible of an extraordinary impulse from heaven, signified by these words, *the most mighty hand of Jove pushing him on*. It is no more



In this great day he crowns our full desires,  
Wakes all our force, and seconds all our fires.

He spoke—the warriors, at his fierce command,  
Pour a new deluge on the *Grecian* band.  
Ev'n *Ajax* paus'd, (so thick the jav'lines fly)  
Step'd back, and doubted or to live, or die.  
Yet where the oars are plac'd, he stands to wait  
What chief approaching dares attempt his fate:  
Ev'n to the last, his naval charge defends,  
Now shakes his spear, now lifts, and now protends;  
Ev'n yet, the *Greeks* with piercing shouts inspires,  
Amidst attacks, and deaths, and darts, and fires.

O friends! O heroes! names for ever dear,\*  
Once sons of *Mars*, and thunderbolts of war!  
Ah! yet be mindful of your old renown,  
Your great forefathers' virtues and your own.

## NOTES.

more than any other person would be ready to imagine, who should rise from a state of distress or indolence, into one of good fortune, vigour, and activity.

\* There is great strength, closeness, and spirit in this speech, and one might (like many critics) employ a whole page in extolling and admiring it in general terms. But sure the perpetual rapture of such commentators, who are always giving us exclamations, instead of criticisms, may be a mark of great admiration, but of little judgment. Of what use is this either to a reader who has a taste, or to one who has not? To admire a fine passage is what the former will do without us, and what the latter cannot be taught to do by us. However we ought gratefully to acknowledge the good-nature of most people, who are not only pleased with this superficial applause given to fine passages, but are likewise inclined to transfer to the critic, who only points at these beauties, part of the admiration justly due to the poet. This is a cheap and easy way to fame, which many writers ancient and modern have pursued with great success. Formerly indeed this sort of authors had modesty, and were humbly

What aids expect you in this utmost strait?

What bulwarks rising between you and fate?

No aids, no bulwarks your retreat attend,

No friends to help, no city to defend.

This spot is all you have, to lose or keep;

There stand the *Trojans*, and here rolls the deep.

'Tis hostile ground you tread; your native lands

Far, far from hence: your fates are in your hands.

Raging he spoke; nor farther wastes his breath,  
But turns his javelin to the work of death.

Whate'er bold *Trojan* arm'd his daring hands

Against the sable ships with flaming brands,

So well the chief his naval weapon sped,

The luckless warrior at his stern lay dead:

Full twelve, the boldest, in a moment fell,

Sent by great *Ajax* to the shades of hell.

## NOTES.

content to call their performances only *florilegia* or *posies*: but some of late have passed such collections on the world for criticisms of great depth and learning, and seem to expect the same flowers should please us better, in these paltry nosegays of their own making up, than in the native garden where they grew. As this practice of extolling without giving reasons, is very convenient for most writers, so it excellently suits the ignorance or laziness of some readers, who will come into any sentiment rather than take the trouble of refuting it. Thus the compliment is mutual: for as such critics do not tax their readers with any thought to understand them, so their readers in return advance nothing in opposition to such critics. They may go roundly on, admiring and exclaiming in this manner; "What an exquisite spirit of poetry—How beautiful a circumstance—What delicacy of sentiment—With what art has the poet—In how sublime and just a manner—How finely imagined—How wonderfully beautiful and poetical"—And so proceed, without one reason to interrupt the course of their eloquence, most comfortably and ignorantly apostrophising to the end of the chapter.



## The SIXTEENTH BOOK of the ILIAD.\*

## A R G U M E N T.

## THE SIXTH BATTLE: THE ACTS AND DEATH OF PATROCLUS.

Patroclus (in pursuance of the request of Nestor in the eleventh book) intreats Achilles to suffer him to go to the assistance of the Greeks with Achilles's troops and armour. He agrees to it, but at the same time charges him to content himself with rescuing the fleet, without farther pursuit of the enemy. The armour, horses, soldiers, and officers of Achilles are described. Achilles offers a libation for the success of his friend, after which Patroclus leads the Myrmidons to battle. The Trojans at the sight of Patroclus in Achilles's armour, taking him for that hero, are cast into the utmost consternation; he beats them off from the vessels, Hector himself flies, Sarpedon is killed, though Jupiter was averse to his fate. Several other particulars of the battle are described; in the heat of which, Patroclus, neglecting the orders of Achilles, pursues the foe to the walls of Troy; where Apollo repulses and disarms him, Euphorbus wounds him, and Hector kills him; which concludes the book.

SO warr'd both armies on th' ensanguin'd shore,  
While the black vessels smok'd with human gore.

## NOTES.

\* We have at the entrance of this book one of the most beautiful parts of the *Iliad*. The two different characters are admirably sustained in the dialogue of the two heroes, wherein there is not a period but strongly marks not only their natural temper, but that particular disposition of mind in either, which arises from the present state of affairs. We see *Patroclus* touched with the deepest compassion for the misfortune of the *Greeks*, (whom the *Trojans* had forced to retreat to their ships, and which ships were on the point of burning) prostrating himself before the vessel of *Achilles*, and pouring out his tears at his feet. *Achilles*, struck with

Meantime *Patroclus* to *Achilles* flies;  
The streaming tears fall copious from his eyes;  
Not faster, trickling to the plains below,  
From the tall rock the sable waters flow.

Divine

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the grief of his friend, demands the cause of it. *Patroclus*, pointing to the ships, where the flames already began to rise, tells him he is harder than the rocks or sea which lay in prospect before them, if he is not touched with so moving a spectacle, and can see in cold blood his friends perishing before his eyes. As nothing can be more natural and affecting than the speech of *Patroclus*, so nothing is more lively and picturesque than the attitude he is here described in. The pathetic of *Patroclus*'s speech is finely contrasted by the *fierté* of that of *Achilles*. While the former is melting with sorrow for his countrymen, the utmost he can hope from the latter,



Divine *Pelides*, with compassion mov'd,  
Thus spoke, indulgent to his best lov'd.\*

*Patroclus*, say, what grief thy bosom bears,  
That flows so fast in these unmanly tears?  
No girl, no infant whom the mother keeps†  
From her lov'd breast, with fonder passion weeps;

## NOTES.

is but to borrow his armour and troops; to obtain his personal assistance he knows is impossible. At the very instant that *Achilles* is moved to ask the cause of his friend's concern, he seems to say that nothing could deserve it but the death of their fathers; and in the same breath speaks of the total destruction of the *Greeks* as of too slight a cause for tears. *Patroclus*, at the opening of this speech, dares not name *Agamemnon* even for being wounded; and after he has tried to bend him by all the arguments that could affect an human breast, concludes by supposing that some oracle or supernatural inspiration is the cause that with-holds his arms. What can match the fierceness of his answer? which implies, that not the oracles of heaven itself should be regarded, if they stood in competition with his resentment: that if he yields, it must be through his own mere motive: the only reason he has ever to yield, is that nature itself cannot support anger eternally: and if he yields now, it is only because he had before determined to do so at a certain time, book 9. That time was not till the flames should approach to his own ships, till the last article of danger, and that not of danger to *Greece*, but to himself. Thus his very pity has the sternest qualifications in the world. After all, what is it he yields to? only to suffer his friend to go in his stead, just to save them from present ruin, but he expressly forbids him to proceed any farther in their assistance, than barely to put out the fires, and secure his own and his friends return into their country: and all this concludes with a wish, that (if it were possible) every *Greek* and every *Trojan* might perish except themselves. Such is that wrath of *Achilles*, that more than wrath, as the *Greek* word implies, which *Homer* has painted in so strong a colouring.

\* The friendship of *Achilles* and *Patroclus* is celebrated by all antiquity: and *Homer*, notwithstanding the anger of *Achilles* was his professed subject, has found the secret to discover, through that very anger, the softer parts of his character. In this view we shall find him generous in his temper, despising gain and booty, and as far as his honour is not concerned, fond of his mistress, and easy to his friend: not proud, but when injured; and not more revengeful when ill used, than grateful and

Not more the mother's soul that infant warms,  
Clung to her knees, and reaching at her arms,  
Than thou hast mine! Oh tell me, to what end  
Thy melting sorrows thus pursue thy friend?

Griev'st thou for me, or for my martial band?  
Or come sad tidings from our native land?

Our

## NOTES.

gentle when respectfully treated. "*Patroclus* (says *Philostratus*, who probably grounds his assertion on some ancient tradition) was not so much older than *Achilles* as to pretend to direct him, but of a tender, modest, and unassuming nature; constant and diligent in his attendance, and seeming to have no affections but those of his friends." The same author has a very pretty passage, where *Ajax* is introduced inquiring of *Achilles*, which of all his warlike actions were the most difficult and dangerous to him? He answers, those which he undertook for the sake of his friends. And which (continues *Ajax*) were the most pleasing and easy? The very same, replies *Achilles*. He then asks him, which of all the wounds he ever bore in battle was the most painful to him? *Achilles* answers, that which he received from *Hector*. But *Hector*, says *Ajax*, never gave you a wound. Yes, replies *Achilles*, a mortal one, when he slew my friend *Patroclus*. It is said in the life of *Alexander the Great*, that when that prince visited the monuments of the heroes at *Troy*, and placed a crown upon the tomb of *Achilles*; his friend *Hephaestion* placed another on that of *Patroclus*, as an intimation of his being to *Alexander* what the other was to *Achilles*. On which occasion the saying of *Alexander* is recorded; *That Achilles was happy indeed, for having had such a friend to love him living, and such a poet to celebrate him dead.*

† We know the obvious translation of this passage makes the comparison consist only in the tears of the infant, applied to those of *Patroclus*. But certainly the idea of the simile will be much finer, if we comprehend also in it the mother's fondness and concern, awakened by this uneasiness of the child, which no less aptly corresponds with the tenderness of *Achilles* on the sight of his friend's affliction. And there is yet a third branch of the comparison, in that pursuit, and constant application the infant makes to the mother, in the same manner as *Patroclus* follows *Achilles* with his grief, till he forces him to take notice of it. We think (all these circumstances laid together) nothing can be more affecting, or exact in all it's views, than this similitude; which, without that regard, has perhaps seemed but low and trivial to an unreflecting reader.



Our fathers live, (our first, most tender care)  
 Thy good *Meneceus* breathes the vital air,  
 And hoary *Peleus* yet extends his days;  
 Pleas'd in their age to hear their children's praise.  
 Or may some meaner cause thy pity claim?  
 Perhaps yon reliques of the *Grecian* name,  
 Doom'd in their ships to sink by fire and sword,  
 And pay the forfeit of their haughty lord?  
 Whate'er the cause, reveal thy secret care,  
 And speak those sorrows which a friend would share.

A sigh, that instant, from his bosom broke,  
 Another follow'd, and *Patroclus* spoke.

Let *Greece* at length with pity touch thy breast,\*  
 Thyself a *Greek*; and, once, of *Greeks* the best!  
 Lo! ev'ry chief that might her fate prevent,  
 Lies pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in his tent.  
*Eurypylus*, *Tydidus*, *Atricus*' son, †  
 And wife *Ulysses*, at the navy groan  
 More for their country's wounds, than for their own. }  
 Their pain, soft arts of pharmacy can ease,  
 Thy breast alone no lenitives appease.

May never rage like thine my soul enslave,  
 O great in vain! unprofitably brave!  
 Thy country slighted in her last distress,  
 What friend, what man, from thee shall hope redress?

## NOTES.

\* The commentators labour to prove that the words in the original, which begin this speech, are not meant to desire *Achilles* to bear no farther resentment against the *Greeks*, but only not to be displeased at the tears which *Patroclus* sheds for their misfortune. *Patroclus* (they say) was not so imprudent to begin his intercession in that manner, when there was need of something more insinuating. But this seems to be an excess of refinement; the purpose of every period in his speech is to persuade *Achilles* to lay aside his anger; why then may he not begin by desiring it? The whole question is whether he may speak only in favour of the *Greeks* in the first half of the verse, or in the latter? for in the same line he represents their distress. It is plain he treats him without much reserve, calls him implacable, inexorable, and even mischievous. We do not see wherein the caution of this speech consists; it is a generous, unartful petition, whereof *Achilles*'s nature would much more approve, than of all the artifice of *Ulysses*, (to which he expressed his hatred in the ninth book.)

† *Patroclus* in mentioning the wounded princes to *Achilles*, takes care not to put *Agamemnon* first, lest that odious name striking his ear on a sudden, should shut it against the rest of his discourse; nei-

No——men unborn, and ages yet behind,  
 Shall curse that fierce, that unforgiving mind.

O man unpitying! if of man thy race;  
 But sure thou spring'st not from a soft embrace,  
 Nor ever am'rous hero caus'd thy birth,  
 Nor ever tender Goddess brought thee forth.  
 Some rugged rock's hard entrails gave thee form,  
 And raging seas produc'd thee in a storm,  
 A soul well-suited that tempestuous kind,  
 So rough thy manners, so untam'd thy mind.

If some dire oracle thy breast alarm,  
 If aught from *Jove*, or *Thetis*, stop thy arm,  
 Some beam of comfort yet on *Greece* may shine,  
 If I but lead the *Myrmidonian* line:  
 Clad in thy dreadful arms if I appear,  
 Proud *Troy* shall tremble, and desert the war:  
 Without thy person *Greece* shall win the day,  
 And thy mere image chase her foes away. ‡  
 Press'd by fresh forces, her o'erlabour'd train  
 Shall quit the ships, and *Greece* respire again.

Thus, blind to fate! with supplicating breath,  
 Thou beg'st his arms, and in his arms thy death.  
 Unfortunately good! a boding sigh  
 Thy friend return'd; and with it this reply:

*Patroclus*! thy *Achilles* knows no fears;  
 Nor words from *Jove*; nor *Oracles* he hears;

Nor

## NOTES.

ther does he name him last, for fear *Achilles* dwelling upon it should fall into a passion: but he slides it into the middle, mixing and confounding it with the rest, that it might not be taken too much notice of, and that the names which precede and follow it may diminish the hatred it might excite. Wherefore he does not so much as accompany it with an epithet.

‡ It is hard to conceive a greater compliment, or one that could more touch the warlike ambition of *Achilles*, than this which *Homer* puts into the mouth of *Patroclus*. It was also an encomium which he could not suspect of flattery; since the person who made it desires to hazard his life upon the security that the enemy could not support the sight of the very armour of *Achilles*: and indeed *Achilles* himself seems to entertain no less a thought, in the answer to this speech, where he ascribes the flight of *Troy* to the blazing of his helmet; a circumstance wonderfully fine, and nobly exalting the idea of this hero's terrible character. Besides all this, *Homer* had it in view to prepare hereby the wonderful incident that is to ensue in the eighteenth book, where the very sight of *Achilles* from his ship turns the fortune of the war.



Nor aught a mother's caution can suggest;  
 The tyrant's pride lies rooted in my breast.  
 My wrongs, my wrongs, my constant thought engage,  
 Those, my sole oracles, inspire my rage:  
 I made him tyrant: gave him pow'r to wrong  
 Ev'n me: I felt it; and shall feel it long.  
 The maid, my black-ey'd maid, he forc'd away,  
 Due to the toils of many a well-fought day:  
 Due to my conquest of her father's reign;  
 Due to the votes of all the *Grecian* train.  
 From me he forc'd her; me, the bold and brave,  
 Disgrac'd, dishonour'd, like the meanest slave.  
 But bear we this—the wrongs I grieve are past;  
 'Tis time our fury should relent at last:  
 I fix'd it's date; the day I wish'd appears:  
 Now *Hector* to my ships his battle bears,  
 The flames my eyes, the shouts invade my ears. }  
 Go then, *Patroclus*! court fair honour's charms  
 In *Troy*'s fam'd fields, and in *Achilles*' arms:  
 Lead forth my martial *Myrmidons* to fight;  
 Go save the fleets, and conquer in my right.  
 See the thin reliques of their baffled band,  
 At the last edge of yon deserted land!  
 Behold all *Ilion* on their ships descends!  
 How the cloud blackens, how the storm impends!  
 It was not thus, when, at my sight amaz'd,  
*Troy* saw and trembled, as this helmet blaz'd:

Had not th' injurious king our friendship lost,  
 Yon ample trench had bury'd half her host,  
 No camps, no bulwarks now the *Trojans* fear,  
 Those are not dreadful, no *Achilles* there:  
 No longer flames the lance of *Tydeus*' son; \*  
 No more your gen'ral calls his heroes on;  
*Hector*, alone, I hear; his dreadful breath  
 Commands your slaughter, or proclaims your  
 death.

Yet now, *Patroclus*, issue to the plain;  
 Now save the ships, the rising fires restrain,  
 And give the *Greeks* to visit *Greece* again. }  
 But heed my words, and mark a friend's com-  
 mand

Who trusts his fame and honours in thy hand,  
 And from thy deeds expects, th' *Achaian* host  
 Shall render back the beauteous maid he lost: †  
 Rage uncontroul'd through all the hostile crew,  
 But touch not *Hector*, *Hector* is my due. ‡  
 Though *Jove* in thunder should command the war,  
 Be just, consult my glory, and forbear. ||  
 The fleet once sav'd, desist from farther chace,  
 Nor lead to *Ilion*'s walls the *Grecian* race;  
 Some adverse God thy rashness may destroy;  
 Some God, like *Phæbus*, ever kind to *Troy*.  
 Let *Greece* redeem'd from this destructive strait,  
 Do her own work, and leave the rest to fate.

Oh!

## NOTES.

\* By what *Achilles* here says, joining *Diomedes* to *Agamemnon* in this taunting reflection, one may justly suspect there was some particular disagreement and emulation between these two heroes. This we may suppose to be the more natural, because *Diomedes* was of all the *Greeks* confessedly the nearest in fame and courage to *Achilles*, and therefore the most likely to move his envy, as being the most likely to supply his place. The same sentiments are to be observed in *Diomedes* with regard to *Achilles*; he is always confident in his own valour, and therefore in their greatest extremities he nowhere acknowledges the necessity of appeasing *Achilles*, but always in council appears most forward and resolute to carry on the war without him. For this reason he was not thought a fit ambassador to *Achilles*; and upon return from the embassy, he breaks into a severe reflection, not only upon *Achilles*, but even upon *Agamemnon*, who had sent this embassy to him: "I wish thou hadst not sent these supplications and gifts to *Achilles*; his insolence was extreme before, but now his arrogance will be intolerable; let us not mind whether he goes or slays, but do our duty and prepare for the battle."

† But this is what the *Greeks* had already offered  
 No. 12.

## NOTES.

to do, and which he has refused; this then is an inequality in *Achilles*'s manners? Not at all: *Achilles* is still ambitious; when he refused these presents, the *Greeks* were not low enough, he would not receive them till they were reduced to the last extremity, and till he was sufficiently revenged by their losses.

‡ This injunction of *Achilles* is highly correspondent to his ambitious character: he is by no means willing that the conquest of *Hector* should be achieved by any hand but his own: in that point of glory he is jealous even of his dearest friend. This also wonderfully strengthens the idea we have of his implacability and resentment; since at the same time that nothing can move him to assist the *Greeks* in the battle, we see it is the utmost force upon his nature to abstain from it, by the fear he manifests lest any other should subdue this hero.

|| *Achilles* tells *Patroclus*, that if he pursues the foe too far, whether he shall be victor or vanquished, it must prove either way prejudicial to his glory. For by the former, the *Greeks* having no more need of *Achilles*'s aid, will not restore him his captive, nor try any more to appease him by presents: by



Oh! would to all th' immortal pow'rs above, \*  
*Apollo, Pallas, and almighty Jove!*

That not one *Trojan* might be left alive,  
 And not a *Greek* of all the race survive;  
 Might only we the vast destruction shun,  
 And only we destroy th' accursed town!

Such conf'rence held the chiefs: while on the strand  
 Great *Jove* with conquest crown'd the *Trojan* band,  
*Ajax* no more the sounding storm sustain'd, †

So thick, the darts an iron tempest rain'd:  
 On his tir'd arm the weighty buckler hung;  
 His hollow helm with falling javelins rung;  
 His breath, in quick, short pantings, comes, and goes;  
 And painful sweat from all his members flows.  
 Spent and o'er-power'd, he barely breathes at most;  
 Yet scarce an army stirs him from his post:  
 Dangers on dangers all around him grow,  
 And toil to toil, and woe succeeds to woe.

Say, muses, thron'd above the starry frame,  
 How first the navy blaz'd with *Trojan* flame?

Stern *Hector* wav'd his sword: and standing near  
 Where furious *Ajax* ply'd his ashen spear,  
 Full on the lance a stroke so justly sped,  
 That the broad faulchion lopp'd it's brazen head:

## NOTES.

the latter, his arms would be left in the enemy's hands, and he himself upbraided with the death of *Patroclus*.

\* *Achilles* from his overflowing gall vents this execration: the *Trojans* he hates as professed enemies, and he detests the *Grecians* as people who had with calmness overlooked his wrongs. Some of the ancient critics not entering into the manners of *Achilles*, would have expunged this imprecation, as uttering an universal malevolence to mankind. This violence agrees perfectly with his implacable character. But one may observe at the same time that the mighty force of friendship, if for the sake of his dear *Patroclus* he will protect and secure those *Greeks* whose destruction he wishes. What a little qualifies this bloody wish, is, that we may suppose it spoken with great unreservedness, as in secret, and between friends. Some remark upon the absurdity of this wish. Upon the supposition that *Jupiter* had granted it, if all the *Trojans* and *Greeks* were destroyed, and only *Achilles* and *Patroclus* left to conquer *Troy*, they ask what would be the victory without any enemies, and the triumph without any spectators? But the answer is very obvious; *Homer* intends to paint a man in passion; the wishes and schemes of such an one are seldom conformable to reason; and the manners are preserved the better, the less they are represented to be so.

His pointless spear the warrior shakes in vain;  
 The brazen head falls sounding on the plain:  
 Great *Ajax* saw, and own'd the hand divine, ‡  
 Confessing *Jove*, and trembling at the sign;  
 Warn'd, he retreats. Then swift from all sides pour  
 The hissing brands; thick streams the fiery show'r;  
 O'er the high stern the curling volumes rise,  
 And sheets of rolling smoke involve the skies.

Divine *Achilles* view'd the rising flames, §  
 And smote his thigh, and thus aloud exclaims.  
 Arm, arm *Patroclus*! lo, the blaze aspires!  
 The glowing ocean reddens with the fires.  
 Arm, ere our vessels catch the spreading flame;  
 Arm, ere the *Grecians* be no more a name;  
 I haste to bring the troops—The hero said;  
 The friend with ardour and with joy obey'd.

He cas'd his limbs in brags, and first around ||  
 His manly legs, with silver buckles bound  
 The clasping greaves; then to his breast applies  
 The flaming cuirass, of a thousand dyes:  
 Emblaz'd with studs of gold, his faulchion shone,  
 In the rich belt, as in a starry zone.  
*Achilles'* shield his ample shoulders spread,  
*Achilles'* helmet nodded o'er his head.

Adorn'd.

## NOTES.

† This description of *Ajax* wearied out with battle, is a passage of exquisite life and beauty: yet what we think nobler than the description itself, is what he says at the end of it, that his hero even in this excess of fatigue and languor, could scarce be moved from his post by the efforts of a whole army.

‡ In the *Greek* there is added an explication of this sign, which has no other allusion to the action, but a very odd one in a single phrase or metaphor, which is to the following effect:

So seem'd their hopes cut off by heav'n's high Lord,  
 So doom'd to fall before the *Trojan* sword.

§ This event is prepared with a great deal of art and probability. That effect which a multitude of speeches was not able to accomplish, one lamentable spectacle, the sight of the flames, at length brings to pass, and moves *Achilles* to compassion. This it was (say the ancients) that moved the tragedians to make visible representations of misery; for the spectators beholding people in unhappy circumstances, find their souls more deeply touched, than by all the strains of rhetoric.

|| *Homer* does not amuse himself here to describe these arms of *Achilles* at length, for besides that the time permits it not, he reserves this description for the new armour which *Telbis* shall bring that hero; a description which will be placed in a more quiet moment, and which will give him all the leisure of making



Adorn'd in all his terrible array,  
He flash'd around intolerable day.  
Alone, untouch'd, *Pelides'* javelin stands,\*  
Not to be pois'd but by *Pelides'* hands;  
From *Pelion's* shady brow the plant entire  
Old *Chiron* rent, and shap'd it for its fire;  
Whose son's great arm alone the weapon wields,  
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.

Then brave *Automedon* (an honour'd name,  
The second to his lord in love and fame,  
In peace his friend, and partner of the war)  
The winged couriers harness'd to the car:  
*Xanthus* and *Balius*, of immortal breed,†  
Sprung from the wind, and like the wind in speed;  
Whom the wing'd *Harpye*, swift *Podarge*, bore,  
By *Zephyr* pregnant on the breezy shore.  
Swift *Pedafus* was added to their side,‡  
(Once great *Aëtion's*, now *Achilles'* pride)  
Who, like in strength, in swiftness, and in grace,  
A mortal courser match'd th' immortal race.

## NOTES.

making it, without requiring any force to introduce it.

\* This passage affords another instance of the stupidity of the commentators, who are here most absurdly inquisitive after the reasons why *Patroclus* does not take the spear, as well as the other arms of *Achilles*? He thought himself a very happy man, who first found out that *Homer* had certainly given this spear to *Patroclus*, if he had not foreseen that when it should be lost in his future unfortunate engagement, *Vulcan* could not furnish *Achilles* with another; being no joiner, but only a smith. *Virgil*, it seems, was not so precisely acquainted with *Vulcan's* disability to profess the two trades: since he has, without any scruple, employed him in making a spear, as well as the other arms for *Aeneas*. Nothing is more obvious than this thought of *Homer*, who intended to raise the idea of his hero, by giving him such a spear as no other could wield: the description of it in this place is wonderfully pompous.

† It is a beautiful invention of the poet, to represent the wonderful swiftness of the horses of *Achilles*, by saying they were begotten by the western wind. This fiction is truly poetical, and very proper in the way of natural allegory. However, it is not altogether improbable our author might have designed it even in the literal sense: nor ought the notion to be thought very extravagant in a poet, since grave naturalists have seriously vouched the truth of this kind of generation. Some of them relate as an undoubted piece of natural history, that there was anciently a breed of this kind of horses in

*Achilles* speeds from tent to tent, and warms  
His hardy *Myrmidons* to blood and arms.  
All breathing death, around their chief they stand,  
A grim, terrific, formidable band:  
Grim as voracious wolves that seek the springs,  
When scalding thirst their burning bowels wrings.§  
(When some tall stag, fresh-slaughter'd in the wood,  
Has drench'd their wide insatiate throats with blood)  
To the black fount they rush, a hideous throng,  
With paunch distended; and with lolling tongue,  
Fire fills their eye, their black jaws belch the gore,  
And gorg'd with slaughter, still they thirst for more.  
Like furious, rush'd the *Myrmidonian* crew,  
Such their dread strength, and such their deathful view.

High in the midst the great *Achilles* stands,  
Directs their order, and the war commands.  
He, lov'd of *Jove*, had launch'd for *Ilion's* shores  
Full fifty vessels, mann'd with fifty oars:  
Five chosen leaders the fierce bands obey,  
Himself supreme in valour, as in sway.

First

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*Portugal*, whose dams were impregnated by a western wind: *Varro*, *Columella*, and *Pliny*, are all of this opinion.

‡ Here was a necessity for a spare horse, (as in another place *Nestor* had occasion for the same) that if by any misfortune one of the other horses should fall, there might be a fresh one ready at hand to supply his place. This is good management in the poet, to deprive *Achilles* not only of his charioteer and his arms, but of one of his inestimable horses.

§ There is scarce any picture in *Homer* so much in the savage and terrible way, as this comparison of the *Myrmidons* to wolves: it puts one in mind of the pieces of *Spagnolett*, or *Salvator Rosa*: each circumstance is made up of images very strongly coloured, and horridly lively. The principal design is to represent the stern looks and fierce appearance of the *Myrmidons*, a gaunt and ghastly train of raw-boned bloody-minded fellows. But besides this, the poet seems to have some farther views in so many different particulars of the comparison: their eager desire of fight is hinted at by the wolves thirsting after water: their strength and vigour for the battle is intimated by their being filled with food: and as these beasts are said to have their thirst sharper after they are gorged with prey; so the *Myrmidons* are strong and vigorous with ease and refreshment, and therefore more ardently desirous of the combat. This image of their strength is inculcated by several expressions both in the simile and the application, and seems designed in contrast to the other *Greeks*, who are all wasted and spent with toil.



First march'd *Menestheus*, of celestial birth,  
 Deriv'd from thee, whose waters wash the earth,\*  
 Divine *Sperchius*! *Jove* descended flood!  
 A mortal mother mixing with a God.  
 Such was *Menestheus*, but miscall'd by fame  
 The son of *Borus*, that espous'd the dame.

*Eudorus* next; whom *Polymele* the gay  
 Fam'd in the graceful dance, produc'd to day.  
 Her, fly *Cyllenius* lov'd; on her would gaze,  
 As with swift step she form'd the running maze:  
 To her high chamber from *Diana's* quire,  
 The God pursu'd her, urg'd, and crown'd his fire.  
 The son confess'd his father's heav'nly race,  
 And heir'd his mother's swiftness in the chace. †  
 Strong *Echeclæus*, blest in all those charms  
 That pleas'd a God, succeeded to her arms;  
 Not conscious of those loves, long hid from fame,  
 With gifts of price he fought and won the dame;  
 Her secret offspring to her Sire she bare;  
 Her Sire caress'd him with a parent's care.

*Pisander* follow'd; matchless in his art  
 To wing the spear, or aim the distant dart;  
 No hand so sure of all th' *Emathian* line,  
 Or if a surer, great *Patroclus*! thine.

The fourth by *Phœnix*' grave command was grac'd;  
*Laërtes*' valiant offspring led the last.

Soon as *Achilles* with superior care  
 Had call'd the chiefs, and order'd all the war,  
 This stern remembrance to his troops he gave:  
 Ye far-fam'd *Myrmidons*, ye fierce and brave!  
 Think with what threats you dar'd the *Trojan* throng,  
 Think what reproach these ears endur'd so long,  
 "Stern son of *Peleus*, (thus ye us'd to say,  
 While restless, raging, in your ships you lay)  
 "Oh nurs'd with gall, unknowing how to yield;  
 "Whose rage defrauds us of so fam'd a field.  
 "If that dire fury must for ever burn,  
 "What make we here? Return, ye chiefs, return!"

## NOTES.

\* *Homer* seems resolved that every thing about *Achilles* should be miraculous. We have seen his very horses are of celestial origin; and now his commanders, though vulgarly reputed the sons of men, are represented as the real offspring of some Deity. The poet thus enhances the admiration of his chief hero by every circumstance with which his imagination could furnish him.

† It was the custom of those times to assign the uppermost rooms to the women, that they might be the farther removed from commerce: wherefore *Penelope* in the *Odyssæy* mounts up into a garret, and there sits to her business. So *Priam*, in the sixth book, had chambers for the ladies of his court, un-

Such were your words--now warriors grieve no more.  
 Lo there the *Trojans*! bathe your swords in gore!  
 This day shall give you all your foul demands;  
 Glut all your hearts! and weary all your hands!

Thus while he-rouz'd the fire in ev'ry breast,  
 Close, and more close, the list'ning cohorts prest;  
 Ranks wedg'd in ranks; of arms a steely ring  
 Still grows, and spreads, and thickens round the king.  
 As when a circling wall the builder forms,  
 Of strength defensive against winds and storms,  
 Compacted stones the thick'ning work compose,  
 And round him wide the rising structure grows.  
 So helm to helm, and crest to crest they throng,  
 Shield urg'd on shield, and man drove man along;  
 Thick, undistinguish'd plumes, together join'd,  
 Float in one sea, and wave before the wind.

Far o'er the rest, in glitt'ring pomp appear  
 The bold *Automedon*; *Patroclus* here;  
 Brothers in arms, with equal fury fir'd;  
 Two friends, two bodies with one soul inspir'd.

But mindful of the Gods, *Achilles* went  
 To the rich coffer, in his shady tent:  
 There lay on heaps his various garments roll'd,  
 And costly furs, and carpets stiff with gold.  
 (The presents of the silver-footed dame.)  
 From thence he took a bowl, of antique frame,  
 Which never man had slain'd with ruddy wine,  
 Not rais'd in off'rings to the pow'rs divine,  
 But *Peleus*' son; and *Peleus*' son to none  
 Had rais'd in off'rings, but to *Jove* alone.  
 This ting'd with sulphur, sacred first to flame,  
 He purg'd; and wash'd it in the running stream.  
 Then cleans'd his hands; and fixing for a space  
 His eyes on heaven, his feet upon the place  
 Of sacrifice, the purple draught he pour'd  
 Forth in the midst; and thus the God implor'd. ‡

Oh thou supreme! high-thron'd all height above!  
 Oh great *Pelasgic*, *Dadonæan Jove*!

Who

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der the roof of his palace. The *Lacedæmonians* called these high apartments by a name which signifies eggs. It is probable it was this that gave occasion to the fable of *Helen's* birth, who is said to be born from an egg.

‡ Though the character of *Achilles* every where shews a mind sway'd with unbounded passions, and entirely regardless of all human authority and law; yet he preserves a constant respect to the Gods, and appears as zealous in the sentiments and actions of piety as any hero of the *Iliad*; who indeed are all remarkable this way. The present passage is an exact description and perfect ritual of the ceremonies on these occasions. *Achilles*, though an urgent affair





Patroclus moved with the Misfortunes of the Greeks, and having obtained leave  
of Achilles to go to their relief, puts on the Armour of that Prince, who makes  
Libations to Jupiter for his happy return.

B. XVI.

P. Kuderer sculp.



Who 'midst surrounding frosts, and vapours chill,  
Preside on bleak *Dodona's* vocal hill :\*

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affair called for his friend's assistance, would not yet suffer him to enter the fight, till in a most solemn manner he had recommended him to the protection of *Jupiter* : and this we think a stronger proof of his tenderness and affection for *Patroclus*, than either the grief he expressed at his death, or the fury he shewed to revenge it.

\* The frequent mention of *oracles* in *Homer* and the ancient authors, may make it not improper to give the reader a general account of so considerable a part of the *Grecian* superstition. The *oracles* were ranked among the noblest and most religious kinds of divination ; the design of them being to settle such an immediate way of converse with their Gods, as to be able by them not only to explain things intricate and obscure, but also to anticipate the knowledge of future events ; and that with far greater certainty than they could hope for from men, who out of ignorance and prejudice must sometimes either conceal or betray the truth. So that this became the only safe way of deliberating upon affairs of any consequence, either public or private. Whether to proclaim war, or conclude a peace ; to institute a new form of government, or enact new laws ; all was to be done with the advice and approbation of the oracle, whose determinations were always held sacred and inviolable. As to the causes of oracles, *Jupiter* was looked upon as the first cause of this, and all other sorts of divination ; he had the book of fate before him, and out of that revealed either more or less, as he pleased, to inferior dæmons. But to argue more rationally, this way of access to the Gods has been branded as one of the earliest and grossest pieces of priestcraft, that obtained in the world. For the priests, whose dependance was on the oracles, when they found the cheat had got sufficient footing, allowed no man to consult the Gods without costly sacrifices and rich presents to themselves : and as few could bear this expence, it served to raise their credit among the common people, by keeping them at an awful distance. And to heighten their esteem with the better and wealthier sort, even they were only admitted upon a few stated days : by which the thing appeared still more mysterious, and for want of this good management, must quickly have been seen through, and fall to the ground. But whatever juggling there was as to the religious part, oracles had certainly a good effect as to the public ; being admirably suited to the genius of a people, who would

No. 12.

(Whose groves, the *Selli*, race austere ! surround,  
Their feet unwash'd, their slumbers on the ground ;  
Who

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join in the most desperate expedition, and admit of any change of government, when they understood by the oracle it was the irresistible will of the Gods. This was the method *Minos*, *Lycurgus*, and all the famous law-givers took ; and indeed they found the people so entirely devoted to this part of religion, that it was generally the easiest, and sometimes the only way of winning them into a compliance. And then they took care to have them delivered in such ambiguous terms, as to admit of different constructions according to the exigency of the times ; so that they were generally interpreted to the advantage of the state, unless sometimes there happened to be bribery or flattery in the case ; as when *Demosthenes* complained that the *Pythia* spoke as *Philip* would have her. The most numerous, and of greatest repute, were the oracles of *Apollo*, who in subordination to *Jupiter*, was appointed to preside over, and inspire all sorts of prophets and diviners. And amongst these, the *Delphian* challenged the first place, not so much in respect of it's antiquity, as it's perspicuity and certainty ; insomuch that the answers of the *Tripes* came to be used proverbially for clear and infallible truths. Here we must not omit the first *Pythia* or priestess of this famous oracle in heroic verse. They found a secret charm in numbers, which made every thing look pompous and weighty. And hence it became the general practice of legislators and philosophers, to deliver their laws and maxims in that dress : and scarce any thing in those ages was writ of excellence or moment but in verse. This was the dawn of poetry, which soon grew into repute ; and so long as it served to such noble purposes as religion and government, poets were highly honoured, and admitted into a share of the administration. But by that time it arrived to any perfection, they pursued more mean and servile ends ; and as they prostituted their muse, and debased the subject, they sunk proportionably in their esteem and dignity. As to the history of oracles, we find them mentioned in the very infancy of *Greece* ; and it is as uncertain when they were finally extinct, as when they began. For they often lost their prophetic faculty for some time, and recovered it again. We know it is a common opinion, that they were universally silenced upon our Saviour's appearance in the world : and if the devil had been permitted for so many ages to delude mankind, it might probably have been so. But we are assured from history, that several of them con-

3 K

tinued



Who hear, from rustling oaks, thy dark decrees ; \*  
And catch the fates, low-whisper'd in the breeze.

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tinued till the reign of *Julian* the apostate, and were consulted by him: and therefore we look upon the whole business as of human contrivance; an egregious imposture founded upon superstition, and carried on by policy and interest, till the brighter oracles of the holy scriptures dispelled these mists of error and enthusiasm.—*Achilles* invokes *Jupiter* with these particular appellations; and represents to him the services performed by these priests and prophets; making these honours, paid in his own country, his claim for the protection of this Deity. *Jupiter* was looked upon as the first cause of all divination and oracles. The first oracle of *Dodona* was founded by the *Pelasgi*, the most ancient of all the inhabitants of *Greece*, which is confirmed by *Hesiod*. The oaks of this place were said to be endowed with voice, and prophetic spirit; the priests who gave answers concealing themselves in these trees; a practice which the pious frauds of succeeding ages have rendered not improbable.

\* *Homer* seems to say clearly enough, that these priests lay on the ground and forbore the bath, to honour by these austerities the God they served. This example is remarkable, but we do not think it singular; and the earliest antiquity may furnish us with the like of pagans, who by an austere life tried to please their Gods. Nevertheless we are obliged to say, that *Strabo*, who speaks at large of these *Selli* in his seventh book, has not taken this austerity of life for an effect of their devotion, but for a remain of the grossness of their ancestors; who being barbarians, and straying from country to country, had no bed but the earth, and never used a bath. But it is no way unlikely that what was in the first *Pelasgians* (who founded this oracle) only custom and use, might be continued by these priests through devotion. How many things do we at this day see, which were in their original only ancient manner, and which are continued through zeal and a spirit of religion? It is very probable that these priests by this hard living had a mind to attract the admiration and confidence of a people who loved luxury and delicacy so much. We were willing to search into antiquity for the original of these *Selli*, priests of *Jupiter*, but found nothing so ancient as *Homer*: *Herodotus* writes in his second book, that the oracle of *Dodona* was the most ancient in *Greece*, and that it was a long time the only one; but what he adds, that it was founded by an *Egyp-*

Hear, as of old! Thou gav'st, at *Thetis'* pray'r,  
Glory to me, and to the *Greeks* despair:

Lo

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*tian* woman, who was the priestess of it, is contradicted by this passage of *Homer*, who shews that in the time of the *Trojan* war this temple was served by men called *Selli*, and not by women. *Strabo* informs us of a curious ancient tradition, importing, that this temple was at first built in *Thessaly*, that from thence it was carried into *Dodona*; that several women who had placed their devotion there, followed it; and that in process of time the priestesses used to be chosen from among the descendants of those women. To return to these *Selli*; *Sophocles*, who of all the *Greek* poets is he who has most imitated *Homer*, speaks in like manner of these priests in one of his plays, where *Hercules* says to his son *Hil-lus*, "I will declare to thee a new oracle, which perfectly agrees with this ancient one; I myself having entered into the sacred wood inhabited by the austere *Selli*, who lie on the ground, writ this answer of the oak, which is consecrated to my father *Jupiter*, and which renders his oracles in all languages."

*Homer* in this verse uses a word which we think singular and remarkable, and signifies *under-prophets*. We cannot believe that it was put simply for *prophets*, but are persuaded that this term includes some particular sense, and shews some custom but little known, which we would willingly discover. In the *Scholia* of *Didymus* there is this remark: "They called those who served in the temple, and who explained the oracles rendered by the priests, *hypophets*, or *under-prophets*." It is certain that there were in the temples servitors, or subaltern ministers, who for the sake of gain undertook to explain the oracles which were obscure. This custom seems very well established in the *Ion* of *Euripides*; where that young child (after having said that the priestess is seated on the tripod, and renders the oracles which *Apollo* dictates to her) addresses himself to those who serve in the temple, and bids them go and wash in the *Castalian* fountain, to come again into the temple, and explain the oracles to those who should demand the explication of them. *Homer* therefore means to shew, that these *Selli* were, in the temple of *Dodona*, those subaltern ministers that interpreted the oracles. But this, after all, does not appear to agree with the present passage: for, besides that the custom was not established in *Homer's* time, and that there is no footstep of it founded in that early age; these *Selli* (of whom *Homer* speaks) are not here ministers subordinate to others, they are plainly the



Lo to the dangers of the fighting field  
The best, the dearest of my friends, I yield:  
Tho' still determin'd, to my ships confin'd,  
*Patroclus* gone, I stay but half behind.  
Oh! be his guard thy providential care,  
Confirm his heart, and string his arm to war:  
Press'd by his single force, let *Hector* see  
His fame in arms, not owing all to me.  
But when the fleets are sav'd from foes and fire,  
Let him with conquest and renown retire;  
Preserve his arms, preserve his social train,  
And safe return him to these eyes again!

Great *Jove* consents to half the chief's request,  
But heav'n's eternal doom denies the rest;  
To free the fleet was granted to his pray'r;  
His safe return, the winds dispers'd in air.  
Back to his tent the stern *Achilles* flies,  
And waits the combat with impatient eyes.

Meanwhile the troops beneath *Patroclus*' care,  
Invade the *Trojans*, and commence the war.  
As wasps, provok'd by children in their play,\*  
Pour from their mansions by the broad high-way,  
In swarms the guiltless traveller engage,  
Whet all their stings, and call forth all their rage:  
All rise in arms; and with a gen'ral cry  
Assert their waxen domes, and buzzing progeny.  
Thus from the tents the fervent legion swarms,  
So loud their clamours, and so keen their arms,  
Their rising rage *Patroclus*' breath inspires,  
Who thus inflames them with heroic fires.

Oh warriors, partners of *Achilles*' praise!  
Be mindful of your deeds in ancient days;

Your godlike master let your acts proclaim,  
And add new glories to his mighty name.  
Think, your *Achilles* sees you fight: be brave,  
And humble the proud monarch whom you save.  
Joyful they heard, and kindling as he spoke,  
Flew to the fleet, involv'd in fire and smoke.  
From shore to shore the doubling shouts resound,  
The hollow ships return a deeper sound.  
The war stood still, and all around them gaz'd,  
When great *Achilles*' shining armour blaz'd:  
*Troy* saw, and thought the dead *Achilles* nigh,  
At once they see, they tremble, and they fly.

Then first thy spear, divine *Patroclus*! flew,  
Where the war rag'd, and where the tumult grew.  
Close to the stern of that fam'd ship, which bore  
Unblest *Protesilaus* to *Ilion*'s shore,  
The great *Pæonian*, bold *Pyræchmes*, stood:  
(Who led his bands from *Axius*' winding flood)  
His shoulder-blade receives the fatal wound;  
The groaning warrior pants upon the ground.  
His troops, that see their country's glory slain,  
Fly diverse, scatter'd o'er the distant plain.  
*Patroclus*' arm forbids the spreading fires,  
And from the half burn'd ship proud *Troy* retires:  
Clear'd from the smoke the joyful navy lies:  
In heaps on heaps the foe tumultuous flies;  
Triumphant *Greece* her rescu'd decks ascends,  
And loud acclaim the starry region rends.  
So when thick clouds inwrap the mountain's head,†  
O'er heav'n's expanse like one black cieling spread;  
Sudden, the Thund'rer with a flashing ray,  
Bursts through the darkness, and lets down the day:

T. C.

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the chief priests. The explication of this word therefore must be elsewhere sought, and we shall offer our conjecture, which we ground upon the nature of this oracle of *Dodona*, which was very different from all the other oracles: in all other temples the priests delivered the oracles which they had received from their Gods, immediately: but in the temple of *Dodona*, *Jupiter* did not utter his oracles to his priests, but to his *Selli*; he rendered them to the oaks, and the wonderful oaks rendered them to the priests, who declared them to those who consulted them: so these priests were not properly prophets, since they did not receive those answers from the mouth of their God immediately: but they were under-prophets, because they received them from the mouth of the oaks, if we may so speak. The oaks, properly speaking, were the prophets, the first interpreters of *Jupiter*'s oracles; and the *Selli* were under-prophets, because they pronounced what the oaks had said. Thus *Homer*, in one single word, includes a very curious piece of antiquity.

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\* One may observe, that though *Homer* sometimes takes his similitudes from the meanest and smallest things in nature, yet he orders it so as by their appearance to signalize and give lustre to his greatest heroes. Here he likens a body of *Myrmidons* to a nest of wasps, not on account of their strength and bravery, but of their heat and resentment. *Virgil* has imitated these humble comparisons, as when he compares the builders of *Carthage* to bees. *Homer* has carried it a little farther in another place, where he compares the soldiers to flies, for their busy industry and perseverance about a dead body; not diminishing his heroes by the size of these small animals, but raising his comparisons from certain properties inherent in them, which deserve our observation.

† All the commentators take this comparison in a sense different from that in which it is here translated. They suppose *Jupiter* is here described cleaving the air with a flash of lightening, and spreading a gleam of light over a high mountain, which



The hills shine out, the rocks in prospect rise,  
And streams, and vales, and forests strike the eyes;  
The smiling scene wide opens to the sight,  
And all th' unmeasur'd æther flames with light.

But *Troy* repuls'd, and scatter'd o'er the plains,  
Forc'd from the navy, yet the fight maintains.  
Now ev'ry *Greek* some hostile hero slew,  
But still the foremost, bold *Patroclus* flew;  
As *Arcilycus* had turn'd him round,  
Sharp in his thigh he felt the piercing wound;  
The brazen-pointed spear, with vigour thrown,  
The thigh transfix'd, and broke the brittle bone:  
Headlong he fell. Next *Thoas* was thy chance,  
Thy breast, unarm'd, receiv'd the *Spartan* lance.  
*Phylides*' dart, (as *Amphichus* drew nigh)  
His blow prevented, and transpierc'd his thigh,  
Tore all the brawn, and rent the nerves away;  
In darkness, and in death, the warrior lay.

In equal arms two sons of *Nestor* stand,  
And two bold brothers of the *Lycian* band:  
By great *Antilochus*, *Atymnius* dies,  
Pierc'd in the flank, lamented youth! he lies.  
Kind *Maris*, bleeding in his brother's wound,  
Defends the breathless carcase on the ground;  
Furious he flies, his murd'rer to engage,  
But godly *Thrasimed* prevents his rage,  
Between his arm and shoulder aims a blow;  
His arm falls spouting on the dust below:  
He sinks, with endless darkness cover'd o'er,  
And vents his soul effus'd with gushing gore.

Slain by two brothers, thus two brothers bleed,  
*Sarpedon*'s friends, *Amisodarus*' seed;  
*Amisodarus*, who, by furies led,\*  
The bane of men, abhor'd *Chimæra* bred;  
Skill'd in the dart in vain, his sons expire,  
And pay the forfeit of their guilty fire.

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which a black cloud held buried in darkness. The application is made to *Patroclus* falling on the *Trojans*, and giving respite to the *Greeks*, who were plunged in obscurity. *Eustathius* gives this interpretation, but at the same time acknowledges it improper in this comparison to represent the extinction of the flames by the darting of lightning. This explanation is solely founded on the expression *Jupiter the lightener*, which epithet is often applied when no such action is supposed. The most obvious signification of the words in this passage, gives a more natural and agreeable image, and admits of a juster application. The simile seems to be of *Jupiter* dispersing a black cloud which had covered a high mountain, whereby a beautiful prospect, which was before hid in darkness, suddenly appears. This

Stopp'd in the tumult *Gleobulus* lies,  
Beneath *Oileus*' arm a living prize;  
A living prize not long the *Trojan* stood;  
The thirsty falchion drank his reeking blood:  
Plung'd in his throat the smoking weapon lies;  
Black death, and fate unpitying, seal his eyes.  
Amid the ranks, with mutual thirst of fame,  
*Lycon* the brave, and fierce *Penelopeus* came;  
In vain their jav'lines at each other flew,  
Now, met in arms, their eager swords they drew.  
On the plum'd crest of his *Bæotian* foe,  
The daring *Lycon* aim'd a noble blow;  
The sword broke short; but his, *Penelopeus* sped  
Full on the juncture of the neck and head:  
The head, divided by a stroke so just,  
Hung by the skin: the body sunk to dust.

O'er taken *Neamas* by *Merion* bleeds,  
Pierc'd thro' the shoulder as he mounts his steeds;  
Back from the car he tumbles to the ground:  
His swimming eyes eternal shades surround.

Next *Erymas* was doom'd his fate to feel,  
His open'd mouth receiv'd the *Cretan* steel:  
Beneath the brain the point a passage tore,  
Crash'd the thin bones, and drown'd the teeth in gore:  
His mouth, his eyes, his nostrils pour a flood;  
He sobs his soul out in the gush of blood.

As when the flocks neglected by the swain  
(Or kids, or lambs) lie scatter'd o'er the plain,  
A troop of wolves th' unguarded charge survey,  
And rend the trembling, unresisting prey.  
Thus on the foe the *Greeks* impetuous came;  
*Troy* fled, unmindful of her former fame.

But still at *Hector* godlike *Ajax* aim'd,  
Still, pointed at his breast, his jav'lin flam'd:  
The *Trojan* chief, experienc'd in the field,  
O'er his broad shoulders spread the massy shield,  
Observ'd

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is applicable to the present state of the *Greeks*, after *Patroclus* had extinguished the flames, which began to spread clouds of smoke over the fleet. It is *Homer*'s design in his comparisons to apply them to the most obvious and sensible image of the thing to be illustrated; which his commentators too frequently endeavour to hide by moral and allegorical refinements; and thus injure the poet more, by attributing to him what does not belong to him, than by refusing him what is really his own.

\* *Amisodarus* was king of *Caria*; *Bellerophon* married his daughter. The ancients guessed from this passage that the *Chimæra* was not a fiction, since *Homer* marks the time wherein she lived, and the prince with whom she lived; they thought it was some beast of that prince's herds, who being grown furious



Observ'd the storm of darts the *Grecians* pour,  
 And on his buckler caught the ringing show'r.  
 He sees for *Greece* the scale of conquest rise,  
 Yet stops, and turns, and saves his lov'd allies.\*  
 As when the hand of *Jove* a tempest forms,  
 And rolls the cloud to blacken heav'n with storms,  
 Dark o'er the fields th' ascending vapour flies,  
 And shades the sun, and blots the golden skies:  
 So from the ships, along the dusky plain,  
 Dire *Flight* and *Terror* drove the *Trojan* train.  
 Ev'n *Hector* fled; thro' heaps of disarray  
 The fiery couriers forc'd their lord away:  
 While far behind his *Trojans* fall confus'd,  
 Wedg'd in the trench, in one vast carnage bruise'd.  
 Chariots on chariots roll; the clashing spokes  
 Shock; while the madding steeds break short their  
 yokes:

In vain they labour up the steepy mound;  
 Their charioteers lie foaming on the ground.  
 Fierce on the rear, with shouts, *Patroclus* flies;  
 Tumultuous clamour fills the field and skies;  
 Thick drifts of dust involve their rapid flight;  
 Clouds rise on clouds, and heav'n is snatch'd from  
 sight.

Th' affrighted steeds, their dying lords cast down,  
 Scour o'er the fields, and stretch to reach the town.  
 Loud o'er the rout was heard the victor's cry,  
 Where the war bleeds, and where the thickest die,

Where horse and arms, and chariots lie o'erthrown,  
 And bleeding heroes under axles groan.  
 No stop, no check the steeds of *Peleus* knew;  
 From bank to bank th' immortal couriers flew,†  
 High-bounding o'er the fosse: the whirling car  
 Smokes thro' the ranks, o'ertakes the flying war,  
 And thunders after *Hector*; *Hector* flies,  
*Patroclus* shakes his lance; but fate denies.  
 Not with less noise, with less impetuous force,  
 The tide of *Trojans* urge their desp'rate course,  
 Than when in autumn *Jove* his fury pours,‡  
 And earth is loaden with incessant show'rs,  
 (When guilty mortals break th' eternal laws,  
 And judges brib'd, betray the righteous cause)  
 From their deep beds he bids the rivers rise,  
 And opens all the flood-gates of the skies:  
 Th' impetuous torrents from their hills obey,  
 Whole fields are drown'd, and mountains swept away;  
 Loud roars the deluge till it meets the main;  
 And trembling man sees all his labours vain.

And now the chief (the foremost troops repell'd)  
 Back to the ships his destin'd progress held,  
 Bore down half *Troy* in his resistless way,  
 And forc'd the routed ranks to stand the day.  
 Between the space where silver *Simois* flows,  
 Where lay the fleets, and where the rampires rose,§  
 All grim in dust and blood, *Patroclus* stands,  
 And turns the slaughter on the conqu'ring bands.

First

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furious and mad, had done a great deal of mischief, like the *Calydonian* boar.

\* *Homer* represents *Hector*, as he retires, making a stand from time to time, to save his troops: and he expresses it by a single word which does not only signify to *stay*, but likewise in retiring to stop from time to time.

† *Homer* had made of *Hector's* horses all that poetry could make of common and mortal horses; they stand on the bank of the ditch, foaming and neighing for madness that they cannot leap it. But the immortal horses of *Achilles* find no obstacle: they leap the ditch, and fly into the plain.

‡ The poet in this image of an inundation, takes occasion to mention a sentiment of great piety, that such calamities were the effects of divine justice punishing the sins of mankind. This might probably refer to the tradition of an universal deluge, which was very common among the ancient heathen writers; most of them ascribing the cause of this deluge to the wrath of heaven provoked by the wickedness of men. *Diadorus Siculus*, l. 15. c. 5. speaking of an earthquake and inundation, which destroyed a great part of *Greece*, in the hundred and

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first *Olympiad*, has these words: "There was a great dispute concerning the cause of this calamity: the natural philosophers generally ascribed such events to necessary causes, not to any divine hand: but they who had more devout sentiments, gave a more probable account hereof; asserting, that it was the divine vengeance alone that brought this destruction upon men who had offended the Gods with their impiety." He then proceeds to give an account of those crimes which drew down this punishment upon them. This is one, among a thousand instances, of *Homer's* indirect and oblique manner of introducing moral sentences and instructions. These agreeably break in upon his reader even in descriptions and poetical parts, where one naturally expects only painting and amusement. We have virtue put upon us by surprise, and are pleased to find a thing where we should never have looked to meet with it.

§ It looks at first sight as if *Patroclus* was very punctual in obeying the orders of *Achilles*, when he hinders the *Trojans* from ascending to their town, and holds an engagement with them between the ships, the river, and the wall. But he seems afterwards



First *Pronous* dy'd beneath his fiery dart,  
Which pierc'd below the shield his valiant heart.  
*Thestor* was next; who saw the chief appear,  
And sell the victim of his coward fear;  
Shrunk up he sat, with wild and haggard eye,  
Nor stood to combat, nor had force to fly:  
*Patroclus* mark'd him as he shunn'd the war,  
And with unmanly tremblings shook the car,  
And dropp'd the flowing reins. Him 'twixt the jaws  
The jav'lin sticks, and from the chariot draws.  
As on a rock that over-hangs the main,  
An angler, studious of the line and cane,  
Some mighty fish draws panting to the shore;  
Not with less ease the barbed jav'lin bore  
The gaping dastard: as the spear was shook,  
He fell, and life his heartless breast forsook.  
Next on *Eryalus* he flies; a stone  
Large as a rock, was by his fury thrown:  
Full on his crown the pond'rous fragment flew,  
And burst the helm, and cleft the head in two:

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wards through very haste to have slip't his commands, for his orders were that he should drive them from the ships, and then presently return; but he proceeds farther, and his death is the consequence.

\* The poet preparing to recount the death of *Sarpedon*, it will not be improper to give a sketch of some particulars which constitute a character the most faultless and amiable in the whole *Iliad*. This hero is by birth superior to all the chiefs of either side, being the only son of *Jupiter* engaged in this war. His qualities are no way unworthy his descent, since he every where appears equal in valour, prudence, and eloquence, to the most admired heroes: nor are these excellencies blemished with any of those defects with which the most distinguishing characters of the poem are stained. So that the nicest critics cannot find any thing to offend their delicacy, but must be obliged to own the manners of this hero perfect. His valour is neither rash nor boisterous; his prudence neither timorous nor tricking; and his eloquence neither talkative nor boasting. He never reproaches the living, or insults the dead: but appears uniform through his conduct in the war, acted with the same generous sentiments that engaged him in it, having no interest in the quarrel but to succour his allies in distress. This noble life is ended with a death as glorious; for in his last moments he has no other concern, but for the honour of his friends, and the event of the day. *Homer* justly represents

Prone to the ground the breathless warrior fell;  
And death involv'd him with the shades of hell.  
Then low in dust *Epaltēs*, *Echius*, lie;  
*Ipheas*, *Evippus*, *Polymelus*, die;  
*Amphoterus*, and *Erymas* succeed:  
And last *Tlepolemus* and *Pyres* bleed.  
Where'er he moves, the growing slaughters spread  
In heaps on heaps; a monument of dead.  
When now *Sarpedon* his brave friends beheld \*  
Gro'ling in dust, and gasping on the field,  
With this reproach his flying host he warms,  
Oh stain to honour! oh disgrace to arms!  
For sake, inglorious, the contended plain;  
This hand, unaided, shall the war sustain:  
The task be mine, this hero's strength to try,  
Who mows whole troops, and makes an army fly.  
He spake; and speaking, leaps from off the car;  
*Patroclus* lights, and sternly waits the war.  
As when two vultures on the mountain's height †  
Stoop with resounding pinions to the fight;

They

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such a character to be attended with universal esteem: as he was greatly honoured when living, he is as much lamented when dead, as the chief prop of *Troy*. The poet by his death, even before that of *Hector*, prepares us to expect the destruction of that town, when it's two great defenders are no more: and in order to make it the more signal and remarkable, it is the only death of the *Iliad* attended with prodigies: even his funeral is performed by divine assistance, he being the only hero whose body is carried back to be interred in his native country, and honoured with monuments erected to his fame. These peculiar and distinguishing honours seem appropriated by our author to him alone, as the reward of a merit superior to all his other less perfect heroes.

† *Homer* compares *Patroclus* and *Sarpedon* to two vultures, because they appeared to be of equal strength and abilities, when they had dismounted from their chariots. For this reason he has chosen to compare them to birds of the same kind; as on another occasion, to image the like equality of strength, he sembles both *Hector* and *Patroclus* to lions: but a little after this place, diminishing the force of *Sarpedon*, he compares him to a bull, and *Patroclus* to a lion. He has placed these vultures upon a high rock, because it is their nature to perch there, rather than in the boughs of trees. Their crooked talons make them unfit to walk on the ground, they could not fight steadily in the air, and therefore their fittest place is the rock.



They cuff, they tear, they raise a screaming cry ;  
The desert echoes, and the rocks reply :  
The warriors thus oppos'd in arms, engage  
With equal clamours, and with equal rage.

*Jove* view'd the combat, whose event foreseen,  
He thus bespoke his Sister and his Queen.  
The hour draws on ; the destinies ordain,  
My godlike son shall press the *Phrygian* plain :  
Already on the verge of death he stands,  
His life is ow'd to fierce *Patroclus*' hands.  
What passions in a parent's breast debate !  
Say, shall I snatch him from impending fate,\*  
And send him safe to *Lycia*, distant far  
From all the dangers and the toils of war ;  
Or to his doom my bravest offspring yield,  
And fatten with celestial blood, the field ?

Then thus the Goddesses with the radiant eyes :  
What words are these ? O sov'reign of the skies !  
Short is the date prescrib'd to mortal man ;  
Shall *Jove*, for one, extend the narrow span,  
Whose bounds were fix'd before his race began ? }  
How many sons of Gods, foredoom'd to death,  
Before proud *Ilion*, must resign their breath !

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\* It appears by this passage, that *Homer* was of opinion, that the power of God could over-rule fate or destiny. It has puzzled many to distinguish exactly the notion of the heathens as to this point. Mr. *Dryden* contends that *Jupiter* was limited by the destinies, or (to use his expression) was no better than book-keeper to them. He grounds it upon a passage in the tenth book of *Virgil*, where *Jupiter* mentions this instance of *Sarpedon* as a proof of his yielding to the fates. But both that, and his citation from *Ovid*, amounts to no more than that *Jupiter* gave way to destiny ; not that he could not prevent it ; the contrary to which is plain from his doubt and deliberation in this place. And indeed whatever may be inferred of other poets, *Homer*'s opinion at least, as to the dispensations of God to man, has ever seemed to us very clear, and distinctly agreeable to truth. We shall find, if we examine his whole works with an eye to this doctrine, that he assigns three causes of all the good and evil that happens in this world, which he takes a particular care to distinguish. First, the *will of God*, superior to all. Secondly, *destiny* or *fate*, meaning the laws and order of nature affecting the constitutions of men, and disposing them to good or evil, prosperity or misfortune ; which the supreme being, if it be his pleasure, may over-rule (as he is inclined to do in this place), but which he generally suffers to take effect. Thirdly, our own *free will*, which either

Were thine exempt, debate would rise above,  
And murm'ring pow'rs condemn their partial *Jove*.  
Give the bold chief a glorious fate in fight ;  
And when th' ascending soul has wing'd her flight,  
Let *Sleep* and *Death* convey, by thy command, †  
The breathless body to his native land.  
His friends and people, to his future praise,  
A marble tomb and pyramid shall raise,  
And lasting honours to his ashes give ;  
His fame ( 'tis all the dead can have ) shall live.

She said ; the Cloud-compeller overcome,  
Assents to fate, and ratifies the doom.  
Then, touch'd with grief, the weeping heav'ns distill'd  
A show'rof blood o'er all the fatal field ; ‡  
The God, his eyes averting from the plain,  
Laments his son, predestin'd to be slain,  
Far from the *Lycian* shores, his happy native reign. }

Now met in arms, the combatants appear,  
Each heav'd the shield, and pois'd the lifted spear :  
From strong *Patroclus*' hand the javelin fled,  
And pass'd the groin of valiant *Thrasymed* :  
The nerves unbrae'd, no more his bulk sustain,  
He falls, and falling bites the bloody plain.

Two

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by prudence overcomes those natural influences and passions, or by folly suffers us to fall under them.

† The history or fable received in *Homer*'s time, imported, that *Sarpedon* was interred in *Lycia*, but it said nothing of his death. This gave the poet the liberty of making him die at *Troy*, provided that after his death he was carried into *Lycia*, to preserve the fable. The expedient proposed by *Juno* solves all ; *Sarpedon* dies at *Troy*, and is interred at *Lycia* ; and what renders this probable is, that in those times, as at this day, princes and persons of quality who died in foreign parts were carried into their own country to be laid in the tombs of their fathers. The antiquity of this custom cannot be doubted, since it was practised in the Patriarchal times: *Jacob* dying in *Egypt*, orders his children to carry him into the land of *Canaan*, where he desired to be buried, *Gen.* xlix. 29.

‡ As to showers of a bloody colour, many both ancient and modern naturalists agree in asserting the reality of such appearance, though they account for them differently. What seems the most probable, is that of *Brémontius* in his *Meteorology*, who observed, that a shower of this kind, which gave great cause of wonder, was nothing but a quantity of very small red insects, beat down to the earth by a heavy shower, whereby the ground was spotted in several places, as with drops of blood.



Two founding darts the *Lycian* leader threw;  
 The first aloof with erring fury flew,  
 The next transpierc'd *Achilles'* mortal steed,\*  
 The gen'rous *Pedafus*, of *Theban* breed;  
 Fix'd in the shoulder's joint, he reel'd around;  
 Roll'd in the bloody dust, and paw'd the slip'ry ground.  
 His sudden fall th' entangled harness broke;  
 Each axle crackled, and the chariot shook:  
 When bold *Automedon* to disengage  
 The starting coursers, and restrain their rage,  
 Divides the traces with his sword, and freed  
 Th' incumber'd chariot from the dying steed:  
 The rest move on, obedient to the rein;  
 The ear rolls slowly o'er the dusty plain.

The tow'ring chiefs to fiercer fight advance,  
 And first *Sarpedon* whirl'd his weighty lance,  
 Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took it's course,  
 And spent in empty air it's dying force.  
 Not so *Patroclus'* never-erring dart;  
 Aim'd at his breast, it pierc'd the mortal part  
 Where the strong fibres bind the solid heart.  
 Then, as the mountain oak, or poplar tall,  
 Or pine (fit mast for some great admiral)  
 Nods to the ax, till with a groaning sound  
 It sinks, and spreads it's honours on the ground;  
 Thus fell the king; and laid on earth supine,  
 Before his chariot stretch'd his form divine:  
 He grasp'd the dust distain'd with streaming gore,  
 And pale in death, lay groaning on the shore.  
 So lies a bull beneath the lion's paws,  
 While the grim savage grinds with foamy jaws  
 The trembling limbs, and sucks the smoking blood;  
 Deep groans, and hollow roars, rebellow through  
 the wood.

Then to the leader of the *Lycian* band  
 The dying chief address'd his last command.  
*Glaucus*, be bold; thy task be first to dare†  
 The glorious dangers of destructive war,

To lead my troops, to combat at their head,  
 Incite the living, and supply the dead.  
 Tell 'em, I charg'd them with my latest breath  
 Not unreveng'd to bear *Sarpedon's* death.  
 What grief, what shame must *Glaucus* undergo,  
 If these spoil'd arms adorn a *Grecian* foe?  
 Then as a friend, and as a warrior, fight;  
 Defend my body, conquer in my right;  
 That taught by great examples, all may try,  
 Like thee to vanquish, or like me to die.

He ceas'd; and fates suppress'd his lab'ring breath;  
 And his eyes darken'd with the shades of death.  
 Th' insulting victor with disdain bestrode  
 The prostrate prince, and on his bosom trod;  
 Then drew the weapon from his panting heart,  
 The reeking fibres clinging to the dart;  
 From the wide wound gush'd out a stream of blood,  
 And the soul issu'd in the purple flood.

His flying steeds the *Myrmidons* detain,  
 Unguided now, their mighty matter slain.  
 All-impotent of aid, transfix'd with grief,  
 Unhappy *Glaucus* heard the dying chief.  
 His painful arm, yet useless with the smart  
 Inflicted late by *Teucer's* deadly dart,  
 Supported on his better hand he stay'd;  
 To *Phæbus* then ('twas all he could) he pray'd.  
 All-seeing Monarch! whether *Lycia's* coast,  
 Or sacred *Ilium*, thy bright presence boast,  
 Pow'rful alike to ease the wretch's smart;  
 Oh hear me! God of ev'ry healing art!  
 Lo! stiff with clotted blood, and pierc'd with pain,  
 That thrills my arm, and shoots through ev'ry vein;  
 I stand unable to sustain the spear,  
 And sigh, at distance from the glorious war.  
 Low in the dust is great *Sarpedon* laid,  
 Nor *Jove* vouchsaf'd his hapless offspring aid.  
 But thou, O God of Health! thy succour lend,  
 To guard the reliques of my slaughter'd friend.

For

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\* The other two horses of *Achilles*, *Xanthus* and *Balius*, were immortal, as we have already seen in this book. It is a merry conceit of *Eustathius*, that *Pedafus* is only said to be mortal, because of three horses he only was a gelding. It is pity poor *Pedafus* had not a better fate to have recompens'd the loss of his immortality.

† This dying speech of *Sarpedon* deserves particular notice, being made up of noble sentiments, and fully answering the character of this brave and generous prince, which he preserves in his last moments. Being sensible of approaching death, without any transports of rage, or desire of revenge, he calls to his friend to take care to preserve his body

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and arms from becoming a prey to the enemy: and this he says without any regard to himself, but one of the most tender concerns for his friend's reputation, who must for ever become infamous if he fails in this point of honour and duty. If we conceive this said by the expiring hero, his dying looks fixed on his wounded disconsolate friend, the spear remaining in his body, and the victor standing by in a kind of extasy surveying his conquest; these circumstances will form a very moving picture. *Patroclus* all this time, either out of humanity or surprize, omits to pull out the spear, which however he does not long forbear, but with it drawing forth his vitals, puts a period to this gallant life.



For thou, though distant, canst restore my might,  
To head my *Lycians*; and support the fight.

*Apollo* heard; and suppliant as he stood,  
His heav'nly hand restrain'd the flux of blood:  
He drew the dolours from the wounded part,  
And breath'd a spirit in his rising heart.  
Renew'd by art divine, the hero stands,  
And owns th' assistance of immortal hands.  
First to the fight his native troops he warms,  
Then loudly calls on *Troy's* vindictive arms:  
With ample strides he stalks from place to place,  
Now fires *Agenor*, now *Polydamas*;  
*Aeneas* next, and *Hector* he accosts;  
Inflaming thus the rage of all their hosts.

What thoughts, regardless chief! thy breast employ?

Oh too forgetful of the friends of *Troy*!  
Those gen'rous friends, who, from their country far,  
Breathe their brave souls out in another's war.  
See! where in dust the great *Sarpedon* lies,  
In action valiant, and in council wise,  
Who guarded right, and kept his people free;  
To all his *Lycians* lost, and lost to thee!  
Stretch'd by *Patroclus's* arm on yonder plains,  
Oh save from hostile rage his lov'd remains:  
Ah let not *Greece* his conquer'd trophies boast,  
Nor on his corse revenge her heroes lost.

He spoke; each leader in his grief partook,  
*Troy*, at the loss, through all her legions shook.  
Transfix'd with deep regret, they view o'erthrown  
At once his country's pillar, and their own;  
A chief, who led to *Troy's* beleagu'rd wall  
A host of heroes, and out-shin'd them all.  
Fir'd, they rush on; first *Hector* seeks the foes,  
And with superior vengeance, greatly glows.

But o'er the dead the fierce *Patroclus* stands,  
And rousing *Ajax*, rous'd the list'ning bands.

Heroes, be men! be what you were before;  
Or weigh the great occasion, and be more.  
The chief who taught our lofty walls to yield,  
Lies pale in death, extended on the field.  
To guard his body *Troy* in numbers flies;  
'Tis half the glory to maintain our prize.  
Haste, strip his arms, the slaughter round him spread,  
And send the living *Lycians* to the dead.

The heroes kindle at his fierce command;  
The martial squadrons close on either hand:

Here *Troy* and *Lycia* charge with loud alarms,  
*Theffalia* there, and *Greece*, oppose their arms.  
With horrid shouts they circle round the slain;  
The clash of armour rings o'er all the plain.  
Great *Jove*, to swell the horrors of the fight,  
O'er the fierce armies pours pernicious night,\*  
And round his son confounds the warring hosts,  
His fate ennobling with a croud of ghosts.

Now *Greece* gives way, and great *Epigeus* falls;  
*Agacletus's* son, from *Budium's* lofty walls:  
Who chac'd for murder thence, a suppliant came  
To *Peleus*, and the silver footed dame;  
Now sent to *Troy*, *Achilles's* arms to aid,  
He pays due vengeance to his kinsman's shade.  
Soon as his luckless hand had touch'd the dead,  
A rock's large fragment thunder'd on his head;  
Hurl'd by *Hectorian* force, it cleft in twain  
His shatter'd helm, and stretch'd him o'er the slain.

Fierce to the van of fight *Patroclus* came;  
And, like an eagle darting at his game,  
Sprung on the *Trojan* and the *Lycian* band,  
What grief thy heart, what fury urg'd thy hand,  
Oh gen'rous *Greek*! when with full vigour thrown  
At *Sthenelaius* flew the weighty stone,  
Which sunk him to the dead: when *Troy*, too near  
That arm, drew back; and *Hector* learn'd to fear.  
Far as an able hand a lance can throw,  
Or at the lists, or at the fighting foe;  
So far the *Trojans* from their lines retir'd;  
Till *Glaucus* turning, all the rest inspir'd.  
Then *Bathyclæus* fell beneath his rage,  
The only hope of *Chalcon's* trembling age:  
Wide o'er the land was stretch'd his large domain,  
With stately seats, and riches, blest in vain:  
Him, bold with youth, and eager to pursue  
The flying *Lycians*, *Glaucus* met, and slew;  
Pierc'd through the bosom with a sudden wound,  
He fell, and falling, made the fields resound.  
Th' *Achaians* sorrow for their hero slain;  
With conqu'ring shouts the *Trojans* shake the plain,  
And croud to spoil the dead: the *Greeks* oppose;  
An iron circle round the carcase grows.

Then brave *Laogonus* resign'd his breath,  
Dispatch'd by *Merion* to the shades of death:  
On *Ida's* holy hill he made abode,  
The priest of *Jove*, and honour'd like his God.

Between

#### NOTES.

\* *Homer* calls here by the name of Night, the whirlwinds of thick dust which rise from beneath the feet of the combatants, and which hinder them from knowing one another. Thus poetry knows how to convert the most natural things into mira-

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cles; these two armies are buried in dust round *Sarpedon's* body; it is *Jupiter* who pours upon them an obscure night, to make the battle bloodier, and to honour the funeral of his son by a greater number of victims.

3 M



Between the jaw and ear the javelin went;  
The soul, exhaling, issu'd at the vent.  
His spear *Aeneas* at the victor threw,  
Who stopping forward from the death withdrew;  
The lance hiss'd harmless o'er his covering shield;  
And trembling struck, and rooted in the field;  
There yet scarce spent, it quivers on the plain,  
Sent by the great *Aeneas*' arm in vain.  
Swift as thou art (the raging hero cries)  
And skill'd in dancing to dispute the prize,\*  
My spear, the destin'd passage had it found,  
Had fix'd thy active vigour to the ground.

Oh valiant leader of the *Dardan* host!  
(Insulted *Merion* thus retorts the boast)  
Strong as you are, 'tis mortal force you trust,  
An arm as strong may stretch thee in the dust.  
And if to this my lance thy fate be giv'n,  
Vain are thy vaunts; success is still from heav'n;  
This instant sends thee down to *Pluto's* coast,  
Mine is the glory, his thy parting ghost.

O friend (*Menoetius*' son this answer gave)  
With words to combat, ill befits the brave:  
Not empty boasts the sons of *Troy* repell,  
Your swords must plunge them to the shades of hell.  
To speak, beseems the council; but to dare  
In glorious action, is the task of war.

This said, *Patroclus* to the battle flies;  
Great *Merion* follows, and new shouts arise:  
Shields, helmets rattle; as the warriors close;  
And thick and heavy sounds the storm of blows.  
As through the shrilling vale, or mountain ground,  
The labours of the woodman's axe resound;  
Blows following blows are heard re-echoing wide,  
While crackling forests fall on ev'ry side.  
Thus echo'd all the fields with loud alarms,  
So fell the warriors, and so rung their arms.

Now great *Sarpedon*, on the sandy shore,  
His heav'nly form defac'd with dust and gore,  
And stuck with darts by warring heroes shed,  
Lies undistinguish'd from the vulgar dead.  
His long-disputed corse the chiefs inclose,  
On ev'ry side the busy combat grows;  
Thick, as beneath some shepherd's thatch'd abode,  
(The pails high-foaming with a milky flood,)  
The buzzing flies, a persevering train,  
Incessant swarm, and chac'd return again.

*Jove* view'd the combat with a stern survey,  
And eyes that flash'd intolerable day;

Fix'd on the field his sight, his breast debates  
The vengeance due, and meditates the fates;  
Whether to urge their prompt effect, and call  
The force of *Hector* to *Patroclus*' fall,  
This instant see his short-liv'd trophies won,  
And stretch him breathless on his slaughter'd son;  
Or yet, with many a soul's untimely flight,  
Augment the fame and horror of the fight.  
To crown *Achilles*' valiant friend with praise  
At length he dooms; and that his last of days  
Shall set in glory; bids him drive the foe;  
Nor unattended, see the shades below.

Then *Hector*'s mind he fills with dire dismay;  
He mounts his car, and calls his hosts away,  
Sunk with *Troy's* heavy fates, he sees decline  
The scales of *Jove*, and pants with awe divine.

Then, not before, the hardy *Lycians* fled,  
And left their monarch with the common dead:  
Around, in heaps on heaps, a dreadful wall  
Of carnage rises, as the heroes fall.

(So *Jove* decreed!) At length the *Greeks* obtain  
The prize contested, and despoil the slain.  
The radiant arms are by *Patroclus* borne,  
*Patroclus*' ships the glorious spoils adorn.

Then thus to *Phœbus*, in the realms above,  
Spoke from his throne the cloud-compelling *Jove*.  
Descend, my *Phœbus*! on the *Phrygian* plain,  
And from the fight convey *Sarpedon* slain;  
Then bathe his body in the crystal flood,  
With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with blood;  
O'er all his limbs ambrosial odours shed,  
And with celestial robes adorn the dead.  
Those rites discharg'd, his sacred corse bequeath  
To the soft arms of silent *Sleep* and *Death*;  
They to his friends the mournful charge shall bear,  
His friends a tomb and pyramid shall rear;  
What honours mortals after death receive,  
Those unavailing honours we may give!

*Apollo* bows, and from mount *Ida's* height,  
Swift to the field precipitates his flight;  
Thence from the war the breathless hero bore,  
Veil'd in a cloud, to silver *Simois*' shore:  
There bath'd his honourable wounds, and drest  
His manly members in th' immortal vest;  
And with perfumes of sweet ambrosial dews,  
Restores his freshness, and his form renews.  
Then *Sleep* and *Death*, two twins of winged race,†  
Of matchless swiftness, but of silent pace,

Receiv'd

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\* This stroke of raillery upon *Meriones* is founded on the custom of his country. For the *Cretans* were peculiarly addicted to this exercise, and in particular are said to have invented the *Pyrhic*

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dance, which was performed in complete armour.  
† It is the opinion of some, that by this interment of *Sarpedon*, where *Sleep* and *Death* are concerned, *Homer* seems to intimate, that there was nothing else



Receiv'd *Sarpedon*, at the God's command,  
And in a moment reach'd the *Lycian* land;  
The corse amidst his weeping friends they laid,  
Where endless honours wait the sacred shade.

Meanwhile *Patroclus* pours along the plains,  
With foaming courfers, and with loosen'd reins.  
Fierce on the *Trojan* and the *Lycian* crew,  
Ah blind to fate! thy headlong fury flew:  
Against what fate and pow'rful *Jove* ordain,  
Vain was thy friend's command, thy courage vain.  
For he, the God, whose counsels uncontroul'd  
Dismay the mighty, and confound the bold;  
The God who gives, resumes, and orders all,  
He urg'd thee on, and urg'd thee on to fall.

Who first, brave hero! by that arm was slain,\*  
Who last, beneath thy vengeance press'd the plain;  
When heav'n itself thy fatal fury led,  
And call'd to fill the number of the dead?

*Adrestus* first; *Autonous* then succeeds;  
*Echeclus* follows; next young *Megas* bleeds;  
*Epistor*, *Menalippus*, bite the ground;  
The slaughter, *Elafus* and *Mulius* crown'd:  
Then sunk *Pylartes* to eternal night;  
The rest dispersing, trust their fates to flight.

Now *Troy* had stoop'd beneath his matchless pow'r,  
But flaming *Phæbus* kept the sacred tow'r.  
Thrice at the battlements *Patroclus* struck,  
His blazing *Ægis* thrice *Apollo* shook:  
He try'd the fourth; when, bursting from the cloud,  
A more than mortal voice was heard aloud.

*Patroclus*! cease; this heav'n-defended wall  
Defies thy lance; not fated yet to fall;  
Thy friend, thy greater far, it shall withstand,  
*Troy* shall not stoop ev'n to *Achilles*' hand.

So spoke the God, who darts celestial fires:  
The *Greek* obeys him, and with awe retires.

While *Hector* checking at the *Scean* gates  
His panting courfers, in his breast debates,  
Or in the field his forces to employ,  
Or draw the troops within the walls of *Troy*.  
Thus while he thought, beside him *Phæbus* stood,  
In *Asius*' shape, who reign'd by *Sangar*'s flood;  
(Thy brother, *Hecuba*! from *Dymas* sprung,  
A valiant warrior, haughty, bold, and young.)  
Thus he accosts him. What a shameful fight!  
Gods! is it *Hector* that forbears the fight?  
Were thine my vigour, this successful spear  
Should soon convince thee of so false a fear.  
Turn then, ah turn thee to the field of fame,  
And in *Patroclus*' blood efface thy shame.

Perhaps *Apollo* shall thy arms succeed,  
And heav'n ordains him by thy lance to bleed.  
So spoke th' inspiring God; then took his flight,  
And plung'd amidst the tumult of the fight.

He bids *Cebrión* drive the rapid car;  
The lash resounds; the courfers rush to war.  
The God the *Grecians* sinking souls deprest,  
And pour'd swift spirits thro' each *Trojan* breast.  
*Patroclus* lights, impatient for the fight;  
A spear his left, a stone employs his right:  
With all his nerves he drives it at the foe;  
Pointed above, and rough and gross below:  
The falling ruin crush'd *Cebrión*'s head,  
(The lawless offspring of king *Priam*'s bed,)  
His front, brows, eyes, one undistinguish'd wound,  
The bursting balls drop fightless to the ground.  
The charioteer, while yet he held the rein,  
Struck from the car, falls headlong on the plain.  
To the dark shades the soul unwilling glides,  
While the proud victor thus his fall derides.

Good heav'ns! what active feats yon artist shows,  
What skilful divers are our *Phrygian* foes! †

\* Mark

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else but an empty monument of that hero in *Lycia*; for he delivers him not to any real or solid persons, but to certain unsubstantial phantoms to conduct his body thither. He was forced, they say, to make use of these machines, since they were no other Deities he could with any likelihood employ about this work. What we think better accounts for the passage, is what *Philostratus* affirms, that this alludes to a piece of antiquity. The *Lycians* shewed the body of *Sarpedon*, strewed over with aromatical spices, in such a graceful composure, that he seem'd to be only asleep: and it was this that gave rise to the fiction of *Homer*, that his rites were performed by *Sleep* and *Death*. But after all these refined observations, it is probable the poet intended only to represent the death of this favourite son of *Jupiter*, and one of his most amiable characters, in a

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gentle and agreeable view, without any circumstances of dread or horror; intimating by this fiction, that he was delivered out of all the tumults and miseries of life by two imaginary Deities, *Sleep* and *Death*, who alone can give mankind ease and exemption from their misfortunes.

\* The poet in a very moving and solemn way turns his discourse to *Patroclus*. He does not accost his muse, as it is usual with him to do, but inquires of the hero himself who was the first, and who the last, who fell by his hand? This address distinguishes and signalizes *Patroclus*, (to whom *Homer* uses it more frequently, than we remember on any other occasion) as if he was some genius or divine being, and at the same time it is very pathetic, and apt to move our compassion.

† The original is literally thus: "It is a pity he is



Mark with what ease they sink into the sand!  
Pity! that all their practice is by land.

Then rushing sudden on his prostrate prize,  
To spoil the carcase fierce *Patroclus* flies:  
Swift as a lion, terrible and bold,  
That sweeps the fields, depopulates the fold;  
Pierc'd thro' the dauntless heart, then tumbles slain;  
And from his fatal courage finds his bane.  
At once bold *Hector* leaping from his car,  
Defends the body, and provokes the war.  
Thus for some slaughter'd hind, with equal rage,  
Two lordly rulers of the wood engage;  
Stung with fierce hunger, each the prey invades,  
And echoing roars rebellow thro' the shades.  
Stern *Hector* fastens on the warrior's head,  
And by the foot *Patroclus* drags the dead.  
While all around, confusion, rage, and fright  
Mix the contending hosts in mortal fight.  
So pent by hills, the wild winds roar aloud  
In the deep bosom of some gloomy wood;  
Leaves, arms, and trees aloft in air are blown,  
The broad oaks crackle, and the *Sylvans* groan;  
This way and that, the rattling thicket bends,  
And the whole forest in one crash descends.  
Not with less noise, with less tumultuous rage,  
In dreadful shock the mingled hosts engage.  
Darts show'r'd on darts, now round the carcase  
ring;  
Now flights of arrows bounding from the string:

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is not nearer the sea, he would furnish good quantities of excellent oysters, and the storms would not frighten him; see how he exercises and plunges from the top of his chariot into the plain! who would think that there were such good divers at *Troy*?" This seems to be a little too long; and if this passage be really *Homer's*, we could almost swear that he intended to let us know, that a good foldier may be an indifferent jester. But it is much doubted whether this passage be his: it is thought these five last verses were added by some of the ancient critics, whose caprices *Homer* has frequently undergone: or perhaps some of the rhapsodists, who in reciting his verses, made additions of their own to please their auditors. And what persuades some of it's being so, is, that it is by no means probable that *Patroclus* who had lately blamed *Meriones* for his little raillery against *Aeneas*, and told him, "that it was not by raillery or invective that they were to repel the *Trojans*, but by dint of blows; that council required words, but war deeds:" it is by no means probable, they say, that the same *Patroclus* should forget that excellent precept, and amuse him-

Stones follow stones; Some clatter on the fields,  
Some hard, and heavy, shake the sounding shields.  
But where the rising whirlwind clouds the plains,  
Sunk in soft dust the mighty chief remains,  
And stretch'd in death, forgets the guiding reins!

Now flaming from the *zenith*, *Sol* had driv'n  
His fervid orb thro' half the vault of heav'n;  
While on each host with equal tempest fell  
The show'ring darts, and numbers sunk to hell.  
But when his ev'ning wheels o'erhung the main,  
Glad conquest rested on the *Grecian* train.  
Then from amidst the tumult and alarms,  
They draw the conquer'd corse, and radiant arms,  
Then rash *Patroclus* with new fury glows,  
And breathing slaughter, pours amid the foes.  
Thrice on the press like *Mars* himself he flew,  
And thrice three heroes at each onset flew.  
There ends thy glory! there the fates untwine.  
The last, black remnant of so bright a line:  
*Apollo* dreadful stops thy middle way;  
Death calls, and heav'n allows no longer day!  
For lo! the God, in dusky clouds enshrin'd,  
Approaching dealt a stagg'ring blow behind.  
The weighty shock his neck and shoulders feel;  
His eyes flash sparkles; his stunn'd senses reel  
In giddy darkness: far to distance flung,  
His bounding helmet on the champion rung.  
*Achilles'* plume is stain'd with dust and gore;  
That plume, which never stoop'd to earth before,  
Long

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self with raillery, especially in the fight of *Hector*. They are therefore of opinion that *Patroclus* said no more than this verse, "Good Gods! what an active *Trojan* it is, and how cleverly he dives;" and that the five following are strangers, though very ancient. We must just take notice, that however mean or ill placed these railleries may appear to some, there have not been wanting such fond lovers of *Homer* as have admired and imitated them. *Milton* himself is of this number, as may be seen from those jests which he has put into the mouth of *Satan* and his angels in the sixth book.

\* If *Homer* is resolved to do any thing extraordinary, or arbitrary, which his readers may not very well relish, he takes care however to prepare them by degrees for receiving such innovations. He had before given us a sketch of this trick of the Gods in the thirteenth book, where *Neptune* serves *Alcathois* much in the same manner. *Apollo* here carries it a little farther; and both these are specimens of what we are to expect from *Minerva* at the death of *Hector* in book 22.



Long us'd, untouch'd, in fighting fields to shine,  
And shade the temples of the man divine.

*Jove* dooms it now on *Hector's* helm to nod;  
Not long—for fate pursues him and the God.

His spear in shivers falls: his ample shield  
Drops from his arm: his baldrick strows the field:  
The corset his astonish'd breast forsakes:  
Loose is each joint; each nerve with horror shakes.  
Stupid he stares, and all-astute stands:  
Such is the force of more than mortal hands!

A *Dardan* youth there was, well-known to fame,  
From *Panthus* sprung, *Euphorbus* was his name;  
Fam'd for the manage of the foaming horse,  
Skill'd in the dart, and matchless in the course:  
Full twenty knights he tumbled from the car,  
While yet he learn'd his rudiments of war.  
His vent'rous spear first drew the hero's gore;  
He struck, he wounded, but he durst no more;  
Nor tho' disarm'd, *Patroclus*' fury stood;  
But swift withdrew the long-protended wood,  
And turn'd him short, and herded in the croud.  
Thus, by an arm divine, and mortal spear,  
Wounded at once, *Patroclus* yields to fear,  
Retires for succour to his social train,  
And flies the fate, which heav'n decreed, in vain.  
Stern *Hector*, as the bleeding chief he views,  
Breaks thro' the ranks, and his retreat pursues:  
The lance arrests him with a mortal wound;  
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms resound.  
With him all *Greece* was sunk; that moment all  
Her yet-surviving heroes seem'd to fall.  
So scorch'd with heat, along the desert shore,  
The roaming lion meets a bristly boar,  
Fast by the spring; they both dispute the flood,  
With flaming eyes, and jaws besmear'd with blood;  
At length the sov'reign savage wins the strife,  
And the torn boar resigns his thirst and life.

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\* There is much spirit in this sarcasm of *Hector* upon *Patroclus*! nor is *Achilles* exempt from the severity of the reflection, who (as he imagines) had persuaded his dearest friend to attempt exploits that were impracticable. He touches him also, for staying at home in security himself, and encouraging *Patroclus* to undertake this perilous adventure, and to seek after spoils which he was never like to enjoy.

† It is an opinion of great antiquity, that when the soul is on the point of being delivered from the body, and makes a nearer approach to the divine nature, at such a time it's views are stronger and clearer, and the mind endowed with a spirit of true prediction. So *Artemon* of *Miletum* says in his book of dreams, that when the soul hath collected all it's

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*Patroclus* thus, so many chiefs o'erthrown,  
So many lives effus'd, expires his own.

As dying now at *Hector's* feet he lies,

He sternly views him, and triumphing cries:

Lie there, *Patroclus*! and with thee, the joy  
Thy pride once promis'd, of subverting *Troy*;  
The fancy'd scenes of *Ilion* wrapt in flames,  
And thy soft pleasures serv'd with captive dames!  
Unthinking man! I fought, those tow'rs to free,  
And guard that beauteous race from lords like thee:

But thou a prey to vultures shalt be made;

Thy own *Achilles* cannot lend thee aid;

Tho' much at parting that great chief might say,  
And much enjoin thee, this important day.

"Return not, my brave friend, (perhaps he said)

"Without the bloody arms of *Hector* dead.

He spoke, *Patroclus* march'd, and thus he sped.

Supine, and wildly gazing on the skies,

With faint, expiring breath, the chief replies.

Vain boaster! cease, and know the pow'rs divine;

*Jove's*, and *Apollo's* is this deed, not thine;

To heav'n is ow'd whate'er your own you call,

And heav'n itself disarm'd me ere my fall.

Had twenty mortals, each thy match in might,

Oppos'd me fairly, they had sunk in fight:

By fate and *Phœbus* was I first o'erthrown,

*Euphorbus* next; the third mean part thy own:

But thou, imperious! hear my latest breath;

The Gods inspire it, and it sounds thy death.†

Insulting man! thou shalt be soon, as I;

Black fate hangs o'er thee, and thy hour draws nigh;

Ev'n now on life's last verge I see thee stand,

I see thee fall, and by *Achilles'* hand.

He faints; the soul unwilling wings her way,

(The beauteous body left a load of clay)

Flits to the lone, uncomfortable coast;

A naked, wand'ring, melancholy ghost!

Then

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powers from every limb and part of the body, and is just ready to be severed from it, at that time it becomes prophetic. *Socrates* also in his defence to the *Athenians*, "I am now arrived at the verge of life, wherein it is familiar with people to foretel what will come to pass."

We shall conclude our notes on this book, with the following translation from *Longinus*.—It may not be improper to discuss the question in general, which of the two is the more estimable, a faculty sublime, or a faultless mediocrity? And consequently, if of two works, one has the greater number of beauties, and the other attains directly to the sublime, which of these shall in equity carry the

3 N

prize?



Then *Hector* pausing, as his eyes he sed  
On the pale carcase, thus address'd the dead.

From whence this boding speech, the stern decree  
Of death denounc'd, or why denounc'd to me?

Why not as well *Achilles'* fate be giv'n  
To *Hector's* lance? who knows the will of heav'n?

Pensive he said; then pressing as he lay  
His breathless bosom, tore the lance away;

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prize? I am really persuaded that the true sublime is incapable of that purity which we find in compositions of a lower strain, and in effect that too much accuracy sinks the spirit of an author; whereas the case is generally the same with the favourites of nature, and those of fortune, who with the best economy cannot, in the great abundance they are blest with, attend to the minuter articles of their expence. Writers of a cool imagination are cautious in their management, and venture nothing, merely to gain the character of being correct; but the sublime is bold and enterprising, notwithstanding that on every advance the danger increaseth. Here probably some will say that men take a malicious satisfaction in exposing the blemishes of an author; that his errors are never forgot, while the most exquisite beauties leave but very imperfect traces on the memory. To obviate this objection, I will solemnly declare, that in my criticisms on *Homer* and other authors, who are universally allowed to be authentic standards of the sublime, though I have censured their failings with as much freedom as any one, yet I have not presumed to accuse them of voluntary faults, but have gently remarked some little defects and negligences, which the mind being intent on nobler ideas did not condescend to regard. And on these principles I will venture to lay it down for a maxim, that the sublime (purely on account of it's grandeur) is preferable to all other kinds of style, however it may fall into some inequalities. The *Argonautics* of *Apollonius* are faultless in their kind; and *Theocritus* hath shewn the happiest vein imaginable for pastorals, excepting those in which he has deviated from the country: and yet if it were put to your choice, would you have your name descend to posterity with the reputation of either of those poets, rather than with that of *Homer*? Nothing can be more correct than the *Erigone* of *Eratoſthenes*: but is he therefore a greater poet than *Archilochus*, in whose compositions perspicuity and order are often wanting; the divine

And upwards cast the corpse: the reeking spear  
He shakes, and charges the bold charioteer.

But swift *Automedon* with loosen'd reins

Rapt in the chariot o'er the distant plains,

Far from his rage th' immortal coursers drove;

Th' immortal coursers were the gift of *Jove*.

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fury of his genius being too impatient for restraint, and superior to law? Again, do you prefer the odes of *Bacchilides* to *Pindar's*, or the scenes of *Ion* of *Chios* to those of *Sophocles*? Their writings are allowed to be correct, polite, and delicate; whereas, on the other hand, *Pindar* and *Sophocles* sometimes hurry on with the greatest impetuosity, and like a devouring flame seize and set on fire whatever comes in their way; but on a sudden the conflagration is extinguished, and they miserably flag when nobody expects it. Yet none have so little discernment as not to prefer the single *Oedipus* of *Sophocles* to all the tragedies that *Ion* ever brought on the stage.

In our decisions therefore on the characters of these great men, who have illustrated what is useful and necessary with all the graces and elevation of style; we must impartially confess that, with all their errors, they have more perfections than the nature of man can almost be conceived capable of attaining: for it is merely human to excel in other kinds of writing, but the sublime ennobleth our nature, and makes near approaches to divinity: he who commits no faults, is barely read without censure; but a genius truly great excites admiration. In short, the magnificence of a single period in one of these admirable authors, is sufficient to atone for all their defects: nay farther, if any one should collect from *Homer*, *Demosthenes*, *Plato*, and other celebrated heroes of antiquity, the little errors that have escaped them, they would not bear the least proportion to the infinite beauties to be met with in every page of their writings. It is on this account that envy, through so many ages, hath never been able to wrest from them the prize of eloquence which their merits have so justly acquired: an acquisition which they still are, and will in all probability continue possessed of,

“As long as streams in silver mazes rove,

“Or spring with annual green renews the grove.”

Mr. Fenton.



## The SEVENTEENTH BOOK of the ILIAD.\*

## A R G U M E N T.

THE SEVENTH BATTLE, FOR THE BODY OF PATROCLUS: THE ACTS OF MENELAUS.

Menelaus, upon the death of Patroclus, defends his body from the enemy: Euphorbus, who attempts it, is slain. Hector advancing, Menelaus retires; but soon returns with Ajax, and drives him off. This Glaucus objects to Hector as a flight, who thereupon puts on the armour he had won from Patroclus, and renews the battle. The Greeks give way, till Ajax rallies them: Aeneas sustains the Trojans. Aeneas and Hector attempt the chariot of Achilles, which is borne off by Automedon. The horses of Achilles deplore the loss of Patroclus: Jupiter covers his body with a thick darkness: the noble prayer of Ajax on that occasion. Menelaus sends Antilochus to Achilles, with the news of Patroclus's death: then returns to the fight, where, though attacked with the utmost fury, he and Meriones, assisted by the Ajaxes, bear off the body to the ships.

The time is the evening of the eight and twentieth day. The scene lies in the fields before Troy.

ON the cold earth divine *Patroclus* spread,  
Lies pierc'd with wounds among the vulgar  
dead.

Great *Menelaüs*, touch'd with gen'rous woe,†  
Springs to the front, and guards him from the  
foe:

Thus

## NOTES.

\* This is the only book of the Iliad which is a continued description of a battle, without any digression or episode, that serves for an interval to refresh the reader. The heavenly machines too are fewer than in any other. Homer seems to have trusted wholly to the force of his own genius, as sufficient to support him, whatsoever lengths he was carried by it. But that spirit which animates the original, is what we are sensible evaporates so much in our hands, that, though we cannot think our author tedious, we should have made him seem so, if we had not translated this book with all possible conciseness. We hope there is nothing material omitted, though the version consists but of sixty-five

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lines more than the original. However, one may observe there are more turns of fortune, more defeats, more rallyings, more accidents, in this battle, than in any other; because it was to be the last wherein the *Greeks* and *Trojans* were upon equal terms, before the return of *Achilles*: and besides, all this serves to introduce the chief hero with the greater pomp and dignity.

† The poet here takes occasion to clear *Menelaus* from the imputations of idle and effeminate, cast on him in some parts of the poem; he sets him in the front of the army, exposing himself to dangers in defending the body of *Patroclus*, and gives him the conquest of *Euphorbus*, who had the first hand in his death.



Thus round her new-fall'n young, the heifer moves,\*  
Fruit of her throes, and first-born of her loves,  
And anxious, (helpless as he lies, and bare)  
Turns, and re-turns her, with a mother's care.  
Oppos'd to each that near the carcass came,  
His broad shield glimmers, and his lances flame.

The son of *Panthus* skill'd the dart to send,†  
Eyes the dead hero, and insults the friend.

This hand, *Atrides*, laid *Patroclus* low;  
Warrior! desist, nor tempt an equal blow:  
To me the spoils my prowess won, resign;  
Depart with life, and leave the glory mine.

The *Trojan* thus. The *Spartan* monarch burn'd  
With gen'rous anguish, and in scorn return'd.  
Laugh'st thou not, *Jove*! from thy superior throne,  
When mortals boast of prowess not their own?  
Not thus the lion glories in his might,  
Nor panther braves his spotted foe in fight,  
Nor thus the boar (those terrors of the plain),  
Man only vaunts his force, and vaunts in vain.

But far the vainest of the boastful kind  
The sons of *Panthus* vent their haughty mind.  
Yet 'twas but late, beneath my conqu'ring steel  
This boaster's brother, *Hyperenor*, fell,  
Against our arm which rashly he defy'd,  
Vain was his vigour, and as vain his pride.  
These eyes beheld him on the dust expire,  
No more to cheer his spouse, or glad his sire.  
Presumptuous youth! like his shall be thy doom,  
Go, wait thy brother to the *Stygian* gloom;  
Or while thou may'st, avoid the threaten'd fate;  
Fools stay to feel it, and are wise too late.

Unmov'd, *Euphorbus* thus: That action known,  
Come, for my brother's blood repay thy own.  
His weeping father claims thy destin'd head,  
And spouse, a widow in her bridal bed.  
On these thy conquer'd spoils I shall bestow,  
To soothe a consort's and a parent's woe.  
No longer then defer the glorious strife,  
Let heav'n decide our fortune, fame, and life.

Swift

#### NOTES.

death. He is represented as the foremost who appears in his defence, not only as one of a like disposition of mind with *Patroclus*, a kind and generous friend; but as being more immediately concerned in honour to protect from injuries the body of a hero that fell in his cause.

\* In this comparison, the poet accommodating himself to the occasion, means only to describe the affection *Menelaus* had for *Patroclus*, and the manner in which he presented himself to defend his body: and this comparison is so much the more just and agreeable, as *Menelaus* was a prince full of goodness and mildness. He must have little sense or knowledge in poetry, who thinks that it ought to be suppressed. It is true, we should not use it now-a-days, by reason of the low ideas we have of the animals from which it is derived; but those not being the ideas of *Homer's* time, they could not hinder him from making a proper use of such a comparison. It seems somewhat remarkable, that the several comparisons to illustrate the concern for *Patroclus* are taken from the most tender sentiments of nature. *Achilles*, in the beginning of his sixteenth book, considers him as a child, and himself as his mother. The sorrow of *Menelaus* is here described as that of a heifer for her young one. Perhaps these are designed to intimate the excellent temper and goodness of *Patroclus*, which is expressed in that fine eulogy of him in this book, *He knew how to be good-natured to all men*. This gave all mankind these sentiments for him, and no doubt the same is

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strongly pointed at by the uncommon concern of the whole army to rescue his body. The dissimilitude of manners between these two friends, *Achilles* and *Patroclus*, is very observable: Much friendships are not uncommon, and we have often assigned this reason for them, that it is natural for men to seek the assistance of those qualities in others which they want themselves. That is still better if applied to Providence, which associates men of different and contrary qualities, in order to make a more perfect system. But, whatever is customary in nature, *Homer* had a good poetical reason for it; for it affords many incidents to illustrate the manners of them both more strongly; and is what they call a contrast in painting.

† The conduct of *Homer* is admirable, in bringing *Euphorbus* and *Menelaus* together upon this occasion; for hardly any thing but such a signal revenge for the death of his brother, could have made *Euphorbus* stand the encounter. *Menelaus* putting him in mind of the death of his brother, gives occasion (we think) to one of the finest answers in all *Homer*; in which the insolence of *Menelaus* is returned in a way to draw pity from every reader; and we believe there is hardly one, after such a speech, that would not wish *Euphorbus* had the better of *Menelaus*: a writer of romances would not have failed to have given *Euphorbus* the victory. But however, it was fitter to make *Menelaus*, who had received the greatest injury, do the most revengeful actions.



Swift as the word the missile lance he flings,  
The well-aim'd weapon on the buckler rings,  
But blunted by the brass innoxious falls,  
On *Jove* the father, great *Atrides* calls.  
Nor flies the javelin from his arm in vain,  
It pierc'd his throat, and bent him to the plain;  
Wide through the neck appears the grisly wound,  
Prone sinks the warrior, and his arms resound.  
The shining circlets of his golden hair,  
Which ev'n the *Graces* might be proud to wear,  
Instarr'd with gems and gold, bestrow the shore,\*  
With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with gore.

As the young olive, in some sylvan scene,  
Crown'd by fresh fountains with eternal green,†  
Lifts the gay head, in snowy flow'rets fair,  
And plays and dances to the gentle air;  
When lo! a whirlwind from high heav'n invades  
The tender plant, and withers all it's shades;  
It lies uprooted from it's genial bed,  
A lovely ruin now defac'd and dead.  
Thus young, thus beautiful, *Euphorbus* lay,‡  
While the fierce *Spartan* tore his arms away.  
Proud of his deed, and glorious in the prize,  
Affrighted *Troy* the tow'ring victor flies;  
Flies, as before some mountain lion's ire  
The village curs, and trembling swains retire;  
When o'er the slaughter'd bull they hear him roar,  
And see his jaws distil with smoking gore;  
All pale with fear, at distance scatter'd round,  
They shout incessant, and the vales resound.

Meanwhile *Apollo* view'd with envious eyes,  
And urg'd great *Hector* to dispute the prize,  
(In *Mentes*' shape, beneath whose martial care  
The rough *Ciconians* learn'd the trade of war.)

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\* We have seen here a *Trojan* who uses gold and silver to adorn his hair; which made *Pliny* say, that he doubted whether the women were the first that used those ornaments. He might likewise have strengthened his doubt by the custom of the *Athenians*, who put into their hair little grasshoppers of gold.

† This exquisite simile finely illustrates the beauty and sudden fall of *Euphorbus*, in which the allusion to that circumstance of his comely hair is peculiarly happy. *Porphyry* and *Jamblicus* acquaint us of the particular affection *Pythagoras* had for these verses, which he set to the harp, and used to repeat as his own *Epicedion*. Perhaps it was his fondness of them, which put it into his head to say, that his soul transmigrated to him from this hero. However it was, this conceit of *Pythagoras* is famous in antiquity, and has given occasion to a dia-

No. 13.

Forbear, he cry'd, with fruitless speed to chace  
*Achilles*' courfers of æthereal race;  
They sloop not, these, to mortal man's command,  
Or sloop to none but great *Achilles*' hand.

Too long amus'd with a pursuit so vain,  
Turn, and behold the brave *Euphorbus* slain!  
By *Sparta* slain! for ever now suppress  
The fire which burn'd in that undaunted breast!

Thus having spoke, *Apollo* wing'd his flight,  
And mix'd with mortals in the toils of fight:  
His words infix'd unutterable care  
Deep in great *Hector*'s soul: through all the war  
He darts his anxious eye; and instant view'd  
The breathless hero in his blood imbru'd,  
(Forth welling from the wound, as prone he lay)  
And in the victor's hands the shining prey.  
Sheath'd in bright arms, thro' cleaving ranks he flies,  
And sends his voice in thunder to the skies:  
Fierce as a flood of flame by *Vulcan* sent,  
It flew, and fir'd the nations as it went.  
*Atrides* from the voice the storm divin'd,  
And thus explor'd his own unconquer'd mind.

Then shall I quit *Patroclus* on the plain,  
Slain in my cause, and for my honour slain,  
Desert the arms, the relics of my friend?  
Or singly, *Hector* and his troops attend?  
Sure where such partial favour heav'n bestow'd,  
To brave the hero were to brave the God:  
Forgive me, *Greece*, if once I quit the field;  
'Tis not to *Hector*, but to heav'n I yield.  
Yet, nor the God, nor heav'n should give me fear,  
Did but the voice of *Ajax* reach my ear: ||  
Still would we turn, still battle on the plains,  
And give *Achilles* all that yet remains

Of

## NOTES.

logue in *Lucian* entitled *The Cock*, which is, we think, the finest piece of that author.

‡ This is the only *Trojan* whose death the poet laments, that he might do the more honour to *Patroclus*, his hero's friend. The comparison here used is very proper, for the olive always preserves it's beauty. But where the poet speaks of the *Lapithæ*, a hardy and warlike people, he compares them to oaks, that stand unmoved in storms and tempests; and when *Hector* falls by *Ajax*, he likens him to an oak struck down by *Jove*'s thunder. Just after this soft comparison upon the beauty of *Euphorbus*, he passes to another full of strength and terror, that of the lion.

|| How observable is *Homer*'s art of illustrating the valour and glory of his heroes? *Menelaus*, who sees *Hector* and all the *Trojans* rushing upon him, would not retire if *Apollo* did not support them:

and



Of his and our *Patroclus*——This, no more,  
The time allow'd: *Troy* thicken'd on the shore,  
A sable scene! the terrors *Hector* led:  
Slow he recedes, and fighting, quits the dead.

So from the fold th' unwilling lion parts,\*  
Forc'd by loud clamours, and a storm of darts;  
He flies indeed, but threatens as he flies,  
With heart indignant and retorted eyes.  
Now enter'd in the *Spartan* ranks, he turn'd  
His manly breast, and with new fury burn'd,  
O'er all the black battalions sent his view,  
And thro' the cloud the god-like *Ajax* knew;  
Where lab'ring on the left the warrior stood,  
All grim in arms, and cover'd o'er with blood,  
There breathing courage, where the God of Day  
Had sunk each heart with terror and dismay.

To him the king. Oh *Ajax*, oh my friend;  
Haste, and *Patroclus*' lov'd remains defend:  
The body to *Achilles* to restore,  
Demands our care; alas! we can no more!  
For naked now, despoil'd of arms he lies;  
And *Hector* glories in the dazzling prize.  
He said, and touch'd his heart. The raging pair  
Pierce the thick battle, and provoke the war.  
Already had stern *Hector* seiz'd his head,†  
And doom'd to *Trojan* dogs th' unhappy dead;  
But soon as *Ajax* rear'd his tow'r-like shield,  
Sprung to his car, and measur'd back the field.  
His train to *Troy* the radiant armour bear,  
To stand a trophy of his fame in war.

Meanwhile great *Ajax* (his broad shield display'd)  
Guards the dead hero with the dreadful shade;  
And now before, and now behind he stood:  
Thus in the center of some gloomy wood,  
With many a step the lionsess surrounds  
Her tawny young, beset by men and hounds;  
Elate her heart, and rousing all her pow'rs,  
Dark o'er the fiery ball each hanging eyebrow low'rs.

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and though *Apollo* does support them, he would oppose even *Apollo*, were *Ajax* but near him. This is glorious for *Menelaus*, and yet more glorious for *Ajax*, and very suitable to his character; for *Ajax* was the bravest of the *Greeks*, next to *Achilles*.

\* The beauty of the retreat of *Menelaus* is worthy notice. *Homer* is a great observer of natural imagery, that brings the thing represented before our view. It is indeed true, that lions, tygers, and beasts of prey are the objects that can properly represent warriors; and therefore it is no wonder they are so often introduced: the inanimate things, as floods, fires, and storms, are the best, and only images of battles.

Fast by his side, the gen'rous *Spartan* glows  
With great revenge, and feeds his inward woes.

But *Glaucus*, leader of the *Lycian* aids,  
On *Hector* frowning, thus his flight upbraids:  
Where now in *Hector* shall we *Hector* find?  
A manly form, without a manly mind.  
Is this, O chief! a hero's boasted fame?  
How vain, without the merit, is the name?  
Since battle is renounc'd, thy thoughts employ:  
What other methods may preserve thy *Troy*?  
'Tis time to try if *Ilion*'s state can stand  
By thee alone, nor ask a foreign hand;  
Mean, empty boast! but shall the *Lycians* stake:  
Their lives for you? those *Lycians* you forsake?  
What from thy thankless arms can we expect?  
Thy friend *Sarpedon* proves thy base neglect:  
Say, shall our slaughter'd bodies guard your walls,  
While unreveng'd the great *Sarpedon* falls?  
Ev'n when he dy'd for *Troy*, you left him there,‡  
A feast for dogs, and all the fowls of air.  
On my command if any *Lycian* wait,  
Hence let him march, and give up *Troy* to fate.  
Did such a spirit as the Gods impart  
Impel one *Trojan* hand, or *Trojan* heart;  
(Such, as should burn in ev'ry soul, that draws  
The sword for glory, and his country's cause),  
Ev'n yet our mutual arms we might employ,  
And drag yon carcass to the walls of *Troy*.  
Oh! were *Patroclus* our's, we might obtain  
*Sarpedon*'s arms, and honour'd corpse again!  
*Greece* with *Achilles*' friend should be repaid,  
And thus due honours purchas'd to his shade.  
But words are vain—Let *Ajax* once appear,  
And *Hector* trembles and recedes with fear;  
Thou dar'st not meet the terrors of his eye;  
And lo! already thou prepar'st to fly.

The *Trojan* chief with fix'd resentment cy'd  
The *Lycian* leader, and sedate reply'd.

Say,

## NOTES.

† *Homer* takes care, so long before hand, to lessen in his reader's mind the horror he may conceive from the cruelty that *Achilles* will exercise upon the body of *Hector*. That cruelty will be only the punishment of this which *Hector* here exercises upon the body of *Patroclus*; he drags him, he designs to cut off his head, and to leave his body upon the ramparts, exposed to dogs and birds of prey.

‡ It was highly dishonourable in *Hector* to forsake the body of a friend and guest, and against the laws of *Jupiter Xenius*, or *hospitalis*. For *Glaucus* knew nothing of *Sarpedon*'s being honoured with burial by the Gods, and sent embalmed into *Lycia*.



Say, is it just (my friend) that *Hector's* ear  
From such a warrior such a speech should hear?  
I deem'd thee once the wisest of thy kind,  
But ill this insult suits a prudent mind.  
I shun great *Ajax*? I desert my train? \*  
'Tis mine to prove the rash assertion vain;  
I joy to mingle where the battle bleeds,  
And hear the thunder of the sounding steeds.  
But *Jove's* high will is ever uncontroul'd,  
The strong he withers, and confounds the bold;  
Now crowns with fame the mighty man, and now  
Strikes the fresh garland from the victor's brow!  
Come, thro' yon squadrons let us hew the way,  
And thou be witness, if I fear to-day;  
If yet a *Greek* the sight of *Hector* dread,  
Or yet their hero dare defend the dead.

Then turning to the martial hosts, he cries,  
Ye *Trojans*, *Dardans*, *Lycians*, and allies!  
Be men (my friends) in action as in name,  
And yet be mindful of your ancient fame.  
*Hector* in proud *Achilles'* arms shall shine,†  
Torn from his friend, by right of conquest mine.

## NOTES.

\* *Hector* takes no notice of the affronts that *Glaucus* had thrown upon him, as knowing he had in some respect a just cause to be angry; but he cannot bear what he had said of his fearing *Ajax*, to which part he only replies. This is very agreeable to his heroic character.

† The ancients have observed that *Homer* causes the arms of *Achilles* to fall into *Hector's* power, to equal in some sort those two heroes, in the battle wherein he is going to engage them. Otherwise it might be urged, that *Achilles* could not have killed *Hector* without the advantage of having his armour made by the hand of a God, whereas *Hector's* was only of the hand of a mortal; but since both were clad in armour made by *Vulcan*, *Achilles's* victory will be complete, and in it's full lustre. Besides this reason (which is for necessity and probability) there is also another, for ornament; for *Homer* here prepares to introduce that beautiful episode of the divine armour, which *Vulcan* makes for *Achilles*.

‡ A difficulty may arise here, and the question may be asked why *Hector* sent these arms to *Troy*? Why did not he take them at first? There are three answers, which we think are all plausible. The first, that *Hector* having killed *Patroclus*, and seeing the day very far advanced, had no need to take those arms for a fight almost at an end. The second, that he was impatient to shew to *Priam* and *Andromache* those glorious spoils. Thirdly, he perhaps at first intended to hang them up in some tem-

He strode along the field, as thus he said:  
(The sable plumage nodd'd o'er his head)  
Swift thro' the spacious plain he sent a look;  
One instant saw, one instant overtook  
The distant band; that on the sandy shore  
The radiant spoils to sacred *Ilion* bore. ‡  
There his own mail unbrac'd the field bestrow'd;  
His train to *Troy* convey'd the massy load.  
Now blazing in th' immortal arms he stands,  
The work and present of celestial hands;  
By aged *Peleus* to *Achilles* giv'n,  
As first to *Peleus* by the court of heav'n:  
His father's arms not long *Achilles* wears,  
Forbid by fate to reach his father's years.  
Him, proud in triumph, glitt'ring from afar,  
The God, whose thunder rends the troubled air,  
Beheld with pity; as apart he sat,  
And conscious, look'd thro' all the scene of fate.  
He shook the sacred honours of his head;  
*Olympus* trembled, and the Godhead said:  
Ah wretched man! unmindful of thy end!  
A moment's glory! and what fates attend? §

In

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ple. *Glaucus's* speech makes him change his resolution, he runs after those arms to fight against *Ajax*, and to win *Patroclus's* body from him. *Homer* does not suffer the arms to be carried into *Troy* for these reasons: That *Hector* by wearing them might the more encourage the *Trojans*, and be the more formidable to the *Greeks*: that *Achilles* may recover them again when he kills *Hector*: and that he may conquer him, even when he is strengthened with that divine armour.

§ The poet prepares us for the death of *Hector*, perhaps to please the *Greek* readers, who might be troubled to see him shining in their hero's arms. Therefore *Jupiter* expresses his sorrow at the approaching fate of this unfortunate prince, promises to repay his loss of life with glory, and nods, to give a certain confirmation to his words. He says, *Achilles* is the bravest *Greek*, as *Glaucus* had just said before; the poet thus giving him the greatest commendations, by putting his praise in the mouth of a God, and of an enemy, who were neither of them like to be prejudiced in his favour. How beautiful is that sentiment upon the miserable state of mankind, introduced here so artfully, and so strongly enforced, by being put into the mouth of the supreme being! and how pathetic the denunciation of *Hector's* death, by that circumstance of *Andromache's* disappointment, when she shall no more receive her hero glorious from the battle, in the armour of his conquered enemy!



In heav'nly panoply divinely bright  
 Thou stand'st, and armies tremble at thy sight.  
 As at *Achilles'* self! beneath thy dart  
 Lies slain the great *Achilles'* dearer part:  
 Thou from the mighty dead those arms hast torn,  
 Which once the greatest of mankind had worn.  
 Yet live! I give thee one illustrious day,  
 A blaze of glory ere thou fad'st away.  
 For ah! no more *Andromache* shall come,  
 With joyful tears to welcome *Hector* home;  
 No more officious, with endearing charms,  
 From thy tir'd limbs unbrace *Pelides'* arms!

Then with his sable brow he gave the nod,  
 That seals his word; the sanction of the God.  
 The stubborn arms (by *Jove's* command dispos'd)  
 Conform'd spontaneous, and around him clos'd;  
 Fill'd with the God, enlarg'd his members  
 grew,

Thro' all his veins a sudden vigour flew,  
 The blood in brisker tides began to roll,  
 And *Mars* himself came rushing on his soul.  
 Exhorting loud thro' all the field he strode,  
 And look'd, and mov'd, *Achilles*, or a God.  
 Now *Mestibles*, *Glaucus*, *Medon* he inspires,  
 Now *Phercys*, *Chromius*, and *Hippothous* fires;  
 The great *Thersilochus* like fury found,  
*Asteropæus* kindled at the sound,  
 And *Ennomus*, in augury renown'd.  
 Hear all ye hosts, and hear, unnumber'd bands  
 Of neighb'ring nations, or of distant lands! \*  
 'Twas not for state we summon'd you so far,  
 To boast our numbers, and the pomp of war;  
 Ye came to fight; a valiant foe to chace,  
 To save our present, and our future race.  
 For this, our wealth, our products you enjoy,  
 And glean the relics of exhausted *Troy*.  
 Now then to conquer or to die prepare,  
 To die or conquer, are the terms of war.

## NOTES.

\* There is much artifice in this speech of *Hector*, who indirectly answers all *Glaucus's* invectives, and humbles his vanity. *Glaucus* had just spoken as if the *Lycians* were the only allies of *Troy*; and *Hector* here speaks of the numerous troops of different nations, which he expressly designs by calling them borderers upon his kingdom, thereby in some manner to exclude the *Lycians*, who were of a country more remote; as if he did not vouchsafe to reckon them. He afterwards confutes what *Glaucus* said, "that if the *Lycians* would take his advice, they would return home;" for he gives them to understand, that being hired troops, they are obliged to perform their bargain, and to fight till the war is at an end.

Whatever hand shall win *Patroclus* slain,  
 Whoe'er shall drag him to the *Trojan* train,  
 With *Hector's* self shall equal honours claim;  
 With *Hector* part the spoil, and share the fame.

Fix'd by his words, the troops dismiss their fears,  
 They join, they thicken, they protend their spears;  
 Full on the *Greeks* they drive in firm array,  
 And each from *Ajax* hopes the glorious prey:  
 Vain hope! what numbers shall the field o'erspread,  
 What victims perish round the mighty dead?

Great *Ajax* mark'd the glowing storm from far,  
 And thus bespoke his brother of the war.  
 Our fatal day, alas! is come (my friend)  
 And all our wars and glories at an end!  
 'Tis not this corse alone we guard in vain,  
 Condemn'd to vultures on the *Trojan* plain;  
 We too must yield: the same sad fate must fall  
 On thee, on me, perhaps (my friend) on all.

See what a tempest direful *Hector* spreads,  
 And lo! it bursts, it thunders on our heads!  
 Call on our *Greeks*, if any hear the call,†  
 The bravest *Greeks*: this hour demands them all.

The warrior rais'd his voice, and wide around  
 The field re-echo'd the distressful sound.  
 O chiefs! O princes! to whose hand is giv'n  
 The rule of men; whose glory is from heav'n!  
 Whom with due honours both *Atrides* grace:  
 Ye guides and guardians of our *Argive* race!  
 All, whom this well-known voice shall reach from far,  
 All, whom I see not thro' this cloud of war,  
 Come all! let gen'rous rage your arms employ,  
 And save *Patroclus* from the dogs of *Troy*.

*Oilean Ajax* first the voice obey'd,‡  
 Swift was his pace, and ready was his aid;  
 Next him *Idomeneus*, more slow with age,  
 And *Merion*, burning with a hero's rage.  
 The long-succeeding numbers who can name?  
 But all were *Greeks*, and eager all for fame.

Fierce

## NOTES.

† There are three reasons why *Ajax* bids *Menelaus* call the *Greeks* to their assistance, instead of calling them himself. He might be ashamed to do it, lest it should look like fear, and turn to his dishonour: or the chiefs were more likely to obey *Menelaus*: or he had too much business of the war upon his hands, and wanted leisure more than the other.

‡ *Ajax Oileus* is the first that comes, being brought by his love to the other *Ajax*, as it is natural for one friend to fly to the assistance of another. To which we may add, he might very probably come first, because he was the swiftest of all the heroes.



Fierce to the charge great *Hector* led the throng;  
Whole *Troy* embodied, rush'd with shouts along.  
Thus, when a mountain-billow foams and raves,  
Where some swollen river disembogues his waves,  
Full in the mouth is stopp'd the rushing tide,  
The boiling ocean works from side to side,  
The river trembles to his utmost shore,  
And distant rocks rebellow to the roar.

Nor less resolv'd, the firm *Achaian* band  
With brazen shields in horrid circle stand:  
*Jove*, pouring darkness o'er the mingled fight,\*  
Conceals the warrior's shining helms in night:  
To him, the chief for whom the hosts contend,  
Had liv'd not hateful, for he liv'd a friend:  
Dead he protects him with superior care,  
Nor dooms his carcase to the birds of air.

The first attack the *Grecians* scarce sustain;  
Repuls'd they yield; the *Trojans* seize the slain:  
Then fierce they rally, to revenge led on  
By the swift rage of *Ajax Telamon*.

(*Ajax*, to *Peleus'* son the second name,  
In graceful stature next, and next in fame.)  
With headlong force the foremost ranks he tore;  
So through the thicket bursts the mountain-boar,  
And rudely scatters, far to distance round,  
The frightened hunter and the baying hound.  
The son of *Lethus*, brave *Pelagus'* heir,  
*Hippothous*; dragg'd the carcase through the war;  
The sinewy ancles bor'd, the feet he bound  
With thongs, inserted through the double wound:  
Inevitable fate o'ertakes the deed;  
Doom'd by great *Ajax'* vengeful lance to bleed;  
It cleft the helmet's brazen cheeks in twain;  
The shatter'd crest, and horse-hair strow the plain:  
With nerves relax'd he tumbles to the ground:  
The brain comes gushing thro' the ghastly wound;  
He drops *Patroclus'* foot, and o'er him spread  
Now lies, a sad companion of the dead:  
Far from *Larissa* lies, his native air,  
And ill requites his parent's tender care.  
Lamented youth! in life's first bloom he fell,  
Sent by great *Ajax* to the shades of hell.

## NOTES.

\* *Homer*, who in all his former descriptions of battles is so fond of mentioning the lustre of the arms, here shades them in darkness; perhaps alluding to the clouds of dust that were raised; or to the throng of combatants; or else to denote the loss of *Greece* in *Patroclus*; or lastly, that as the heavens had mourned *Sarpedon* in showers of blood, so they might *Patroclus* in clouds of darkness.

† *Panope* was a small town twenty *stadia* from *Charonea*, on the side of mount *Parnassus*, and it is  
No. 14.

Once more at *Ajax*, *Hector's* javelin-flies:  
The *Grecian* marking as it cut the skies,  
Shunn'd the descending death; which hissing on,  
Stretch'd in the dust the great *Iphytus'* son,  
*Schedius* the brave, of all the *Phocian* kind  
The boldest warrior, and the noblest mind:  
In little *Panope* for strength renown'd, †  
He held his seat, and rul'd the realms around.  
Plung'd in his throat, the weapon drank his blood,  
And deep transpiercing, through the shoulder stood;  
In clanging arms the hero fell, and all  
The fields resounded with his weighty fall.  
*Phorcys*, as slain *Hippothous* he defends,  
The *Telamonian* lance his belly rends;  
The hollow armour burst before the stroke,  
And through the wound the rushing entrails broke.  
In strong convulsions panting on the sands  
He lies; and grasps the dust with dying hands.

Struck at the sight, recede the *Trojan* train:  
The shouting *Argives* strip the heroes slain.  
And now had *Troy*, by *Greece* compell'd to yield,  
Fled to her ramparts, and resign'd the field;  
*Greece*, in her native fortitude elate,  
With *Jove* converse, had turn'd the scale of fate:  
But *Pandarus* urg'd *Aeneas* to the fight;  
He seem'd like aged *Periphas* to fight ‡  
(A herald in *Anchises'* love grown old,  
Rever'd for prudence, and with prudence, bold.)  
Thus he—What methods yet, oh chief! remain,  
To save your *Troy*, though heav'n it's fall ordain?  
There have been heroes, who by virtuous care,  
By valour, numbers, and by arts of war,  
Have forc'd the pow'rs to spare a sinking state,  
And gain'd at length the glorious odds of fate.  
But you, when fortune smiles, when *Jove* declares  
His partial favour, and assists your wars,  
Your shameful efforts 'gainst yourselves employ,  
And force th' unwilling God to ruin *Troy*.

*Aeneas* through the form assum'd describes  
The pow'r conceal'd, and thus to *Hector* cries.  
Oh lasting shame! to our own fears a prey,  
We seek our ramparts, and desert the day.

A God

## NOTES.

hard to know why *Homer* gives it the epithet of *renowned*, and makes it the residence of *Schedius*, king of the *Phocians*; when it was but nine hundred paces in circuit, and had no palace, nor gymnasium, nor theatre, nor market, nor fountain; nothing in short that ought to have been in a town which is the residence of a king.

‡ The speech of *Periphas* to *Aeneas* hints at the double fate, and the necessity of means. It is much like that of *St. Paul*, after he was promised that no



A God (nor is he less) my bosom warms,  
 And tells me, *Jove* asserts the *Trojan* arms.  
 He spoke, and foremost to the combat flew;  
 The bold example all his hosts pursue.  
 The first, *Leocritus* beneath him bled,  
 In vain belov'd by valiant *Lycomedes*;  
 Who view'd his fall, and grieving at the chance,  
 Swift to revenge it, sent his angry lance:  
 The whirling lance, with vig'rous force addrest,  
 Descends, and pants in *Apisaon's* breast:  
 From rich *Pæonia's* vales the warrior came,  
 Next thee, *Asteropæus*! in place and fame.  
*Asteropæus* with grief beheld the slain,  
 And rush'd to combat, but he rush'd in vain:  
 Indissolubly firm, around the dead,  
 Rank within rank, on buckler buckler spread,  
 And hemm'd with bristled spears, the *Grecians* stood;  
 A brazen bulwark, and an iron wood.  
 Great *Ajax* eyes them with incessant care,  
 And in an orb contracts the crouded war,  
 Close in their ranks commands to fight or fall,  
 And stands the centre and the soul of all:  
 Fixt on the spot they war, and wounded, wound;  
 A sanguine torrent steep's the reeking ground;  
 On heaps the *Greeks*, on heaps the *Trojans* bled,  
 And thick'ning round 'em, rise the hills of dead.  
*Greece*, in close order, and collected might,  
 Yet suffers least, and sways the wav'ring fight;  
 Fierce as conflicting fires, the combat burns,  
 And now it rises, now it sinks, by turns.  
 In one thick darkness all the fight was lost;\*  
 The sun, the moon, and all th' ethereal host  
 Seem'd as extinct: day ravish'd from their eyes,  
 And all heav'n's splendors blotted from the skies.  
 Such o'er *Patroclus's* body hung the night,  
 The rest in sunshine fought, and open light:

## NOTES.

body should perish; he says, "except these abide, ye cannot be saved."

\* The darkness spread over the body of *Patroclus* is artful upon several accounts. First, a fine image of poetry: next, a token of *Jupiter's* love to a righteous man: but the chief design is to protract the action, which, if the *Trojans* had seen the spot, must have been decided one way or other in a very short time. Besides, the *Trojans* having the better in the action, must have seized the body contrary to the intention of the author. There are innumerable instances of these little niceties and particularities of conduct in *Homer*.

† It is not without reason *Homer* in this place makes particular mention of the sons of *Nestor*. It

Unclouded there, th' aerial azure spread,  
 No vapour rested on the mountain's head,  
 The golden sun pour'd forth a stronger ray,  
 And all the broad expansion flam'd with day.  
 Dispers'd around the plain, by fits they fight,  
 And here, and there, their scatter'd arrows light:  
 But death and darkness o'er the carcase spread,  
 There burn'd the war, and there the mighty bled.

Meanwhile the sons of *Nestor*, in the rear, †  
 (Their fellows routed) tofs the distant spear,  
 And skirmish wide: so *Nestor* gave command,  
 When from the ships he sent the *Pylian* band.  
 The youthful brothers thus for fame contend,  
 Nor knew the fortune of *Achilles's* friend;  
 In thought they view'd him still, with martial joy,  
 Glorious in arms, and dealing deaths to *Troy*.

But round the corse, the heroes pant for breath,  
 And thick and heavy grows the work of death:  
 O'erlabour'd now, with dust, and sweat, and gore,  
 Their knees, their legs, their feet are cover'd o'er;  
 Drops follow drops, the clouds on clouds arise,  
 And carnage clogs their hands, and darkness fills  
 their eyes:

As when a slaughter'd bull's yet reeking hide, ‡  
 Strain'd with full force, and tugg'd from side to side,  
 The brawny curriers stretch; and labour o'er  
 Th' extended surface, drunk with fat and gore;  
 So tugging round the corps both armies stood;  
 The mangled body bath'd in sweat and blood:  
 While *Greeks* and *Ilions* equal strength employ,  
 Now to the ships to force it, now to *Troy*.  
 Not *Pallas's* self, her breast when fury warms, ||  
 Nor he, whose anger sets the world in arms,  
 Could blame this scene; such rage, such horror  
 reign'd;  
 Such, *Jove* to honour the great dead ordain'd:

*Achilles.*

## NOTES.

is to prepare us against he sends one of them to *Achilles*, to tell him the death of his friend.

† *Homer* gives us a most lively description of their drawing the body on all sides, and instructs in the ancient manner of stretching hides, being first made soft and supple with oil. And though this comparison be one of those mean and humble ones which some have objected to, yet it has also its admirers for being so expressive, and for representing to the imagination the most strong and exact idea of the subject in hand.

|| *Homer* says in the original, "*Minerva* could not have found fault, though she was angry." Every one knows how common and natural it is for persons in anger to turn critics, and find faults where there are none.



*Achilles* in his ships at distance lay,  
Nor knew the fatal fortune of the day;  
He, yet unconscious of *Patroclus*' fall,  
In dust extended under *Ilium*'s wall,  
Expects him glorious from the conquer'd plain,  
And for his wish'd return prepares in vain;  
Though well he knew, to make proud *Ilium* bend,\*  
Was more than heav'n had destin'd to his friend,  
Perhaps to him: this *Thetis* had reveal'd;  
The rest, in pity to her son, conceal'd.†

Still rag'd the conflict round the hero dead,  
And heaps on heaps, by mutual wounds they bled.  
Curs'd be the man (ev'n private *Greeks* would say)  
Who dares desert this well-disputed day!  
First may the cleaving earth before our eyes  
Gape wide, and drink our blood for sacrifice!  
First perish all, ere haughty *Troy* shall boast  
We lost *Patroclus*, and our glory lost.

## NOTES.

\* In these words the poet artfully hints at *Achilles*'s death; he makes him not absolutely to flatter himself with the hopes of ever taking *Troy*, in his own person; however he does not say this expressly, but passes it over as an ungrateful subject.

† Here (it is observable) we have two rules laid down for common use. One, not to tell our friends all their mischances at once, it being often necessary to hide part of them, as *Thetis* does from *Achilles*: the other, not to push men of courage upon all that is possible for them to do. Thus *Achilles*, though he thought *Patroclus* able to drive the *Trojans* back to their gates, yet does not order him to do so much; but only to save the ships, and beat them back into the fields. *Homer*'s admonishing the reader, that *Achilles*'s mother had concealed the circumstance of the death of his friend when she instructed him in his fate; and that all he knew was only that *Troy* could not be taken at that time; this is a great instance of his care of the probability, and of his having the whole plan of the poem at once in his head. For upon the supposition that *Achilles* was instructed in his fate, it was a natural objection, how came he to hazard his friend? If he was ignorant on the other hand, of the impossibility of *Troy*'s being taken at that time, he might for all he knew, be robbed by his friend (of whose valour he had so good an opinion) of that glory, which he was unwilling to part with.

‡ If the horses had not gone aside out of the war, *Homer* could not have introduced so well what he designed to their honour. So he makes them weeping in secret (as their master *Achilles* used to do) and afterwards coming into the battle, where they are taken notice of and pursued by *Hector*.

Thus they. While with one voice the *Trojans* said,  
Grant this day, *Jove*! or heap on us the dead!

Then clash their sounding arms; the clangors rise,  
And shake the brazen concave of the skies.

Meantime, at distance from the scene of blood,‡  
The pensive steeds of great *Achilles* stood;||  
Their godlike master slain before their eyes,  
They wept, and shar'd in human miseries.  
In vain *Automedon* now shakes the rein,  
Now plies the lash, and soothes and threats in vain;  
Nor to the fight, nor *Hellepont* they go;  
Restive they stood, and obstinate in woe:  
Still as a tomb-stone, never to be mov'd;  
On some good man, or woman unprov'd,  
Lays it's eternal weight; or fix'd, as stands §  
A marble courser by the sculptor's hands,  
Plac'd on the hero's grave. Along their face,  
The big round drops cours'd down with silent pace,  
Conglobing

## NOTES.

|| It adds a great beauty to the poem when inanimate things act like animate. Thus the heavens tremble at *Jupiter*'s nod; the sea parts itself to receive *Neptune*, the groves of *Ida* shake beneath *Juno*'s feet, &c. As also to find animate or brute creatures address to, as if rational; so *Hector* encourages his horses; and one of *Achilles*'s is not only endued with speech, but with foreknowledge of future events. Here they weep for *Patroclus*, and stand fixed and immoveable with grief: thus is this hero universally mourned, and every thing concurs to lament his loss. As to the particular fiction of the horses weeping, it is countenanced both by naturalists and historians. *Aristotle* and *Pliny* write, that these animals often deplore their masters lost in battle, and even shed tears for them. *Ælian* relates the like of elephants, when they are carried from their native country. *Suetonius*, in the life of *Cæsar*, tells us, that several horses, which at the passage of the *Rubicon* had been consecrated to *Mars*, and turned loose on the banks, were observed for some days after to abstain from feeding, and to weep abundantly.

§ *Homer* alludes to the custom in those days of placing columns upon tombs, on which columns there were frequently chariots with two or four horses. This furnished *Homer* with this beautiful image, as if these horses meant to remain there, to serve for an immortal monument to *Patroclus*. The whole comparison is as beautiful as just. The horses standing still to mourn for their master, could not be more finely represented than by the dumb sorrow of images standing over a tomb. Perhaps the very posture in which these horses are described, their heads bowed down, and their manes falling in the dust, has an allusion to the attitude in which these



Conglobing on the dust. Their manes, that late  
Circled their arched necks, and wav'd in state,  
Trail'd on the dust beneath the yoke were spread,  
And prone to earth was hung their languid head:  
Nor *Jove* disdain'd to cast a pitying look,  
While thus relenting to the steeds he spoke.

Unhappy courfers of immortal strain!  
Exempt from age, and deathless now in vain;  
Did we your race on mortal man bestow,  
Only alas! to share in mortal woe?  
For ah! what is there, of inferior birth,  
That breathes or creeps upon the dust of earth;  
What wretched creature of what wretched kind,  
Than man more weak, calamitous, and blind?  
A miserable race! but cease to mourn:  
For not by you shall *Priam's* son be borne  
High on the splendid car: one glorious prize  
He rashly boasts; the rest our will denies.  
Ourself will swiftnefs to your nerves impart,  
Ourself with rising spirits swell your heart.  
*Automedon* your rapid flight shall bear  
Safe to the navy thro' the storm of war.  
For yet 'tis giv'n to *Troy*, to ravage o'er  
The field, and spread her slaughters to the shore;  
The sun shall see her conquer, till his fall\*  
With sacred darkness shades the face of all.

He said; and breathing in th' immortal horse  
Excessive spirit, urg'd 'em to the course;  
From their high manes they shake the dust, and bear  
The kindling chariot thro' the parted war:  
So flies a vulture thro' the clam'rous train  
Of geese, that scream, and scatter round the plain.  
From danger now with swiftest speed they flew,  
And now to conquest with like speed pursue;

## NOTES.

those statues on monuments were usually represented: there are *bas-reliefs* that favour this conjecture.

\* It is worth observing, with what art and economy *Homer* conducts his fable, to bring on the catastrophe. *Achilles* must hear *Patroclus's* death; *Hector* must fall by his hand: this cannot happen if the armies continue fighting about the body of *Patroclus* under the walls of *Troy*. Therefore, to change the face of affairs, *Jupiter* is going to raise the courage of the *Trojans*, and make them repulse and chase the *Greeks* again as far as their fleet; this obliges *Achilles* to go forth though without arms, and thereby every thing comes to an issue.

† There was but one driver since *Alcimedon* was alone upon the chariot; and *Automedon* was got down to fight. But in poetry, as well as in painting,

Sole in the seat the charioteer remains,  
Now plies the javelin, now directs the reins:  
Him brave *Alcimedon* beheld distress'd,  
Approach'd the chariot, and the chief address'd.

What God provokes thee, rashly thus to dare,  
Alone, unaided, in the thickest war?  
Alas! thy friend is slain, and *Hector* wields  
*Achilles's* arms triumphant in the fields.

In happy time (the charioteer replies)  
The bold *Alcimedon* now greets my eyes;  
No *Greek* like him, the heav'nly steeds restrains,  
Or holds their fury in suspended reins;  
*Patroclus*, while he liv'd, their rage could tame,  
But now *Patroclus* is an empty name!  
To thee I yield the seat, to thee resign  
The ruling charge: the task of fight be mine.

He said. *Alcimedon*, with active heat,  
Snatches the reins, and vaults into the seat.  
His friend descends. The chief of *Troy* descri'd,  
And call'd *Aeneas* fighting near his side.  
Lo, to my fight beyond our hope restor'd,  
*Achilles's* car, deserted of it's lord!  
The glorious steeds our ready arms invite,  
Scarce their weak drivers guide them thro' the fight:†  
Can such opponents stand, when we assail?  
Unite thy force, my friend, and we prevail.

The son of *Venus* to the counsel yields;  
Then o'er their backs they spread their solid shields;  
With brass refulgent the broad surface shin'd,  
And thick bull-hides the spacious concave lin'd.  
Them *Chromius* follows, *Aretus* succeeds,  
Each hopes the conquest of the lofty steeds;  
In vain, brave youths, with glorious hopes ye burn,  
In vain advance! not fated to return. †

Unmov'd

## NOTES.

there is often but one moment to be taken hold on. *Hector* sees *Alcimedon* mount the chariot, before *Automedon* was descended from it; and thereupon judging of their intention, and seeing them both as yet upon the chariot, he calls to *Aeneas*. He terms them both drivers in mockery, because he saw them take the reins one after the other; as if he said, that chariot had two drivers, but never a fighter. It is one single moment that makes this image. In reading the poets one often falls into great perplexities, for want of rightly distinguishing the point of time in which they speak. The art of *Homer*, in this whole passage concerning *Automedon*, is very remarkable; in finding out the only proper occasion, for so renowned a person as the charioteer of *Achilles* to signalize his valour.

\* These beautiful anticipations are frequent in all



Unmov'd, *Automedon* attends the fight,  
 Implores th' Eternal, and collects his might.  
 Then turning to his friend, with dauntless mind:  
 Oh keep the foaming coursers close behind!  
 Full on my shoulders let their nostrils blow,  
 For hard the fight, determin'd is the foe:  
 'Tis *Hector* comes; and when he seeks the prize,  
 War knows no mean; he wins it, or he dies.

Then thro' the field he sends his voice aloud,  
 And calls th' *Ajaces* from the warring croud,  
 With great *Atrides*. Hither turn, (he said)  
 Turn, where distress demands immediate aid;  
 The dead, encircled by his friends, forego,  
 And save the living from a fiercer foe.  
 Unhelp'd we stand, unequal to engage  
 The force of *Hector*, and *Aeneas*' rage:  
 Yet mighty as they are, my force to prove,  
 Is only mine: th' event belongs to *Jove*.

He spoke, and high the founding jav'lin flung,  
 Which pass'd the shield of *Aretus* the young;  
 It pierc'd his belt, emboss'd with curious art;  
 Then in the lower belly stuck the dart.  
 As when the pond'rous axe descending full,  
 Cleaves the broad forehead of some brawny bull;  
 Struck 'twixt the horns, he springs with many a bound,  
 Then tumbling rolls enormous on the ground:  
 Thus fell the youth; the air his soul receiv'd,  
 And the spear trembled as his entrails heav'd.

Now at *Automedon* the *Trojan* foe  
 Discharg'd his lance; the meditated blow,  
 Stooping, he shunn'd; the jav'lin idly fled,  
 And hiss'd innoxious o'er the hero's head:  
 Deep rooted in the ground, the forceful spear  
 In long vibrations spent it's fury there.  
 With clashing faulchions now the chiefs had clos'd,  
 But each brave *Ajax* heard, and interpos'd;  
 Nor longer *Hector* with his *Trojans* stood,  
 But left their slain companion in his blood:  
 His arms *Automedon* divests, and cries,  
 Accept, *Patroclus*, this mean sacrifice.  
 Thus have I sooth'd my griefs, and thus have paid,  
 Poor as it is, some off'ring to thy shade.

So looks the lion o'er a mangled boar,  
 All grim with rage, and horrible with gore:

## NOTES.

all good poets, who affect to speak in the character of prophets, and men inspired with the knowledge of futurity.

\* It is literally in the *Greek*, *She inspired the hero with the boldness of a fly*. There is no impropriety in the comparison, this animal being of all others the most persevering in it's attacks, and the most difficult to be beaten off: the occasion also of the comparison being the resolute persistence of *Menelaus*

No. 14.

High on the chariot at one bound he sprung,  
 And o'er his seat the bloody trophies hung.

And now *Minerva*, from the realms of air  
 Descends impetuous, and renews the war;  
 For, pleas'd at length the *Grecian* arms to aid,  
 The Lord of Thunders sent the blue-ey'd maid.  
 As when high *Jove* denouncing future woe,  
 O'er the dark clouds extends his purple bow,  
 (In sign of tempests from the troubled air,  
 Or from the rage of man, destructive war)  
 The dropping cattle dread th' impending skies,  
 And from his half-till'd field the lab'rer flies.  
 In such a form the Goddess round her drew  
 A livid cloud, and to the battle flew.  
 Assuming *Phoenix*' shape, on earth she falls,  
 And in his well-known voice to *Sparta* calls.  
 And lies *Achilles*' friend belov'd by all,  
 A prey to dogs beneath the *Trojan* wall?

What shame to *Greece* for future times to tell,  
 To thee the greatest in whose cause he fell!  
 O chief! O father! (*Atreus*' son replies)  
 O full of days! by long experience wise!  
 What more desires my soul, than here unmov'd,  
 To guard the body of the man I lov'd?  
 Ah would *Minerva* send me strength to rear  
 This weary'd arm, and ward the storm of war!  
 But *Hector*, like the rage of fire we dread,  
 And *Jove*'s own glories blaze around his head.

Pleas'd to be first of all the pow'rs address,  
 She breathes new vigour in her hero's breast,  
 And fills with keen revenge, with fell despight,  
 Desire of blood, and rage, and lust of fight.  
 So burns the vengeful hornet (soul all o'er) \*  
 Repuls'd in vain, and thirsty still of gore;  
 (Bold son of Air and Heat) on angry wings  
 Untam'd, untir'd, he turns, attacks, and stings.  
 Fir'd with like ardor fierce *Atrides* flew,  
 And sent his soul with ev'ry lance he threw.

There stood a *Trojan*, not unknown to fame,  
*Eetion*'s son, and *Podes* was his name;  
 With riches honour'd, and with courage blest,  
 By *Hector* lov'd, his comrade, and his guest;†  
 Thro' his broad belt the spear a passage found,  
 And pond'rous as he falls, his arms resound.

Sudden

## NOTES.

about the dead body, renders it still the more just. But our present idea of the fly is indeed very low, as taken from the littleness and insignificance of this creature. However, since there is really no meanness in it, there ought to be none in expressing it; and we have done our best in the translation to keep up the dignity of our author.

† *Podes*, the favourite and companion of *Hector*, being killed on this occasion, seems a parallel circumstance



Sudden at *Hector's* side *Apollo* stood,  
Like *Phænops*, *Astus'* son, appear'd the God;  
(*Astus* the great; who held his wealthy reign  
In fair *Abydos*, by the rolling main.)

O prince (he cry'd) oh foremost once in fame!  
What *Grecian* now shall tremble at thy name?  
Dost thou at length to *Menelaüs* yield,  
A chief, once th' might no terror of the field;  
Yet singly, now, the long-disputed prize  
He bears victorious, while our army flies.  
By the same arm illustrious *Podes* bled,  
The friend of *Hector*, unreveng'd, is dead!  
This heard, o'er *Hector* spreads a cloud of woe,  
Rage lifts his lance, and drives him on the foe.

But now th' Eternal shook his sable shield,  
That shaded *Idæ*, and all the subject field  
Beneath it's ample verge. A rolling cloud  
Involv'd the mount; the thunder roar'd aloud:  
Th' affrighted hills from their foundations nod,  
And blaze beneath the light'nings of the God:  
At one regard of his all-seeing eye,  
The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors fly.

Then trembled *Greece*: the flight *Penelopeus* led:  
For as the brave *Bæstian* turn'd his head  
To face the foe, *Polydamas* drew near,  
And raz'd his shoulder with a shorten'd spear:  
By *Hector* wounded, *Leitus* quits the plain,  
Pierc'd through the wrist; and raging with the  
pain,

Grasps his once formidable lance in vain.

As *Hector* follow'd, *Idomen* address'd  
The flaming javelin to his manly breast;  
The brittle point before his corselet yields;  
Exulting *Troy* with clamour fills the fields:  
High on his chariot as the *Cretan* stood,  
The son of *Priam* whirl'd the missive wood:  
But erring from it's aim, th' impetuous spear  
Struck to the dust the 'squire and charioteer  
Of martial *Merion*: *Cæranus* his name,  
Who left fair *Lyclus* for the fields of fame.

On foot bold *Merion* fought; and now laid low,  
He grac'd the triumphs of his *Trojan* foe;  
But the brave 'squire the ready coursers brought,  
And with his life his master's safety bought.  
Between his cheek and ear the weapon went,  
The teeth it shatter'd, and the tongue it rent.  
Prone from the seat he tumbles to the plain;  
His dying hand forgets the falling rein:  
This *Merion* reaches, bending from the car,  
And urges to desert the hopeless war;  
*Idomeneus* consents; the lash applies;  
And the swift chariot to the navy flies.  
Nor *Ajax* less the will of heav'n descry'd,  
And conquest shifting to the *Trojan* side,  
Turn'd by the hand of *Jove*: Then thus began,  
To *Atræus'* seed, the god-like *Telamon*.

Alas! who sees not *Jove's* almighty hand  
Transfers the glory to the *Trojan* band?  
Whether the weak or strong discharge the dart,  
He guides each arrow to a *Grecian* heart:  
Not so our spears: incessant though they rain,  
He suffers ev'ry lance to fall in vain.  
Deserted of the God, yet let us try  
What human strength and prudence can supply;  
If yet this honour'd corse, in triumph borne,  
May glad the fleets that hope not our return,  
Who tremble yet, scarce rescu'd from their fates,  
And still hear *Hector* thund'ring at their gates:  
Some hero too must be dispatch'd to bear\*  
The mournful message to *Pelides'* ear;  
For sure he knows not, distant on the shore;  
His friend, his lov'd *Patroclus*, is no more.  
But such a chief I spy not through the host:  
The men, the steeds, the armies, all are lost  
In gen'ral darkness—Lord of earth and air!  
Oh King! oh Father! hear my humble pray'r:  
Dispel this cloud, the light of heav'n restore;  
Give me to see, and *Ajax* asks no more:  
If *Greece* must perish, we thy will obey,†  
But let us perish in the fate of day!

With

#### NOTES.

cumstance to the death of *Achilles's* favourite and companion; and was probably put in here on purpose to engage *Hector* on the like occasion with *Achilles*.

\* It seems odd that they did not sooner send this message to *Achilles*; but there is some apology for it from the darkness, and the difficulty of finding a proper person. It was not every body that was proper to send, but one who was a particular friend to *Achilles*, who might condole with him. Such was *Antilochus* who is sent afterwards, and who, besides, had that necessary qualification of being swift of foot.

\*

#### NOTES.

† This thought has been looked upon as one of the sublimest in *Homer*. The thickest darkness had on a sudden covered the *Grecian* army, and hindered them from fighting; when *Ajax*, not knowing what course to take, cries out, *Oh Jove! disperse this darkness which covers the Greeks, and if we must perish, let us perish in the light!* This is a sentiment truly worthy of *Ajax*, he does not pray for life; that had been unworthy a hero: but because in that darkness he could not employ his valour to any glorious purpose, and vexed to stand idle in the field of battle, he only prays that the day may appear, as being assured of putting an end to it

worthy



With tears the hero spoke, and at his pray'r  
The God relenting, clear'd the clouded air;  
Forth burst the sun with all-enlight'ning ray;  
The blaze of armour flash'd against the day.  
Now, now, *Atrides*! cast around thy sight,  
If yet *Antilochus* survives the fight,  
Let him to great *Achilles*' ear convey  
The fatal news——*Atrides* haltes away.

So turns the lion from the nightly fold,  
Though high in courage, and with hunger bold,  
Long gall'd by herdsmen, and long vex'd by hounds,  
Stiff with fatigue, and fretted sore with wounds;  
The darts fly round him from an hundred hands,  
And the red terrors of the blazing brands:  
Till late, reluctant, at the dawn of day  
Sour he departs, and quits th' untasted prey.  
So mov'd *Atrides* from his dang'rous place  
With weary limbs, but with unwilling pace:  
The foe, he fear'd, might yet *Patroclus* gain,  
And much admonish'd, much adjur'd his train.

Oh guard these relics to your charge consign'd,  
And bear the merits of the dead in mind;  
How skill'd he was in each obliging art;  
The mildest manners, and the gentlest heart: \*  
He was, alas! but fate decreed his end!  
In death a hero, as in life a friend!

So parts the chief; from rank to rank he flew,  
And round on all sides sent his piercing view.  
As the bold bird, endu'd with sharpest eye  
Of all that wing the mid ærial sky,  
The sacred eagle, from his walks above  
Looks down, and sees the distant thicket move;  
Then stoops, and sailing on the quiv'ring hare,  
Snatches his life amid the clouds of air.  
Not with less quickness, his exerted sight  
Pass'd this, and that way, through the ranks of fight:  
Till on the left the chief he sought, he found;  
Chearing his men, and spreading deaths around.

## NOTES.

worthy his great heart, though *Jupiter* himself should happen to oppose his efforts.

\* This is a fine eulogium of *Patroclus*: *Homer* dwells upon it on purpose, lest *Achilles*'s character should be mistaken; and shews by the praises he bestows here upon goodness, that *Achilles*'s character is not commendable for morality. *Achilles*'s manners, entirely opposite to those of *Patroclus*, are not morally good; they are only poetically so, that is to say, they are well marked; and discover beforehand what resolutions that hero will take; as hath been at large explained already.

† *Homer* ever represents an excess of grief by a deep horror, silence, weeping, and not inquiring

To him the king. Belov'd of *Jove*! draw near,  
For sadder tidings never touch'd thy ear,  
Thy eyes have witness'd what a fatal turn!  
How *Ilion* triumphs, and th' *Achaïans* mourn.  
This is not all: *Patroclus* on the shore  
Now pale and dead, shall succour *Greece* no more.  
Fly to the fleet, this instant fly, and tell  
The sad *Achilles* how his lov'd one fell:  
He too may haste the naked corps to gain;  
The arms are *Hector*'s, who despoil'd the slain.

The youthful warrior heard with silent woe, †  
From his fair eyes the tears began to flow;  
Big with the mighty grief, he strove to say  
What sorrow dictates, but no word found way.  
To brave *Laodocus* his arms he flung, ‡  
Who near him wheeling, drove his steeds along;  
Then ran, the mournful message to impart,  
With tear-full eyes, and with dejected heart.

Swift fled the youth: nor *Menelaüs* stands,  
(Though sore distress'd) to aid the *Pylian* bands;  
But bids bold *Thrasymede* those troops sustain;  
Himself returns to his *Patroclus* slain.

Gone is *Antilochus*, (the hero said)  
But hope not, warriors, for *Achilles*' aid: ||  
Though fierce his rage, unbounded be his woe,  
Unarm'd, he fights not with the *Trojan* foe.

'Tis in our hands alone our hopes remain,  
'Tis our own vigour must the dead regain;  
And save ourselves, while with impetuous hate  
*Troy* pours along, and this way rolls our fate.

'Tis well (said *Ajax*) be it then thy care  
With *Merion*'s aid, the weighty corse to rear;  
Myself, and my bold brother will sustain  
The shock of *Hector* and his charging train:  
Nor fear we armies, fighting side by side;  
What *Troy* can dare, we have already try'd.  
Have try'd it, and have stood. The hero said.  
High from the ground the warriors heave the dead.

A general

## NOTES.

into the manner of the friend's death: nor could *Antilochus* have expressed his sorrow in any manner so moving as silence.

‡ *Antilochus* leaves his armour, not only that he might make the more haste, but (as the ancients conjecture) that he might not be thought to be absent by the enemies; and that seeing his armour on some other person, they might think him still in the fight.

|| This is an ingenious way of making the valour of *Achilles* appear the greater; who, though without arms, goes forth, in the next book, contrary to the expectation of *Ajax* and *Menelaüs*.



A gen'ral clamour rises at the sight:  
 Loud shout the *Trojans*, and renew the fight.  
 Not fiercer rush along the gloomy wood,  
 With rage insatiate and with thirst of blood,  
 Voracious hounds, that many a length before  
 Their furious hunters, drive the wounded boar;  
 But if the savage turns his glaring eye,  
 They howl aloof, and round the forest fly.  
 Thus on retreating *Greece* the *Trojans* pour,  
 Wave their thick falchions, and their javelins show'r:  
 But *Ajax* turning, to their fears they yield,  
 All pale they tremble, and forsake the field.

While thus aloft the hero's corse they bear,  
 Behind them rages all the storm of war;  
 Confusion, tumult, horror, o'er the throng  
 Of men, steeds, chariots, urg'd the rout along:  
 Less fierce the winds with rising flames conspire,\*  
 To whelm some city under waves of fire;  
 Now sink in gloomy clouds the proud abodes:  
 Now crack the blazing temples of the Gods;  
 The rumbling torrent through the ruin rolls,  
 And sheets of smoke mount heavy to the poles.  
 The heroes sweat beneath their honour'd load:  
 As when two mules, along the rugged road,

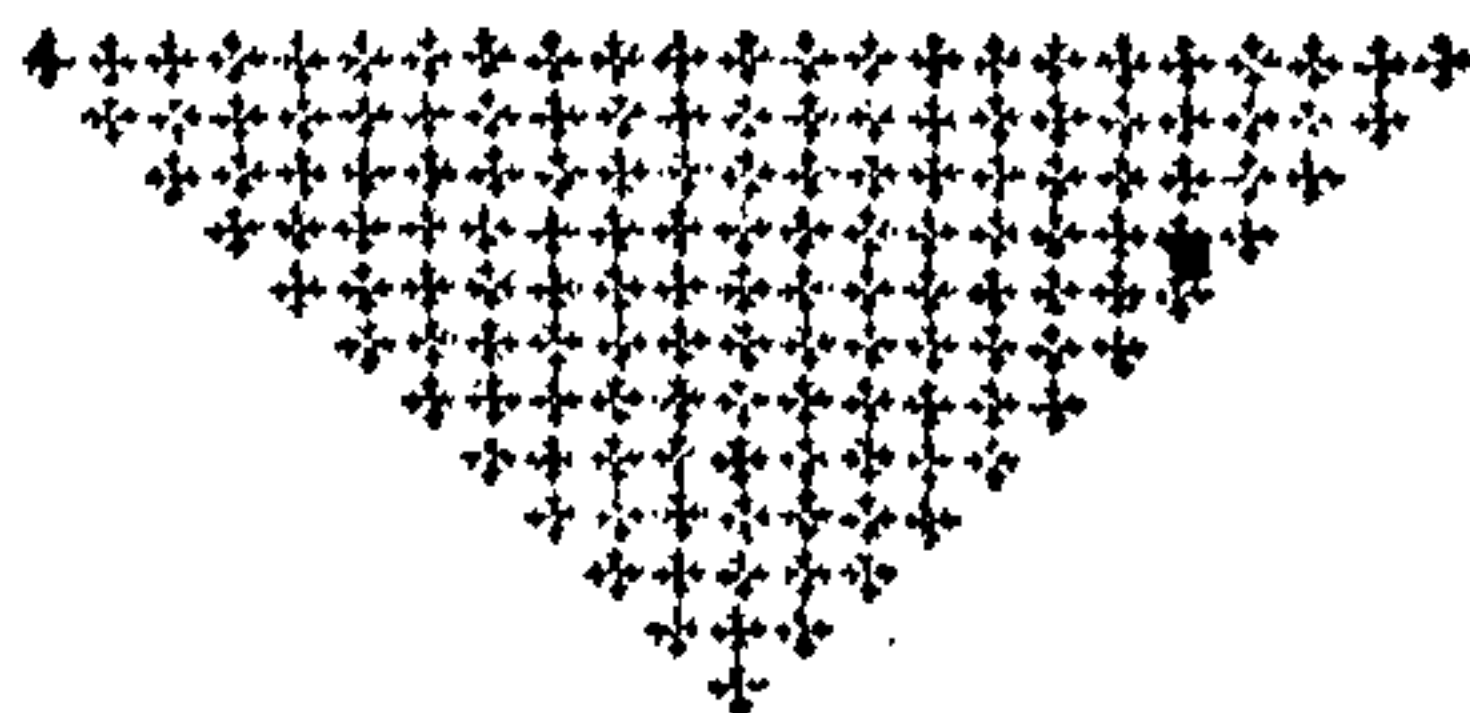
## NOTES.

\* The heap of images which *Homer* throws together at the end of this book, makes the same action appear with a very beautiful variety. The description of the burning of a city is short, but very lively. That of *Ajax* alone bringing up the rear-guard, and shielding those that bore the body of *Patroclus* from the whole *Trojan* host, gives a prodigious idea of *Ajax*, and as *Homer* has often hinted, makes him just second to *Achilles*. The image of the beam paints the great stature of *Patroclus*: that of the hill dividing the stream is noble

From the steep mountain with exerted strength  
 Drag some vast beam, or mass's unwieldy length;  
 Inly they groan, big drops of sweat distill,  
 Th' enormous timber lumbr'ring down the hill:  
 So these—Behind, the bulk of *Ajax* stands,  
 And breaks the torrent of the rushing bands.  
 Thus when a river swell'd with sudden rains  
 Spreads his broad waters o'er the level plains,  
 Some interposing hill the stream divides,  
 And breaks it's force, and turns the winding tides.  
 Still close they follow, close the rear engage;  
*Aeneas* storms, and *Hector* foams with rage:  
 While *Greece* a heavy, thick retreat maintains,  
 Wedg'd in one body, like a flight of cranes,  
 That shriek incessant while the falcon hung  
 High on pois'd pinions, threats their callow young.  
 So from the *Trojan* chiefs the *Grecians* fly,  
 Such the wild terror, and the mingled cry:  
 Within, without the trench, and all the way,  
 Strow'd in bright heaps, their arms and armour lay;  
 Such horror *Jove* impress! yet still proceeds  
 The work of death, and still the battle bleeds.

## NOTES.

and natural. He compares the *Ajaces* to a boat, for their fierceness and boldness; to a long bank that keeps off the course of the waters, for their standing firm and immoveable in the battle: those that carry the dead body, to mules dragging a vast beam through rugged paths for their laboriousness: the body carried to a beam, for being heavy and inanimate: the *Trojans* to dogs, for their boldness: the *Greeks* to a flight of starlings and jays, for their timorousness and swiftness.







*Patroclus being killed and stripped of Achilles's Armour and both sides having a long time fought for his Body the Greeks at length carry it off while the two Ajaxes courageously sustain the Efforts of the Trojans.*

BXVII.

*P. Foulsham sculp.*



## The EIGHTEENTH BOOK of the ILIAD.

## A R G U M E N T.

THE GRIEF OF ACHILLES, AND NEW ARMOUR MADE HIM BY VULCAN.

*The news of the death of Patroclus is brought to Achilles by Antilochus. Thetis hearing his lamentations, comes with all her sea-nymphs to comfort him. The speeches of the mother and son on this occasion. Iris appears to Achilles by the command of Juno, and orders him to shew himself at the head of the intrenchments. The sight of him turns the fortune of the day, and the body of Patroclus is carried off by the Greeks. The Trojans call a council, where Hector and Polydamas disagree in their opinions; but the advice of the former prevails, to remain encamped in the field. The grief of Achilles over the body of Patroclus,*

*Thetis goes to the palace of Vulcan to obtain new arms for her son. The description of the wonderful works of Vulcan; and lastly, that noble one of the shield of Achilles.*

*The latter part of the nine and twentieth day, and the night ensuing, take up this book. The scene is at Achilles's tent on the sea-shore, from whence it changes to the palace of Vulcan.*

THUS like the rage of fire the combat burns,\*  
And now it rises, now it sinks by turns.  
Meanwhile, where *Hellepont's* broad waters flow,  
Stood *Nestor's* son, the messenger of woe:

## NOTES.

\* This phrase is usual in our author, to signify a sharp battle fought with heat and fury on both parts; such an engagement like a flame, preying upon all sides, and dying the sooner, the fiercer it burns.

† The original epithet in this place has a more than ordinary signification. It implies that the sail-yards were hoisted up, and *Achilles's* ships on the point to set sail. This shews that it was purely in compliance to his friend that he permitted him to succour the *Greeks*; he meant to leave them as soon as *Patroclus* returned; he still remembered what he told the ambassadors in the ninth book; *To-morrow you shall see my fleet set sail.* Accordingly this is the  
No. 14.

There sat *Achilles*, shaded by his sails,  
On hoisted yards extended to the gales; †  
Pensive he sat; for all that fate design'd  
Rose in sad prospect to his boding mind. ‡

Thus

## NOTES.

day appointed, and he is fixed to his resolution: this circumstance wonderfully strengthens his implacable character.

‡ *Homer* in this artful manner prepares *Achilles* for the fatal message, and gives him these forebodings of his misfortunes, that they might be no less than he expected. His expressions are suitable to his concern, and delivered confusedly. "I bad him (says he) after he had saved the ships, and repulsed the *Trojans*, to return back, and not engage himself too far." Here he breaks off, when he should have added; "but he was so unfortunate as to forget my advice." As he is reasoning with himself, *Antilochus* comes in, which makes him leave the sense imperfect.



Thus to his soul he said. Ah! what constrains  
 The *Greeks*, late victors, now to quit the plains?  
 Is this the day, which heav'n so long ago  
 Ordain'd, to sink me with the weight of woe?  
 (So *Thetis* warn'd) when by a *Trojan* hand,  
 The bravest of the *Myrmidonian* band  
 Should lose the light? Fulfill'd is that decree;  
 Fall'n is the warrior, and *Patroclus* he! \*  
 In vain I charg'd him soon to quit the plain,  
 And warn'd to shun *Heftorean* force in vain!  
 Thus while he thinks, *Antilochus* appears,  
 And tells the melancholy tale with tears:  
 Sad tidings, son of *Peleus*! thou must hear; †  
 And wretched I, th' unwilling messenger!

## NOTES.

\* It may be objected, that *Achilles* seems to contradict what had been said in the foregoing book, that *Thetis* concealed from her son the death of *Patroclus* in her prediction. Whereas here he says, that she had foretold he should lose the bravest of the *Theſſalians*. There is nothing in this but what is natural and common among mankind: and it is still more agreeable to the hasty and inconsiderate temper of *Achilles* not to have made that reflection till it was too late. Prophecies are only marks of divine prescience, not warnings to prevent human misfortunes; for if they were, they must hinder their own accomplishment.

† This speech of *Antilochus* ought to serve as a model for the brevity with which so dreadful a piece of news ought to be delivered; for in two verses it comprehends the whole affair, the death of *Patroclus*, the person that killed him, the contest for his body, and his arms in the possession of his enemy. The *Greek* tragic poets have not always imitated this discretion. In great distresses there is nothing more ridiculous than a messenger who begins a long story with pathetic descriptions; he speaks without being heard; for the person to whom he addresses himself has no time to attend him: the first word, which discovers to him his misfortune, has made him deaf to all the rest.

‡ A modern *French* writer has drawn a parallel of the conduct of *Homer* and *Virgil*, in relation to the deaths of *Patroclus* and of *Pallas*. The latter is killed by *Turnus*, as the former by *Heftor*; *Turnus* triumphs in the spoils of the one, as *Heftor* is clad in the arms of the other; *Aeneas* revenges the death of *Pallas* by that of *Turnus*, as *Achilles* the death of *Patroclus* by that of *Heftor*. The grief of *Achilles* in *Homer*, on the score of *Patroclus*, is much greater than that of *Aeneas* in *Virgil* for the sake of *Pallas*. *Achilles* gives himself up to despair, with a weakness which *Plato* could not pardon in him, and which

Dead is *Patroclus*! for his corse they fight;  
 His naked corse; his arms are *Heftor's* right. ‡  
 A sudden horror shot thro' all the chief,  
 And wrapt his senses in the cloud of grief;  
 Cast on the ground, with furious hands he spread §  
 The scorching ashes o'er his graceful head;  
 His purple garments, and his golden hairs,  
 Those he deforms with dust, and these he tears:  
 On the hard soil his groaning breast he threw,  
 And roll'd and grovel'd, as to earth he grew.  
 The virgin captives, with disorder'd charms, ||  
 (Won by his own, or by *Patroclus's* arms)  
 Rush'd from the tents with cries; and gath'ring round,  
 Beat their white breasts, and fainted on the ground:  
 While

## NOTES.

can only be excused on account of the long and close friendship between them: that of *Aeneas* is more discreet, and seems more worthy of a hero. It was not possible that *Aeneas* could be so deeply interested for any man, as *Achilles* was interested for *Patroclus*: for *Virgil* had no colour to kill *Ascanius*, who was little more than a child; besides, that this hero's interest in the war of *Italy* was great enough of itself, not to need to be animated by so touching a concern as the fear of losing his son. On the other hand, *Achilles* having but very little personal concern in the war of *Troy*, (as he had told *Agamemnon* in the beginning of the poem) and knowing, besides, that he was to perish there, required some very pressing motive to engage him to persist in it, after such disgusts and insults as he had received. It was this which made it necessary for these two great poets to treat a subject so much in it's own nature alike, in a manner so different. But as *Virgil* found it admirable in *Homer*, he was willing to approach it, as near as the economy of his work would permit.

§ This is a fine picture of the grief of *Achilles*: we see on the one hand, the posture in which the hero receives the news of his friend's death; he falls upon the ground, he rends his hair, he snatches the ashes and casts them on his head, according to the manner of those times; (but what much enlivens it in this place, is his sprinkling embers, instead of ashes, in the violence of his passion). On the other side, the captives are running from their tents, ranging themselves about him, and answering to his groans: beside him stands *Antilochus*, fetching deep sighs, and hanging on the arms of the hero, for fear his despair and rage should cause some desperate attempt upon his own life: there is no painter but will be touched with this image.

|| The captive maids lamented either in pity for their lord, or in gratitude to the memory of *Patroclus*,



While *Nestor's* son sustains a manlier part,  
And mourns the warrior with a warrior's heart;  
Hangs on his arms, amidst his frantic woe,  
And oft prevents the meditated blow.

Far in the deep abysses of the main,  
With hoary *Nereus*, and the wat'ry train,  
The Mother Goddess from her crystal throne  
Heard his loud cries, and answer'd groan for groan.  
The circling *Nereids* with their mistress weep,  
And all the sea-green sisters of the deep.  
*Thalia*, *Glauce*, (ev'ry wat'ry name)  
*Nesæa* mild, and silver *Spio* came:  
*Cymothoe* and *Cymodoce* were nigh,  
And the blue languish of soft *Alia's* eye.  
Their locks *Actæa* and *Linnoria* rear,  
Then *Proto*, *Doris*, *Panope* appear,  
*Thoa*, *Pherusa*, *Doto*, *Melita*;  
*Agave* gentle, and *Ampitboë* gay:  
Next *Callianira*, *Callianassa* show  
Their sister looks; *Dexamene* the slow,  
And swift *Dynamene*, now cut the tides:  
*Iæra* now the verdant wave divides:  
*Nemertes* with *Apseudes* lifts the head,  
Bright *Galatea* quits her pearly bed;  
These *Orythia*, *Clymene*, attend,  
*Mæra*, *Amphinome*, the train extend.  
And black *Janira*, and *Janassa* fair,  
And *Amathea* with her amber hair.  
All these, and all that deep in ocean held  
Their sacred seats, the glimm'ring grotto fill'd;  
Each beat her iv'ry breast with silent woe,  
Till *Thetis's* sorrows thus began to flow.

Hear me, and judge, ye sisters of the main!  
How just a cause has *Thetis* to complain?  
How wretched, were I mortal, were my fate!  
How more than wretched in th' immortal state!  
Sprung from my bed a god-like hero came,  
The bravest far that ever bore the name;  
Like some fair olive, by my careful hand \*  
He grew, he flourished, and adorn'd the land:  
To *Troy* I sent him; but the fates ordain  
He never, never must return again.  
So short a space the light of heav'n to view,  
So short alas! and fill'd with anguish too.  
Hear now his sorrows echo thro' the shore!  
I cannot ease them, but I must deplore;

## NOTES.

*clus*, who was remarkable for his goodness and affability; or under these pretences mourned for their own misfortunes and slavery.

\* This passage, where the mother compares her son to a tender plant, raised and preserved with care, has a most remarkable resemblance to that in the

I go at least to bear a tender part,  
And mourn my lov'd one with a mother's heart.

She said, and left the caverns of the main,  
All bath'd in tears, the melancholy train  
Attend her way. Wide-opening part the tides,  
While the long pomp the silver wave divides.  
Approaching now, they touch'd the *Trojan* land;  
Then, two by two, ascended up the strand.  
Th' immortal mother, standing close beside  
Her mournful offspring, to his sighs reply'd;  
Along the coast their mingled clamours ran,  
And thus the silver-footed dame began.

Why mourns my son? thy late prefer'd request  
The God has granted, and the *Greeks* distress:  
Why mourns my son? thy anguish let me share,  
Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care.

He, deeply groaning—To this cureless grief  
Not ev'n the Thund'rer's favour brings relief.  
*Patroclus*—Ah!—say, Goddess can I boast  
A pleasure now? revenge itself is lost;  
*Patroclus*, lov'd of all my martial train,  
Beyond mankind, beyond myself is slain!  
Lost are those arms the Gods themselves bestow'd  
On *Peleus*; *Hector* bears the glorious load.  
Curs'd be that day, when all the pow'rs above  
Thy charms submitted to a mortal love:  
Oh hadst thou still, a sister of the main,  
Pursu'd the pleasures of the wat'ry reign;  
And happier *Peleus*, less ambitious, led  
A mortal beauty to his equal bed!  
Ere the sad fruit of thy unhappy womb  
Had caus'd such sorrows past, and woes to come.  
For soon alas! that wretched offspring slain,  
New woes, new sorrows shall create again.  
'Tis not in fate th' alternate now to give;  
*Patroclus* dead, *Achilles* hates to live.  
Let me revenge it on proud *Hector's* heart,  
Let his last spirit smoke upon my dart;  
On these conditions will I breathe: till then,  
I blush to walk among the race of men.

A flood of tears, at this, the Goddess shed:  
Ah then, I see thee dying, see thee dead!  
When *Hector* falls, thou dy'st. — Let *Hector* die,†  
And let me fall! (*Achilles* made reply)  
Far lies *Patroclus* from his native plain!  
He fell, and falling, wish'd my aid in vain.

Ah

## NOTES.

*Psalms*, Thy children like branches of olive-trees round thy table, *Psal.* 127.

† It is not possible to imagine more lively and beautiful strokes of nature and passion, than those which our author ascribes to *Achilles* throughout these admirable speeches. They contain all, that the truest



Ah then, since from this miserable day  
 I cast all hope of my return away;  
 Since unreveng'd, a hundred ghosts demand  
 The fate of *Hector* from *Achilles*' hand;  
 Since here, for brutal courage far renown'd,  
 I live an idle burden to the ground,  
 (Others in council fam'd for nobler skill,  
 More useful to preserve, than I to kill)  
 Let me—but oh! ye gracious pow'rs above! \*  
 Wrath and revenge from men and Gods remove;  
 Far, far too dear to ev'ry mortal breast,  
 Sweet to the soul, as honey to the taste;  
 Gath'ring like vapours of a noxious kind  
 From fiery blood, and dark'ning all the mind.  
 Me *Agamemnon* urg'd to deadly hate;  
 'Tis past—I quell it; I resign to fate.  
 Yes—I will meet the murd'rer of my friend;  
 Or (if the Gods ordain it) meet my end.  
 The stroke of fate the bravest cannot shun:  
 The great *Alcides*, *Jove*'s unequal'd son,

## NOTES.

truest friend, the most tender son, and the most generous hero, could think or express in this delicate and affecting circumstance. He shews his excess of love to his mother, by wishing he had never been born or known to the world, rather than she should have endured so many sufferings on his account; he shews no less love for his friend, in resolving to revenge his death upon *Hector*, though his own would immediately follow. We see him here ready to meet his fate for the sake of his friend, and in the *Odyssey* we find him wishing to live again, only to maintain his father's honour against his enemies. Thus he values neither life nor death, but as they conduce to the good of his friend and parents, or the increase of his glory. After having calmly considered the present state of his life, he deliberately embraces his approaching fate; and comforts himself under it, by a reflection on those great men, whom neither their illustrious actions, nor their affinity to heaven, could save from the general doom. A thought very natural to him, whose business it was in peace to sing their praises, and in war to imitate their actions. *Achilles*, like a man passionate of glory, takes none but the finest models; he thinks of *Hercules*, who was the son of *Jupiter*, and who had filled the universe with the noise of his immortal actions: these are the sentiments of a real hero.

\* *Achilles*'s words are these; "Now since I am never to return home, and since I lie here an useless person, losing my best friend, and exposing the *Greeks* to so many dangers by my own folly; I who am superior to them all in battle"—Here he breaks

To *Juno*'s hate at length resign'd his breath,  
 And sunk the victim of all-conqu'ring death.  
 So shall *Achilles* fall! stretch'd pale and dead,  
 No more the *Grecian* hope, or *Trojan* dread!  
 Let me, this instant, rush into the fields, †  
 And reap what glory life's short harvest yields.  
 Shall I not force some widow'd dame to tear  
 With frantic hands, her long dishevel'd hair?  
 Shall I not force her breast to heave with sighs,  
 And the soft tears to trickle from her eyes!  
 Yes, I shall give the fair those mournful charms—  
 In vain you hold me—Hence! my arms, my arms!  
 Soon shall the sanguine torrent spread so wide,  
 That all shall know, *Achilles* swells the tide. ‡  
 My son (*Cœrolean Thetis* made reply,  
 To fate submitting with a secret sigh)  
 The host to succour, and thy friends to save,  
 Is worthy thee; the duty of the brave.  
 But canst thou, naked, issue to the plains?  
 Thy radiant arms the *Trojan* foe detains.

Insulting.

## NOTES.

off, and says—"May contention perish everlastingly," &c. *Achilles* leaves the sentence thus suspended, either because in his heat he had forgot what he was speaking of, or because he did not know how to end it; for he should have said,—“Since I have done all this, I will perish to revenge him:” nothing can be finer than this sudden execration against discord and revenge, which breaks from the hero in the deep sense of the miseries those passions had occasioned. *Achilles* could not be ignorant that he was superior to others in battle; and it was therefore no fault in him to say so. But he is so ingenuous as to give himself no farther commendation than what he undoubtedly merited; confessing at the same time, that many exceeded him in speaking.

† I shall have time enough for inglorious rest when I am in the grave, but now I must act like a living hero: I shall indeed lie down in death, but at the same time rise higher in glory.

‡ There is a great stress on the original in this verse. They shall soon find that their victories have been owing to the long absence of a hero, and that hero *Achilles*. Upon which the ancients have observed, that since *Achilles*'s anger there past in reality but a few days: to which it may be replied, that so short a time as this might well seem long to *Achilles*, who thought all unactive hours tedious and insupportable; and if the poet himself had said that *Achilles* was long absent, he had not said it because a great many days had past, but because so great a variety of incidents had happened in that time.





Achilles hearing the news of Patroclus's Death and grievously lamenting him is comforted by Thetis, who exhorts him not to fight, till she brings him new Armour.

B.XVIII.

J. Burdett sculp.



Insulting *Hector* bears the spoils on high,  
But vainly glories, for his fate is nigh.  
Yet, yet awhile, thy gen'rous ardour stay ;\*  
Assur'd, I meet thee at the dawn of day,  
Charg'd with refulgent arms (a glorious load)  
*Vulcanian* arms, the labour of a God.

Then turning to the daughters of the main,  
The Goddess thus dismiss'd her azure train.

Ye sister *Nereids*! to your deeps descend,  
Hail, and our father's sacred seat attend;  
Ego to find the architect divine,  
Where vast *Olympus*' starry summits shine :  
So tell our hoary sire.—This charge she gave :  
The sea-green sisters plunge beneath the wave :  
*Thetis* once more ascends the blest abodes,  
And treads the brazen threshold of the Gods.

And now the *Greeks*, from furious *Hector*'s force,  
Urge to broad *Hellepont* their headlong course :  
Nor yet their chiefs *Patroclus*' body bore  
Safe through the tempest to the tender shore.—  
The horse, the foot, with equal fury join'd,  
Pour'd on the rear, and thunder'd close behind ;  
And like a flame through fields of ripen'd corn,  
The rage of *Hector* o'er the ranks was borne.  
Thrice the slain hero by the foot he drew ;  
Thrice to the skies the *Trojan* clamours flew :  
As oft th' *Ajaces* his assault sustain ;  
But check'd, he turns ; repuls'd, attacks again.  
With fiercer shouts his ling'ring troops he fires,  
Nor yields a step, nor from his post retires ;  
So watchful shepherds strive to force, in vain,  
The hungry lion from a carcase slain.  
Ev'n yet, *Patroclus* had he borne away,  
And all the glories of th' extended day ;

## NOTES.

\* This promise of *Thetis* to present her son with a suit of armour, was the most artful method of hindering him from putting immediately in practice his resolutions of fighting, which, according to his violent manners, he must have done: therefore the interposition of *Thetis* here was absolutely necessary.

† *Achilles* is amazed, that a moment after the Goddess his mother had forbid him fighting, he should receive a contrary order from the Gods: therefore he asks what God sent her?

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Had not high *Juno*, from the realms of air,  
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To great *Achilles* at his ships she came,  
And thus began the many-colour'd dame :

Rise, son of *Peleus*! rise divinely brave!  
Assist the combat, and *Patroclus* save :

For him the slaughter to the fleet they spread,  
And fall by mutual wounds around the dead.  
To drag him back to *Troy* the foe contends ;  
Nor with his death the rage of *Hector* ends :  
A prey to dogs he dooms the corse to lie,  
And marks the place to fix his head on high.  
Rise, and prevent (if yet thou think of fame)  
Thy friend's disgrace, thy own eternal shame !

Who sends thee, Goddess! from th' ethereal skies? ‡  
*Achilles* thus. And *Iris* thus replies.

I come, *Pelides*! from the queen of *Jove*,  
Th' immortal empress of the realms above;  
Unknown to him who sits remote on high,  
Unknown to all the synod of the sky.  
Thou com'st in vain, he cries (with fury warm'd)  
Arms I have none, and can I fight unarm'd? †.

Unwilling as I am, of force I stay,  
Till *Thetis* bring me at the dawn of day  
*Vulcanian* arms: what other can I wield?  
Except the mighty *Telamonian* shield? ||  
That, in my friend's defence, has *Ajax* spread,  
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3 S and



Insulting *Hector* bears the spoils on high,  
But vainly glories, for his fate is nigh.  
Yet, yet awhile, thy gen'rous ardour stay;\*  
Assur'd, I meet thee at the dawn of day,  
Charg'd with refulgent arms (a glorious load)  
*Vulcanian* arms, the labour of a God.

Then turning to the daughters of the main,  
The Goddess thus dismiss'd her azure train.

Ye sister *Nereids*! to your deeps descend,  
Hail'e, and our father's sacred seat attend;  
I go to find the architect divine,  
Where vast *Olympus*' starry summits shine:  
So tell our hoary fire.—This charge she gave:  
The sea-green sisters plunge beneath the wave:  
*Thetis* once more ascends the blest abodes,  
And treads the brazen threshold of the Gods.

And now the *Greeks*, from furious *Hector*'s force,  
Urge to broad *Hellepont* their headlong course:  
Nor yet their chiefs *Patroclus*' body bore  
Safe through the tempest to the tender shore.  
The horse, the foot, with equal fury join'd,  
Pour'd on the rear, and thunder'd close behind;  
And like a flame through fields of ripen'd corn,  
The rage of *Hector* o'er the ranks was borne.  
Thrice the slain hero by the foot he drew;  
Thrice to the skies the *Trojan* clamours flew:  
As oft th' *Ajaces* his assault sustain;  
But check'd, he turns; repuls'd, attacks again.  
With fiercer shouts his ling'ring troops he fires,  
Nor yields a step, nor from his post retires;  
So watchful shepherds strive to force, in vain,  
The hungry lion from a carcase slain.  
Ev'n yet, *Patroclus* had he borne away,  
And all the glories of th' extended day;

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Let but *Achilles* o'er yon trench appear, \*  
 Proud *Troy* shall tremble, and consent to fear;  
*Greece* from one glance of that tremendous eye,  
 Shall take new courage, and disdain to fly.  
 She spoke, and past in air. The hero rose;  
 Her *Egis*, *Pallas* o'er his shoulder throws;  
 Around his brows a golden cloud she spread;  
 A stream of glory flam'd above his head.  
 As when from some beleagu'rd town arise  
 The smokes, high-curling to the shaded skies; †  
 (Seen from some island, o'er the main afar, ‡  
 When men distress hang out the sign of war)  
 Soon as the sun in ocean hides his rays,  
 Thick on the hills the flaming beacons blaze;  
 With long-projected beams the seas are bright,  
 And heav'n's high arch reflects the ruddy light:  
 So from *Achilles'* head the splendors rise,  
 Reflecting blaze on blaze, against the skies.  
 Forth march'd the chief, and distant from the croud,  
 High on the rampart rais'd his voice aloud;  
 With her own shout *Minerva* swells the sound;  
*Troy* starts astonish'd, and the shores rebound.  
 As the loud trumpet's brazen mouth from far §  
 With shrilling clangor sounds th' alarm of war,

## NOTES.

and who had just lost the man he loved best in the world, is not likely to refuse shewing himself to the enemy, for the single reason of having no armour. Grief and despair in a great soul are not so prudent and reserved; but then on the other side, he is not to throw himself into the midst of so many enemies armed and flushed with victory. *Hazier* gets out of this nice circumstance with great dexterity, and gives to *Achilles'* character every thing he ought to give to it, without offending either against reason or probability. He judiciously feigns, that *Juno* sent this order to *Achilles*, for *Juno* is the Goddess of royalty, who has the care of princes and kings; and who inspires them with the sense of what they owe to their dignity and character.

\* There cannot be a greater instance, how constantly *Homer* carried his whole design in his head, as well as with what admirable art he raises one great idea upon another, to the highest sublime, than in this passage of *Achilles'* appearance to the army, and the preparations by which we are led to it. In the thirteenth book, when the *Trojans* have the victory, they check their pursuit of it in the mere thought that *Achilles* sees them: in the sixteenth, they are put into the utmost consternation at the sight of his armour and chariots: in the seventeenth, *Meneclaus* and *Ajax* are in despair, on the consideration that *Achilles* cannot succour them

Struck from the walls, the echoes float on high,  
 And the round bulwarks and thick tow'rs reply;  
 So high his brazen voice the hero rear'd:  
 Hosts drop their arms, and trembled as they heard;  
 And back the chariots roll, and coursers bound,  
 And steeds and men lie mingled on the ground.  
 Aghast they see the living light'nings play,  
 And turn their eye-balls from the flashing ray.  
 Thrice from the trench his dreadful voice he rais'd,  
 And thrice they fled, confounded and amaz'd.  
 Twelve in the tumult wedg'd, untimely rush'd  
 On their own spears, by their own chariots crush'd:  
 While shielded from the darts, the *Greeks* obtain  
 The long-contended carcase of the slain.

A lofty bier the breathless warrior bears:  
 Around, his sad companions melt in tears.  
 But chief *Achilles*, bending down his head,  
 Pours unavailing sorrows o'er the dead.  
 Whom late triumphant with his steeds and car,  
 He sent resurgent to the field of war,  
 (Unhappy change!) now senseless, pale, he found,  
 Stretch'd forth, and gash'd with many a gaping wound.  
 Meantime unwearied with his heav'nly way,  
 In Ocean's waves, than unwilling light of day

Quench'd

## NOTES.

for want of armour: in the present book, beyond all expectation he does but shew himself unarmed, and the very sight of him gives the victory to *Greece*! How extremely noble is this gradation!

† For fires in the day appear nothing but smoak, and in the night flames are visible because of the darkness. And thus it is said in *Exodus*, "That God led his people in the day with a pillar of smoak, and in the night with a pillar of fire."

‡ *Homer* makes a choice of a town placed in an island, because such a place being besieged has no other means of making it's distress known than by signals of fire; whereas a town upon the continent has other means to make known to it's neighbours the necessity it is in.

§ We have already observed, that when the poet speaks as from himself, he may be allowed to take his comparisons from things which were not known before his time. Here he borrows a comparison from the trumpet, as he has elsewhere done from saddle-horses, though neither one nor the other were used in *Greece* at the time of the *Trojan* war. The trumpet's not being in use at that time, makes very much for *Homer's* purpose in this place. The terror raised by the voice of his hero, is much the more strongly imaged by a sound that was unusual, and capable of striking more from it's very novelty.



Quench'd his red orb, at *Juno's* high command,  
 And from their labours eas'd th' *Achaian* band.  
 The frighted *Trojans* (panting from the war,  
 Their steeds unharnes'd from the weary car)  
 A sudden council call'd: each chief appear'd  
 In haste, and standing, for to sit they fear'd.  
 'Twas now no season for prolong'd debate;  
 They saw *Achilles*, and in him their fate.  
 Silent they stood: *Polydamas* at last,  
 Skill'd to discern the future by the past,  
 The son of *Panthus*, thus express'd his fears;  
 (The friend of *Hector*, and of equal years:  
 The self-same night to both a being gave,  
 One wise in council, one in action brave.)  
 In free debate, my friends, your sentence speak;  
 For me, I move, before the morning break,  
 To raise our camp: too dangerous here our post,  
 Far from *Troy* walls, and on a naked coast.  
 I deem not *Greece* so dreadful, while engag'd  
 In mutual feuds, her king and hero rag'd;  
 Then, while we hop'd our armies might prevail,  
 We boldly camp'd beside a thousand sail.  
 I dread *Pelides* now: his rage of mind  
 Not long continues to the shores confin'd,  
 Nor to the fields, where long in equal fray  
 Contending nations won and lost the day;  
 For *Troy*, for *Troy*, shall henceforth be the strife,  
 And the hard contest not for fame, but life.  
 Haste then to *Ilium*, while the fav'ring night  
 Detains those terrors, keeps that arm from fight;  
 If but the morrow's sun beheld us here,\*  
 That arm, those terrors we shall feel, not fear;

## NOTES.

\* *Polydamas* says in the original, "If *Achilles* comes to-morrow in his armour." There seems to lie an objection against this passage, for *Polydamas* knew that *Achilles's* armour was won by *Hector*, he must also know that no other man's armour would fit him; how then could he know that new arms were made for him that very night? Those who are acquainted with *Homer*, may answer, it was by his skill in prophecy. Besides, there is no more impropriety in supposing *Polydamas* to be possessed of extraordinary knowledge, than in putting words into the mouth of a horse in other parts of the poem.

† *Hector* in his severe answer to *Polydamas*, takes up several of his words and turns them another way. *Polydamas* had said, "To-morrow by break of day let us put on our arms, and defend the castles and city walls;" to which *Hector* replies, "To-morrow by break of day let us put on our arms, not to defend ourselves at home, but to fight

And hearts that now disdain, shall leap with joy  
 If heav'n permits them then to enter *Troy*.  
 Let not my fatal prophecy be true,  
 Nor what I tremble, but to think, ensue.  
 Whatever be our fate, yet let us try  
 What force of thought and reason can supply;  
 Let us on counsel for our guard depend;  
 The town, her gates and bulwarks shall defend,  
 When morning dawns, our well-appointed pow'rs,  
 Array'd in arms, shall line the lofty tow'rs.  
 Let the fierce hero then, when fury calls,  
 Vent his mad vengeance on our rocky walls,  
 Or fetch a thousand circles round the plain,  
 Till his spent coursers seek the fleet again:  
 So may his rage be tir'd, and labour'd down;  
 And dogs shall tear him ere he sack the town.  
 Return? (said *Hector*, fir'd with stern disdain)†  
 What coop whole armies in our walls again?  
 Was't not enough, ye valiant warriors say,  
 Nine years imprison'd in those tow'rs ye lay?  
 Wide o'er the world was *Ilium* fam'd of old  
 For brags exhaustless, and for mines of gold:  
 But while inglorious in her walls we stay'd,  
 Sunk were her treasures, and her stores decay'd;‡  
 The *Phrygians* now her scatter'd spoils enjoy,  
 And proud *Mæonia* wastes the fruits of *Troy*.  
 Great *Jove* at length my arms to conquest calls,  
 And shuts the *Grecians* in their wooden walls:  
 Dar'st thou dispirit whom the Gods incite?  
 Flies any *Trojan*? I shall stop his flight.  
 To better counsel then attention lend;  
 Take due refreshment, and the watch attend.

If

## NOTES.

the *Greeks* before their own ships" *Polydamas*, speaking of *Achilles*, had said, "If he comes after we are within the walls of our city, it will be the worse for him, for he may drive round the city long enough before he can hurt us." To which *Hector* answers, "If *Achilles* should come, it will be the worse for him as you say, because I will fight him." But *Hector* is not so far gone in passion or pride, as to forget himself; and accordingly in the next lines he modestly puts it in doubt, which of them shall conquer.

‡ As well by reason of the convoys, which were necessarily to be sent for with ready money; as by reason of the great allowances which were to be given to the auxiliary troops, who came from *Phrygia* and *Mæonia*. *Hector's* meaning is, that since all the riches of *Troy* are exhausted, it is no longer necessary to spare themselves, or shut themselves up within their walls.



If there be one whose riches cost him care,\*  
 Forth let him bring them for the troops to share;  
 'Tis better gen'rously bestow'd on those,  
 Than left the plunder of our country's foes.  
 Soon as the morn the purple orient warms,  
 Fierce on yon navy will we pour our arms.  
 If great *Achilles* rise in all his might,  
 His be the danger: I shall stand the fight.  
 Honour, ye Gods! or let me gain, or give;  
 And live he glorious, whoso'er shall live!  
*Mars* is our common Lord, alike to all;  
 And oft the victor triumphs, but to fall.

The shouting host in loud applauses join'd;  
 So *Pallas* robb'd the many of their mind,  
 To their own sense condemn'd! and left to chuse  
 The worst advice, the better to refuse.

While the long Night extends her sable reign,  
 Around *Patroclus* mourn'd the *Grecian* train.  
 Stern in superior grief *Pelides* stood;  
 Those slaughter'd arms, so us'd to bathe in blood,  
 Now clasp his clay-cold limbs: then gushing, start  
 The tears, and sighs burst from his swelling heart.  
 The lion thus, with dreadful anguish stung,  
 Roars through the desert, and demands his young;  
 When the grim savage to his rifled den  
 Too late returning, snuffs the track of men,  
 And o'er the vales and o'er the forest bounds;  
 His clam'rous grief the bellowing wood resounds.  
 So grieves *Achilles*; and impetuous, vents  
 To all his *Myrmidons*, his loud laments.

In what vain promise, Gods! did I engage? †  
 When to console *Menæti*'s feeble age,  
 I vow'd his much-lov'd offspring to restore,  
 Charg'd with rich spoils to fair *Opuntia*'s shore!  
 But mighty *Jove* cuts short, with such disdain,  
 The long, long views of poor, designing man!

## NOTES.

\* This noble and generous proposal is worthy of *Hector*, and at the same time very artful to ingratiate himself with the soldiers. It is said with an eye to *Polydamas*, as accusing him of being rich, and of not opening the advice he had given, for any other end than to preserve his great wealth; for riches commonly make men cowards, and the desire of saving them has often occasioned men to give advice very contrary to the public welfare.

† The lamentation of *Achilles* over the body of *Patroclus* is exquisitely touched: it is sorrow in the extreme, but the sorrow of *Achilles* is nobly ushered in by the simile of the grief of the lion. An idea which is fully answered in the savage and bloody conclusion of this speech. One would think by the beginning of it, that *Achilles* did not know his fate, till after his departing from *Opuntium*; and yet how

One fate the warrior and the friend shall strike,  
 And *Troy's* black sands must drink our blood  
 alike:

Me too, a wretched mother shall deplore,  
 An aged father never see me more!  
 Yet, my *Patroclus*! yet a space I stay,  
 Then swift pursue thee on the darksome way.  
 Ere thy dear relics in the grave are laid,  
 Shall *Hector's* head be offer'd to thy shade;  
 That, with his arms, shall hang before thy shrine;  
 And twelve the noblest of the *Trojan* line,  
 Sacred to vengeance, by this hand expire;  
 Their lives effus'd around thy flaming pyre.  
 Thus let me lie till then! thus, closely prest,  
 Bathe thy cold face, and sob upon thy breast!  
 While *Trojan* captives here thy mourners stay,  
 Weep all the night, and murmur all the day:  
 Spoils of my arms, and thine; when, wasting wide,  
 Our swords kept time, and conquer'd side by side.  
 He spoke, and bid the sad attendants round  
 Cleanse the pale corse, and wash each honour'd  
 wound. ‡

A massy caldron of stupendous frame  
 They brought, and plac'd it o'er the rising flame:  
 Then heap the lighted wood; the flame divides  
 Beneath the vase, and climbs around the sides:  
 In it's wide womb they pour the rushing stream;  
 The boiling water bubbles to the brim.  
 The body then they bathe with pious toil,  
 Embalm the wounds, anoint the limbs with oil,  
 High on a bed of state extended laid,  
 And decent cover'd with a linen shade;  
 Last o'er the dead the milk-white veil they threw;  
 That done, their sorrows and their sighs renew.

Meanwhile to *Juno*, in the realms above, ||  
 (His wife and sister) spoke almighty *Jove*.

At

## NOTES.

does that agree with what is said of his choice of the short and active life, rather than the long and inglorious one? Or did not he flatter himself sometimes, that his fate might be changed? This may be conjectured from several other passages, and is indeed the most natural solution.

‡ This custom of washing the dead, is continued amongst the *Greeks* to this day; and it is a pious duty performed by the nearest friend or relation, to see it washed and anointed with a perfume, after which they cover it with linen exactly in the manner here related.

|| It is exceeding remarkable, that *Homer* should upon every occasion make marriage and discord inseparable: it is an unalterable rule with him, to introduce the husband and wife in a quarrel.



At last thy will prevails: great *Peleus'* son  
Rises in arms: such grace thy *Greeks* have won.  
Say (for I know not) is their race divine,  
And thou the mother of that martial line?

What words are these (th' imperial dame replies,  
While anger flash'd from her majestic eyes)  
Succour like this a mortal arm might lend,  
And such success mere human wit attend:  
And shall not I, the second pow'r above,  
Heav'n's Queen, and consort of the thund'ring

*Jove*,  
Say, shall not I one nation's fate command,  
Not wreak my vengeance on one guilty land?

So they. Meanwhile the silver-footed dame  
Reach'd the *Vulcanian* dome, eternal frame!  
High-eminent amid the works divine,  
Where heav'n's far beaming brazen mansions  
shine.

There the lame architect the Goddess found,  
Obscure in sinoak, his forges flaming round,  
While bath'd in sweat from fire to fire he flew,  
And puffing loud, the roaring bellows blew.

## NOTES.

\* Tripods were vessels supported on three feet, with handles on the sides; they were of several kinds and for several uses; some were consecrated to sacrifices, some used as tablets, some as seats, others hung up as ornaments on walls of houses or temples; these of *Vulcan* have an addition of wheels, which was not usual, which intimates them to be made with clock-work. If *Vulcan* had made ordinary tripods, they had not answered the greatness, power, and skill of a God. It was therefore necessary that his work should be above that of men: to effect this, the tripods were animated, and in this *Homer* doth not deviate from the probability; for every one is fully persuaded, that a God can do things more difficult than these, and that all matter will obey him. What has not been said of the statues of *Dædalus*? *Plato* writes, that they walked alone, and if they had not taken care to tie them, they would have got loose, and run from their master. If a writer in prose can speak hyperbolically of a man, may not *Homer* do it much more of a God? Nay, this circumstance, with which *Homer* has embellished his poem, would have had nothing too surprizing though these tripods had been made by a man; for what may not be done in clock-work by an exact management of springs? This criticism is then ill grounded, and *Homer* does not deserve the ridicule they would call on him. When a poet is accused of saying any thing that is impossible, we

No. 15.

That day no common task his labour claim'd:  
Full twenty tripods for his hall he fram'd,\*  
That plac'd on living wheels of massy gold,  
(Wond'rous to tell) instinct with spirit roll'd  
From place to place, around the blest abodes,  
Self-mov'd, obedient to the beck of Gods:  
For their fair handles now, o'er-wrought with flow'rs,  
In molds prepar'd, the glowing ore he pours.  
Just as responsive to his thought the frame  
Stood prompt to move, the azure Goddess came:  
*Charis*, his spouse, a grace divinely fair,  
(With purple fillets round her braided hair)  
Observ'd her ent'ring; her soft hand she press'd,  
And smiling, thus the wat'ry Queen address'd.

What, Goddess! this unusual favour draws?  
All hail, and welcome! whatsee'er the cause:  
Till now a stranger, in a happy hour,  
Approach, and taste the dainties of the bow'r.

High on a throne, with stars of silver grac'd,  
And various artifice, the Queen she plac'd;  
A footstool at her feet: then calling, said,†  
*Vulcan* draw near, 'tis *Thetis* asks your aid.‡

*Thetis*

## NOTES.

must examine that impossibility, either with respect to *poetry*, with respect to that which is *best*, or with respect to *common fame*. First, with regard to *poetry*. The *probable impossible* ought to be preferred to the *possible which hath no verisimilitude*, and which would not be believed; and it is thus that *Zeuxis* painted his pieces. Secondly with respect to that which is *best*, we see that a thing is more excellent and more wonderful this way, and that the originals ought always to surpass. Lastly, in respect to *fame*. It is proved that the poet need only follow a common opinion. All that appears absurd may be also justified by one of these three ways; or else by the maxim we have already laid down, that it is probable, that a great many things may happen against probability.

† It is at this day the usual honour paid amongst the *Greeks*, to visitors of superior quality, to let them higher than the rest of the company, and put a footstool under their feet. This, with innumerable other customs, is still preserved in the eastern nations.

‡ The story the ancients tell of *Plato's* application of this verse, is worth observing. That great philosopher had in his youth a strong inclination to poetry, and not being satisfied to compose little pieces of gallantry and amour, he tried his force in tragedy and epic poetry: but the success was not answerable to his hopes: he compared his performance with that of *Homer*, and was very sensible of

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*Thetis* (reply'd the God) our pow'rs may claim\*  
 An ever-dear, an ever-honour'd name!  
 When my proud mother hurl'd me from the sky,  
 (My awkward form, it seems, displeas'd her eye)  
 She, and *Eurynome*, my griefs redrest,  
 And soft receiv'd me on their silver breast.  
 Ev'n then, these arts employ'd my infant thought;  
 Chains, bracelets, pendants, all their toys I wrought.  
 Nine years kept secret in the dark abode,  
 Secure I lay conceal'd from man and God:  
 Deep in a cavern'd rock my days were led;  
 The rushing ocean murmur'd o'er my head.  
 Now since her presence glads our mansion, say,  
 For such desert what service can I pay?  
 Vouchsafe, O *Thetis*! at our board to share  
 The genial rites, and hospitable fare;  
 While I the labours of the forge forego,  
 And bid the roaring bellows cease to blow.  
 Then from his anvil the lame artist rose;  
 Wide with distorted legs oblique he goes,  
 And stills the bellows, and (in order laid)  
 Locks in their chests his instruments of trade.  
 Then with a sponge the sooty workman drest  
 His brawny arms imbrown'd, and hairy breast.

## NOTES.

the difference. He therefore abandoned a sort of writing wherein at best he could only be the second, and turned his views to another, wherein he despair'd not to become the first. His anger transported him so far, as to cast all his verses into the fire. But while he was burning them, he could not help citing a verse of the very poet who had caused his chagrin. If we credit the ancients, it was the discontentment his own poetry gave him, that rais'd in him all the indignation he afterwards express'd against the art itself. In which (say they) he behaved like those lovers, who speak ill of the beauties whom they cannot prevail upon.

\* *Vulcan* throws by his work to perform *Thetis*'s request, who had laid former obligations upon him; the poet in this example giving us an excellent precept, that gratitude should take place of all other concerns. The motives which should engage a God in a new work in the night-time upon a suit of armour for a mortal, ought to be strong; and therefore artfully enough put upon the foot of gratitude: besides, they afford at the same time a noble occasion for *Homer* to retail his theology, which he is always very fond of. The allegory of *Vulcan*, or fire, is this. His father is *Jupiter*, or the *Aether*; his mother *Juno*, or the *Air*; from whence he fell to us, whether by lightning, or otherwise. He is said to be lame, that is, to want support, because he can-

With his huge sceptre grac'd, and red attire,  
 Came halting forth the Sov'reign of the fire:  
 The monarch's steps two female forms uphold,  
 That mov'd, and breath'd, in animated gold; †  
 To whom was voice, and sense, and science giv'n  
 Of works divine! (such wonders are in heav'n!)  
 On these supported, with unequal gait,  
 He reach'd the throne where pensive *Thetis* sat;  
 There plac'd beside her on the shining frame,  
 He thus address'd the silver-footed dame.

Thee, welcome Goddess! what occasion calls,  
 (So long a stranger) to these honour'd walls?  
 'Tis thine, fair *Thetis*, the command to lay,  
 And *Vulcan*'s joy and duty to obey.

To whom the mournful mother thus replies,  
 (The crystal drops stood trembling in her eyes)  
 Oh *Vulcan*! say, was ever breast divine  
 So pierc'd with sorrows, so o'erwhelm'd as mine?  
 Of all the Goddesses, did *Jove* prepare  
 For *Thetis* only such a weight of care?  
 I, only I, of all the wat'ry race,  
 By force subjected to a man's embrace,  
 Who, sinking now with age and sorrow, pays  
 The mighty fine impos'd on length of days.

Sprung

## NOTES.

not subsist without the continual subsistence of fuel. The æthereal fire *Homer* calls *Sol* or *Jupiter*, the inferior *Vulcan*; the one wants nothing of perfection, the other is subject to decay, and is restored by accession of materials. *Vulcan* is said to fall from heaven, because at first, when the opportunity of obtaining fire was not so frequent, men prepared instruments of brass, by which they collected the beams of the sun; or else they gained it from accidental lightning, that set fire to some combustible matter. *Vulcan* had perished when he fell from heaven, unless *Thetis* and *Eurynome* had received him; that is, unless he had been preserved by falling into some convenient receptacle, or subterranean place; and so was afterwards distributed for the common necessities of mankind. To understand these strange explications, it must be known that *Thetis* is derived from a *Greek* word signifying to lay up, and *Eurynome* from two words signifying a wide distribution. They are all called daughters of the ocean, because the vapours and exhalations of the sea forming themselves into clouds, find nourishment for lightnings.

† It is very probable, that *Homer* took the idea of these from the statues of *Dadalus*, which might be extant in his time. The ancients tell us, they were made to imitate life, in rolling their eyes, and in all other motions. From whence indeed it should seem,



Sprung from my bed, a god-like hero came,  
 The bravest sure that ever bore the name;  
 Like some fair plant beneath my careful hand  
 He grew, he flourish'd, and he grac'd the land:  
 To *Troy* I sent him! but his native shore  
 Never, ah never, shall receive him more;  
 (Ev'n while he lives, he wastes with secret woe)  
 Nor I, a Goddess, can retard the blow!  
 Robb'd of the prize, the *Grecian* suffrage gave,  
 The king of nations forc'd his royal slave: \*  
 For this he griev'd; and till the *Greeks* oppress,  
 Requir'd his arm, he sorrow'd unredress.  
 Large gifts they promise, and their elders send;  
 In vain——He arms not, but permits his friend  
 His arms, his steeds, his forces to employ;  
 He marches, combats, almost conquers *Troy*.

## NOTES.

seem, that the excellency of *Dadalus* consisted in what we call clock-work, or the management of moving figures by springs, rather than in sculpture or imagery: and accordingly, the fable of his fitting wings to himself and his son, is formed entirely upon the foundation of the former.

\* *Thetis*, to compass her design, recounts every thing to the advantage of her son; she therefore suppresses the episode of the embassy, the prayers that had been made use of to move him, and all that the *Greeks* had suffered after the return of the ambassadors; and artfully puts together two very distant things, as if they had followed each other in the same moment. He declined, says she, to succour the *Greeks*, but he sent *Patroclus*. Now between his refusing to help the *Greeks*, and his sending *Patroclus*, terrible things had fallen out; but she suppresses them, for fear of offending *Vulcan* with the recital of *Achilles*'s inflexible obduracy, and thereby create in that God an aversion to her son.

† It is a passage worth taking notice of, that *Brutus* is said to have consulted the *Sortes Homerice*, and to have drawn one of these lines, wherein the death of *Patroclus* is ascribed to *Apollo*: after which, unthinkingly, he gave the name of that God for the word of battle. This is remarked as an unfortunate omen by some of the ancients.

‡ The ancients have largely celebrated the philosophical mysteries which they imagined to be shadowed under these descriptions, especially *Damo*, (supposed the daughter of *Pythagoras*) whose explanation is as follows: *Thetis*, who receives the arms, means the apt order and disposition of all things in the creation. By the fire and the wind raised by the bellows, are meant *air* and *fire*, the most active of

Then slain by *Phæbus* (*Hector* had the name)†  
 At once resigns his armour, life, and fame.  
 But thou, in pity, by my pray'r be won;  
 Grace with immortal arms this short-liv'd son,  
 And to the field in martial pomp restore,  
 To shine with glory, till he shines no more!

To her the Artist-God. Thy griefs resign,  
 Secure, what *Vulcan* can, is ever thine.  
 O could I hide him from the fates as well,  
 Or with these hands the cruel stroke repel,  
 As I shall forge most envy'd arms, the gaze  
 Of wond'ring ages, and the world's amaze!

Thus having said, the father of the fires  
 To the black labours of his forge retires.‡  
 Soon as he bade them blow, the bellows turn'd  
 Their iron mouths; and where the furnace burn'd,  
 Refounding

## NOTES.

all the elements. The emanations of the fire are those *golden maids* that waited on *Vulcan*. The circular shield is the *world*, being of a spherical figure. The gold, the brass, the silver, and the tin are the elements. Gold is fire, the firm brass is earth, the silver is air, and the soft tin, water. The extreme circle that runs round the shield which he calls *splendid* and *threefold*, is the *zodiac*; threefold in it's breadth, within which all the planets move; splendid, because the sun passes always through the midst of it. The silver handle by which the shield is fastened, at both extremities, is the *axis* of the world, imagined to pass through it, and upon which it turns. The five folds are those parallel circles that divide the world, the *Polar*, the *Tropics*, and the *Equator*. *Homer* makes the working of his shield, that is, the world, to be begun by *night*; as indeed all matter lay undistinguished in an original and universal *night*; which is called *chaos* by the poets. To bring the matter of the shield to separation and form, *Vulcan* presides over the work, or as we may say, an *essential warmth*, all things being made by the operation of fire. And because the architect is at this time to give a form and ornament to the world he is making, it is not rashly that he is said to be married to one of the graces. Thus in the beginning of the world, he first lays the earth as a foundation of a building, whose vacancies are filled up with the flowings of the sea. Then he spreads out the sky for a kind of divine roof over it, and lights the elements, now separated from their former confusion, with the *sun*, the *moon*,

And all these stars that crown the skies with fire:  
 Where, by the word *crown*, which gives the idea of roundness, he again hints at the figure of the world;  
 and



Resounding breath'd: at once the blast expires,  
And twenty forges catch at once the fires;  
Just as the God directs, now loud, now low,  
They raise a tempest, or they gently blow.  
In hissing flames huge silver bars are roll'd,  
And stubborn brass, and tin, and solid gold:  
Bore, deep fix'd, th' eternal anvils stand;  
The ponderous hammer loads his better hand,  
His left with tongs turns the vex'd metal round;  
And thick, strong strokes, the doubling vaults rebound.

Then first he form'd th' immense and solid shield;  
Rich, various artifice emblaz'd the field;  
It's utmost verge a threefold circle bound;  
A silver chain suspends the massy round,  
Five ample plates the broad expanse compose,  
And god-like labours on the surface rose.  
There shone the image of the master Mind:  
There earth, there heav'n, there ocean he design'd;  
Th' unwearied sun, the moon completely round;  
The starry lights that heav'n's high convex crown'd;  
The *Pleiads*, *Hyads*, with the northern team;  
And great *Orion*'s more refulgent beam;  
To which, around the axle of the sky,  
The *Bear* revolving, points his golden eye,  
Still shines exalted on th' æthereal plain,  
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.\*

## NOTES.

and though he could not particularly name the stars like *Aratus*, (who professed to write upon them) yet he has not omitted to mention the principal. From hence he passes to represent two allegorical cities, one of *peace*, the other of *war*.

\* The critics make use of this passage, to prove that *Homer* was ignorant of astronomy; since he believed, that the *Bear* was the only constellation which never bathed itself in the ocean, that is to say, that did not set, and was always visible; for, say they, this is common to other constellations of the arctic circle, as the lesser *Bear*, the *Dragon*, the greatest part of *Cepheus*, &c. But it is to be observed, that under the name of the *Bear* and the *Chariot*, *Homer* comprehends all the arctic circle; for there being several other stars in that circle which never set, he could not say, that the *Bear* was the only one which did not bathe itself in the ocean; wherefore those are deceived, who accuse the poet of ignorance, as if he knew one *Bear* only when there were two; for the lesser was not distinguished in his time. The *Phœnicians* were the first who observed it, and made use of it in their navigation; and the figure of that sign passed from them to the *Greeks*: the same thing happened in regard to the constellation of *Berenice's hair*, and that of *Canopus*,

Two cities radiant on the shield appear,  
The image one of peace, and one of war; †  
Here sacred pomp, and genial feast delight,  
And solemn dance, and *Hymeneal* rite;  
Along the street the new-made brides are led,  
With torches flaming to the nuptial bed:  
The youthful dancers in a circle bound  
To the soft flute, and cittern's silver sound:  
Thro' the fair streets, the matrons in a row,  
Stand in their porches, and enjoy the show.

There, in the *forum* swarm a numerous train,  
The subject of debate, a townsman slain:  
One pleads the fine discharg'd, which once deny'd,  
And bade the public and the laws decide: ‡  
The witness is produc'd on either hand:  
For this, or that, the partial people stand:  
Th' appointed heralds still the noisy bands,  
And form a ring, with sceptres in their hands;  
On seats of stone, within the sacred place,  
The rev'rend elders nodded o'er the case;  
Alternate, each th' attesting sceptre took,  
And rising solemn, each his sentence spoke.  
Two golden talents lay amidst, in sight,  
The prize of him who best adjudg'd the right.

Another part (a prospect differing far)  
Glow'd with refulgent arms, and horrid war. §

Two

## NOTES.

which received those names very lately; and as *Aratus* says well, there are several other stars which have no names. It is therefore evident, that by the word *bear*, which he calls the *waggon*, and which he says observes *Orion*, he understands the arctic circle; that by the ocean he means the horizon where the stars rise and set; and by those words, *which turns in the same place, and doth not bathe itself in the ocean*, he shews that the arctic circle is the most northern part of the horizon.

† In one of these cities are represented all the advantages of *peace*: and it was impossible to have chosen two better emblems of peace, than *Marriages* and *Justice*. It is said this city was *Athens*, for marriages were first instituted there by *Cecrops*; and judgment upon murder was first founded there. The ancient state of *Attica* seems represented in the neighbouring fields, where the ploughers and reapers are at work; and a king is overlooking them: for *Triptolemus*, who reigned there, was the first who sowed corn.

‡ Murder was not always punished with death, or so much as banishment; but when some fine was paid, the criminal was suffered to remain in the city.

§ What is wonderful in this passage is, that all the



Two mighty hosts a leaguer'd town embrace,  
 And one would pillage, one would burn the place.  
 Meantime the townsmen, arm'd with silent care,  
 A secret ambush on the foe prepare:  
 Their wives, their children, and the watchful band  
 Of trembling parents on the turrets stand.  
 They march; by *Pallas* and by *Mars* made bold;  
 Gold were the Gods, their radiant garments gold,  
 And gold their armour: these the squadron led,  
 August, divine, superior by the head!  
 A place for ambush fit, they found, and stood  
 Cover'd with shields, beside a silver flood.  
 Two spies at distance lurk, and watchful seem  
 If sheep or oxen seek the winding stream.  
 Soon the white flocks proceeded o'er the plains,  
 And steers slow-moving, and two shepherd swains;  
 Behind them, piping on their reeds, they go,  
 Nor fear an ambush, nor suspect a foe.  
 In arms the glitt'ring squadron rising round,  
 Rush sudden; hills of slaughter heap the ground.  
 Whole flocks and herds lie bleeding on the plains,  
 And, all amidst them, dead, the shepherd swains!  
 The bellowing oxen the besiegers hear;  
 They rise, take horse, approach, and meet the war;  
 They fight, they fall, beside the silver flood;  
 The waving silver seem'd to blush with blood.  
 There tumult, there contention stood confest; \*  
 One rear'd a dagger at a captive's breast,  
 One held a living foe, that freshly bled  
 With new-made wounds; another dragg'd a dead;  
 Now here, now there, the carcases they tore:  
*Fate* stalk'd amidst them, grim with human gore.  
 And the whole war came out, and met the eye;  
 And each bold figure seem'd to live, or die.  
 A field deep furrow'd, next the God design'd, †  
 The third time labour'd by the sweating hind;

## NOTES.

the accidents and events of war are set before our eyes in this short compass. The several scenes are excellently disposed to represent the whole affair. Here is in the space of thirty lines, a siege, a fall, an ambush, the surprize of a convoy, and a battle; with scarce a single circumstance proper to any of these, omitted.

\* This is the first place in the whole description of the buckler, where *Homer* rises in his style, and uses the allegorical ornaments of poetry; so natural it was for his imagination, (now heated with the fighting scenes of the *Iliad*) to take fire when the image of a battle was presented to it.

† Here begin the descriptions of rural life, in which *Homer* appears as great a master as in the great and terrible parts of poetry.

No. 15.

The shining shares full many plowmen guide,  
 And turn their crooked yokes on ev'ry side.  
 Still as at either end they wheel around,  
 The master meets 'em with his goblet crown'd;  
 The hearty draught rewards, renews their toil,  
 Then back the turning plow-shares cleave the soil:  
 Behind, the rising earth in ridges roll'd,  
 And fable look'd, tho' form'd of molten gold.

Another field rose high with waving grain;  
 With bended sickles stand the reaper-train:  
 Here stretch'd in ranks the levell'd swarths are found,  
 Sheaves heap'd on sheaves, here thicken up the ground.  
 With sweeping stroke the mowers strow the lands;  
 The gath'ers follow, and collect in bands;  
 And last the children, in whose arms are borne  
 (Too short to grip them) the brown sheaves of corn.  
 The rustic monarch of the field describes ‡  
 With silent glee, the heaps around him rise.

A ready banquet on the turf is laid,  
 Beneath an ample oak's expanded shade.  
 The victim ox the sturdy youth prepare;  
 The reaper's due repast, the women's care.

Next, ripe in yellow gold, a vineyard shines,  
 Bent with the pond'rous harvest of it's vines;  
 A deeper dye the dangling clusters show,  
 And curl'd on silver props, in order glow:  
 A darker metal mixt, intrench'd the place;  
 And pales of glitt'ring tin th' enclosure grace.  
 To this, one path-way gently winding leads,  
 Where march a train with baskets on their heads,  
 (Fair maids, and blooming youths) that smiling bear  
 The purple product of th' autumnal year.  
 To these a youth awakes the warbling strings,  
 Whose tender lay the fate of *Linus* sings; §  
 In measur'd dance behind him move the train,  
 Tune soft the voice, and answer to the strain.

Here,

## NOTES.

‡ We take this to be a piece of ground given to a hero in reward of his services. It was in no respect unworthy such a person, in those days, to see his harvest got in, and to overlook his reapers: it is very conformable to the manners of the ancient patriarchs, such as they are described to us in the holy scriptures.

§ There are two interpretations of this verse in the original: that which we have chosen is confirmed by the testimony of *Herodotus*, lib. 2. and *Pausanias*, *Bæoticis*. *Linus* was the most ancient name in poetry, the first upon record who invented verse and measure amongst the *Greeks*: he pass'd for the son of *Apollo* or *Mercury*, and was preceptor to *Democritus*, *Thamyris*, and *Orpheus*. There was a solemn custom among the *Greeks* of bewailing annually the death

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of



Here, heads of oxen march, erect and bold,  
 Rear high their horns, and seem to lowe in gold,  
 And speed to meadows, on whose founding shores  
 A rapid torrent thro' the rushes roars :  
 Four golden herdsmen as their guardians stand,  
 And nine four dogs complete the rustic band.  
 Two lions rushing from the wood appear'd,  
 And seiz'd a bull, the master of the herd :  
 He roar'd : in vain the dogs, the men withstood,  
 They tore his flesh, and drank the fable blood.  
 The dogs (oft chear'd in vain) desert the prey,  
 Dread the grim terrors, and at distance bay.

Next this, the eye the art of *Vulcan* leads  
 Deep thro' fair forests, and a length of meads :  
 And stalls, and folds, and scatter'd cotts between ;  
 And fleecy flocks, that whiten all the scene.

A figur'd dance succeeds : such once was seen\*  
 In lofty *Gnossus*, for the *Cretan* queen,  
 Form'd by *Dædalean* art. A comely band  
 Of youths and maidens, bounding hand in hand,  
 The maids in soft cymars of linen drest ;  
 The youths all graceful in the glossy vest ;  
 Of those the locks with flow'ry wreaths inroll'd,  
 Of these the sides adorn'd with swords of gold,

That glitt'ring gay, from silver belts depend.  
 Now all at once they rise, at once descend,  
 With well-taught feet: now shape, in oblique ways,  
 Confus'dly regular, the moving maze :  
 Now forth at once, too swift for fight they spring,  
 And undistinguish'd blend the flying ring :  
 So whirls a wheel, in giddy circle tost,  
 And rapid as it runs, the single spokes are lost.  
 The gazing multitudes admire around ;  
 Two active tumblers in the centre bound ;  
 Now high, now low, their pliant limbs they bend,  
 And gen'ral songs the sprightly revel end.

Thus the broad shield complete the artist crown'd  
 With his last hand, and pour'd the ocean round : †  
 In living silver seem'd the waves to roll,  
 And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole.

This done, whate'er a warrior's use requires  
 He forg'd ; the cuirass that outshone the fires,  
 The greaves of ductile tin, the helm imprest  
 With various sculpture, and the golden crest,  
 At *Thetis'* feet the finish'd labour lay ;  
 She as a falcon, cuts th' æreål way,  
 Swift from *Olympus'* snowy summit flies,  
 And bears the blazing present through the skies.

## NOTES.

of their first poet : *Pausanias* informs us, that before the yearly sacrifice to the muses on mount *Helicon*, the obsequies of *Linus* were performed, who had a statue and altar erected to him in that place. *Homer* alludes to that custom in this passage, and was doubtless fond of paying this respect to the old father of poetry.

\* There were two sorts of dances, the pyrrhic, and the common dance: *Homer* has joined both in this description. We see the pyrrhic, or military, is performed by the youths who have swords on, the other by the virgins crown'd with garlands. Here the ancient scholiasts say, that whereas before it was the custom for men and women to dance separately, the contrary practice was afterwards brought in by seven youths, and as many virgins, who were saved by *Theseus* from the labyrinth; and

## NOTES.

that this dance was taught them by *Dædalus*. It is worth observing that the *Grecian* dance is still performed in this manner in the *oriental* nations: the youths and maids dance in a ring, beginning slowly; by degrees the music plays quicker time, till at last they dance with the utmost swiftness: and towards the conclusion, they sing (as it is said here) in a general chorus.

† *Vulcan* was the God of fire. *Homer* passes over this part of the description negligently; for which reason *Virgil* (to take a different walk) makes half his description of *Æneas'* buckler consist in a sea fight. For the same reason he has laboured the sea-piece among his *Games*, more than any other, because *Homer* had described nothing of this kind at the funeral of *Patroclus*.





## The NINETEENTH BOOK of the ILIAD.

## A R G U M E N T.

## THE RECONCILIATION OF ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON.

*Thetis brings to her son the armour made by Vulcan. She preserves the body of his friend from corruption, and commands him to assemble the army, to declare his resentment at an end. Agamemnon and Achilles are solemnly reconciled: the speeches, presents, and ceremonies on that occasion. Achilles is with great difficulty persuaded to refrain from the battle till the troops have refreshed themselves, by the advice of Ulysses. The presents are conveyed to the tent of Achilles; where Briseis laments over the body of Patroclus. The hero obstinately refuses all repast, and gives himself up to lamentations for his friend. Minerva descends to strengthen him, by the order of Jupiter. He arms for the fight; his appearance described. He addresses himself to his horses, and reproaches them with the death of Patroclus. One of them is miraculously endued with voice, and inspired to prophesy his fate; but the hero, not astonished by that prodigy, rushes with fury to the combat.*

*The thirteenth day. The scene is on the sea-shore.*

SOON as *Aurora* heav'd her orient head  
Above the waves that blush'd with early red,  
(With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,  
And gild the courts of heav'n with sacred light,)  
Th' immortal arms the Goddess-mother bears  
Swift to her son: her son she finds in tears  
Stretch'd o'er *Patroclus*' corse; while all the rest  
Their sov'reign's sorrows in their own express.  
A ray divine her heav'nly presence shed,  
And thus, his hand soft-touching, *Thetis* said.

Suppress (my son) this rage of grief, and know  
It was not man, but heav'n that gave the blow;

Behold what arms by *Vulcan* are bestow'd,\*  
Arms worthy thee, or fit to grace a God.

Then drops the radiant burthen on the ground;  
Clang the strong arms, and ring the shores around:  
Back shrink the *Myrmidons* with dread surprize,  
And from the broad effulgence turn their eyes.  
Unmov'd, the hero kindles at the show,  
And feels with rage divine his bosom glow;  
From his fierce eye-balls living flames expire,  
And flash incessant like a stream of fire:  
He turns the radiant gift; and seeds his mind  
On all th' immortal artift had design'd.

Goddess

## NOTES.

\* It is not poetry only which has had this idea, of giving divine arms to a hero; we have a very remarkable example of it in our holy books. In the second of *Maccabees*, chap. 16. *Judas* sees in a dream the prophet *Jeremiah* bringing to him a sword as from God: though this was only a dream, or a

## NOTES.

vision, yet still it is the same idea. This example is likewise so much the more worthy of observation, as it is much later than the age of *Homer*; and as thereby it is seen, that the same way of thinking continued a long time amongst the oriental nations.



Goddeſs (he cry'd) theſe glorious arms that ſhine  
With matchleſs art, confeſs the hand divine.  
Now to the bloody battle let me bend:  
But ah! the relics of my ſlaughter'd friend!  
In thoſe wide wounds thro' which his ſpirit fled,  
Shall flies, and worms obſcene, pollute the dead? \*

That unavailing care be laid aſide,  
(The azure Goddeſs to her ſon reply'd)  
Whole years untouch'd, uninjur'd ſhall remain,  
Freſh as in life, the carcaſe of the ſlain.  
But go, *Achilles*, (as affairs require)  
Before the *Grecian* peers renounce thine ire:  
Then uncontroll'd in boundleſs war engage,  
And heav'n with ſtrength ſupply the mighty rage!

Then in the noſtrils of the ſlain ſhe pour'd  
Nectareous drops, and rich ambroſia ſhow'r'd  
O'er all the corſe. The flies forbid their prey,  
Untouch'd it reſts, and ſacred from decay.

*Achilles* to the ſtrand obedient went:  
The ſhores reſounded with the voice he ſent.  
The heroes heard, and all the naval train  
That tend the ſhips, or guide them o'er the main,  
Alarm'd, transported at the well-known ſound,  
Frequent and full, the great aſſembly crown'd;

## NOTES.

\* The care which *Achilles* takes in this place to drive away the flies from the dead body of *Patroclus*, may ſeem to us a mean employment, and a care unworthy of a hero. But that office was regarded by *Homer*, and by all the *Greeks* of his time, as a pious duty conſecrated by cuſtom and religion; which obliged the kindred and friends of the deceased to watch his corps, and prevent any corruption before the ſolemn day of his funeral. It is plain this devoir was thought an indiſpenſable one, ſince *Achilles* could not diſcharge himſelf of it but by impoſing it upon his mother. It is alſo clear, that in thoſe times the preſervation of a dead body was accounted a very important matter, ſince the Goddeſſes themſelves, nay the moſt delicate of the Goddeſſes, made it the ſubject of their utmoſt attention. As *Thetis* preſerves the body of *Patroclus*, and chaces from it thoſe inſects that breed in the wounds and cauſe putrefaction, ſo *Venus* is employed day and night about that of *Hector*, in driving away the dogs to which *Achilles* had expoſed it. *Apollo*, on his part, covers it with a thick cloud, and preſerves it's freſhneſs amidſt the greateſt heats of the ſun: and this care of the deities over the dead was looked upon by men as a fruit of their piety. To ſpeak of the arts and ſciences as a poet ought, we ſhould veil them under names and actions of perſons fictitious, and allegorical.

Studious to ſee that terror of the plain,  
Long loſt to battle, ſhine in arms again.  
*Tydidēs* and *Ulyſſēs* firſt appear,  
Lame with their wounds, and leaning on the ſpear;  
Theſe on the ſacred ſeats of council plac'd,  
The king of men, *Atrides*, came the laſt:  
He too fore wounded by *Agenor's* ſon.  
*Achilles* (riſing in the miſt) begun.

Oh monarch! better far had been the fate  
Of thee, of me, of all the *Grecian* ſtate,  
If (ere the day when by mad paſſion ſway'd,  
Raſh we contended for the black-ey'd maid)  
Preventing *Dian* had diſpatch'd her dart,  
And ſhot the ſhining miſchief to the heart! †  
Then many a hero had not preſs'd the ſhore,  
Nor *Troy's* glad fields been fatten'd with our gore:  
Long, long ſhall *Greece* the woes we cauſ'd, bewail,  
And ſad poſterity repeat the tale.  
But this, no more the ſubject of debate,  
Is paſt, forgotten, and reſign'd to fate:  
Why ſhould (alas) a mortal man, as I,  
Burn with a fury that can never die?  
Here then my anger ends: let war ſucceed,  
And even as *Greece* has bled, let *Ilion* bleed.

Now

## NOTES.

*Homer* will not plainly ſay that ſalt has the virtue to preſerve dead bodies, and prevent the flies from engendering worms in them; he will not ſay, that the ſea preſented *Achilles* a remedy to preſerve *Patroclus* from putrefaction; but he will make the ſea a Goddeſs, and tell us that *Thetis* to comfort *Achilles*, engaged to perfume the body with an ambroſia which ſhould keep it a whole year from corruption: it is thus *Homer* teaches the poets to ſpeak of arts and ſciences. This example ſhews the nature of the things, that flies cauſe putrefaction, that ſalt preſerves bodies from it; but all this is told us poetically; the whole is reduced into action, the ſea is made a perſon who ſpeaks and acts, and this *proſopœia* is accompanied with paſſion, tenderneſs, and affection; in a word, there is nothing which is not endued with manners.

† *Achilles* wiſhes *Briseis* had died before ſhe had occaſioned ſo great calamities to his countrymen: we will not ſay to excuſe him, that his virtue here overpowers his love, but that the wiſh is not ſo very barbarous as it may ſeem by the phraſe to a modern reader. It is not, that *Diana* had actually killed her, as by a particular ſtroke or judgment from heaven; it means no more than a natural death. And he does not wiſh her death now, after ſhe had been his miſtreſs, but only that ſhe had died, before he knew or loved her.





*Thetis brings Achilles her Armour which she provided Vulcan to make for him:  
Upon which he waxes his anger against Agamemnon and prepares to revenge  
the Death of his Friend.*

B. XIX.

*J. F. Smith sculp.*



Now call the hosts, and try, if in our fight  
Troy yet shall dare to camp a second night?  
I deem, their mightiest, when this arm he knows,  
Shall 'scape with transport, and with joy repose.

He said: his finish'd wrath with loud acclaim  
The *Greeks* accept, and shout *Pelides'* name.

When thus, not rising from his lofty throne,  
In state unmov'd, the king of men begun.

Hear me ye sons of *Greece*! with silence hear!  
And grant your monarch an impartial ear;  
Awhile your loud, untimely joy suspend,  
And let your rash, injurious clamours end:  
Unruly murmurs, or ill-tim'd applause,  
Wrong the best speaker, and the justest cause.  
Nor charge on me, ye *Greeks*, the dire debate;  
Know, angry *Jove*, and all-compelling *Fate*,  
With fell *Erinnys*, urg'd my wrath that day  
When from *Achilles'* arms I forc'd the prey.  
What then could I, against the will of heaven?  
Not by myself, but vengeful *Ate* driv'n;  
She *Jove's* dread daughter, fated to infect\*  
The race of mortals, enter'd in my breast.  
Not on the ground that haughty fury treads,  
But prints her lofty footsteps on the heads  
Of mighty men; inflicting as she goes  
Long fest'ring wounds, inextricable woes!  
Of old, she stalk'd amid the bright abodes;  
And *Jove* himself, the Sire of men and Gods,  
The world's great ruler, felt her venom'd dart;  
Deceiv'd by *Juno's* wiles, and female art.  
For when *Alcmena's* nine long months were run,  
And *Jove* expected his immortal son;

## NOTES.

\* This speech of *Agamemnon*, consisting of little else than the long story of *Jupiter's* casting discord out of heaven, seems odd enough at first sight; and does not indeed answer what we believe every reader expects at the conference of these two princes. Without excusing it from the justness and proper application of the allegory in the present case, we think it a piece of artifice, very agreeable to the character of *Agamemnon*, which is a mixture of haughtiness and cunning; he cannot prevail with himself any way to lessen the dignity of the royal character, of which he every where appears jealous: something he is obliged to say in public, and not brooking directly to own himself in the wrong, he flurs it over with this tale. With what stateliness is it that he yields? "I was misled, (says he) but I was misled like *Jupiter*. We invest you with our powers, take our troops and our treasures: our royal promise shall be fulfilled, but be you pacified."—It appears from hence, that the ancients owned a

No. 15.

To Gods and Goddesses th' unruly joy  
He shew'd, and vaunted of his matchless boy:  
From us (he said) this day an infant springs,  
Fated to rule; and born a king of kings.  
*Saturnia* ask'd an oath, to vouch the truth,  
And fix dominion on the favour'd youth.  
The Thund'rer, unsuspicious of the fraud,  
Pronounc'd those solemn words that bind a God.  
The joyful Goddess, from *Olympus'* height,  
Swift to *Achaian Argos* bent her flight;  
Scarce sev'n moons gone, lay *Sthenelus* his wife;  
She push'd her ling'ring infant into life:  
Her charms *Alcmena's* coming labours stay,  
And stop the babe, just issuing to the day.  
Then bids *Saturnius* bear his oath in mind;  
"A youth (said she) of *Jove's* immortal kind  
"Is this day born: from *Sthenelus* he springs,  
"And claims thy promise to be king of kings."  
Grief seiz'd the Thund'rer, by his oath engag'd;  
Stung to the soul, he sorrow'd, and he rag'd.  
From his ambrosial head, where perch'd the sat,  
He snatch'd the Fury-Goddess of debate,  
The dread, th' irrevocable oath he swore,  
Th' immortal seats should ne'er behold her more;  
And whirl'd her headlong down, for ever driv'n  
From bright *Olympus* and the starry heav'n:  
Thence on the nether world the fury fell;  
Ordain'd with man's contentious race to dwell.  
Full oft' the God his son's hard toils bemoan'd,  
Curs'd the dire fury, and in secret groan'd.  
Ev'n thus, like *Jove* himself, was I misled,  
While raging *Hector* heap'd our camps with dead.

What

## NOTES.

*Dæmon*, created by God himself, and totally taken up in doing mischief. This fiction is very remarkable, inasmuch as it proves that the *Pagans* knew that a dæmon of discord and malediction was in heaven, and afterwards precipitated to earth, which perfectly agrees with holy history. St. *Justin* will have it, that *Homer* attained to the knowledge thereof in *Ægypt*, and that he had even read what *Isaiab* writes, chap. 14. *How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning, how art thou cut down to the ground which didst weaken the nations?* But our poet could not have seen the prophecy of *Isaiab*, because he lived 100, or 150 years before that prophet; and this anteriority of time makes this passage the more observable. *Homer* therein bears authentic witness to the truth of the story, of an angel thrown from heaven, and gives this testimony above 100 years before one of the greatest prophets spoke of it.



What can the errors of my rage atone?  
 My martial troops, my treasures are thy own:  
 This instant from the navy shall be sent  
 Whate'er *Ulysses* promis'd at thy tent:  
 But thou! appeas'd, propitious to our pray'r,  
 Resume thy arms, and shine again in war.  
 O king of nations! whose superior sway  
 (Returns *Achilles*) all our hosts obey!  
 To keep or send the presents, be thy care;  
 To us, 'tis equal: all we ask is war.  
 While yet we talk, or but an instant shun  
 The fight, our glorious work remains undone.  
 Let ev'ry *Greek*, who sees my spear confound  
 The *Trojan* ranks, and deal destruction round,  
 With emulation, what I act, survey,  
 And learn from thence the bus'ness of the day.  
 The son of *Peleus* thus: and thus replies.  
 The great in councils, *Ithacus* the wise.  
 Tho' god-like thou art by no toils oppress'd,  
 At least our armies claim repast and rest:  
 Long and laborious must the combat be,  
 When by the Gods inspir'd, and led by thee.  
 Strength is deriv'd from spirits and from blood,  
 And those augment by gen'rous wine and food;  
 What boastful son of war, without that stay,  
 Can last a hero thro' a single day?  
 Courage may prompt; but, ebbing out his strength,  
 Mere unsupported man must yield at length;  
 Shrunk with dry famine, and with toils declin'd,  
 The dropping body will desert the mind:  
 But built a-new with strength-conferring fare,  
 With limbs and soul untam'd, he tires a war.

## NOTES.

\* *Achilles* neither refuses nor demands *Agamemnon's* presents: the first would be too contemptuous, and the other would look too selfish. It would seem as if *Achilles* fought only for pay like a mercenary, which would be utterly unbecoming a hero, and dishonourable to that character: *Homer* is wonderful as to the manners.

+ This advice of *Ulysses* that the troops should refresh themselves with eating and drinking, was extremely necessary after a battle of so long continuance as that of the day before: and *Achilles's* desire that they should charge the enemy immediately, without any reflection on the necessity of that refreshment, was also highly natural to his violent character. This forces *Ulysses* to repeat that advice, and insist upon it so much.

‡ That useless nicety of avoiding every repetition, which the delicacy of later times has introduced, was not known to the first ages of antiquity: the books of *Moses* abound with them. Far from con-

Dismiss the people then, and give command,  
 With strong repast to hearten ev'ry band;  
 But let the presents to *Achilles* made,  
 In full assembly of all *Greece* be laid.  
 The king of men shall rise in public sight,  
 And solemn swear, (observant of the rite)  
 That spotless as she came, the maid removes,  
 Pure from his arms, and guiltless of his loves.  
 That done, a sumptuous banquet shall be made,  
 And the full price of injur'd honour paid.  
 Stretch not henceforth, O prince! thy sov'reign might,  
 Beyond the bounds of reason and of right;  
 'Tis the chief praise that e'er to kings belong'd  
 To right with justice whom with pow'r they wrong'd.  
 To him the monarch. Just is thy decree,  
 Thy words give joy, and wisdom breathes in thee.  
 Each due atonement gladly I prepare;  
 And heav'n regard me as I justly swear!  
 Here then a-while let *Greece* assembled stay,  
 Nor great *Achilles* grudge this short delay;  
 Till from the fleet our presents be convey'd,  
 And, *Jove* attesting, the firm compact made.  
 A train of noble youth the charge shall bear;  
 These to select, *Ulysses*, be thy care:  
 In order rank'd let all our gifts appear,  
 And the fair train of captives close the rear:  
*Talthybius* shall the victim boar convey,  
 Sacred to *Jove*, and yon bright orb of day.  
 For this (the stern *Æacides* replies) ‡  
 Some less important season may suffice,  
 When the stern fury of the war is o'er,  
 And wrath extinguish'd burns my breast no more.

By

## NOTES.

demning their frequent use in the most ancient of all the poets, we should look upon them as the certain character of the age in which he lived: they spoke so in his time, and to have spoken otherwise had been a fault. And indeed nothing is in itself so contrary to the true sublime, as that painful and frivolous exactness, with which we avoid to make use of a proper word because it was used before. It is certain that the *Romans* were less scrupulous as to this point: you have often in a single page of *Tully*, the same word five or six times over. If it were really a fault, it is not to be conceived how an author, who so little wanted variety of expressions as *Homer*, could be so very negligent herein? On the contrary, he seems to have affected to repeat the same things in the same words, on many occasions. It was from two principles equally true, that among several people, and in several ages, two practices entirely different took their rise. *Moses*, *Homer*, and the writers of the first times, had found that repetitions



By *Hector* slain, their faces to the sky,  
 All grim with gaping wounds, our heroes lie:  
 Those call to war! and might my voice incite,  
 Now, now, this instant, should commence the fight.  
 Then, when the day's complete, let gen'rous bowls,  
 And copious banquets, glad your weary souls.  
 Let not my palate know the taste of food,  
 Till my insatiate rage be cloy'd with blood:  
 Pale lies my friend, with wounds disfigur'd o'er,\*  
 And his cold feet are pointed to the door.  
 Revenge is all my soul! no meaner care,  
 Int'rest, or thought, has room to harbour there:  
 Destruction be my feast, and mortal wounds,  
 And scenes of blood, and agonizing sounds.  
 O first of *Greeks*, (*Ulysses* thus rejoin'd)  
 The best and bravest of the warrior-kind!  
 Thy praise it is in dreadful camps to shine,  
 But old experience and calm wisdom, mine.

## NOTES.

repetitions of the same words recalled the ideas of things, imprinted them much more strongly, and rendered the discourse more intelligible. Upon this principle, the custom of repeating words, phrases, and even entire speeches, insensibly established itself both in prose and in poetry, especially in narrations. The writers who succeeded them observed, even from *Homer* himself, that the greatest beauty of style consisted in variety. This they made their principle: they therefore avoided repetitions of words, and still more of whole sentences; they endeavoured to vary their transitions; and found out new turns and manners of expressing the same things. Either of these practices is good; but the excess of either vicious. We should neither on the one hand, through a love of simplicity and clearness, continually repeat the same words, phrases, or discourses; nor on the other, for the pleasure of variety, fall into a childish affectation of expressing every thing twenty different ways, though it be ever so natural and common. Nothing so much cools the warmth of a piece, or puts out the fire of poetry, as that perpetual care to vary incessantly even in the smallest circumstances. In this, as in many other points, *Homer* has despised the ungrateful labour of too scrupulous a nicety. He has done like a great painter, who does not think himself obliged to vary all his pieces to that degree, as not one of them shall have the least resemblance to another: if the principal figures are entirely different, we easily excuse a resemblance in the landscapes, the skies, or the draperies. Suppose a gallery full of pictures, each of which represents a particular

Then hear my counsel, and to reason yield,  
 The bravest soon are satiate of the field;  
 Tho' vast the heaps that strow the crimson plain,  
 The bloody harvest brings but little gain: †  
 The scale of conquest ever wav'ring lies,  
 Great *Jove* but turns it, and the victor dies!  
 The great, the bold, by thousands daily fall,  
 And endless were the grief, to weep for all.  
 Eternal sorrows what avails to shed?  
*Greece* honours not with solemn fasts the dead:  
 Enough, when death demands the brave, to pay  
 The tribute of a melancholy day.  
 One chief with patience to the grave resign'd,  
 Our care devolves on others left behind.  
 Let gen'rous food supplies of strength produce,  
 Let rising spirits flow from sprightly juice,  
 Let their warm heads with scenes of battle glow,  
 And pour new furies on the feebler foe.

Yet

## NOTES.

subject: in one we see *Achilles* in fury, menacing *Agamemnon*; in another the same hero with regret delivers up *Briseis* to the heralds; in a third it is still *Achilles*, but *Achilles* overcome with grief, and lamenting to his mother. If the air, the gesture, the countenance, the character of *Achilles*, are the same in each of these three pieces; if the ground of one of these be the same with that of the others in the composition and general design, whether it be landscape or architecture; then indeed one should have reason to blame the painter for the uniformity of his figures and grounds. But if there be no sameness but in the folds of a few draperies, in the structure of some part of a building, or in the figure of some tree, mountain, or cloud, it is what no one would regard as a fault. The application is obvious: *Homer* repeats, but they are not the great strokes which he repeats, not those which strike and fix our attention: they are only the little parts, the transitions, the general circumstances, or familiar images, which recur naturally, and upon which the reader but casts his eye carelessly: such as the description of sacrifices, repasts, or embarkements: such in short, as are in their own nature much the same, which it is sufficient just to shew, and which are in a manner incapable of different ornaments.

\* It is in the *Greek*, *lies extended in my tent with his face turned towards the door*, that is to say, as the scholiast has explained it, *having his feet turned towards the door*. For it was thus the *Greeks* placed their dead in the porches of their houses, as like-wise in *Italy*.

† *Ulysses's* expression in the original is very remarkable.



Yet a short interval, and none shall dare  
Expect a second summons to the war; \*  
Who waits for that, the dire effect shall find,  
If trembling in the ships he lags behind.  
Embodied, to the battle let us bend,  
And all at once on haughty *Troy* descend.

And now the delegates *Ulysses* sent,  
To bear the presents from the royal tent.  
The sons of *Nestor*, *Phyleus*' valiant heir,  
*Thias* and *Merion*, thunderbolts of war,  
With *Lycomedes* of *Creontian* strain,  
And *Melanippus*, form'd the chosen train.  
Swift as the word was giv'n, the youths obey'd;  
Twice ten bright vases in the midst they laid;  
A row of six fair tripods then succeeds;  
And twice the number of high-bounding steeds;  
Sev'n captives next a lovely line compose;  
The eighth *Briseis*, like the blooming rose,  
Clos'd the bright band: great *Ithacus*, before,  
First of the train, the golden talents bore:  
The rest in public view the chiefs dispose,  
A splendid scene! then *Agamemnon* rose:  
The boar *Talchybius* held: the *Grecian* lord  
Drew the broad cutlace sheath'd beside his sword;  
The stubborn bristles from the victim's brow  
He crops, and off'ring meditates his vow.  
His hands uplifted to th' attesting skies,  
On heav'n's broad marble roof were fix'd his eyes,  
The solemn words a deep attention draw,  
And *Greece* around sat thrill'd with sacred awe.

Witness thou first! thou greatest pow'r above!  
All-good, all wise, and all-surveying *Jove*!  
And mother-earth, and heav'n's revolving light,  
And ye, fell furies of the realms of night,  
Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare  
For perjurd kings, and all who falsely swear!

## NOTES.

markable; he calls such as are killed in battle *straw* or *chaff*; and he calls such as make their escape the *crop*. This is very conformable to the language of holy scripture, wherein those who perish are called *chaff*, and those who are saved are called *corn*.

\* This is very artful; *Ulysses*, to prevail upon *Achilles* to let the troops take repast, and yet in some sort to second his impatience, gives with the same breath orders for battle, by commanding the troops to march, and expect no farther orders. Thus though the troops go to take repast, it looks as if they do not lose a moment's time, but are going to put themselves in array of battle.

† For it was not lawful to eat the flesh of the victims that were sacrificed in confirmation of oaths; such were the victims of malediction.

The black-ey'd maid inviolate removes;  
Pure and unconscious of my manly loves.  
If this be false, heav'n all its vengeance shed,  
And levell'd thunder strike my guilty head!

With that, his weapon deep inflicts the wound;  
The bleeding savage tumbles to the ground:  
The sacred herald rolls the victim slain  
(A feast for fish) into the foaming main. †  
Then thus *Achilles*. Hear, ye *Greeks*! and know, ‡  
Whate'er we feel, 'tis *Jove* inflicts the woe:  
Not else *Atrides* could our rage inflame,  
Nor from my arms, unwilling, force the dame.  
'Twas *Jove*'s high will alone, o'er-ruling all,  
That doom'd our strife, and doom'd the *Greeks* to fall.  
Go then, ye chiefs! indulge the genial rite;  
*Achilles* waits you, and expects the fight.

The speedy council at his word adjourn'd;  
To their black vessels all the *Greeks* return'd.  
*Achilles* sought his tent. His train before  
March'd onward, bending with the gifts they bore.  
Those in the tents the squires industrious spread;  
The foaming couriers to the stalls they led.  
To their new seats the female captives move;  
*Briseis*, radiant as the Queen of love,  
Slow as she pass'd, beheld with sad survey  
Where, gash'd with cruel wounds, *Patroclus* lay.  
Prone on the body fell the heav'nly fair,  
Beat her sad breast, and tore her golden hair;  
All beautiful in grief, her humid eyes  
Shining with tears, she lifts, and thus she cries.

Ah youth! for ever dear, for ever kind, ||  
Once tender friend of my distracted mind!  
I left thee fresh in life, in beauty gay;  
Now find thee cold, inanimated clay!  
What woes my wretched race of life attend!  
Sorrows on sorrows, never doom'd to end!

The

## NOTES.

† *Achilles*, to let them see that he is entirely appeased, justifies *Agamemnon* himself, and enters into the reasons with which that prince had coloured his fault. But in that justification he perfectly well preserves his character, and illustrates the advantages he has over that king who offended him.

|| This speech is not without its artifice. While *Briseis* seems only to be deploring *Patroclus*, she represents to *Achilles* who stands by, the breach of the promises he had made her, and upbraids him with the neglect he had been guilty of in resigning her up to *Agamemnon*. He adds, that *Achilles* here-upon acknowledges the justice of her complaint, and makes answer that his promises should be performed.



The first lov'd consort of my virgin bed  
 Before these eyes in fatal battle bled:  
 My three brave brothers in one mournful day  
 All trod the dark, irremediable way:  
 Thy friendly hand uprear'd me from the plain,  
 And dry'd my sorrows for a husband slain;  
*Achilles'* care you promis'd I should prove,\*  
 The first, the dearest partner of his love;  
 That rites divine should ratify the band,  
 And make me empress in his native land.  
 Accept these grateful tears! for thee they flow,  
 For thee, that ever felt another's woe!

Her sister captives echo'd groan for groan,  
 Nor mourn'd *Patroclus'* fortunes, but their own. †  
 The leaders press'd the chief on ev'ry side;  
 Unmov'd, he heard them, and with sighs deny'd.

If yet *Achilles* have a friend, whose care  
 Is bent to please him, this request forbear:  
 Till yonder sun descend, ah let me pay  
 To grief and anguish one abstemious day.

He spoke, and from the warrior turn'd his  
 face:

Yet still the brother-kings of *Atreus'* race,  
*Nestor*, *Idomeneus*, *Ulysses* sage,  
 And *Phœnix*, strive to calm his grief and rage:  
 His rage they calm not, nor his grief controul;  
 He groans, he raves, he sorrows from his soul.

Thou too, *Patroclus*! (thus his heart he vents) ‡  
 Once spread th' inviting banquet in our tents;  
 Thy sweet society, thy winning care,  
 Once stay'd *Achilles*, rushing to the war.  
 But now alas! to death's cold arms resign'd,  
 What banquet but revenge can glad my mind?

## NOTES.

\* In these days when our manners are so different from those of the ancients, and we see none of those dismal catastrophes which laid whole kingdoms waste, and subjected princesses and queens to the power of the conqueror; it will perhaps seem astonishing that a princess of *Briseis'* birth, the very day that her father, brothers, and husband were killed by *Achilles*, should suffer herself to be comforted, and even flattered with the hopes of becoming the spouse of the murderer. But such were the manners of those times, as ancient history testifies: and a poet represents them as they were; but if there was a necessity for justifying them, it might be said that slavery was at that time so terrible, that in truth a princess like *Briseis* was pardonable, to chuse rather to become *Achilles'* wife than his slave.

† *Homer* adds this touch to heighten the character of *Briseis*, and to shew the difference there was between her and the other captives. *Briseis*, as a

No. 15.

What greater sorrow could afflict my breast,  
 What more, if hoary *Peleus* were deceas'd?  
 Who now, perhaps, in *Phthia* dreads to hear  
 His son's sad fate, and drops a tender tear.  
 What more, should *Neoptolemus* the brave  
 (My only offspring) sink into the grave?  
 If yet that offspring lives, (I distant far,  
 Of all neglectful, wage a hateful war.)  
 I could not this, this cruel stroke attend;  
 Fate claim'd *Achilles*, but might spare his friend.  
 I hop'd *Patroclus* might survive, to rear ||  
 My tender orphan with a parent's care,  
 From *Scyros* isle conduct him o'er the main,  
 And glad his eyes with his paternal reign,  
 The lofty palace, and the large domain.  
 For *Peleus* breathes no more the vital air;  
 Or drags a wretched life of age and care,  
 But till the news of my sad fate invades  
 His hast'ning soul, and sinks him to the shades.

Sighing he said: his grief the heroes join'd,  
 Each stole a tear for what he left behind.  
 Their mingled grief the Sire of heav'n survey'd,  
 And thus, with pity, to his blue-ey'd maid.

Is then *Achilles* now no more thy care,  
 And dost thou thus desert the great in war?  
 Lo, where yon sails their canvas wings extend,  
 All comfortless he sits, and wails his friend:  
 Ere thirst and want his forces have oppress'd,  
 Haste and infuse ambrosia in his breast.

He spoke, and sudden as the word of *Jove*  
 Shot the descending Goddess from above.  
 So swift thro' æther the shrill *Harpie* springs,  
 The wide air floating to her ample wings.

To

## NOTES.

well-born princess, really bewailed *Patroclus* out of gratitude; but the others, by pretending to bewail him, wept only out of interest.

‡ This lamentation is finely introduced: while the generals are persuading him to take some refreshment, it naturally awakens in his mind the remembrance of *Patroclus*, who had so often brought him food every morning before they went to battle: this is very natural, and admirably well conceals the art of drawing the subject of his discourse from the things that present themselves.

|| *Patroclus* was young, and *Achilles* who had but a short time to live, hoped that after his death his dear friend would be as a father to his son, and put him into the possession of his kingdom: *Neoptolemus* would in *Patroclus* find *Peleus* and *Achilles*; whereas when *Patroclus* was dead, he must be an orphan indeed. *Homer* is particularly admirable for the sentiments, and always follows nature.

3 N



To great *Achilles* she her flight addrest,  
 And pour'd divine ambrosia in his breast,  
 With nectar sweet, (refection of the Gods!)  
 Then, swift ascending, fought the bright abodes,  
 Now issued from the ships the warrior train,  
 And like a deluge pour'd upon the plain.  
 As when the piercing blasts of *Boreas* blow,  
 And scatter o'er the fields the driving snow;  
 From dusky clouds the fleecy winter flies,  
 Whose dazzling lustre whitens all the skies:  
 So helms succeeding helms, so shields from shields \*  
 Catch the quick beams, and brighten all the fields;  
 Broad glitt'ring breast-plates, spears with pointed rays  
 Mix in one stream, reflecting blaze on blaze:  
 Thick beats the center as the coursers bound,  
 With splendor flame the skies, and laugh the fields  
 around. †

Full in the midst, high tow'ring o'er the rest,  
 His limbs in arms divine *Achilles* drest;  
 Arms which the father of the fire bestow'd,  
 Forg'd on th' eternal anvils of the God.  
 Grief and revenge his furious heart inspire,  
 His glowing eye-balls roll with living fire;  
 He grinds his teeth, and furious with delay  
 O'erlooks th' embattled host, and hopes the bloody day.

The silver cuirasses first his thighs infold;  
 Then o'er his breast was brac'd the hollow gold:  
 The brazen sword a various baldrick ty'd,  
 That, starr'd with gems, hung glitt'ring at his side;  
 And like the moon, the broad refulgent shield  
 Blaz'd with long rays, and gleam'd athwart the field.

So to night-wand'ring sailors, pale with fears,  
 Wide o'er the wat'ry waste, a light appears,  
 Which on the far-seen mountains blazing high,  
 Streams from some lonely watch-tow'r to the sky:  
 With mournful eyes they gaze, and gaze again;  
 Loud howls the storm, and drives them o'er the main.

Next, his high head the helmet grac'd; behind  
 The sweepy crest hung floating in the wind:  
 Like the red star, that from his flaming hair  
 Shakes down diseases, pestilence, and war;

## NOTES.

\* It is probable the reader may think the words *shining*, *splendid*, and others derived from the lustre of arms, too frequent in these books. Our author is to answer for it; but it may be alledged in his excuse, that when it was the custom for every soldier to serve in armour, and when those arms were of brass before the use of iron became common, these images of lustre were less avoidable, and more necessarily frequent in descriptions of this nature.

† There is a wonderful pomp in this description

So stream'd the golden honours from his head,  
 Trembled the sparkling plumes, and the loose glories  
 shed.

The chief beholds himself with wond'ring eyes;  
 His arms he poises, and his motions tries;  
 Buoy'd by some inward force, he seems to swim,  
 And feels a pinion lifting ev'ry limb.

And now he shakes his great paternal spear,  
 Pond'rous and huge! which not a *Greek* could rear.  
 From *Pelion's* cloudy top an ash-entire  
 Old *Chiron* fell'd, and shap'd it for his fire;  
 A spear which stern *Achilles* only wields,  
 The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.

*Automedon* and *Alcimus* prepare  
 Th' immortal coursers, and the radiant car,  
 (The silver traces sweeping at their side)  
 Their fiery mouths resplendent bridles ty'd,  
 The iv'ry-studded reins, return'd behind,  
 Wav'd o'er their backs, and to the chariot join'd.  
 The charioteer then whirl'd the lash around,  
 And swift ascended at one active bound.

All bright in heav'nly arms, above his squire  
*Achilles* mounts, and sets the field on fire;  
 Not brighter *Phæbus* in th' ethereal way,  
 Flames from his chariot, and restores the day.

High o'er the host, all terrible he stands,  
 And thunders to his steeds these dread commands:

*Xanthus* and *Balius*! of *Podarges*' strain,  
 (Unless ye boast that heav'nly race in vain)  
 Be swift, be mindful of the load ye bear,  
 And learn to make your master more your care:  
 Thro' falling squadrons bear my slaughter's sword,  
 Nor, as ye left *Patroclus*, leave your lord.

The gen'rous *Xanthus*, as the words he said,  
 Seem'd sensible of woe, and droop'd his head:  
 Trembling he stood before the golden wain,  
 And bow'd to dust the honours of his mane,  
 When, strange to tell! (so *Juno* will'd) he broke ‡  
 Eternal silence, and portentous spoke.

*Achilles*! yes! this day at least we bear  
 Thy rage in safety thro' the files of war:

But

## NOTES.

of *Achilles's* arming himself; every reader without being pointed to it, will see the extreme grandeur of all these images; but what is particular, is, in what a noble scale they rise one above another, and how the hero is set still in a stronger point of light than before; till he is at last in a manner covered over with glories: he is at first likened to the moon-light, then to the flames of a beacon, then to a comet, and lastly to the sun itself.

‡ It is remarked, in excuse of this extravagant fiction of a horse speaking, that *Homer* was authorized



But come it will, the fatal time must come,  
Nor our's the fault, but God decrees thy doom.  
Nor thro' our crime, or slowness in the course,  
Fell thy *Patroclus*, but by heav'nly force;  
The bright far-shooting God who gilds the day,  
(Conscit we saw him) tore his arms away.  
No—could our swiftness o'er the winds prevail,  
Or beat the pinions of the western gale,  
All were in vain—the fates thy death demand,  
Due to a mortal and immortal hand.

## NOTES.

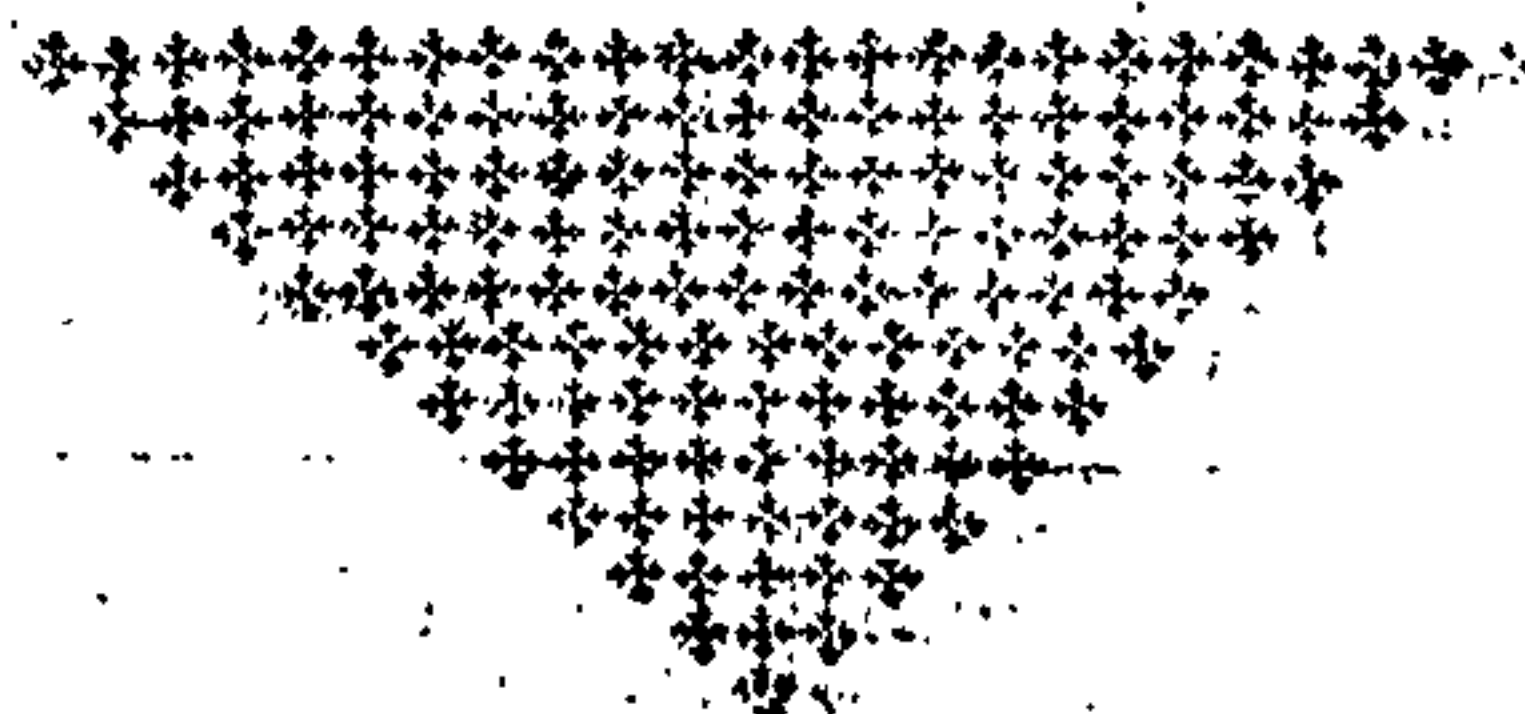
rized herein by fable, tradition, and history. *Livy* makes mention of two oxen that spoke on different occasions. *Pliny* tells us, these animals were particularly gifted this way. Besides *Homer* had prepared us for expecting something miraculous from these horses of *Achilles*, by representing them to be immortal. We have seen them already sensible, and weeping at the death of *Patroclus*: and we must add to all this, that a Goddess is concerned in working this wonder: it is *Juno* does it! Some commentators fail not to bring up *Balaam's* ass on this occasion. But methinks the commentators are at too much pains to discharge the poet from the imputation of extravagant fiction, by accounting for wonders of this kind: we are afraid, that next to the

Then ceas'd for ever, by the *Furies* ty'd,\*  
His fate-ful voice. Th' intrepid chief reply'd  
With unabated rage—So let it be!  
Portents and prodigies are lost on me.  
I know my fates: to die, to see no more  
My much-lov'd parents, and my native shore—  
Enough—when heav'n ordains, I sink in night;  
Now perish *Troy*! he said, and rush'd to fight.

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extravagance of inventing them, is that of endeavouring to reconcile such fictions to probability. Would not one general answer do better, to say once for all, that the above-cited authors lived in the *age of wonders*: the taste of the world has been generally turned to the miraculous; wonders were what the people would have, and what not only the poets, but the priests, gave them.

\* The poet had offended against probability if he had made *Juno* take away the voice; for *Juno* (which signifies the air) is the cause of the voice. Besides the poet was willing to intimate that the privation of the voice is a thing so dismal and melancholy, that none but the *Furies* can take upon them so cruel an employment.





# The TWENTIETH BOOK of the ILIAD.

## ARGUMENT.

### THE BATTLE OF THE GODS, AND THE ACTS OF ACHILLES.

Jupiter, upon Achilles's return to the battle, calls a council of the Gods, and permits them to assist either party. The terrors of the combat described, when the Deities are engaged. Apollo encourages Æneas to meet Achilles. After a long conversation, these two heroes encounter; but Æneas is preserved by the assistance of Neptune. Achilles falls upon the rest of the Trojans, and is upon the point of killing Hector, but Apollo conveys him away in a cloud. Achilles pursues the Trojans with a great slaughter.

The same day continues. The scene is in the field before Troy.

THUS round *Pelides* breathing war and blood,  
Greece sheath'd in arms, beside her vessels stood;  
While near impending from a neighb'ring height,  
Troy's black battalions wait the shock of fight.  
Then *Jove* to *Themis* gives command, to call  
The Gods to council in the starry hall: \*  
Swift o'er *Olympus*' hundred hills she flies,  
And summons all the senate of the skies.

These shining on, in long procession come  
To *Jove*'s eternal adamantine dome.  
Not one was absent, not a rural pow'r,  
That haunts the verdant gloom, or rosy bow'r,  
Each fair-hair'd Dryad of the shady wood,  
Each azure sister of the silver flood;  
All but old Ocean, hoary Sire! who keeps †  
His ancient seat beneath the sacred deeps.

On

#### NOTES.

\* The poet is now to bring his hero again into action, and he introduces him with the utmost pomp and grandeur: the Gods are assembled only upon this account, and *Jupiter* permits several Deities to join with the *Trojans*, and hinder *Achilles* from overruling destiny itself. The circumstance of sending *Themis* to assemble the Gods is very beautiful; she is the Goddess of justice; the *Trojans* by the rape of *Helen*, and by repeated perjuries having broken her laws, she is the properest messenger to summon a synod to bring them to punishment. *Proclus* has

#### NOTES.

given a farther explanation of this. *Themis* or *Justice* (says he) is made to assemble the Gods round *Jupiter*, because it is from him that all the powers of nature take their virtue, and receive their orders; and *Jupiter* sends them to the relief of both parties, to shew that nothing falls out but by his permission, and that neither angels, nor men, nor the elements, act but according to the power which is given them.

† There are two reasons why *Oceanus* was absent from this assembly: the one is because he is fabled

to



On marble thrones with lucid columns crown'd,  
(The work of *Vulcan*) sat the pow'rs around.  
Ev'n he\* whose trident sways the wat'ry reign,  
Heard the loud summons, and forsook the main,  
Assum'd his throne amid the bright abodes,  
And question'd thus the Sire of men and Gods.

What moves the God who heav'n and earth commands,

And grasps the thunder in his awful hands,  
Thus to convene the whole æthereal state?  
Is *Greece* and *Troy* the subject in debate?  
Already met, the low'ring hosts appear,  
And death stands ardent on the edge of war.

'Tis true (the cloud-compelling pow'r replies)  
This day, we call the council of the skies  
In care of human race; ev'n *Jove's* own eye  
Sees with regret unhappy mortals die.

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to be the original of all the Gods, and it would have been a piece of indecency for him to see the Deities, who were all his descendants, war upon one another by joining adverse parties: the other reason is drawn from the allegory of *Oceanus*, which signifies the element of water, and consequently the whole element could not ascend into the æther; but whereas *Neptune*, the rivers, and the fountains are said to have been present, this is no way impossible, if we consider it in an allegorical sense, which implies, that the rivers, seas, and fountains supply the air with vapours, and by that means ascend into the æther.

\* *Neptune*.

† *Eustathius* informs us, that the ancients were very much divided upon this passage of *Homer*. Some have criticised it, and others have answered their criticism; but he reports nothing more than the objection, without transmitting the answer to us. Those who condemned *Homer*, said *Jupiter* was for the *Trojans*; he saw the *Greeks* were the strongest, so permitted the Gods to declare themselves, and go to the battle. But therein that God is deceived, and does not gain his point; for the Gods who favour the *Greeks* being stronger than those who favour the *Trojans*, the *Greeks* will still have the same advantage. We do not know what answer the partisans of *Homer* made, but we think this objection is more ingenious than solid. *Jupiter* does not pretend that the *Trojans* should be stronger than the *Greeks*, he has only a mind that the decree of destiny should be executed. Destiny had refused to *Achilles* the glory of taking *Troy*, but if *Achilles* fights singly against the *Trojans*, he is capable of forcing destiny; (as *Homer* has already elsewhere

No. 16.

Far on *Olympus'* top in secret state  
Ourself will sit, and see the hand of fate  
Work out our will. Celestial pow'rs! descend, †  
And as your minds direct, your succour lend  
To either host. *Troy* soon must lie o'erthrown,  
If uncontroll'd *Achilles* fights alone:  
Their troops but lately durst not meet his eyes;  
What can they now, if in his rage he rise?  
Assist them, Gods! or *Ilion's* sacred wall  
May fall this day, tho' fate forbids the fall. ‡  
He said, and fir'd their heav'nly breasts with  
rage:

On adverse parts the warring Gods engage.  
Heav'n's awful Queen; and He whose azure round  
Girds the vast globe; the maid in arms renown'd;  
*Hermes*, of profitable arts the sire,  
And *Vulcan*, the black sov'reign of the fire:

These

## NOTES.

said, that there had been brave men who had done so.) Whereas if the Gods took part, though those who followed the *Grecians* were stronger than those who were for the *Trojans*, the latter would however be strong enough to support destiny, and to hinder *Achilles* from making himself master of *Troy*: this was *Jupiter's* sole view. Thus is this passage far from being blameable, it is on the contrary very beautiful, and infinitely glorious for *Achilles*.

‡ *Jupiter* here seems to fear that *Troy* will be taken this very day in spite of destiny. The explanation hereof depends wholly upon the principles of the ancient *Pagan* theology, and their doctrine concerning fate. It is certain, according to *Homer* and *Virgil*, that what destiny had decreed did not constantly happen in the precise time marked by destiny; the fatal moment was not to be retarded, but might be hastened: for example, that of the death of *Diado* was advanced by the blow she gave herself; her hour was not then come. Every violent death was accounted in spite of destiny, that is, before the fated time, or (which is the same thing) against the natural order of things. And the same might be said of any misfortunes which men drew upon themselves by their own ill conduct.

§ This division of the Gods is not made at random, but founded upon very solid reasons, drawn from the nature of the two nations. He places on the side of the *Greeks* all the Gods who preside over arts and sciences, to signify how much in that respect the *Greeks* excelled all other nations. *Juno*, *Pallas*, *Neptune*, *Mercury* and *Vulcan* are for the *Greeks*; *Juno*, not only as the Goddess who presides over marriage, and who is concerned to revenge an injury done to the nuptial bed, but likewise as the Goddess



These to the fleet repair with instant flight;  
 The vessels tremble as the Gods alight.  
 In aid of *Troy*, *Latona*, *Phœbus* came,  
*Mars* fiery-helm'd, the laughter-loving Dame,\*  
*Xanthus* whose streams in golden currents flow,  
 And the chaste huntress of the silver bow.  
 Ere yet the Gods their various aid employ,  
 Each *Argive* bosom swell'd with manly joy,  
 While great *Achilles*, (terror of the plain)  
 Long lost to battle, shone in arms again.  
 Dreadful he stood in front of all his host;  
 Pale *Troy* beheld, and seem'd already lost;  
 Her bravest heroes pant with inward fear,  
 And trembling see another God of war.

But when the pow'rs descending swell'd the fight,  
 Then Tumult rose; fierce rage and pale affright  
 Vary'd each face; then Discord sounds alarms,  
 Earth echoes, and the nations rush to arms.  
 Now thro' the trembling shores *Minerva* calls,  
 And now she thunders from the *Grecian* walls.  
*Mars* hov'ring o'er his *Troy*, his terror shrouds  
 In gloomy tempests, and a night of clouds:  
 Now thro' each *Trojan* heart he fury pours  
 With voice divine from *Ilion's* topmost tow'rs,  
 Now shouts to *Simois*, from her beauteous hill;  
 The mountain shook, the rapid stream stood still.

## NOTES.

Goddeſs who repreſents monarchial government, which was better eſtabliſhed in *Greece* than any where elſe; *Pallas*, becauſe being the Goddeſs of war and wiſdom, ſhe ought to aſſiſt thoſe who are wronged; beſides the *Greeks* underſtood the art of war better than the *Barbarians*; *Neptune* becauſe he was an enemy to the *Trojans* upon account of *Laomedon's* perfidiouſneſs, and becauſe moſt of the *Greeks* being come from iſlands or peninſulas, they were in ſome ſort his ſubjects; *Mercury*, becauſe he is a God who preſides over ſtratagems of war, and becauſe *Troy* was taken by that of the wooden horſe; and laſtly *Vulcan*, as the declared enemy of *Mars* and of all adulterers, and as the father of arts.

\* The reaſons why *Mars* and *Venus* engage for the *Trojans*, are very obvious; the point in hand was to favour raviſhers and debauchees. But the ſame reaſon, you will ſay, does not ſerve for *Apollo*, *Diana*, and *Latona*. It is urged that *Apollo* is for the *Trojans*, becauſe of the darts and arrows which were the principal ſtrength of the *Barbarians*; and *Diana*, becauſe ſhe preſided over dancing, and thoſe *Barbarians* were great dancers; and *Latona*, as influenced by her children. *Xanthus* being a *Trojan* river, is intereſted for his country.

† The images which *Homer* gives of the combat of the Gods, have in them ſomething prodigiouſly

Above, the Sire of Gods his thunder rolls,†  
 And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles.  
 Beneath, ſtern *Neptune* ſhakes the ſolid ground;  
 The foreſts wave, the mountains nod around;  
 Thro' all their ſummits tremble *Ida's* woods,  
 And from their ſources boil her hundred floods.  
*Troy's* turrets totter on the rocking plain;  
 And the roſ'd navies beat the heaving main.  
 Deep in the diſmal regions of the dead,  
 Th' infernal Monarch rear'd his horrid head,  
 Leap'd from his throne, leſt *Neptune's* arm ſhould lay  
 His dark dominions open to the day,  
 And pour in light on *Pluto's* drear abodes,  
 Abhor'd by men, and dreadful ev'n to Gods.

Such war th' immortals wage: ſuch horrors rend  
 The world's vaſt concave, when the Gods contend.  
 Firſt ſilver-ſhafted *Phœbus* took the plain ‡  
 Againſt blue *Neptune*, Monarch of the main:  
 The God of arms his giant bulk diſplay'd,  
 Oppos'd to *Pallas*, war's triumphant maid.  
 Againſt *Latona* march'd the ſon of *May*;  
 The quiver'd *Dian*, ſiſter of the Day,  
 (Her golden arrows ſounding at her ſide)  
*Saturnia*, Majeſty of heav'n, defy'd.  
 With fiery *Vulcan* laſt in battle ſtands  
 The ſacred flood that rolls on golden ſands;

Xanthus

## NOTES.

great and magnificent. We ſee in theſe verſes, the earth opened to it's very center, hell ready to diſcloſe itſelf, the whole machine of the world upon the point to be deſtroyed and overturned: to ſhew that in ſuch a conflict, heaven and hell, all things mortal and immortal, the whole creation in ſhort was engaged in this battle, and all the extent of nature in danger. One may compare with this noble paſſage of *Homer*, the battle of the Gods and Giants in *Hefiod's Theogony*, which is one of the ſublimeſt parts of that author; and *Milton's* battle of the *Angels* in the ſixth book: the elevation and enthuſiaſm of our great countryman ſeems owing to this original.

‡ With what art does the poet engage the Gods in this conflict! *Neptune* oppoſes *Apollo*, which implies that things moiſt and dry are in continual diſcord: *Pallas* fights with *Mars*, which ſignifies that raſhneſs and wiſdom always diſagree: *Juno* is againſt *Diana*, that is, nothing more differs from a marriage ſtate, than celibacy: *Vulcan* engages *Xanthus*, that is, fire and water are in perpetual variance. Thus we have a fine allegory concealed under the veil of excellent poetry, and the reader receives a double ſatisfaction at the ſame time from beautiful verſes, and an inſtructive moral.



*Xanthus* his name with those of heav'nly birth,  
But call'd *Scamander* by the sons of earth.

While thus the Gods in various league engage,  
*Achilles* glow'd with more than mortal rage:  
*Hector* he sought; in search of *Hector* turn'd  
His eyes around, for *Hector* only burn'd;  
And burst like light'ning thro' the ranks, and vow'd  
To glut the God of Battles with his blood.

*Aeneas* was the first who dar'd to stay;  
*Apollo* wedg'd him in the warrior's way,  
But swell'd his bosom with undaunted might,  
Half-forc'd, and half-persuaded to the fight.  
Like young *Lycaon*, of the royal line,  
In voice and aspect, seem'd the pow'r divine;  
And bade the chief reflect, how late with scorn  
In distant threats he brav'd the Goddess-born.

Then thus the hero of *Anchises*' strain.  
To meet *Pelides* you persuade in vain:  
Already have I met, nor void of fear \*  
Observ'd the fury of his flying spear;  
From *Ida*'s woods he chac'd us to the field, †  
Our force he scatter'd, and our herds he kill'd;  
*Lyrnessus*, *Pedafus* in ashes lay;  
But (*Jove* assisting) I surviv'd the day.  
Else had I sunk oppress'd in fatal fight,  
By fierce *Achilles* and *Minerva*'s might.  
Where'er he mov'd, the Goddess shone before,  
And bath'd his brazen lance in hostile gore.  
What mortal man *Achilles* can sustain?  
Th'immortals guard him thro' the dreadful plain, }  
And suffer not his dart to fall in vain. }  
Were God my aid, this arm should check his pow'r,  
Tho' strong in battle as a brazen tow'r.

To whom the son of *Jove*. That God implore,  
And be, what great *Achilles* was before.  
From heav'nly *Venus* thou deriv'st thy strain,  
And he, but from a sister of the main;  
An aged Sea-God, father of his line,  
But *Jove* himself the sacred source of thine.

## NOTES.

\* The poet lets no opportunity pass of inserting into his poem the actions that preceded the tenth year of the war, especially the actions of *Achilles* the hero of it. In this place he brings in *Aeneas* extolling the bravery of his enemy, and confessing himself to have formerly been vanquished by him: at the same time he preserves a piece of ancient history, by inserting into the poem the hero's conquest of *Pedafus* and *Lyrnessus*.

† It is remarkable that *Aeneas* owed his safety to his flight from *Achilles*, but it may seem strange that *Achilles*, who was so famed for his swiftness, should not be able to overtake him, even with *Minerva*

Then lift thy weapon for a noble blow,  
Nor fear the vaunting of a mortal foe.

This said, and spirit breath'd into his breast,  
Thro' the thick troops th' embolden'd hero prest:  
His vent'rous act the white-arm'd Queen survey'd,

And thus, assembling all the pow'rs, she said.

Behold an action, Gods! that claims your care,  
Lo great *Aeneas* rushing to the war;  
Against *Pelides* he directs his course,  
*Phæbus* impels, and *Phæbus* gives him force.  
Restrain his bold career; at least, t' attend  
Our favour'd hero, let some pow'r descend.  
To guard his life, and add to his renown,  
We, the great armament of heav'n, came down.  
Hereafter let him fall, as fates design,  
That spun so short his life's illustrious line:  
But lest some adverse God now cross his way,  
Give him to know, what pow'rs assist this day:  
For how shall mortal stand the dire alarms,  
When heav'n's refulgent host appear in arms?

Thus she, and thus the God whose force can make  
The solid globe's eternal basis shake.  
Against the might of man, so feeble known,  
Why should celestial pow'rs exert their own?  
Suffice, from yonder mount to view the scene;  
And leave to war the fates of mortal men.  
But if th' Armipotent, or God of Light,  
Obstruct *Achilles*, or commence the fight,  
Thence on the Gods of *Troy* we swift descend:  
Full soon, I doubt not, shall the conflict end,  
And these, in ruin and confusion hurl'd,  
Yield to our conqu'ring arms the lower world.

Thus having said, the tyrant of the sea,  
*Cerulean Neptune*, rose, and led the way.  
Advanc'd upon the field there stood a mound  
Of earth congested, wall'd, and trench'd around; ‡  
In elder times to guard *Alcides* made,  
(The work of *Trojans*, with *Minerva*'s aid)

What

## NOTES.

*nerva* for his guide. This might proceed from the better knowledge *Aeneas* might have of the ways and defiles; *Achilles* being a stranger, and *Aeneas* having long kept his father's flock in those parts. The original implies that it was in the night that *Achilles* pursued *Aeneas*.

‡ It may not be unnecessary to explain this passage to make it understood by the reader: the poet is very short in the description, as supposing the fact already known, and hastens to the combat between *Achilles* and *Aeneas*. This is very judicious in *Homer* not to dwell on a piece of history that had no relation to his action, when he has raised the reader's



What time, a vengeful monster of the main  
Swept the wide shore, and drove him to the plain.

Here *Neptune*, and the Gods of *Greece* repair,\*  
With clouds encompass'd, and a veil of air:  
The adverse pow'rs, around *Apollo* laid,  
Crown the fair hills that silver *Simois* shade.  
In circle close each heav'nly party sat,  
Intent to form the future scheme of fate;  
But mix not yet in fight, tho' *Jove* on high  
Gives the loud signal, and the heav'ns reply.

Meanwhile the rushing armies hide the ground;  
The trampled center yields a hollow sound:  
Steeds cas'd in mail, and chiefs in armour bright,  
The gleamy champain glows with brazen light.  
Amid both hosts (a dreadful space) appear  
There, great *Achilles*; bold *Aeneas* here.  
With tow'ring strides *Aeneas* first advanc'd;  
The nodding plumage on his helmet danc'd,  
Spread o'er his breast the fencing shield he bore,  
And, as he mov'd, his jav'lin flam'd before.  
Not so *Pelides*; furious to engage,  
He rush'd impetuous. Such the lion's rage,  
Who viewing first his foes with scornful eyes,  
Tho' all in arms the peopled city rise,  
Stalks careless on, with unregarding pride;  
Till at the length, by some brave youth defy'd,  
To his bold spear the savage turns alone,  
He murmurs fury with an hollow groan;  
He grins, he foams, he rolls his eyes around;  
Lash'd by his tail his heaving sides resound;  
He calls up all his rage; he grinds his teeth,  
Resolv'd on vengeance, or resolv'd on death.

## NOTES.

reader's expectation by so pompous an introduction, and made the Gods themselves his spectators. The story is as follows: *Laomedon* having defrauded *Neptune* of the reward he promised him for the building the walls of *Troy*, *Neptune* sent a monstrous whale, to which *Laomedon* exposed his daughter *Hesione*; but *Hercules* having undertaken to destroy the monster, the *Trojans* raised an intrenchment to defend *Hercules* from his pursuit: this being a remarkable piece of conduct in the *Trojans*, it gave occasion to the poet to adorn a plain narration with fiction, by ascribing the work to *Pallas* the Goddess of wisdom.

\* It seems strange at the first view, that so many Deities, after having entered the scene of action, should perform so short a part, and immediately become themselves spectators? We conceive the reason of this conduct in the poet to be, that *Achilles* has been inactive during the greatest part of the poem; and as he is the hero of it, ought to be the chief character in it: the poet therefore withdraws

So fierce *Achilles* on *Aeneas* flies;  
So stands *Aeneas*, and his force defies.  
Ere yet the stern encounter join'd, begun  
The seed of *Thetis* thus to *Venus*' son.

Why comes *Aeneas* thro' the ranks so far? †  
Seeks he to meet *Achilles*' arm in war,  
In hope the realms of *Priam* to enjoy,  
And prove his merits to the throne of *Troy*?  
Grant that beneath thy lance *Achilles* dies,  
The partial monarch may refuse the prize;  
Sons he has many; those thy pride may quell;  
And 'tis his fault to love those sons too well.  
Or, in reward of thy victorious hand,  
Has *Troy* propos'd some spacious tract of land?  
An ample forest, or a fair domain,  
Of hills for vines, and arable for grain?  
Ev'n this, perhaps, will hardly prove thy lot.  
But can *Achilles* be so soon forgot?  
Once (as I think) you saw this brandish'd spear,  
And then the great *Aeneas* seem'd to fear.  
With hearty haste from *Ida*'s mount he fled,  
Nor, till he reach'd *Lyrnessus*, turn'd his head.  
Her lofty walls not long our progress stay'd;  
Those, *Pallas*, *Jove*, and we, in ruins laid:  
In *Grecian* chains her captive race were cast;  
'Tis true, the great *Aeneas* fled too fast.  
Defrauded of my conquest once before,  
What then I lost, the Gods this day restore.  
Go; while thou may'st, avoid the threaten'd fate;  
Fools stay to feel it, and are wise too late.

To this *Anchises*' son. Such words employ  
To one that fears thee, some unwarlike boy;

Such

## NOTES.

the Gods from the field; that *Achilles* may have the whole honour of the day, and not act in subordination to the Deities. Besides the poem now draws to a conclusion, and it is necessary for *Homer* to enlarge upon the exploits of *Achilles*, that he may leave a noble idea of his valour upon the mind of the reader.

† The reader would naturally expect some great and terrible achievements should ensue from *Achilles* on his first entrance upon action. The poet seems to prepare us for it, by his magnificent introduction of him into the field: but instead of a storm, we have a calm; he follows the same method in this book as he did in the third, where when both armies were ready to engage in a general conflict, he ends the day in a single combat between two heroes: thus he always agreeably surprizes his readers. Besides, the admirers of *Homer* reap a farther advantage from this conversation of the heroes: there is a chain of ancient history as well as a series of poetical beauties.



Such we disdain; the best may be defy'd  
 With mean reproaches, and unmanly pride:  
 Unworthy the high race from which we came,  
 Proclaim'd so loudly by the voice of fame;  
 Each from illustrious fathers draws his line;  
 Each Goddess-born; half human, half divine.  
*Thetis'* this day, or *Venus'* offspring dies,  
 And tears shall trickle from celestial eyes:  
 For when two heroes, thus deriv'd, contend,  
 'Tis not in words the glorious strife can end.  
 If yet thou farther seek to learn my birth,  
 (A tale refounded thro' the spacious earth)  
 Hear how the glorious origin we prove  
 From ancient *Dardanus*, the first from *Jove*:  
*Dardania's* walls he rais'd; for *Ilion*, then,  
 (The city since of many-languag'd men)  
 Was not. The natives were content to till  
 The shady foot of *Ida's* fount-full hill.  
 From *Dardanus*, great *Erichthonius* springs,  
 The richest, once, of *Asia's* wealthy kings;  
 Three thousand mares his spacious pastures bred,\*  
 Three thousand foals beside their mothers fed.  
*Boreas*, enamour'd of the sprightly train,†  
 Conceal'd his godhead in a flowing mane,  
 With voice dissembled to his loves he neigh'd,  
 And cours'd the dappled beauties o'er the mead:  
 Hence sprung twelve others of unrivall'd kind,  
 Swift as their mother mares, and father wind.  
 These lightly skimming, when they swept the plain,  
 Nor ply'd the grass, nor bent the tender grain;‡  
 And when along the level seas they flew,  
 Scarce on the surface curl'd the briny dew.  
 Such *Erichthonius* was: from him there came  
 The sacred *Tros*, of whom the *Trojan* name.  
 Three sons renown'd adorn'd his nuptial bed,  
*Ilus*, *Assaracus*, and *Ganymed*:  
 The matchless *Ganymed*, divinely fair,  
 Whom heav'n enamour'd snatch'd to upper air,

## NOTES.

\* The number of the horses and mares of *Erichthonius* may seem incredible, were we not assured by *Herodotus* that there were in the stud of *Cyrus* at one time (besides those for the service of war) eight hundred horses and six thousand six hundred mares.

† *Homer* has the happiness of making the least circumstance considerable; the subject grows under his hands, and the plainest matter shines in his dress of poetry: another poet would have said these horses were as swift as the wind, but *Homer* tells you that they sprung from *Boreas* the God of the wind; and thence drew their swiftness.

‡ The poet illustrates the swiftness of these horses by describing them as running over the standing corn, and surface of waters, without No. 16.

To bear the cup of *Jove* (æthereal guest) §  
 The grace and glory of th' ambrosial feast.  
 The two remaining sons the line divide:  
 First rose *Laomedon* from *Ilus'* side;  
 From him *Tithonus*, now in cares grown old,  
 And *Priam* (blest with *Hector*, brave and bold:)  
*Clytus* and *Lampus*, ever-honour'd pair;  
 And *Hicetaon*, thunderbolt of war,  
 From great *Assaracus* sprung *Capys*, he  
 Begat *Anchises*, and *Anchises* me.  
 Such is our race: 'tis fortune gives us birth,  
 But *Jove* alone endues the soul with worth:  
 He, source of pow'r and might! with boundless sway,  
 All human courage gives, or takes away.  
 Long in the field of words we may contend,  
 Reproach is infinite, and knows no end,  
 Arm'd or with truth or falsehood, right or wrong,  
 So voluble a weapon is the tongue;  
 Wounded, we wound; and neither side can fail,  
 For ev'ry man has equal strength to rail:  
 Women alone, when in the streets they jar,  
 Perhaps excel us in this wordy war,  
 Like us they stand, encompass'd with the croud,  
 And vent their anger, impotent and loud.  
 Cease then—our business in the field of fight  
 Is not to question, but to prove our might;  
 To all those insults thou hast offer'd here,  
 Receive this answer: 'tis my flying spear.  
 He spoke. With all his force the jav'lin flung,  
 Fix'd deep, and loudly in the buckler rung.  
 Far on his out-stretch'd arm, *Pelides* held  
 (To meet the thund'ring lance) his dreadful shield,  
 That trembled as it stuck; nor void of fear  
 Saw, ere it fell, th' immeasurable spear.  
 His fears were vain; impenetrable charms  
 Secur'd the temper of th' æthereal arms.  
 Thro' two strong plates the point it's passage held,  
 But stopp'd, and rested, by the third repell'd;

Five

## NOTES.

making any impression. *Virgil* has imitated these lines, and adapts what *Homer* says of these horses to the swiftness of *Camilla*.

§ To be a cup-bearer has in all ages and nations been reckoned an honourable employment: *Sappho* mentions it in honour of her brother *Labichus*, that he was cup-bearer to the nobles of *Mitylene*: the son of *Menelaus* executed the same office; *Hebe* and *Mercury* served the Gods in the same station. It was the custom in the *Pagan* worship to employ noble youths to pour the wine upon the sacrifice; in this office *Ganymede* might probably attend upon the altar of *Jupiter*; and from thence was fabled to be his cup-bearer.



Five plates of various metal, various mold,  
Compos'd the shield; of brass each outward fold,  
Of tin each inward, and the middle gold:  
There stuck the lance. Then rising ere he threw,  
The forceful spear of great *Achilles* flew,  
And pierc'd the *Dardan* shield's extremest bound,  
Where the shrill brass return'd a sharper sound:  
Thro' the thin verge the *Pelian* weapon glides,  
And the slight cov'ring of expanded hides.

*Aeneas* his contracted body bends,  
And o'er him high the riven targe extends,  
Sees, thro' it's parting plates, the upper air,  
And at his back perceives the quiv'ring spear:  
A fate so near him, chills his soul with fright,  
And swims before his eyes the many-colour'd light.  
*Achilles*, rushing in with dreadful cries,  
Draws his broad blade, and at *Aeneas* flies:

*Aeneas* rousing as the foe came on,  
(With force collected) heaves a mighty stone:  
A mass enormous! which in modern days  
No two of earth's degen'rate sons could raise.  
But Ocean's God, whose earthquakes rock the  
ground,\*

Saw the distress, and mov'd the pow'rs around.

Lo! on the brink of fate *Aeneas* stands,  
An instant victim to *Achilles'* hands:  
By *Phæbus* urg'd; but *Phæbus* has bestow'd  
His aid in vain: the man o'erpow'rs the God.  
And can ye see this righteous chief atone†  
With guiltless blood, for vices not his own?  
To all the Gods his constant vows were paid;  
Sure, tho' he wars for *Troy*, he claims our aid.

Fate wills not this; nor thus can *Jove* resign  
The future-father of the *Dardan* line:

The first great ancestor obtain'd his grace,  
And still his love descends on all the race.  
For *Priam* now, and *Priam's* faithless kind,  
At length are odious to th' all-seeing mind;  
On great *Aeneas* shall devolve the reign,‡  
And sons succeeding sons the lasting line sustain.

The great earth-shaker thus. To whom replies  
Th' imperial Goddess with the radiant eyes.

Good as he is, to immolate or spare  
The *Dardan* prince, O *Neptune*, be thy care;  
*Pallas* and I, by all that Gods can bind,  
Have sworn destruction to the *Trojan* kind;  
Not ev'n an instant to protect their fate,  
Or save one member of the sinking state;  
Till her last flame be quench'd with her last gore,  
And ev'n her crumbling ruins are no more.

The King of Ocean to the fight descends,  
Thro' all the whistling darts his course he bends,  
Swift interpos'd between the warriors flies,  
And casts thick darkness o'er *Achilles'* eyes.  
From great *Aeneas'* shield the spear he drew,  
And at it's master's feet the weapon threw.  
That done, with force divine he snatch'd on high  
The *Dardan* prince, and bore him thro' the sky,  
Smooth-gliding without step, above the heads  
Of warring heroes, and of bounding steeds.  
Till at the battle's utmost verge they light,  
Where the slow *Caucans* close the rear of fight:§  
The Godhead there (his heav'nly form confess'd)  
With words like these the panting chief address'd.

What

#### NOTES.

\* The conduct of the poet in making *Aeneas* owe his safety to *Neptune* in this place is remarkable: *Neptune* is an enemy to the *Trojans*, yet he dares not suffer so pious a man to fall, lest *Jupiter* should be offended: this shews that piety is always under the protection of God; and that favours are sometimes conferred not out of kindness, but to prevent a greater detriment; thus *Neptune* preserves *Aeneas*, lest *Jupiter* should revenge his death on the *Grecians*.

† Though *Aeneas* is represented a man of great courage, yet his piety is his most shining character: this is the reason why he is always the care of the Gods, and they favour him constantly through the whole poem with their immediate protection. It is in this light that *Virgil* has presented him to the view of the reader: his valour bears but the second place in the *Aeneid*. In the *Iliad* indeed he is drawn in miniature, and in the *Aeneid* at full length; but there are the same features in the copy, which are in the original, and he is the same *Aeneas* in *Rome* as he was in *Troy*.

#### NOTES.

‡ The story of *Aeneas's* founding the *Roman* empire, gave *Virgil* the finest occasion imaginable of paying a compliment to *Augustus*, and his countrymen, who were fond of being thought the descendants of *Troy*. He has translated these two lines literally, and put them in the nature of a prophecy; as the favourers of the opinion of *Aeneas's* sailing into *Italy*, imagine *Homer's* to be. The poet artfully interweaves into his poem not only the things which happened before the commencement, and in the prosecution of the *Trojan* war; but other matters of importance which happened even after that war was brought to a conclusion. Thus for instance, we have here a piece of history not extant in any other author, by which we are informed that the house of *Aeneas* succeeded to the crown of *Troas*, and to the kingdom of *Priam*.

§ The *Caucones* were of *Paphlagonian* extract: and this perhaps was the reason why they are not distinctly mentioned in the catalogue, they being included under the general name of *Paphlagonians*.



What pow'r, O prince, with force inferior far  
Urg'd thee to meet *Achilles'* arm in war?  
Henceforth beware, nor antedate thy doom,  
Defrauding fate of all thy fame to come.  
But when the day decreed (for come it must)  
Shall lay this dreadful hero in the dust,  
Let then the furies of that arm be known,  
Secure, no *Grecian* force transcends thy own.

With that, he left him wond'ring as he lay,  
Then from *Achilles* chac'd the mist away:  
Sudden, returning with the stream of light,  
The scene of war came rushing on his sight.  
Then thus, amaz'd: What wonders strike my mind!  
My spear, that parted on the wings of wind,  
Laid here before me! and the *Dardan* lord  
That fell this instant, vanish'd from my sword!  
I thought alone with mortals to contend,  
But pow'rs celestial sure this foe defend.  
Great as he is, our arm he scarce will try,  
Content for once, with all his Gods, to fly.  
Now then let others bleed.—This said, aloud  
He vents his fury, and inflames the croud,  
O *Greeks* (he cries, and ev'ry rank alarms)  
Join battle, man to man, and arms to arms.  
'Tis not in me, tho' favour'd by the sky,

To mow whole troops, and make whole armies fly:  
No God can singly such a host engage,  
Not *Mars* himself, nor great *Minerva's* rage,  
But whatso'er *Achilles* can inspire,  
Whate'er of active force, or acting fire,  
Whate'er this heart can prompt, or hand obey;  
All, all *Achilles, Greeks!* is your's to-day.  
Thro' yon wide host this arm shall scatter fear,  
And thin the squadrons with my single spear.

He said: nor less elate with martial joy,  
The God-like *Hector* warm'd the troops of *Troy*.  
*Trojans* to war! think *Hector* leads you on;  
Nor dread the vaunts of *Peleus'* haughty son.  
Deeds must decide our fate. Ev'n those with words  
Insult the brave, who tremble at their swords:  
The weakest atheist-wretch all heav'n defies,  
But shrinks and shudders, when the thunder flies.  
Nor from yon boaster shall your chief retire,  
Not tho' his heart were steel, his hands were fire;

That fire, that steel, your *Hector* should withstand,  
And brave that vengeful heart, that dreadful hand.

Thus (breathing rage thro' all) the hero said;  
A wood of lances rises round his head,  
Clamours on clamours tempest all the air,  
They join, they throng, they thicken to the war.  
But *Phœbus* warns him from high heav'n to shun  
The single fight with *Thetis'* god-like son;  
More safe to combat in the mingled band,  
Nor tempt too near the terrors of his hand.  
He hears, obedient to the God of Light,  
And plung'd within the ranks, awaits the fight.

Then fierce *Achilles*, shouting to the skies,  
On *Troy's* whole force with boundless fury flies.  
First falls *Iphytion*, at his army's head;  
Brave was the chief, and brave the host he led;  
From great *Otrynteus* he deriv'd his blood,  
His mother was a *Nais* of the flood;  
Beneath the shades of *Tmolus*, crown'd with snow,  
From *Hyde's* walls he rul'd the lands below:  
Fierce as he springs, the sword his head divides;  
The parted visage falls on equal sides:  
With loud-resounding arms he strikes the plain;  
While thus *Achilles* glories o'er the slain.

Lie there *Otryntides!* the *Trojan* earth  
Receives thee dead, tho' *Gygæ* boast thy birth;  
Those beauteous fields where *Hyllus'* waves are roll'd,  
And plenteous *Hermes* swells with tides of gold,  
Are thine no more.—Th' insulting hero said,  
And left him sleeping in eternal shade.  
The rolling wheels of *Greece* the body tore,  
And dash'd their axles with no vulgar gore.

*Demeleon* next, *Antenor's* offspring, laid  
Breathless in dust, the price of rashness paid.  
Th' impatient steel with full-descending sway  
Forc'd thro' his brazen helm it's furious way,  
Resistless drove the batter'd skull before,  
And dash'd and mingled all the brains with gore.  
This sees *Hippodamas*, and seiz'd with fright,  
Deserts his chariot for a swifter flight:  
The lance arrests him: an ignoble wound  
The panting *Trojan* rivets to the ground.  
He groans away his soul: not louder roars  
At *Neptune's* shrine on *Helice's* high shores \*

The

## NOTES.

\* In *Helice*, a town of *Achaia*, three quarters of a league from the gulph of *Corinth*, *Neptune* had a magnificent temple where the *Ionians* offered every year to him a sacrifice of a bull; and it was with these people an auspicious sign, and a certain mark that the sacrifice would be accepted, if the bull be-  
lowed as he was led to the altar. After the *Ionian*

## NOTES.

migration, which happened about 140 years after the taking of *Troy*, the *Ionians* of *Asia* assembled in the fields of *Priene* to celebrate the same festival in honour of *Heliconian Neptune*; and as those of *Priene* valued themselves upon being originally of *Helice*, they chose for the king of the sacrifice a young *Prienian*. It is needless to dispute from whence the poet



The victim bull; the rocks rebellow round;  
And Ocean listens to the grateful sound.

Then fell on *Polydore* his vengeful rage,\*  
The youngest hope of *Priam's* stooping age:  
(Whose feet for swiftness in the race surpass)  
Of all his sons, the dearest, and the last.  
To the forbidden field he takes his flight  
In the first folly of a youthful knight,  
To vaunt his swiftness wheels around the plain,  
But vaunts not long, with all his swiftness slain.  
Struck where the crossing belts unite behind,  
And golden rings the double back-plate join'd:  
Forth thro' the navel burst the thrilling steel:  
And on his knees with piercing shrieks he fell;  
The rushing entrails pour'd upon the ground  
His hands collect; and darkness wraps him round.  
When *Hector* view'd, all ghastly in his gore  
Thus sadly slain, th' unhappy *Polydore*;  
A cloud of sorrow overcast his sight,  
His soul no longer brook'd the distant fight,  
Full in *Achilles'* dreadful front he came,†  
And shook his jav'lin like a waving flame.  
The son of *Peleus* sees; with joy possest,  
His heart high-bounding in his rising breast:  
And, lo! the man, on whom black fates attend;  
The man that slew *Achilles*, in his friend!  
No more shall *Hector's* and *Pelides'* spear  
Turn from each other in the walks of war——

## NOTES.

poet has taken his comparison; for as he lived 100 or 120 years after the *Ionic* migration, it cannot be doubted but he took it in the *Asian Ionia*, and at *Priene* itself; where he had probably often assisted at that sacrifice, and been witness of the ceremonies therein observed. This poet always appears strongly addicted to the customs of the *Ionians*; which makes some conjecture that he was an *Ionian* himself.

\* *Euripides* in his *Hecuba* has followed another tradition, when he makes *Polydorus* the son of *Priam* and of *Hecuba*, and slain by *Polymnestor* king of *Thrace*, after the taking of *Troy*; for according to *Homer*, he is not the son of *Hecuba*, but of *Laothoe*, as he says in the following book, and is slain by *Achilles*. *Virgil* too has rather chosen to follow *Euripides* than *Homer*.

† The great judgment of the poet in keeping the character of his hero, is in this place very evident: when *Achilles* was to engage *Aeneas*, he holds a long conference with him, and with patience bears the reply of *Aeneas*: had he pursued the same method with *Hector*, he had departed from his character. Anger is the prevailing passion in

Then with revengeful eyes he scan'd him o'er:  
Come, and receive thy fate! He spake no more.

*Hector*, undaunted, thus. Such words employ  
To one that dreads thee, some unwarlike boy:  
Such we could give, defying and defy'd,  
Mean intercourse of obloquy and pride!  
I know thy force to mine superior far;  
But heav'n alone confers success in war:  
Mean as I am, the Gods may guide my dart,  
And give it entrance in a braver heart.

Then parts the lance: But *Pallas'* heav'nly  
breath

Far from *Achilles* wafts the winged death:  
The bidden dart again to *Hector* flies,  
And at the feet of it's great master lies.  
*Achilles* closes with his hated foe,  
His heart and eyes with flaming fury glow:  
But present to his aid, *Apollo* shrouds †  
The favour'd hero in a veil of clouds.  
Thrice struck *Pelides* with indignant heart,  
Thrice in impassive air he plung'd the dart:  
The spear a fourth time bury'd in the cloud,  
He foams with fury, and exclaims aloud.

Wretch! thou hast escap'd again, once more thy  
flight

Has sav'd thee, and the partial God of Light.  
But long thou shalt not thy just fate withstand,  
If any pow'r assist *Achilles'* hand.

Fly

## NOTES.

*Achilles*: he left the field in a rage against *Agamemnon*, and entered it again to be revenged on *Hector*: the poet therefore judiciously makes him take fire at the sight of his enemy: he describes him as impatient to kill him, he gives him a haughty challenge, and that challenge is comprehended in a single line: his impatience to be revenged, would not suffer him to delay it by a length of words.

† It is a common observation, that a God should never be introduced into a poem but where his presence is necessary. And it may be asked why the life of *Hector* is of such importance that *Apollo* should rescue him from the hand of *Achilles* here, and yet suffer him to fall so soon after? To which we answer, that the poet had not yet sufficiently exalted the valour of *Achilles*, he takes time to enlarge upon his achievements, and rises by degrees in his character, till he completes both his courage and resentment at one blow in the death of *Hector*. And the poet pays a great compliment to his favourite countryman, by shewing that nothing but the intervention of a God could have saved *Aeneas* and *Hector* from the hand of *Achilles*.



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And Ocean listens to the grateful sound.

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And shook his jav'lin like a waving flame.  
The son of *Peleus* sees; with joy possest,  
His heart high-bounding in his rising breast:  
And, lo! the man, on whom black fates attend;  
The man that slew *Achilles*, in his friend!  
No more shall *Hector's* and *Pelides'* spear  
Turn from each other in the walks of war——

## NOTES.

poet has taken his comparison; for as he lived 100 or 120 years after the *Ionian* migration, it cannot be doubted but he took it in the *Asian Ionian*, and at *Priene* itself; where he had probably often assisted at that sacrifice, and been witness of the ceremonies therein observed. This poet always appears strongly addicted to the customs of the *Ionians*, which makes some conjecture that he was an *Ionian* himself.

\* *Euripides* in his *Hecuba* has followed another tradition, when he makes *Polydorus* the son of *Priam* and of *Hecuba*, and slain by *Polymnestor* king of *Thrace*, after the taking of *Troy*; for according to *Homer*, he is not the son of *Hecuba*, but of *Laothoe*, as he says in the following book, and is slain by *Achilles*. *Virgil* too has rather chosen to follow *Euripides* than *Homer*.

† The great judgment of the poet in keeping the character of his hero, is in this place very evident: when *Achilles* was to engage *Aeneas*, he holds a long conference with him, and with patience bears the reply of *Aeneas*: had he pursued the same method with *Hector*, he had departed from his character. Anger is the prevailing passion in

Then with revengeful eyes he scan'd him o'er:  
Come, and receive thy fate! He spake no more.

*Hector*, undaunted, thus. Such words employ  
To one that dreads thee, some unwarlike boy:  
Such we could give, defying and defy'd,  
Mean intercourse of obloquy and pride!  
I know thy force to mine superior far;  
But heav'n alone confers success in war:  
Mean as I am, the Gods may guide my dart,  
And give it entrance in a braver heart.

Then parts the lance: But *Pallas'* heav'nly  
breath

Far from *Achilles* wafts the winged death:  
The bidden dart again to *Hector* flies,  
And at the feet of it's great master lies.  
*Achilles* closes with his hated foe,  
His heart and eyes with flaming fury glow:  
But present to his aid, *Apollo* throuds ‡  
The favour'd hero in a veil of clouds.  
Thrice struck *Pelides* with indignant heart,  
Thrice in impassive air he plung'd the dart:  
The spear a fourth time bury'd in the cloud,  
He foams with fury, and exclaims aloud.

Wretch! thou hast escap'd again, once more thy  
flight

Has sav'd thee, and the partial God of Light.  
But long thou shalt not thy just fate withstand,  
If any pow'r assist *Achilles'* hand.

Fly

## NOTES.

*Achilles*: he left the field in a rage against *Agamemnon*, and entered it again to be revenged on *Hector*: the poet therefore judiciously makes him take fire at the sight of his enemy: he describes him as impatient to kill him, he gives him a haughty challenge, and that challenge is comprehended in a single line: his impatience to be revenged, would not suffer him to delay it by a length of words.

‡ It is a common observation, that a God should never be introduced into a poem but where his presence is necessary. And it may be asked why the life of *Hector* is of such importance that *Apollo* should rescue him from the hand of *Achilles* here, and yet suffer him to fall so soon after? To which we answer, that the poet had not yet sufficiently exalted the valour of *Achilles*, he takes time to enlarge upon his achievements, and rises by degrees in his character, till he completes both his courage and resentment at one blow in the death of *Hector*. And the poet pays a great compliment to his favourite countryman, by shewing that nothing but the intervention of a God could have saved *Aeneas* and *Hector* from the hand of *Achilles*.





*Achilles clad in his new Armour, having vigorously attack'd the Trojans, falls with fury upon Hector, whom he is upon the point of sacrificing to his Revengement, but Apollo covering him with a thick Cloud delivers him from that Danger.*

B. XX.

*P. Fourdrinier sculp.*



Fly then inglorious! but thy flight this day  
Whole hecatombs of *Trojan* ghosts shall pay.

With that, he gluts his rage on numbers slain:  
Then *Dryops* tumbled to th' ensanguin'd plain,  
Pierc'd thro' the neck: he left him panting there,  
And stopp'd *Demuchus*, great *Philetor's* heir,  
Gigantic chief! deep gash'd th' enormous blade,  
And for the soul an ample passage made.  
*Laogonus* and *Dardanus* expire,

The valiant-sons of an unhappy sire;  
Both in one instant from the chariot hurl'd,  
Sunk in one instant to the nether world;  
This diff'rence only their sad fates afford,  
That one the spear destroy'd, and one the sword.

Nor less unpity'd, young *Alastor* bleeds;  
In vain his youth, in vain his beauty pleads:  
In vain he begs thee with a suppliant's moan,  
To spare a form, an age so like thy own!  
Unhappy boy! no pray'r, no moving art  
E'er bent that fierce, inexorable heart!\*

While yet he trembled at his knees, and cry'd,  
The ruthless falchion ope'd his tender side;  
The panting liver pours a flood of gore  
That drowns his bosom till he pants no more.

Thro' *Mulius's* head then drove th' impetuous spear,  
The warrior falls, transfix'd from ear to ear.  
Thy life, *Echeclus*! next the sword bereaves,  
Deep thro' the front the pond'rous falchion cleaves;  
Warm'd in the brain the smoking weapon lies,  
The purple death comes floating o'er his eyes.  
Then brave *Deucalion* dy'd: the dart was flung  
Where the knit nerves the pliant elbow strung;  
He dropt his arm, an unasisting weight,  
And stood all impotent, expecting fate:

## NOTES.

\* It is a satisfaction to observe with what art the poet pursues his subject: the opening of the poem professes to treat of the anger of *Achilles*; that anger draws on all the great events of the story: and *Homer* at every opportunity awakens the reader to an attention to it, by mentioning the effects of it: so that when we see in this place the hero deaf to youth and compassion, it is what we expect: mercy in him would offend, because it is contrary to his character. *Homer* proposes him not as a pattern for imitation; but the moral of the poem which he designed the reader should draw from it, is, that we should avoid anger, since it is ever pernicious in the event.

† In *Greece*, instead of threshing the corn as we do, they caused it to be trod out by oxen; this was likewise practised in *Judaea*, as is seen by the law of God, who forbade the *Jews* to muzzle the ox

Full on his neck the falling falchion sped,  
From his broad shoulders hew'd his crested head:  
Forth from the bone the spinal marrow flies,  
And sunk in dust, the corps extended lies.  
*Rhigmus*, whose race from fruitful *Thraciaca* me  
(The son of *Pireus*, an illustrious name,) succeeds to fate: the spear his belly rends;  
Prone from his car the thund'ring chief descends:  
The squire who saw expiring on the ground  
His prostrate master, rein'd the steeds around:  
His back scarce turn'd, the *Pelian* jav'lin gor'd;  
And stretch'd the servant o'er his dying lord.  
As when a flame the winding valley fills,  
And runs on crackling shrubs between the hills;  
Then o'er the stubble up the mountain flies,  
Fires the high woods, and blazes to the skies,  
This way and that, the spreading torrent roars;  
So sweeps the hero thro' the wasted shores.  
Around him wide, immense destruction pours,  
And earth is delug'd with the sanguine show'rs.  
As with autumnal harvests cover'd o'er,  
And thick bestrown, lies *Ceres's* sacred floor,  
When round and round, with never-weary'd pain,  
The trampling steers beat out th' unnumber'd grain. ‡  
So the fierce couriers, as the chariot rolls,  
Tread down whole ranks, and crush out heroes souls.  
Dash'd from their hoofs while o'er the dead they fly,  
Black, bloody drops the smoking chariot dye:  
The spiky wheels thro' heaps of carnage tore;  
And thick the groaning axles dropp'd with gore.  
High o'er the scene of death *Achilles* stood,  
All grim with dust, all horrible in blood:  
Yet still insatiate, still with rage on flame;  
Such is the lust of never-dying fame!

## NOTES.

who trod out the corn. The same practice is still preserved among the *Turks* and modern *Greeks*.—It is usual with our author to heap his similes very thick together at the conclusion of a book. He has done the same in the seventeenth: it is the natural discharge of a vast imagination, heated in it's progress, and giving itself vent in this croud of images.—We cannot close the notes upon this book, without observing the dreadful idea of *Achilles*, which the poet leaves upon the mind of the reader. He drives his chariot over shields, and mangled heaps of slain: the wheels, the axle-tree, and the horses are stained with blood, the hero's eyes burn with fury, and his hands are red with slaughter. A painter might form from this passage the picture of *Mars* in the fulness of his terrors, as well as *Phidias* is said to have drawn from another, that of *Jupiter* in all his majesty.



## The TWENTY-FIRST BOOK of the ILIAD.\*

## A R G U M E N T.

## THE BATTLE IN THE RIVER SCAMANDER:

*The Trojans fly before Achilles, some towards the town, others to the river Scamander: he falls upon the latter with great slaughter, takes twelve captives alive, to sacrifice to the shade of Patroclus; and kills Lycaon and Afteropæus. Scamander attacks him with all his waves; Neptune and Pallas assist the hero; Simois joins Scamander; at length Vulcan, by the instigation of Juno, almost dries up the river. This combat ended, the other Gods engage each other. Meanwhile Achilles continues the slaughter, and drives the rest into Troy: Agenor only makes a stand, and is conveyed away in a cloud by Apollo; who (to delude Achilles) takes upon him Agenor's shape, and while he pursues him in that disguise, gives the Trojans an opportunity of retiring into their city.*

*The same day continues. The scene is on the banks and in the stream of Scamander.*

AND now to Xanthus' gliding stream they  
drove,  
Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove, †  
The river here divides the flying train.  
Part to the town fly diverse o'er the plain,

Where late their troops triumphant bore the  
fight,  
Now chac'd, and trembling in ignoble flight:  
(These with a gather'd mist *Saturnia* shrouds,  
And rolls behind the rout a heap of clouds)

Part

## NOTES.

\* This book is entirely different from all the foregoing: though it be a battle, it is entirely of a new and surprizing kind, diversified with a vast variety of imagery and description. The scene is totally changed: he paints the combat of his hero with the rivers, and describes a battle amidst an inundation. It is observable, that though the whole war of the *Iliad* was upon the banks of these rivers, *Homer* has artfully left out the machinery of River-Gods in all the other battles, to aggrandize this of his hero. There is no book of the poem that has more force of imagination, or in which the great

## NOTES.

and inexhausted invention of our author is more powerfully exerted. After this description of an inundation, there follows a very beautiful contrast in that of the drought: the part of *Achilles* is admirably sustained, and the new strokes which *Homer* gives to his picture are such, as are derived from the very source of his character, and finish the entire draught of this hero.

† The river is here said to be the son of *Jupiter*, on account of it's being supplied with waters that fall from *Jupiter*, that is, from heaven.



Part plunge into the stream: old *Xanthus* roars,  
 The flashing billows beat the whiten'd shores:  
 With cries promiscuous all the banks resound,  
 And here, and there, in eddies whirling round,  
 The flouncing steeds and shrieking warriors drown'd.  
 As the scorch'd locusts from their fields retire,\*  
 While fast behind them runs the blaze of fire;  
 Driv'n from the land before the smoky cloud,  
 The clust'ring legions rush into the flood:  
 So plung'd in *Xanthus* by *Achilles'* force,  
 Roars the resounding surge with men and horse.  
 His bloody lance the hero casts aside,  
 (Which spreading tam'risks on the margin hide)  
 Then, like a God, the rapid billows braves,  
 Arm'd with his sword, high-brandish'd o'er the waves;  
 Now down he plunges, now he whirls it round,  
 Deep groan'd the waters with the dying sound;

## NOTES.

\* Several countries have been much infested with armies of locusts: and to prevent their destroying the fruits of the earth, the countrymen by kindling large fires drove them from their fields; the locusts to avoid the intense heat were forced to cast themselves into the water. From this observation the poet draws his allusion, which is very much to the honour of *Achilles*, since it represents the *Trojans* with respect to him as no more than so many insects. We may hence account for the innumerable armies of these locusts, mentioned among the plagues of *Egypt*, without having recourse to an immediate creation, as some good men have imagined, whereas the miracle indeed consists in the wonderful manner of bringing them upon the *Egyptians*. We have observed with pleasure the similitude which many of *Homer's* expressions bear with the holy scriptures, and that the most ancient heathen writer in the world often speaks in the idiom of *Moses*: thus as the locusts in *Exodus* are said to be driven into the sea, so in *Homer* they are forced into a river.

† It is observable with what justness the author diversifies his comparisons according to the different scenes and elements he is engaged in: *Achilles* has been hitherto on the land, and compared to land-animals, a lion, &c. Now he is in the water, the poet derives his images from thence, and likens him to a dolphin.

‡ This is admirably well suited to the character of *Achilles*, his rage bears him headlong on the enemy, he kills all that oppose him, and stops not, till nature itself could not keep pace with his anger; he had determined to reserve twelve noble youths to sacrifice them to the *Manes* of *Patroclus*, but his resentment gives him no time to think of them, till

Repeated wounds the red'ning river dy'd,  
 And the warm purple circled on the tide.  
 Swift thro' the foamy flood the *Trojans* fly,  
 And close in rocks or winding caverns lie.  
 So the huge dolphin tempesting the main, †  
 In shoals before him fly the scaly train,  
 Confus'dly heap'd they seek their inmost caves,  
 Or pant and heave beneath the floating waves.  
 Now-tir'd with slaughter, from the *Trojan* band ‡  
 Twelve chosen youths he drags alive to land;  
 With their rich belts their captive arms constrain,  
 (Late their proud ornaments, but now their chains)  
 These his attendants to the ships convey'd,  
 Sad victims! destin'd to *Patroclus'* shade.§  
 Then, as once more he plung'd amid the flood,  
 The young *Lycaon* in his passage flood; ||

The

## NOTES.

the hurry of his passion abates, and he is tired with slaughter: without this circumstance, an objection might naturally be raised, that in the time of a pursuit *Achilles* gave the enemy too much leisure to escape, while he busied himself with tying these prisoners: though it is not absolutely necessary to suppose he tied them with his own hands.

§ This piece of cruelty in *Achilles* has appeared shocking to many, and indeed is what we think can only be excused by considering the ferocious and vindictive spirit of this hero. It is however certain that the cruelties exercised on enemies in war were authorized by the military laws of those times; nay, religion itself became a sanction to them. It is not only the fierce *Achilles*, but the pious and religious *Æneas*, whose very character is virtue and compassion, that reserves several young unfortunate captives taken in battle, to sacrifice them to the *Manes* of his favourite hero.

|| *Homer* has a wonderful art and judgment in contriving such incidents as set the characteristic qualities of his heroes in the highest point of light. There is hardly any in the whole *Iliad* more proper to move pity than this circumstance of *Lycaon*; or to raise terror, than this view of *Achilles*. It is also the finest picture of them both imaginable: we see the different attitude of their persons, and the different passions which appeared in their countenances: at first *Achilles* stands erect, with surprize in his looks at the sight of one whom he thought it impossible to find there: while *Lycaon* is in the posture of a suppliant, with looks that plead for compassion; with one hand holding the hero's lance, and his knee with the other: afterwards, when at his death he lets go the spear, and places himself on his knees with



The son of *Priam*, whom the hero's hand  
But late made captive in his father's land,  
(As from a sycamore, his sounding steel  
Lopp'd the green arms to spoke a chariot-wheel)  
To *Lemnos* isle he sold the royal slave,  
Where *Jason's* son the price demanded gave;  
But kind *Eetion* touching on the shore,  
The ransom'd prince to fair *Arisbe* bore.  
Ten days were past, since in his father's reign  
He felt the sweets of liberty again;  
The next, that God whom men in vain withstand,  
Gives the same youth to the same conqu'ring hand;  
Now never to return! and doom'd to go  
A sadder journey to the shades below.  
His well-known face when great *Achilles* ey'd,  
(The helm and visor he had cast aside  
With wild affright, and dropp'd upon the field  
His useless lance and unavailing shield.)  
As trembling, panting, from the stream he fled,  
And knock'd his fault'ring knees, the hero said.

Ye mighty Gods! what wonders strike my view!  
Is it in vain our conqu'ring arms subdue?  
Sure I shall see yon heaps of *Trojans* kill'd,  
Rise from the shades, and brave me on the field:  
As now the captive, whom so late I bound  
And sold to *Lemnos*, stalks on *Trojan* ground!  
Not him the sea's unmeasur'd deeps detain,  
That barr such numbers from their native plain:  
Lo! he returns. Try then, my flying spear!  
Try, if the grave can hold the wanderer;  
If Earth at length this active prince can seize,  
Earth, whose strong grasp has held down *Hercules*.

Thus while he spake, the *Trojan* pale with fears  
Approach'd, and sought his knees with suppliant  
tears;  
Loth as he was to yield his youthful breath,  
And his soul thiv'ring at th' approach of death.  
*Achilles* rais'd the spear, prepar'd to wound;  
He kiss'd his feet, extended on the ground:

## NOTES.

with his arms extended, to receive the mortal wound, how lively and how strongly is this painted? We believe every one perceives the beauty of this passage, and allows that poetry (at least in *Homer*) is truly a speaking picture.

\* It is impossible for any thing to be better imagined than these two speeches: that of *Lycaon* is moving and compassionate, that of *Achilles* haughty and dreadful; the one pleads with the utmost tenderness, the other denies with the utmost sternness: one would think it impossible to amass so many moving arguments in so few words as those of *Lycaon*: he forgets no circumstance to soften his ene-

And while above the spear suspended stood,  
Longing to dip it's thirsty point in blood,  
One hand embrac'd them close, one stopt the dart;  
While thus these melting words attempt his heart.

Thy well-known captive, great *Achilles*! see,\*  
Once more *Lycaon* trembles at thy knee.  
Some pity to a suppliant's name afford,  
Who shar'd the gifts of *Ceres* at thy board;  
Whom late thy conqu'ring arm to *Lemnos* bore,  
Far from his father, friends, and native shore;  
A hundred oxen were his price that day,  
Now sums immense thy mercy shall repay.  
Scarce respited from woes I yet appear,  
And scarce twelve morning suns have seen me here:  
Lo! *Jove* again submits me to thy hands,  
Again, her victim cruel fate demands!  
I sprung from *Priam*, and *Laothoe* fair,  
(Old *Alte's* daughter, and *Lelegia's* heir;  
Who held in *Pedafus* his fam'd abode,  
And rul'd the fields where silver *Satnio* flow'd  
Two sons (alas! unhappy sons) she bore;  
For ah! one spear shall drink each brother's gore,  
And I succeed to slaughter'd *Polydore*. }  
How from that arm of terror shall I fly?  
Some *Dæmon* urges! 'tis my doom to die!  
If ever yet soft pity touch'd thy mind,  
Ah! think not me too much of *Hector's* kind!  
Not the same mother gave thy suppliant breath,  
With his, who wrought thy lov'd *Patroclus's* death.

These words, attended with a show'r of tears,  
The youth address'd to unrelenting ears:  
Talk not of life, or ransom, (he replies)  
*Patroclus* dead, whoever meets me, dies:  
In vain a single *Trojan* sues for grace;  
But least, the sons of *Priam's* hateful race.  
Die then, my friend! what boots it to deplore?  
The great, the good *Patroclus* is no more!  
He, far thy better, was fore-doom'd to die,  
And thou, dost thou, bewail mortality?

See'tt

## NOTES.

my's anger, he flatters the memory of *Patroclus*, is afraid of being thought too nearly related to *Hector*, and would willingly put himself upon him as a suppliant, and consequently as an inviolable person: but *Achilles* is immovable, his resentment makes him deaf to intreaties, and it must be remembered that anger, not mercy, is his character. There is an air of greatness in the conclusion of the speech of *Achilles*, which strikes one very much: he speaks very unconcernedly of his own death, and upbraids his enemy for asking life so earnestly, a life that was of so much less importance than his own.



See'st thou not me, whom nature's gifts adorn,  
 Sprung from a hero, from a Goddess born;  
 The day shall come (which nothing can avert)  
 When by the spear, the arrow, or the dart, \*  
 By night, or day, by force or by design,  
 Impending death and certain fate are mine.  
 Die then—he said; and as the word he spoke  
 The fainting stripling sunk, before the stroke:  
 His hand forgot it's grasp, and left the spear;  
 While all his trembling frame confess'd his fear.  
 Sudden, *Achilles* his broad sword display'd,  
 And buried in his neck the reeking blade.  
 Prone fell the youth; and panting on the land,  
 The gushing purple dy'd the thirsty sand:  
 The victor to the stream the carcase gave,  
 And thus insults him, floating on the wave.

Lie there, *Lycaon*! let the fish surround  
 Thy bloated corse, and suck thy goary wound:  
 There no sad mother shall thy fun'ral weep,  
 But swift *Scamander* roll thee to the deep,  
 Whose ev'ry wave some wat'ry monster brings,  
 To feast unpunish'd on the fat of kings.  
 So perish *Troy*, and all the *Trojan* line!  
 Such ruin their's, and such compassion mine.  
 What boots ye now *Scamander's* worship'd stream,  
 His earthly honours, and immortal name?  
 In vain your immolated bulls are slain,  
 Your living courfers glut his gulphs in vain: †  
 Thus he rewards you, with this bitter fate;  
 Thus, till the *Grecian* vengeance is complete,  
 Thus is aton'd *Patroclus's* honour'd shade,  
 And the short absence of *Achilles* paid.

These boastful words provoke the raging God:  
 With fury swells the violated flood. ‡

## NOTES.

\* This is not spoken at random, but with an air of superiority; when *Achilles* says he shall fall by an arrow, a dart, or a spear, he insinuates that no man will have the courage to approach him in a close fight, or engage him hand to hand.

† It was an ancient custom to cast living horses into the sea, and into rivers, to honour, as it were, by these victims, the rapidity of their streams. This practice continued a long time, and history supplies us with examples of it: *Aurelius Victor* says of *Pompey* the younger, that he offered oxen in sacrifice, and threw a living horse into the sea, as appears from *Dion*, which is perfectly conformable to this of *Homer*.

‡ The poet has been preparing us for the episode of the river *Xanthus* ever since the beginning of the last book; and here he gives us an account why the river wars upon *Achilles*: it is not only because  
 No. 16.

What means divine may yet the pow'r employ,  
 To check *Achilles*, and to rescue *Troy*?  
 Meanwhile the hero springs in arms, to dare  
 The great *Asteropus* to mortal war;  
 The son of *Pelagon*, whose lofty line  
 Flows from the source of *Axius*, stream divine!  
 (Fair *Peribœa's* love the God had crown'd,  
 With all his reflux waters circled round)  
 On him *Achilles* rush'd: he fearless stood,  
 And shook two spears, advancing from the flood;  
 The flood impell'd him, on *Pelides's* head  
 T' avenge his waters choak'd with heaps of dead.  
 Near as they drew, *Achilles* thus began.

What art thou, boldest of the race of man?  
 Who, or from whence? Unhappy is the fire,  
 Whose son encounters our resistless ire.

O son of *Peleus*! what avails to trace  
 (Reply'd the warrior) our illustrious race?  
 From rich *Pæonia's* valleys I command, §  
 Arm'd with protended spears, my native band;  
 Now shines the tenth bright morning since I came  
 In aid of *Ilium* to the fields of fame:  
*Axius*, who swells with all the neighb'ring rills,  
 And wide around the floated region fills,  
 Begot my sire, whose spear such glory won:  
 Now lift thy arm, and try that hero's son!

Threat'ning he said: the hostile chiefs advance;  
 At once *Asteropus* discharg'd each lance,  
 (For both his dext'rous hands the lance could wield)  
 One struck, but pierc'd not the *Vulcanian* shield;  
 One raz'd *Achilles's* hand; the spouting blood  
 Spun forth, in earth the fasten'd weapon stood.  
 Like lightning next the *Pelian* jav'lin flies:  
 It's erring fury hiss'd along the skies;

Deep

## NOTES.

he is a river of *Troas*, but, as is beautifully imaged, because it is in defence of a man that was descended from a brother River-God: he was angry too with *Achilles* on another account, because he had choaked up his current with the bodies of his countrymen, the *Trojans*.

§ In the catalogue *Pyræchmes* is said to be commander of the *Pæonians*, where they are described as bow-men; but here they are said to be armed with spears, and to have *Asteropus* for their general. *Homer* has expressly told us in this speech that it was but ten days since he came to the aid of *Troy*; he might be made general of the *Pæonians* upon the death of *Pyræchmes*, who was killed in the sixteenth book. Why also might not the *Pæonians*, as well as *Teucer*, excel in the management both of the bow and the spear?



Deep in the swelling bank was driv'n the spear,\*  
 Ev'n to the middle earth'd; and quiver'd there.  
 Then from his side the sword *Pelides* drew,  
 And on his foe with doubled fury flew.  
 The foe thrice tugg'd, and shook the rooted wood;  
 Repulsive of his might the weapon stood:  
 The fourth, he tries to break the spear in vain;  
 Bent as he stands, he tumbles to the plain;  
 His belly open'd with a ghastly wound,  
 The reeking entrails pour upon the ground.  
 Beneath the hero's feet he panting lies,  
 And his eye darkens, and his spirit flies:  
 While the proud victor thus triumphing said,  
 His radiant armour tearing from the dead:

So ends thy glory! such the fate they prove  
 Who strive presumptuous with the sons of *Jove*.  
 Sprung from a river didst thou boast thy line,  
 But great *Saturnius* is the source of mine.  
 How durst thou vaunt thy wat'ry progeny?  
 Of *Peleus*, *Æacus*, and *Jove*, am I;  
 The race of these superior far to those,  
 As he that thunders to the stream that flows.  
 What rivers can, *Scamander* might have shown;  
 But *Jove* he dreads, nor wars against his son.  
 Ev'n *Achælus* might contend in vain,  
 And all the roaring billows of the main.  
 Th' eternal Ocean, from whose fountains flow  
 The seas, the rivers, and the springs below,  
 The thund'ring voice of *Jove* abhors to hear,  
 And in his deep abysses shakes with fear.

He said; then from the bank his jav'lin tore,  
 And left the breathless warrior in his gore.  
 The floating tides the bloody carcass lave,  
 And beat against it, wave succeeding wave;  
 Till roll'd between the banks, it lies the food  
 Of curling eels, and fishes of the flood.  
 All scatter'd round the stream (their mightiest slain)  
 Th' amaz'd *Pæonians* scour along the plain:  
 He vents his fury on the flying crew,  
*Thraſius*, *Astypylus*, and *Mneſus* flew;  
*Mydon*, *Thersilochus*, with *Ænias* fell;  
 And numbers more his lance had plung'd to hell;

## NOTES.

\* It was impossible for the poet to give us a greater idea of the strength of *Achilles*, than he has by this circumstance: his spear pierced so deep into the ground, that another hero of great strength could not disengage it by repeated offers; but immediately after, *Achilles* draws it with the utmost ease: how prodigious was the force of that arm that could drive at one throw a spear half way into the earth, and then with a touch release it?

† There is a great beauty in the versification of

But from the bottom of his gulphs profound,  
*Scamander* spoke; the shores return'd the sound.  
 O first of mortals! (for the Gods are thine)  
 In valour matchless, and in force divine!  
 If *Jove* have giv'n thee ev'ry *Trojan* head,  
 'Tis not on me thy rage should heap the dead.  
 See! my choak'd streams no more their course can keep,  
 Nor roll their wanted tribute to the deep.  
 Turn then, impetuous! from our injur'd flood;  
 Content, thy slaughters could amaze a God.

In human form confess'd before his eyes  
 The River thus; and thus the chief replies.  
 O sacred stream! thy word we shall obey;  
 But not till *Troy* the destin'd vengeance pay,  
 Not till within her tow'rs the perjurd train  
 Shall pant, and tremble at our arms again;  
 Not till proud *Hector*, guardian of her wall,  
 Or stain this lance, or see *Achilles* fall.

He said; and drove with fury on the foe.  
 Then to the Godhead of the silver bow  
 The yellow Flood began: O son of *Jove*!  
 Was not the mandate of the Sire above  
 Full and express? that *Phæbus* should employ  
 His sacred arrows in defence of *Troy*,  
 And make her conquer, till *Hyperion's* fall  
 In awful darkness hide the face of all?

He spoke in vain—the chief without dismay  
 Ploughs thro' the boiling surge his desp'rate way.  
 Then rising in his rage above the shores,  
 From all his deep the bellowing river roars,  
 Huge heaps of slain disgorges on the coast,  
 And round the banks the ghastly dead are tost.  
 While all before, the billows rang'd on high  
 (A wat'ry bulwark) screen the bands who fly.  
 Now bursting on his head with thund'ring sound,†  
 The falling deluge whelms the hero round:  
 His loaded shield bends to the rushing tide;  
 His feet, upborn, scarce the strong flood divide,  
 Slidd'ring, and staggr'ing. On the border stood:  
 A spreading elm, that overhung the flood;  
 He seiz'd a bending bough, his steps to stay;  
 The plant uprooted to his weight gave way,

Heaving

## NOTES.

this whole passage in *Homer*: some of the verses run hoarse, full, and sonorous, like the torrent they describe; others by their broken cadences, and sudden stops, image the difficulty, labour, and interruption of the hero's march against it. The fall of the elm, the tearing up of the bank, the rushing of the branches in the water, are all put into such words, that almost every letter corresponds in it's sound, and echoes to the sense, of each particular.



Heaving the bank, and undermining all;  
 Loud flash the waters to the rushing fall  
 Of the thick foliage. The large trunk display'd  
 Bridg'd the rough flood across: the hero slay'd\*  
 On this his weight, and rais'd upon his hand,  
 Leapt from the channel, and regain'd the land.  
 Then blacken'd the wild waves; the murmur rose;  
 The God pursues, a huger billows throws,  
 And bursts the bank, ambitious to destroy  
 The man whose fury is the fate of *Troy*.  
 He, like the warlike eagle speeds his pace,  
 (Swiftest and strongest of th' aërial race).  
 Far as a spear can fly, *Achilles* springs  
 At ev'ry bound; his clanging armour rings:  
 Now here, now there, he turns on ev'ry side,  
 And winds his course before the following tide;  
 The waves flow after, wheresoe'er he wheels,  
 And gather fast, and murmur at his heels.  
 So when a peasant to his garden brings†  
 Soft rills of water from the bubbling springs,  
 And calls the floods from high, to bless his bow'rs,  
 And feed with pregnant streams the plants and flow'rs.  
 Soon as he clears whate'er their passage staid,  
 And marks the future current with his spade,  
 Swift o'er the rolling pebbles, down the hills  
 Louder and louder purl the falling rills,  
 Before him scatt'ring, they prevent his pains,  
 And shine in mazy wand'rings o'er the plains.  
 Still flies *Achilles*, but before his eyes  
 Still swift *Scamander* rolls where-e'er he flies:  
 Not all his speed escapes the rapid floods;  
 The first of men, but not a match for Gods.  
 Oft as he turn'd the torrent to oppose,  
 And bravely try if all the pow'rs were foes;  
 So oft the surge, in wat'ry mountains spread,  
 Beat on his back, or bursts upon his head.  
 Yet dauntless still the adverse flood he braves,  
 And still indignant bounds above the waves.

## NOTES.

\* If we had no other account of the river *Xanthus* but this, it were alone sufficient to shew that the current could not be very wide; for the poet here says that the elm stretched from bank to bank, and as it were made a bridge over it: the suddenness of this inundation perfectly well agrees with a narrow river.

† This changing of the character is very beautiful: no poet ever knew, like *Homer*, to pass from the vehement and the nervous, to the gentle and agreeable; such transitions, when properly made, give a singular pleasure, as when in music a master passes from the rough to the tender.

‡ Nothing is more agreeable than this wish to

Tir'd by the tides, his knees relax with toil;  
 Wash'd from beneath him slides the slimy soil;  
 When thus (his eyes on heav'n's expansion thrown)  
 Forth bursts the hero with an angry groan.

Is there no God *Achilles* to befriend,  
 No pow'r t' avert his miserable end?  
 Prevent, O *Jove*! this ignominious date,  
 And make my future life the sport of fate.  
 Of all heav'n's oracles believ'd in vain,  
 But most of *Thetis*, must her son complain;  
 By *Phæbus*' darts she prophesy'd my fall,  
 In glorious arms before the *Trojan* wall.  
 Oh! had I dy'd in fields of battle warm,‡  
 Stretch'd like a hero, by a hero's arm!  
 Might *Hector*'s spear this dauntless bosom rend,  
 And my swift soul o'ertake my slaughter'd friend!  
 Ah no! *Achilles* meets a shameful fate,  
 Oh how unworthy of the brave and great!  
 Like some vile swain, whom on a rainy day,  
 Crossing a ford, the torrent sweeps away,  
 An unregarded carcase to the sea.

*Neptune* and *Pallas* haste to his relief,  
 And thus in human form address the chief:  
 The pow'r of Ocean first. Forbear thy fear,  
 O son of *Peleus*! Lo thy Gods appear!  
 Behold! from *Jove* descending to thy aid,  
 Propitious *Neptune*, and the blue-ey'd maid.  
 Stay, and the furious flood shall cease to rave:  
 'Tis not thy fate to glut his angry wave.  
 But thou, the counsel heav'n suggests, attend!  
 Nor breathe from combat, nor thy sword suspend,  
 Till *Troy* receive her flying sons, till all  
 Her routed squadrons pant behind their wall:  
*Hector* alone shall stand his fatal chance,  
 And *Hector*'s blood shall smoke upon thy lance.  
 Thine is the glory doom'd. Thus spake the  
 Gods,

Then swift ascended to the bright abodes.

Stung

## NOTES.

the heroic character of *Achilles*: glory is his prevailing passion; he grieves not that he must die, but that he should die unlike a man of honour. *Virgil* has made use of the same thought in the same circumstance, where *Aeneas* is in danger of being drowned, *Æn.* 1. *Lucan*, in the fifth book of his *Pharsalia*, representing *Cæsar* in the same circumstance, has carried yet farther the character of ambition, and a boundless thirst for glory in his hero; when, after he has repined in the same manner with *Achilles*, he acquiesces at last in the reflection of the glory he had already acquired; and only wishes that his obscure fate might be concealed, in the view that all the world might still fear and expect him.



Stung with new ardour, thus by heav'n impell'd,  
 He springs impetuous, and invades the field:  
 O'er all th' expanded plain the waters spread;  
 Heav'd on the bounding billows danc'd the dead,  
 Floating 'midst scatter'd arms; while casques of gold  
 And turn'd-up bucklers glitter'd as they roll'd.  
 High o'er the surging tide, by leaps and bounds,  
 He wades, and mounts; the parted wave resounds.  
 Not a whole river stops the hero's course,  
 While *Pallas* fills him with immortal force.  
 With equal rage, indignant *Xanthus* roars,  
 And lifts his billows, and o'erwhelms his shores.

Then thus to *Simois*: Haste, my brother flood!  
 And check this mortal that controuls a God:  
 Our bravest heroes else shall quit the fight,  
 And *Iliou* tumble from her tow'ry height.  
 Call then thy subject streams, and bid them roar,  
 From all thy fountains swell thy wat'ry store,  
 With broken rocks, and with a load of dead  
 Charge the black surge, and pour it on his head.  
 Mark how resistless thro' the floods he goes,  
 And boldly bids the warring Gods be foes!  
 But nor that force, nor form divine to fight  
 Shall aught avail him, if our rage unite:  
 Whelm'd under our dark gulphs those arms shall lie,  
 That blaze so dreadful in each *Trojan* eye;  
 And deep beneath a sandy mountain hurl'd,  
 Immers'd remain this terror of the world.  
 Such pond'rous ruin shall confound the place,  
 No *Greek* shall e'er his perish'd relics grace,  
 No hand his bones shall gather, or enshroud;  
 These his cold rites, and this his wat'ry tomb.

He said; and on the chief descends again,  
 Increas'd with gore, and swelling with the slain.  
 Then murmur'ing from his beds, he boils, he raves,  
 And a foam whitens on the purple waves:  
 At ev'ry step, before *Achilles* flood  
 The crimson surge, and delug'd him with blood.  
 Fear touch'd the Queen of heav'n: she saw dismay'd,  
 She call'd aloud, and summon'd *Vulcan's* aid.

Rise to the war! th' insulting flood requires  
 Thy wasteful arm: assemble all thy fires!  
 While to their aid, by our command enjoin'd,  
 Rush the swift Eastern and the Western wind:

These from old Ocean at my word shall blow,  
 Pour the red torrent on the wat'ry foe,  
 Corsets and arms to one bright ruin turn,  
 And hissing rivers to their bottoms burn.  
 Go, mighty in thy rage! display thy pow'r,  
 Drink the whole flood, the crackling trees devour,  
 Scorch all the banks! and (till our voice reclaim)  
 Exert th' unwearied furies of the flame!

The Power Ignipotent her word obeys:  
 Wide o'er the plain he pours the boundless blaze;  
 At once consumes the dead, and dries the soil;  
 And the shrunk waters in their channel boil:  
 As when autumnal *Boreas* sweeps the sky:  
 And instant blows the water'd gardens dry:  
 So look'd the field, so whiten'd was the ground,  
 While *Vulcan* breath'd the fiery blast around.\*  
 Swift on the sedgey reeds the ruin preys;  
 Along the margin winds the running blaze:  
 The trees in flaming rows to ashes turn,  
 The flow'ry *Lotos*, and the tam'risk burn.  
 Broad elm, and cypress rising in a spire;  
 The wat'ry willows hiss before the fire.  
 Now glow the waves, the fishes pant for breath,  
 The eels lie twisting in the pangs of death:  
 Now flounce aloft, now dive the scaly fry,  
 Or gasping, turn their bellies to the sky.  
 At length the River rear'd his languid head,  
 And thus, short-panting, to the God he said.

Oh *Vulcan*! oh! what pow'r resists thy might?  
 I faint, I sink, unequal to the fight——  
 I yield——Let *Iliou* fall; if fate decree——  
 Ah——bend no more thy fiery arms on me!

He ceas'd; wide conflagration blazing round;  
 The bubbling waters yield a hissing sound.  
 As when the flames beneath a cauldron rise,  
 To melt the fat of some rich sacrifice,  
 Amid the fierce embrace of circling fires  
 The waters foam, the heavy smoke aspires:  
 So boils th' imprison'd flood, forbid to flow,  
 And cheak'd with vapours, feels his bottom glow.  
 To *Juno* then, imperial Queen of Air,  
 The burning River sends his earnest pray'r.

Ah why, *Saturnia*! must thy son engage  
 Me, only me, with all his wasteful rage?

On

NOTES.

\* The epithet given to *Vulcan* in this verse has no sort of allusion to the action described; for what has his *wisdom* or *knowledge* to do with burning up the river *Xanthus*? This is usual in our author, and much exclaimed against by his modern antagonist, whom Mr. *Baile* very well answers. It is not so strange in *Homer* to give these epithets to persons

NOTES.

upon occasions which can have no reference to them; the same is frequent in modern languages, in which we call a man by the name of *Saint*, when we speak of any action of his that has not the least regard to his *sanctity*: as when we say, for example, that *St. Paul* held the garments of those who stoned *St. Stephen*.



On other Gods his dreadful arm employ,  
For mightier Gods assert the cause of *Troy*.  
Submissive I desist, if thou command,  
But ah! withdraw this all-destroying hand.  
Hear then my solemn oath, to yield to fate  
Unaided *Ilion*, and her destin'd state,  
Till *Greece* shall gird her with destructive flame,  
And in one ruin sink the *Trojan* name.

His warm intreaty touch'd *Saturnia's* ear:  
She bade th' Ignipotent his rage forbear,  
Recall the flame, nor in a mortal cause  
Infest a God: th' obedient flame withdraws:  
Again, the branching streams begin to spread,  
And soft re-murmur in their wonted bed.\*

## NOTES.

\* Here ends the *episode* of the *river-fight*; and we must here lay before the reader our thoughts upon the whole of it. It appears to be in part an allegory, and in part a true history. Nothing can give a better idea of *Homer's* manner of enlivening his inanimate machines, and of making the plainest and simplest incidents noble and poetical, than to consider the whole passage in the common historical sense, which seems to be no more than this. There happened a great overflow of the river *Xanthus* during the siege, which very much incommoded the assailants: this gave occasion for the fiction of an engagement between *Achilles* and the River-God: *Xanthus* calling *Simois* to assist him, implies that these two neighbouring rivers joined in the inundation: *Pallas* and *Neptune* relieve *Achilles*; that is, *Pallas*, or the wisdom of *Achilles*, found some means to divert the waters, and turn them into the sea; wherefore *Neptune*, the God of it, is feigned to assist him. *Jupiter* and *Juno* (by which are understood the aerial regions) consent to aid *Achilles*; that may signify, that after this great flood there happened a warm, dry, windy season, which assuaged the waters, and dried the ground: and what makes this in a manner plain, is, that *Juno* (which signifies the air) promises to send the north and west winds to distress the river. *Xanthus* being consumed by *Vulcan*, that is, dried up with heat, prays to *Juno* to relieve him: what is this, but that the drought having drunk up his streams, he has recourse to the air for rains to re-supply his current? Or perhaps the whole may signify no more, than that *Achilles* being on the farther side of the river, plunged himself in to pursue the enemy; that in this adventure he run the risk of being drowned; that to save himself he laid hold on a fallen tree, which served to keep him afloat; that he was still carried down the stream to the place where was the confluence of the two rivers (which is exprest by the one calling the

No. 17.

While these by *Juno's* will the strife resign,  
The warring Gods in fierce contention join:  
Re-kindling rage each heav'nly breast alarms;  
With horrid clangor shock th' æthereal arms:  
Heav'n in loud thunder bids the trumpet sound;  
And wide beneath them groans the rending ground.  
*Jove*, as his sport, the dreadful scene desires, †  
And views contending Gods with careless eyes.  
The pow'r of battles lifts his brazen spear, ‡  
And first assaults the radiant Queen of War.

What mov'd thy madness, thus to disunite  
Æthereal minds, and mix all heav'n in fight?  
What wonder this, when in thy frantic mood  
Thou drov'st a mortal to insult a God;

Thy

## NOTES.

other to his aid); and that when he came nearer the sea, [*Neptune*] he found means by his prudence [*Pallas*] to save himself from his danger. If the reader still should think, the fiction of rivers speaking and fighting is too bold, the objection will vanish by considering how much the heathen mythology authorizes the representation of rivers as persons: nay, even in old historians nothing is more common than stories of rapes committed by River-Gods; and the fiction was no way unprecedented, after one of the same nature so well known, as the engagement between *Hercules* and the river *Achelous*.

† *Jupiter*, who is the lord of nature, is well pleased with the war of the Gods, that is, of earth, sea, and air, &c. because the harmony of all beings arises from that discord: thus earth is opposite to water, air to earth, and water to them all; and yet from this opposition arises that discordant concord by which all nature subsists. Thus heat and cold, moist and dry, are in a continual war, yet upon this depends the fertility of the earth, and the beauty of the creation. So that *Jupiter*, who according to the *Greeks* is the soul of all, may well be said to smile at this contention.

‡ The combat of *Mars* and *Pallas* is plainly allegorical: *Justice* and *Wisdom* demanded that an end should be put to this terrible war: the God of war opposes this, but is worsted. This holds forth the opposition of rage and wisdom; and no sooner has our reason subdued one temptation, but another succeeds to reinforce it, as *Venus* succours *Mars*. The poet seems farther to insinuate, that Reason, when it resists a temptation vigorously, easily overcomes it: so it is with the utmost facility, that *Pallas* conquers both *Mars* and *Venus*. He adds, that *Pallas* retreated from *Mars* in order to conquer him: this shews us that the best way to subdue a temptation is to retreat from it.

4 C



Thy impious hand *Tydidēs*' jav'lin bore,  
And madly bath'd it in celestial gore.

He spoke, and smote the loud-resounding shield,  
Which bears *Jove's* thunder on it's dreadful field;  
The adamant *Aegis* of her Sire,  
That turns the glancing bolt, and forked fire.  
Then heav'd the Goddess in her mighty hand\*  
A stone, the limit of the neighb'ring land,  
There fix'd from eldest times; black, craggy,  
vast:

This, at the heav'nly homicide she cast  
Thund'ring he falls; a mass of monstrous size,  
And seven broad acres covers as he lies.  
The stunning stroke his stubborn nerves unbound;  
Loud o'er the fields his ringing arms resound:  
The scornful Dame her conquest views with smiles,  
And glorying thus, the prostrate God reviles.

Hast thou not yet, insatiate fury! known  
How far *Minerva's* force transcends thy own?  
*Juno*, whom thou rebellious dar'st withstand,  
Corrects thy folly thus by *Pallas'* hand;  
Thus meets thy broken faith with just disgrace,  
And partial aid to *Troy's* perfidious race.

The Goddess spoke, and turn'd her eyes away,  
That beaming round, diffus'd celestial day.

## NOTES.

\* The poet has described many of his heroes in former parts of his poem, as throwing stones of enormous bulk and weight: but here he rises in his image: he is describing a Goddess, and has found a way to make that action excel all human strength, and be equal to a Deity.

† The interview between *Neptune* and *Apollo* is very judiciously in this place enlarged upon by our author. The poem now draws to a conclusion, the *Trojans* are to be punished for their perjury and violence: *Homer* accordingly with a poetical justice sums up the evidence against them, and represents the very founder of *Troy* as an injurious person. There have been several references to this story since the beginning of the poem, but he forbore to give it at large till near the end of it; that it might be fresh upon the memory, and shew, the *Trojans* deserve the punishment they are going to suffer. We may observe the reason why *Apollo* assists the *Trojans*, though he had been equally with *Neptune* affronted by *Laomedon*: this proceeded from the honours which *Apollo* received from the posterity of *Laomedon*: *Troy* paid him no less worship than *Cilla*, or *Tenedos*; and by these means won him over to a forgiveness: but *Neptune* still was slighted, and consequently continued an enemy to the whole race. There are various opinions why *Neptune* is said to

*Jove's* Cyprian daughter, stooping on the land,  
Lent to the wounded God her tender hand:  
Slowly he rises, scarcely breathes with pain,  
And propt on her fair arm, forsakes the plain.  
This the bright Empress of the heav'ns survey'd,  
And scoffing, thus, to War's victorious maid.

Lo! what an aid on *Mars's* side is seen!  
The *Smiles* and *Loves* unconquerable Queen!  
Mark with what insolence, in open view,  
She moves: let *Pallas*, if she dares, pursue.

*Minerva* smiling heard, the pair o'ertook,  
And slightly on her breast the wanton struck:  
She, unresisting, fell; (her spirits fled)  
On earth together lay the lovers spread.  
And like these heroes, be the fate of all  
(*Minerva* cries) who guard the *Trojan* wall!  
To *Grecian* Gods such let the *Phrygian* be,  
So dread, so fierce, as *Venus* is to me;  
Then from the lowest stone shall *Troy* be mov'd.—  
Thus she, and *Juno* with a smile approv'd.

Meantime, to mix in more than mortal fight,  
The God of Ocean dares the God of Light.†  
What sloth has seiz'd us, when the fields around  
Ring with conflicting pow'rs, and heav'n returns  
the sound?

Shall

## NOTES.

have built the *Trojan* wall, and to have been defrauded of his wages: some say that *Laomedon* sacrilegiously took away the treasures out of the temple of *Apollo* and *Neptune*, to carry on the fortifications; from whence it was fabled that *Neptune* and *Apollo* built the walls. Others will have it, that two of the workmen dedicated their wages to *Apollo* and *Neptune*; and that *Laomedon* detained them: so that he might in some sense be said to defraud the Deities themselves, by withholding what was dedicated to their temples. The reason why *Apollo* is said to have kept the herds of *Laomedon*, is not so clear. Some observe that all plagues first seize upon the four-footed creation, and are supposed to arise from this Deity: thus *Apollo* in the first book sends the plague into the *Grecian* army; the ancients therefore made him to preside over cattle, that by preserving them from the plague, mankind might be safe from infectious diseases. Others tell us, that this employment is ascribed to *Apollo*, because he signifies the sun: now the sun cloaths the pastures with grass and herbs; so that *Apollo* may be said himself to feed the cattle, by supplying them with food. Upon either of these accounts *Laomedon* may be said to be ungrateful to that Deity, for raising no temple to his honour. It is observable that *Homer*, in this story, ascribes the building of the wall



Shall ignominious we with shame retire,  
No deed perform'd, to our *Olympian* Sire?  
Come, prove thy arm! for first the war to wage,  
Suits not my greatness, or superior age.  
Rash as thou art to prop the *Trojan* throne,  
(Forgetful of my wrongs, and of thy own)  
And guard the race of proud *Laomedon*!  
Hast thou forgot, how at the monarch's pray'r,  
We shar'd the lengthen'd labours of a year?  
*Troy* walls I raz'd, (for such were *Jove's* commands)  
And yon proud bulwarks grew beneath my hands;  
Thy task it was to feed the bellowing droves  
Along fair *Ida's* vales, and pendent groves.  
But when the circling seasons in their train  
Brought back the grateful day that crown'd our  
pain;

With menace stern the fraudulent king defy'd  
Our latent Godhead, and the prize deny'd:  
Mad as he was, he threaten'd servile bands,  
And doom'd us exiles far in barb'rous lands.  
Incens'd, we heav'nward fled with swiftest wing,  
And destin'd vengeance on the perjur'd king.  
Dost thou, for this, afford proud *Ilium* grace,  
And not like us, infest the faithless race?  
Like us, their present, future sons destroy,  
And from it's deep foundations heave their *Troy*?

*Apollo* thus: To combat for mankind  
Ill suits the wisdom of celestial mind:  
For what is man? Calamitous by birth,\*  
They owe their life and nourishment to earth;  
Like yearly leaves, that now, with beauty crown'd,  
Smile on the sun; now, wither on the ground:  
To their own hands commit the frantic scene,  
Nor mix immortals in a cause so mean.

## NOTES.

to *Neptune* only: the reason is, because *Troy* being a sea-port town, the chief strength of it depended upon it's situation, so that the sea was in a manner a wall to it: upon this account *Neptune* may not improbably be said to have built the wall.

\* The poet is very happy in interspersing his poem with moral sentences; in this place he steals away his reader from war and horror, and gives him a beautiful admonition of his own frailty. "Shall I (says *Apollo*) contend with thee for the sake of man? Man, who is no more than a leaf of a tree, now green and flourishing, but soon withered away and gone?" The son of *Sirach* has an expression which very much resembles this, *Eccles* xiv. 13: "As the green leaves upon a thick tree, some fall, and some grow, so is the generation of flesh and blood, one cometh to an end, and one is born."

Then turns his face, far-beaming heav'nly fires,†  
And from the senior pow'r, submits retires;  
Him, thus retreating, *Artemis* upbraids,  
The quiver'd huntress of the *sylvan* shades.  
And is it thus the youthful *Phæbus* flies,  
And yields to Ocean's hoary Sire, the prize?  
How vain that martial pomp, and dreadful show  
Of pointed arrows, and the silver bow!  
Now boast no more in yon celestial bow'r,  
Thy force can match the great Earth-shaking pow'r.  
Silent, he heard the Queen of Woods upbraid:  
Not so *Saturnia* bore the vaunting maid;  
But furious thus. What insolence has driv'n  
Thy pride to face the Majesty of Heav'n?  
What though by *Jove* the female plague design'd,‡  
Fierce to the feeble race of women-kind,  
The wretched matron feels thy piercing dart;  
Thy sex's tyrant, with a tyger's heart?  
What tho' tremendous in the woodland chace,  
Thy certain arrows pierce the savage race?  
How dares thy rashness on the pow'rs divine  
Employ those arms, or match thy force with mine?  
Learn hence, no more unequal war to wage.—  
She said, and seiz'd her wriths with eager rage;  
These in her left hand lock'd, her right untw'nd  
The bow, the quiver, and it's plumed pride.  
About her temples flies the busy bow;  
Now here, now there, she winds her from the blow;  
The scatt'ring arrows rattling from the case,  
Drop round, and idly mark the dusty place.  
Swift from the field the baffled huntress flies,  
And scarce restrains the torrent in her eyes:  
So, when the falcon wings her way above,  
To the cleft cavern speeds the gentle dove,

(Not

## NOTES.

† Two things hinder *Homer* from making *Neptune* and *Apollo* fight. First, because having already described the fight between *Vulcan* and *Xanthus*, he has nothing farther to say here, for it is the same conflict between humidity and dryness. Secondly, *Apollo* being the same with destiny, and the ruin of the *Trojans* being concluded upon and decided, that God can no longer defer it.

‡ The words in the original are, *Though Jupiter has made you a lion to women*. The meaning of this is, that *Diana* was terrible to that sex, as being the same with the moon, and bringing on the pangs of child-birth: or else that the ancients attributed all sudden deaths of women to the darts of *Diana*, as of men to those of *Apollo*: which opinion is frequently alluded to in *Homer*.



(Not fated yet to die;) there safe retreats,  
Yet still her heart against the marble beats.  
To her, *Latona* haltes with tender care;  
Whom *Hermes* viewing, thus declines the war.\*  
How shall I face the dame, who gives delight  
To him whose thunders blacken heav'n with night?  
Go matchless Goddess! triumph in the skies,  
And boast my conquest, while I yield the prize.

He spoke; and past: *Latona*, stooping low,  
Collects the scatter'd shafts, and fallen bow,  
That glitt'ring on the dust, lay here and there;  
Dishonour'd relics of *Diana's* war.  
Then swift pursu'd her to her blest abode,  
Where, all confus'd, she fought the sov'reign God;  
Weeping she grasp'd his knees: th'ambrosial vest  
Shook with her sighs, and panted on her breast.

The fire, superior smil'd; and bade her throw  
What heav'nly hand had caus'd his daughter's  
woe?

Abash'd, she names his own imperial spouse;  
And the pale crescent fades upon her brows.

Thus they above: while swiftly gliding down,  
*Apollo* enters *Ilium's* sacred town:  
The Guardian-God now trembled for her wall,  
And fear'd the *Greeks*, tho' fate forbid her fall.  
Back to *Olympus*, from the war's alarms,  
Return the shining bands of Gods in arms;

Some proud in triumph, some with rage on fire;  
And take their thrones around th' æth'ral fire.

Thro' blood, thro' death, *Achilles* still proceeds  
O'er slaughter'd heroes, and o'er rolling floods.  
As when avenging-flames with fury driv'n †  
On guilty towns exert the wrath of heav'n;  
The pale inhabitants, some fall, some fly;  
And the red vapours purple all the sky.  
So rag'd *Achilles*: death and dire dismay,  
And toils, and terrors, fill'd the dreadful day.

High on a turret hoary *Priam* stands, ‡  
And marks the waste of his destructive hands;  
Views, from his arm, the *Trojans'* scatter'd flight,  
And the near hero rising on his sight.

No stop, no check, no aid! With feeble pace,  
And settled sorrow on his aged face,  
Fast as he could, he sighing quits the walls,  
And thus, descending, on the guards he calls:

You to, whose care our city-gates belong,  
Set wide your portals to the flying throng.  
Fare! he comes, with unresisted sway;  
He comes, and desolation marks his way!  
But when within the walls our troops take breath,  
Lock fast the brazen bars, and shut out death.  
Thus charg'd the rev'rend monarch: wide were  
flung

The opening folds; the sounding hinges rung.

*Phæbus*

#### NOTES.

\* It is impossible that *Mercury* should encounter *Latona*: such a fiction would be unnatural, he being a planet, and she representing the night; for the planets owe all their lustre to the shades of the night, and then only become visible to the world.

† This passage may be explained two ways, each very remarkable. First, by taking this fire for a real fire, sent from heaven to punish a criminal city, of which we have example in holy writ. Hence we find that *Homer* had a notion of this great truth, that God sometimes exerts his judgments on whole cities in this signal and terrible manner. Or if we take it in the other sense, simply as a fire thrown into a town by the enemies who assault it, and only expressed thus by the author in the same manner as *Jeremy* makes the city of *Jerusalem* say, when the *Chaldeans* burnt the temple, *The Lord from above hath sent fire into my bones*, Lament. i. 13.) yet still too much will appear understood by *Homer*, that the fire which is cast into a city comes not, properly speaking, from men, but from God who delivers it up to their fury.

‡ The poet still raises the idea of the courage and strength of his hero, by making *Priam* in a terror

#### NOTES.

that he should enter the town after the routed troops: for if he had not surpassed all mortals, what could have been more desirable for an enemy, than to have let him in, and then destroyed him? Here again there was need of another machine to hinder him from entering the city; for *Achilles* being vastly speedier than those he pursued, he must necessarily overtake some of them, and the narrow gates could not let in a body of troops, without his mingling with the hindmost. The story of *Agenor* is therefore admirably contrived, and *Apollo*, (who was to take care that the fatal decrees should be punctually executed) interposes both to save *Agenor* and *Troy*; for *Achilles* might have killed *Agenor*, and still entered with the troops, if *Apollo* had not diverted him by the pursuit of that phantom. *Agenor* opposed himself to *Achilles* only because he could not do better; for he sees himself reduced to a dilemma, either ingloriously to perish among the fugitives, or hide himself in the forest; both which were equally unsafe: therefore he is purposely inspired with a generous resolution to try to save his countrymen, and as the reward of that service, is at last saved himself.



*Phæbus* rush'd forth, the flying bands to meet,  
Struck slaughter back, and cover'd the retreat:  
On heaps the *Trojans* croud to gain the gate,  
And glad some see their last escape from fate:  
Thither, all parch'd with thirst, a heartless train,  
Hoary with dust, they beat the hollow plain;  
And gasping, panting, fainting, labour on  
With heavier strides, that lengthen tow'rd the town.  
Enrag'd *Achilles* follows with his spear,  
Wild with revenge, insatiable of war.

Then had the *Greeks* eternal praise acquir'd,  
And *Troy* inglorious to her walls retir'd;  
But\* he, the God who darts æthereal flame,  
Shot down to save her, and redeem her fame.  
To young *Agenor* force divine he gave,  
(*Antenor's* offspring, haughty, bold, and brave)  
In aid of him, beside the beech he sat,  
And wrapt in clouds, restrain'd the hand of fate.  
When now the gen'rous youth *Achilles* spies,  
Thick beats his heart, the troubled motions rise,  
(So, ere a storm, the waters heave and roll)  
He stops, and questions thus his mighty soul.

What, shall I fly this terror of the plain?†  
Like others fly, and be like others slain?  
Vain hope! to shun him by the self-same road  
Yon line of slaughter'd *Trojans* lately trod.  
No: with the common heap I scorn to fall—  
What if they pass'd me to the *Trojan* wall,  
While I decline to yonder path, that leads  
To *Ida's* forests and surrounding shades?  
So may I reach, conceal'd, the cooling flood,  
From my tir'd body wash the dirt and blood,  
As soon as night her dusky veil extends,  
Return in safety to my *Trojan* friends.  
What if?—But wherefore all this vain debate?  
Stand I to doubt, within the reach of Fate?  
Ev'n now perhaps, ere yet I turn the wall,  
The fierce *Achilles* sees me, and I fall:  
Such is his swiftness, 'tis in vain to fly,  
And such his valour that who stands must die.  
Howe'er 'tis better, fighting for the state,  
Here, and in public view, to meet my fate.

## NOTES.

\* *Apollo*.

† This is a very beautiful soliloquy of *Agenor*, such a one would naturally arise in the soul of a brave man, going upon a desperate enterprize: he weighs every thing in the balance of reason; he sets before himself the balancs of flight, and the courage of his enemy, till at last the thirst of glory preponderates all other considerations. From the conclusion of this speech it is evident, that the story of *Achilles's* being invulnerable except in the heel,

No. 17.

Yet sure he too is mortal; he may feel  
(Like all the sons of earth) the force of steel;  
One only soul informs that dreadful frame;  
And *Jove's* sole favour gives him all his fame.

He said, and stood, collected in his might;  
And all his beating bosom claim'd the fight.  
So from some deep-grown wood a panther starts,  
Rous'd from his thicket by a storm of darts:  
Untaught to fear or fly, he hears the sounds  
Of shouting hunters, and of clam'rous hounds;  
Tho' struck, tho' wounded, scarce perceives the pain,  
And the barb'd jav'lin stings his breast in vain:  
On their whole war, untam'd the savage flies;  
And tears his hunter, or beneath him dies.  
Not less resolv'd, *Antenor's* valiant heir  
Confronts *Achilles*, and awaits the war,  
Disdainful of retreat: high-held before,  
His shield (a broad circumference) he bore;  
Then graceful as he stood, in act to throw  
The list'd jav'lin, thus bespoke the foe.

How proud *Achilles* glories in his fame!  
And hopes this day to link the *Trojan* name  
Beneath her ruins! Know, that hope is vain;  
A thousand woes, a thousand toils remain.  
Parents and children our just arms employ,  
And strong, and many, are the sons of *Troy*.  
Great as thou art, ev'n thou may'st slain with gore  
These *Phrygian* fields, and press a foreign shore.

He said: with matchless force the jav'lin flung  
Smote on his knee; the hollow cuisses rung  
Beneath the pointed steel; but safe from harms  
He stands impassive in th' æthereal arms.  
Then fiercely rushing on the daring foe,  
His list'd arm prepares the fatal blow.  
But jealous of his fame *Apollo* throuds  
The god-like *Trojan* in a veil of clouds:  
Safe from pursuit, and shut from mortal view,  
Dismiss'd with fame, the favour'd youth withdrew.  
Meanwhile the God, to cover their escape,‡  
Assumes *Agenor's* habit, voice, and shape,  
Flies from the furious chief in this disguise,  
The furious chief still follows where he flies.

Now

## NOTES.

is an invention of latter ages; for had he been so, there had been nothing wonderful in his character.

‡ The poet makes a double use of this fiction of *Apollo's* deceiving *Achilles* in the shape of *Agenor*: by these means he draws him from the pursuit, and gives the *Trojans* time to enter the city, and at the same time brings *Agenor* handsomely off from the combat. The moral of this fable is, that destiny would not yet suffer *Troy* to fall. The occasion of the fiction might be this: *Agenor* fled from *Achilles*

4 D

to



Now o'er the fields they stretch with lengthen'd strides,  
 Now urge the course where swift *Scamander* glides :  
 The God now distant scarce a stride before,  
 Tempts his pursuit, and wheels about the shore.  
 While all the flying troops their speed employ,  
 And pour on heaps into the walls of *Troy*.

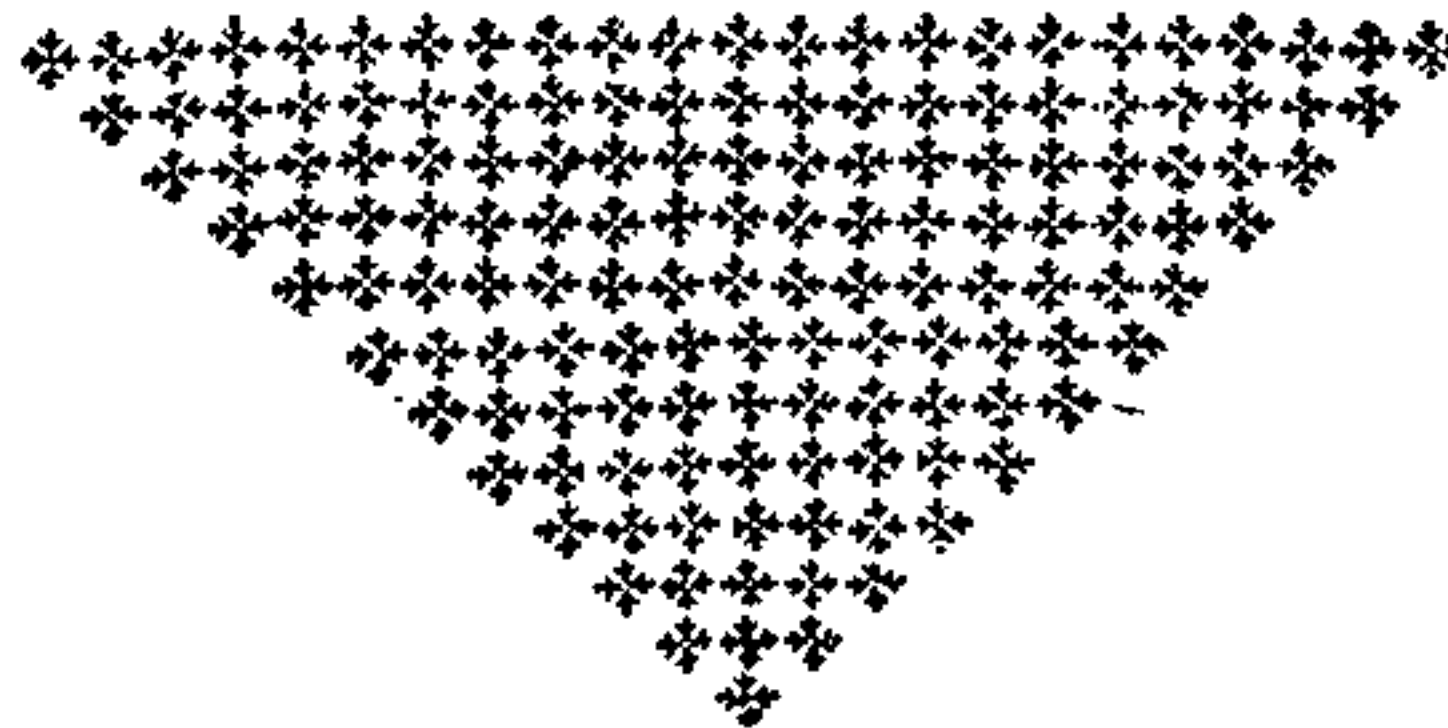
## NOTES.

to the banks of *Xanthus*, and might there conceal himself from the pursuer behind some covert that grew on the shores; this perhaps might be the whole of the story. So plain a narration would

No stop, no stay ; no thought to ask, or tell,  
 Who 'scap'd by flight, or who by battle fell.  
 'Twas tumult all, and violence of flight ;  
 And sudden joy confus'd, and mix'd affright :  
 Pale *Troy* against *Achilles* shuts her gate ;  
 And nations breathe, deliver'd from their fate.

## NOTES.

have passed in the mouth of an historian, but the poet dresses it in fiction, and tells us that *Apollo* (or *Destiny*) concealed him in a cloud from the sight of his enemy.





## The TWENTY-SECOND BOOK of the ILIAD.\*

## A R G U M E N T.

## THE DEATH OF HECTOR.

*The Trojans being safe within the walls, Hector only stays to oppose Achilles. Priam is struck at his approach, and tries to persuade his son to re-enter the town. Hecuba joins her intreaties, but in vain. Hector consults within himself what measures to take; but at the advance of Achilles, his resolution fails him, and he flies; Achilles pursues him thrice round the walls of Troy. The Gods debate concerning the fate of Hector, at length Minerva descends to the aid of Achilles. She deludes Hector in the shape of Deiphobus; he stands the combat, and is slain. Achilles drags the dead body at his chariot, in the sight of Priam and Hecuba. Their lamentations, tears, and despair. Their cries reach the ears of Andromache, who, ignorant of this, was retired into the inner part of the palace: she mounts up to the walls, and beholds her dead husband. She swoons at the spectacle. Her excess of grief and lamentation. The thirtieth day still continues. The scene lies under the walls, and on the battlements of Troy.*

THUS to their bulwarks, smit with panic fear,  
The herded *Ilians* rush like driven deer;  
There safe, they wipe the briny drops away,  
And drown in bowls the labours of the day.  
Close to the walls advancing o'er the fields,  
Beneath one roof of well-compacted shields,  
March, bending on, the *Greeks'* embody'd pow'rs,  
Far-stretching in the shade of *Trojan* tow'rs.  
Great *Hector* singly slay'd; chain'd down by fate,  
There fixt he stood before the *Scæan* gate;

## NOTES.

\* It is impossible but the whole attention of the reader must be awakened in this book: the heroes of the two armies are now to encounter; all the foregoing battles have been but so many preludes and under-actions, in order to this great event; wherein the whole fate of *Greece* and *Troy* is to be decided by the sword of *Achilles* and *Hector*. This is the book, which of the whole *Iliad* appears the

Still his bold arms determin'd to employ,  
The guardian still of long-defended *Troy*.  
*Apollo* now to tir'd *Achilles* turns;  
(The pow'r confest in all his glory burns)  
And what (he cries) has *Peleus'* son in view,  
With mortal speed a Godhead to pursue?  
For not to thee to know the Gods is giv'n,  
Unskill'd to trace the latent marks of heav'n.  
What boots thee now, that *Troy* forsook the plain?  
Vain thy past labour, and thy present vain:

Safe

## NOTES.

most charming. It assembles in it all that can be imagined of great and important on the one hand, and of tender and melancholy on the other: *Terror* and *Pity* are here wrought up in perfection; and if the reader is not sensible of both in a high degree, either he is utterly void of all taste, or the translator of all skill in poetry.



Safe in their walls are now her troops beslow'd,  
While here thy frantic rage attacks a God.

The chief incens'd—Too partial God of day!  
'To check my conquests in the middle way:  
How few in *Ilium* else had refuge found?  
What gasping numbers now had bit the ground?  
'Thou robb'st me of a glory justly mine,  
Pow'rful of Godhead, and of fraud divine:  
Mean fame, alas! for one of heav'nly strain,  
To cheat a mortal who repines in vain.

Then to the city terrible and strong,  
With high and haughty steps he tour'd along.  
So the proud courser, victor of the prize,  
To the near goal with double ardour flies.  
Him, as he blazing shot across the field,  
The careful eyes of *Priam* first beheld.  
Not half so dreadful rises to the sight\*  
Thro' the thick gloom of some tempestuous night,  
*Orion's* dog (the year when Autumn weighs)  
And o'er the feebler stars exerts his rays;  
Terrific glory! for his burning breath  
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death.  
So flam'd his fiery mail. Then wept the sage;  
He strikes his rev'rend head now white with age:  
He lifts his wither'd arms; obtests the skies;  
He calls his much-lov'd son with feeble cries;  
The son, resolv'd *Achilles'* force to dare,  
Full at the *Scaean* gate expects the war;  
While the sad father on the rampart stands,  
And thus adjures him with extended hands.

## NOTES.

\* With how much dreadful pomp is *Achilles* here introduced! How noble, and in what bold colours hath he drawn the blazing of his arms, the rapidity of his advance, the terror of his appearance, the desolation round him; but above all, the certain death attending all his motions and his very looks; what a croud of terrible ideas in this one simile! But immediately after this, follows the moving image of the two aged parents, trembling, weeping, and imploring their son: that is succeeded again by the dreadful gloomy picture of *Hector*, all on fire, obstinately bent on death, and expecting *Achilles*; admirably painted in the simile of the snake rolled up in his den, and collecting his poisons: and indeed, through the whole book, this wonderful contrast and opposition of the *Moving* and of the *Terrible*, is perpetually kept up, each heightening the other.

† The poet has entertained us all along with various scenes of slaughter and horror: he now charges to the pathetic, and fills the mind of the reader with tender sorrows. *Priam* precludes to his words by actions expressive of misery: the unhappy orator introduces his speech to *Hector* with groans and

Ah stay not, stay not! guardless and alone;†  
*Hector!* my lov'd, my dearest, bravest son!  
Methinks already I behold thee slain,  
And stretch'd beneath that fury of the plain.  
Implacable *Achilles!* might'st thou be  
To all the Gods no dearer than to me!  
Thee, vultures wild should scatter round the shore,  
And bloody dogs grow fiercer from thy gore.  
How many valiant sons I late enjoy'd,  
Valiant in vain! by thy curst arm destroy'd:  
Or, worse than slaughter'd, sold in distant isles  
To shameful bondage, and unworthy toils.  
Two, while I speak, my eyes in vain explore,  
Two from one mother sprung, my *Polydore*,  
And lov'd *Lycan*; now perhaps no more! }  
Oh! if in yonder hostile camp they live,  
What heaps of gold, what treasures would I give?  
(Their grandfire's wealth, by right of birth their  
own,  
Consign'd his daughter with *Lelegia's* throne)  
But if (which heav'n forbid) already lost,  
All pale they wander on the *Stygian* coast;  
What sorrows then must their sad mother know,  
What anguish I? Unutterable woe!  
Yet less that anguish, less to her, to me,  
Less to all *Troy*, if not depriv'd of thee.  
Yet shun *Achilles!* enter yet the wall;‡  
And spare thyself, thy father, spare us all!  
Save thy dear life; or if a soul so brave  
Neglect that thought, thy dearer glory save.

Pity

## NOTES.

tears, and rending his hoary hair. The Father and the King plead with *Hector* to preserve his life and his country. He represents his own age, and the loss of many of his children; and adds, that if *Hector* falls, he should then be inconsolable, and the empire of *Troy* at an end. It is a piece of great judgment in *Homer*, to make the fall of *Troy* to depend upon the death of *Hector*: the poet does not openly tell us that *Troy* was taken by the *Greeks*; but that the reader might not be unacquainted with what happened after the period of his poem, he gives us to understand in this speech, that the city was taken, and that *Priam*, his wives, his sons, and daughters, were either killed or made slaves.

‡ The argument that *Priam* uses to induce *Hector* to secure himself in *Troy* is remarkable: he draws it not from *Hector's* fears, nor does he tell him that he is to save his own life: but he insists upon stronger motives: he tells him he may preserve his fellow-citizens, his country, and his father; and farther persuades him not to add glory to his mortal enemy by his fall.



Pity, while yet I live, these silver hairs;  
 While yet thy father feels the woes he bears,  
 Yet curst with sense! a wretch, whom in his rage  
 (All trembling on the verge of helpless age)  
 Great *Jove* has plac'd, sad spectacle of pain!  
 The bitter dregs of fortune's cup to drain:  
 To fill with scenes of death his closing eyes,  
 And number all his days by miseries!  
 My heroes slain, my bridal bed o'erturn'd,  
 My daughters ravish'd, and my city burn'd,  
 My bleeding infants dash'd against the floor;\*  
 These I have yet to see, perhaps yet more!  
 Perhaps ev'n I, reserv'd by angry fate  
 The last sad relic of my ruin'd state,  
 (Dire pomp of sov'reign wretchedness!) must fall,  
 And stain the pavement of my regal hall;  
 Where famish'd dogs, late guardians of my door,  
 Shall lick their mangled master's spatter'd gore.  
 Yet for my sons I thank ye Gods! 'twas well:  
 Well have they perish'd, for in fight they fell.  
 Who dies in youth, and vigour, dies the best,  
 Stuck thro' with wounds, all honest on the breast.  
 But when the fates, in fulness of their rage,†  
 Spurn the hoar head of unresisting age,  
 In dust the rev'rend lineaments deform,  
 And pour to dogs the life-blood scarcely warm;  
 This, this is misery! the last, the worst,  
 That man can feel; man, fated to be curst!  
 He said, and acting what no words could say,  
 Rent from his head the silver locks away.

With him the mournful mother bears a part;  
 Yet all their sorrows turn not *Hector's* heart:  
 The zone unbrac'd, her bosom she display'd;  
 And thus, fast-falling the salt tears, she said.  
 Have mercy on me, O my son! revere ‡  
 The words of age; attend a parent's pray'r!  
 If ever thee in these fond arms I prest,  
 Or still'd thy infant clamours at this breast;  
 Ah! do not thus our helpless years forego,  
 But by our walls secur'd, repel the foe.  
 Against his rage if singly thou proceed,  
 Should'st thou (but heav'n avert it!) should'st thou  
 bleed,  
 Nor must thy corps lie honour'd on the bier,  
 Nor spouse, nor mother, grace thee with a tear;  
 Far from our pious rites, those dear remains  
 Must feast the vultures on the naked plains.  
 So they, while down their cheeks the torrents  
 roll;  
 But fix'd remains the purpose of his soul:  
 Resolv'd he stands, and with a fiery glance  
 Expects the hero's terrible advance.  
 So roll'd up in his den, the swelling snake  
 Beholds the traveller approach the brake;  
 When fed with noxious herbs his turgid veins  
 Have gather'd half the poisons of the plains;  
 He burns, he stiffens with collected ire,  
 And his red eye-balls glare with living fire.  
 Beneath a turret, on his shield reclin'd,  
 He stood, and question'd thus his mighty mind.

Where.

## NOTES.

\* Cruelties which the *Barbarians* usually exercised in the sacking of towns. Thus *Isaiah* foretells to *Babylon*, that her children shall be dashed in pieces before her eyes by the *Medes*. And *David* says to the same city, *happy shall he be that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones*. *Psal.* cxxxvii. 9. And in the prophet *Hosea*, xiii. 16. *Their infants shall be dashed in pieces*.

† Nothing can be more moving than the image which *Homer* gives here, in comparing the different effects produced by the view of a young man, and that of an old one, both bleeding, and extended on the dust. The old man, it is certain, touches us most, and several reasons may be given for it; the principal is, that the young man defended himself, and his death is glorious; whereas an old man has no defence but his weakness, prayers, and tears. They must be very insensible of what is dreadful, and have no taste in poetry, who omit this passage in a translation, and substitute things of a trivial and insipid nature.

‡ The speech of *Hecuba* opens with as much tenderness as that of *Priam*: the circumstance in  
 No. 17.

## NOTES.

particular of her shewing that breast to her son which had sustained his infancy, is highly moving: it is a silent kind of oratory, and prepares the heart to listen, by prepossessing the eye in favour of the speaker. We may here take notice of the difference between the speeches of *Priam* and *Hecuba*: *Priam* dissuades him from the combat, by enumerating not only the loss of his own family, but of his whole country; *Hecuba* dwells entirely upon his single death; this is a great beauty in the poet, to make *Priam* a father to his whole country; but to describe the fondness of the mother as prevailing over all other considerations, and to mention that only which chiefly affects her. This puts us in mind of a judicious stroke in *Milton*, with regard to the several characters of *Adam* and *Eve*. When the angel is driving them both out of paradise, *Adam* grieves that he must leave a place where he had conversed with God and his angels; but *Eve* laments that she shall never more behold the fine flowers of *Eden*; here *Adam* mourns like a man, and *Eve* like a woman.



Where lies the way? To enter in the wall? \*  
 Honour and shame th' ungen'rous thought recall:  
 Shall proud *Polydamas* before the gate †  
 Proclaim, his counsels are obey'd too late,  
 Which timely follow'd but the former night,  
 What numbers had been sav'd by *Hector's* flight?  
 That wise advice rejected with disdain,  
 I feel my folly in my people slain.  
 Methinks my suff'ring country's voice I hear,  
 But most, her worthless sons insult my ear,  
 On my rash courage charge the chance of war,  
 And blame those virtues which they cannot share.  
 No——if I ere return, return I must  
 Glorious, my country's terror laid in dust:  
 Or if I perish, let her see me fall  
 In field at least, and fighting for her wall.  
 And yet suppose these measures I forego,  
 Approach unarm'd, and parley with the foe,  
 The warrior-shield, the helm, and lance lay down,  
 And treat on terms of peace to save the town:

## NOTES.

\* There is much greatness in the sentiments of this whole soliloquy. *Hector* prefers death to an ignominious life: he knows how to die with glory, but not how to live with dishonour. The reproach of *Polydamas* affects him; the scandals of the meanest people have an influence in his thoughts. It is remarkable that he doth not say, he fears the insults of the brave *Trojans*, but of the most worthless only. Men of merit are always the most candid; but others are ever for bringing all men to a level with themselves. They cannot bear that any one should be so bold as to excel, and are ready to pull him down to them, upon the least miscarriage. This sentiment is perfectly fine, and agreeable to the way of thinking, natural to a great and sensible mind. There is a very beautiful break in the middle of this speech. *Hector's* mind fluctuates every way, he is calling a council in his own breast, and consulting what method to pursue: he doubts if he should not propose terms of peace to *Achilles*, and grant him very large concessions; but of a sudden he checks himself, and leaves the sentence unfinished. The paragraph runs thus; "If, says *Hector*, I should offer him the largest conditions, give all that *Troy* contains"—There he stops, and immediately subjoins, "But why do I delude myself, &c." It is evident from this speech that the power of making peace was in *Hector's* hands: for unless *Priam* had transferred it to him, he could not have made these propositions. So that it was *Hector* who broke the treaty in the third book; (where the very same conditions were proposed by *Agamemnon*.) It is *Hector*

The wife with-held, the treasure ill detain'd,  
 (Cause of the war, and grievance of the land)  
 With honourable justice to restore;  
 And add half *Ilium's* yet remaining store,  
 Which *Troy* shall, sworn, produce; that injur'd  
*Greece*

May share our wealth, and leave our walls in peace.  
 But why this thought? Unarm'd if I should go, }  
 What hope of mercy from this vengeful foe, }  
 But woman-like to fall, and fall without a blow? }  
 We greet not here, as man conversing man, †  
 Met at an oak, or journeying o'er a plain;  
 No season now for calm familiar talk,  
 Like youths and maidens in an evening walk:  
 War is our business, but to whom is giv'n  
 To die or triumph, that determine heav'n!

Thus pond'ring, like a God the *Greek* drew nigh;  
 His dreadful plumage nodded from on high;  
 The *Pelian* jav'lin, in his better hand,  
 Shot trembling rays that glitter'd o'er the land;

And

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therefore that is guilty, he is blameable in continuing the war, and involving the *Greeks* and *Trojans* in blood. This conduct in *Homer* was necessary; he observes a poetical justice, and shews us that *Hector* is a criminal, before he brings him to death.

† *Hector* alludes to the counsel given him by *Polydamas* in the eighteenth book, which he then neglected to follow: it was, to withdraw to the city, and fortify themselves there, before *Achilles* returned to the battle.

‡ The words literally are these, "There is no talking with *Achilles*, from an oak, or from a rock, [or about an oak or a rock,] as a young man and a maiden talk together." It is thought by some an obscure passage, though we confess it appears to us a very clear one. "There is no conversing with this implacable enemy in the rage of battle; as when sauntering people talk at leisure to one another on the road, or when young men and women meet in a field." It was a common practice with the heathens, to expose such children as they either could not, or would not educate: the places where they deposited them, were usually in the cavities of rocks, or the hollow of oaks: these children being frequently found and preserved by strangers, were said to be the offspring of those oaks or rocks where they were found. This gave occasion to the poets to feign that men were born of oaks, and there was a famous fable too of *Deucalion* and *Pyrreba's* repairing mankind by casting stones behind them: it grew at last into a proverb, to signify idle tales; so that in the present passage it imports, that *Achilles* will



And on his breast the beamy splendors shone  
 Like *Jove's* own lightning, or the rising sun.  
 As *Hector* sees, unusual terrors rise,  
 Struck by some God, he fears, recedes, and flies.\*  
 He leaves the gates, he leaves the walls behind;  
*Achilles* follows like the winged wind.  
 Thus at the panting dove a falcon flies,  
 (The swiftest racer of the liquid skies)  
 Just when he holds or thinks he holds his prey,  
 Obliquely wheeling thro' th' aerial way:  
 With open beak and thrilling cries he springs,  
 And aims his claws, and shoots upon his wings:  
 No less fore-right the rapid chace they held,  
 One urg'd by fury, one by fear impell'd;  
 Now circling round the walls their course maintain,  
 Where the high watch-tow'r overlooks the plain;

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not listen to such idle tales as may pass with silly maids and fond lovers. For fables and stories (and particularly such stories as the preservation, strange fortune, and adventures of exposed children) are the usual conversation of young men and maidens.

\* We doubt not but most of our readers are shocked at the flight of *Hector*: it is indeed a high exaltation of *Achilles* (which was the poet's chief hero) that so brave a man as *Hector* durst not stand him. While *Achilles* was at a distance, he had fortified his heart with noble resolutions, but at his approach they all vanish, and he flies. This (as exceptionable as some may think it) may yet be allowed to be a true portrait of human nature; for distance, as it lessens all objects, so it does our fears: but where inevitable danger approaches, the stoutest hearts will feel some apprehension at certain fate. It was the saying of one of the bravest men in this age, to one who told him he feared nothing, *Show me but a certain danger, and I shall be as much afraid as any of you.* It will not be found in the whole *Iliad* that *Hector* ever thought himself a match for *Achilles*. *Homer* (to keep this in our minds) had just now made *Priam* tell him, as a thing known, (for certainly *Priam* would not insult him at that time, that there was no comparison between his own strength, and that of his antagonist. We may further observe the degrees by which *Homer* prepares this incident. In the eighteenth book the mere sight and voice of *Achilles* unarmed, has terrified and put the whole *Trojan* army into disorder. In the 19th, the very sound of the celestial arms given him by *Vulcan*, has affrighted his own *Myrmidons* as they stand about him. In the 20th, he has been upon the point of killing *Aeneas*, and *Hector* himself was not saved from him but by *Apollo's*

Now where the fig-trees spread their umbrage broad,  
 (A wider compass) smoke along the road.  
 Next by *Scamander's* double source they bound,  
 Where two fam'd fountains burst the parted ground;  
 This hot thro' scorching clefts is seen to rise,  
 With exhalations steaming to the skies;  
 That the green banks in summer's heat o'erflows,  
 Like crystal clear, and cold as winter-snows.  
 Each gushing fount a marble cistern fills,  
 Whose polish'd bed receives the falling rills;  
 Where *Trojan* dames (ere yet alarm'd by *Grace*)  
 Wash'd their fair garments in the days of peace.  
 By these they pass, one chacing, one in flight,  
 (The mighty fled, pursu'd by stronger might)  
 Swift was the course; no vulgar prize they play.  
 No vulgar victim must reward the day,

(Such

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interposing. In that and the following book, he makes an incredible slaughter of all that oppose him, he overtakes most of these that fly from him, and *Priam* himself opens the gates of *Troy* to receive the rest. *Hector* flies, not that he hopes to overcome *Achilles*, but because shame and the dread of reproach forbid him to re-enter the city; a shame which was a fault, that betrayed him out of his life, and ruined his country. Nay, *Homer* adds farther, that he only stayed by the immediate will of heaven, intoxicated and irresistibly bound down by fate. He had just been reflecting on the injustice of the war he maintained; his spirits are depressed by heaven, he expects certain death, he perceives himself abandoned by the Gods. This indeed is the strongest reason that can be offered for the flight of *Hector*. He flies not from *Achilles* as a mortal hero, but from one whom he sees clad in impenetrable armour, seconded by *Minerva*, and one who had put to flight the inferior Gods themselves. This is not cowardice, according to the constant principles of *Homer*, who thought it no part of a hero's character to be impious, or to fancy himself independent on the supreme being. Indeed it had been a grievous fault, had our author suffered the courage of *Hector* entirely to forsake him even in this extremity: a brave man's soul is still capable of rousing itself, and acting honourably in the last struggles. Accordingly *Hector*, though delivered over to his destiny, abandoned by the Gods, and certain of death, yet stops and attacks *Achilles*; when he loses his spear, he draws his sword: it was impossible he should conquer, it was only in his power to fall gloriously; this he did, and it was all that man could do.



(Such as in races crown the speedy strife)  
The prize contended was great *Hector's* life.

As when some hero's fun'ral are decreed  
In grateful honour of the mighty dead;  
Where high rewards the vig'rous youth inflame,  
(Some golden tripod, or some lovely dame)  
The panting coursers swiftly turn the goal,  
And with them turns the rais'd spectator's soul.  
Thus three times round the *Trojan* wall they fly;  
The gazing Gods lean forward from the sky: \*  
To whom, while eager on the chace they look,  
The Sire of mortals and immortals spoke.

Unworthy fight! the man, belov'd of heav'n,  
Behold, inglorious round yon city driv'n!  
My heart partakes the gen'rous *Hector's* pain;  
*Hector*, whose zeal whole hecatombs has slain,  
Whose grateful fumes the Gods receiv'd with joy,  
From *Ida's* summits, and the tow'rs of *Troy*:†  
Now see him flying! to his fears resign'd,  
And fate, and fierce *Achilles*, close behind.  
Consult, ye pow'rs! ('tis worthy your debate)  
Whether to snatch him from impending fate,  
Or let him bear, by stern *Pelides* slain,  
(Good as he is) the lot impos'd on man?

Then *Pallas* thus: Shall he whose vengeance  
forms  
The forky bolt, and blackens heav'n with storms,  
Shall he prolong one *Trojan's* forfeit breath!  
A man, a mortal, pre-ordain'd to death!  
And will no murmurs fill the courts above?  
No Gods indignant blame their partial *Jove*?

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\* We have here an instance of the great judgment of *Homer*. The death of *Hector* being the chief action of the poem, he assembles the Gods, and calls a council in heaven concerning it: it is for the same reason that he represents *Jupiter* with the greatest solemnity weighing in his scales the fates of the two heroes. It is singular that none of the commentators have taken notice of this beauty; in our opinion it is a very necessary observation, and shews the art and judgment of the poet, that he has made the greatest and finishing action of the poem of such importance that it engages the Gods in debates.

† It was the custom of the *Pagans* to sacrifice to the Gods upon the hills and mountains, in scripture-language upon the *high places*, for they were persuaded that the Gods in a particular manner inhabited such eminences: wherefore God ordered his people to destroy all those high places, which the nations had profaned by their idolatry. *You shall*

Go then (return'd the Sire) without delay,  
Exert thy will: I give the fates their way..  
Swift at the mandate pleas'd *Tritonia* flies,  
And stoops impetuous from the cleaving skies..  
As thro' the forest, o'er the vale and lawn  
The well-breath'd beagle drives the flying fawn;  
In vain he tries the covert of the brakes,  
Or deep beneath the trembling thicket shakes;  
Sure of the vapour in the tainted dew,  
The certain hound his various maze pursues..  
Thus step by step, where'er the *Trojan* wheel'd,  
There swift *Achilles* compass'd round the field.  
Oft as to reach the *Dardan* gates he bends,  
And hopes th' assistance of his pitying friends,  
(Whose show'ring arrows, as he cours'd below,  
From the high turrets might oppress the foe,)  
So oft *Achilles* turns him to the plain:  
He eyes the city, but he eyes in vain.  
As men in slumber seem with speedy pace‡  
One to pursue, and one to lead the chace,  
Their sinking limbs the fancy'd course forsake,  
Nor this can fly, nor that can overtake..  
No less the lab'ring heroes pant and strain;  
While that but flies, and this pursues in vain.

What God, O *Muse*! assisted *Hector's* force,  
With Fate itself so long to hold the course?  
*Phæbus* it was; who, in his latest hour,  
Endu'd his knees with strength, his nerves with  
pow'r:

And great *Achilles*, lest some *Greek's* advance  
Should snatch the glory from his lifted lance,

Sign'd

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utterly destroy all the places wherein the nations which you shall possess served their Gods; upon the high mountains, and upon the hills, and under every green tree. Deut. xii. 2. It is for this reason that so many kings are reproached in scripture for taking away the high places.

‡ This beautiful comparison has been condemned by some of the ancients, even so far as to judge it unworthy of having a place in the *Iliad*: they say the diction is mean, and the similitude itself absurd, because it compares the swiftness of the heroes to men asleep, who are in a state of rest and inactivity. But there cannot be a more groundless criticism; the poet is so far from drawing his comparison from the repose of men asleep, that he alludes only to their dreams: it is a race in fancy that he describes; and surely the imagination is nimble enough to illustrate the greatest degrees of swiftness: besides the verses themselves run with the utmost rapidity, and imitate the swiftness they describe.



Sign'd to the troops, to yield his foe the way,\*  
And leave untouch'd the honours of the day.

*Jove* lifts the golden balances, that show  
The fates of mortal men, and things below:  
Here each contending hero's lot he tries,  
And weighs, with equal hand, their destinies.  
Low sinks the scale surcharg'd with *Hector's* fate;  
Heavy with death it sinks, and hell receives the weight.

Then *Phobus* left him.† Fierce *Minerva* flies  
To stern *Pelides*, and triumphing, cries:‡  
Oh lov'd of *Jove*! this day our labours cease,  
And conquest blazes with full beams on *Greece*.  
Great *Hector* falls; that *Hector* sam'd so far,  
Drunk with renown, insatiable of war,  
Falls by thy hand, and mine! nor force, nor flight  
Shall more avail him, nor his God of light.  
See, where in vain he supplicates above,  
Roll'd at the feet of unrelenting *Jove*!

Rest here: myself will lead the *Trojan* on,  
And urge to meet the fate he cannot shun.  
Her voice divine, the chief with joyful mind  
Obey'd; and rested, on his lance reclin'd. ||  
While like *Deiphobus* the martial dame  
(Her face, her gesture, and her arms the same)

## NOTES.

\* The difference which *Homer* here makes between *Hector* and *Achilles* deserves to be taken notice of; *Hector* is running away towards the walls, to the end that the *Trojans* who are upon them may overwhelm *Achilles* with their darts; and *Achilles* in turning *Hector* towards the plain, makes a sign to his troops not to attack him. This shews the great courage of *Achilles*. Yet this action which appears so generous has been very much condemned by the ancients; *Plutarch* in the life of *Pompey* gives us to understand, that it was looked upon as the action of a fool too greedy of glory: indeed this is not a single combat of *Achilles*, against *Hector*, (for in that case *Achilles* would have done very ill not to hinder his troops from assailing him) this was a rencounter in a battle, and so *Achilles* might, and ought to take all advantage to rid himself, the readiest and the surest way, of an enemy whose death would procure an entire victory to his party. Wherefore does he leave this victory to chance? Why expose himself to the hazard of losing it? Why does he prefer his private glory to the public weal, and the safety of all the *Greeks*, which he puts to the venture by delaying to conquer, and endangering his own person? If it is a fault, it is the fault of a hero.

† This is a very beautiful and poetical manner  
No. 17.

In show an aid, by hapless *Hector's* side  
Approach'd, and greets him thus with voice bely'd.

Too long O *Hector*! have I borne the fight  
Of this distress, and sorrow'd in thy flight:

It fits us now a noble stand to make,  
And here, as brothers, equal fates partake.

Then he. O prince! ally'd in blood and fame,  
Dearer than all that own a brother's name;  
Of all that *Hecuba* to *Priam* bore,  
Long try'd, long lov'd; much lov'd, but honour'd more!

Since you of all our num'rous race, alone  
Defend my life, regardless of your own.

Again the Goddess. Much my father's pray'r,  
And much my mother's, prest me to forbear:

My friends embrac'd my knees, adjur'd my stay,  
But stronger love impell'd, and I obey.

Come then, the glorious conflict let us try,

Let the steel sparkle, and the jav'lin fly;

Or let us stretch *Achilles* on the field,

Or to his arm our bloody trophies yield.

Fraudful she said; then swiftly march'd before;

The *Dardan* hero shuns his foe no more.

Sternly they met. The silence *Hector* broke;

His dreadful plumage nodded as he spoke.

Enough,

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of describing a plain circumstance; the hour of *Hector's* death was now come, and the poet expresses it by saying that *Apollo*, or *Destiny*, forsakes him: that is, the fates no longer protect him.

‡ The poet may seem to diminish the glory of *Achilles*, by ascribing the victory over *Hector* to the assistance of *Pallas*; whereas in truth he fell by the hand of *Achilles*: but poetry loves to raise every thing into a wonder; it steps out of the common road of narration, and aims to surprize; and the poet would farther insinuate that it is a greater glory to *Achilles* to be beloved by the Gods, than to be only excellent in valour: for many men have valour, but few the favour of heaven.

|| The whole passage where *Pallas* deceives *Hector* is evidently an allegory: *Achilles* perceiving that he cannot overtake *Hector*, pretends to be quite spent and wearied in the pursuit; the stratagem takes effect, and recalls his enemy; this the poet expresses by saying that *Pallas*, or *Minerva*, came to assist *Achilles*. *Hector* observing his enemy stay to rest, concludes that he is quite fatigued, and immediately takes courage and advances upon him; he thinks he has him at an advantage, but at last finds himself deceived: thus making a wrong judgment, he is betrayed into his death; so that his own false judgment is the treacherous *Pallas* that deceives him.



Enough, O son of *Peleus*! *Troy* has view'd \*  
 Her walls thrice circled, and her chief pursu'd.  
 But now some God within me bids me try  
 Thine, or my fate; I kill thee, or I die.  
 Yet on the verge of battle let us stay,  
 And for a moment's space suspend the day:  
 Let heav'n's high pow'rs be call'd to arbitrate  
 The just conditions of this stern debate.  
 (Eternal witnesses of all below,  
 And faithful guardians of the treasur'd vow!)  
 To them I swear; if victor in the strife,  
*Jove* by these hands shall shed thy noble life,  
 No vile dishonour shall thy corps pursue;  
 Stript of it's arms alone (the conqu'ror's due)  
 The rest to *Greece* uninjur'd I'll restore:  
 Now plight thy mutual oath, I ask no more.  
 Talk not of oaths (the dreadful chief replies,  
 While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes)  
 Detested as thou art, and ought to be,  
 Nor oath nor pact *Achilles* plights with thee:  
 Such pacts, as lambs and rabid wolves combine,  
 Such leagues, as men and furious lions join,  
 To such I call the Gods! one constant state  
 Of lasting rancour and eternal hate:  
 No thought but rage, and never-ceasing strife,  
 Till death extinguish rage, and thought, and life.  
 Rouse then thy forces this important hour,  
 Collect thy soul, and call forth all thy pow'r.  
 No farther subterfuge, no farther chance;  
 'Tis *Pallas*, *Pallas* gives thee to my lance.  
 Each *Grecian* ghost by thee depriv'd of breath,  
 Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death.  
 He spoke, and lanch'd his jav'lin at the foe;  
 But *Hector* shun'd the meditated blow:  
 He stoop'd, while o'er his head the flying spear  
 Sung innocent, and spent it's force in air.  
*Minerva* watch'd it falling on the land,  
 Then drew, and gave to great *Achilles*' hand,

## NOTES.

\* There is an opposition between these speeches excellently adapted to the characters of both the heroes: that of *Hector* is full of courage, but mixt with humanity: that of *Achilles*, of resentment and arrogance: we see the great *Hector* disposing of his own remains, and that thirst of glory which has made him live with honour, now bids him provide, that what once was *Hector* may not be dishonoured: thus we see a sedate, calm courage, with a contempt of death, in the speeches of *Hector*. But in that of *Achilles* there is a *fiercé*, and an insolent air of superiority; his magnanimity makes him scorn to steal a victory, he bids him prepare to defend himself with

Unseen of *Hector*, who, elate with joy,  
 Now shakes his lance, and braves the dread of *Troy*.  
 The life you boasted to that jav'lin giv'n,  
 Prince! you have mist. My fate depends on heav'n.  
 To thee (presumptuous as thou art) unknown,  
 Or what must prove my fortune, or thy own.  
 Boasting is but an art, our fears to blind,  
 And with false terrors sink another's mind.  
 But know, whatever fate I am to try,  
 By no dishonest wound shall *Hector* die;  
 I shall not fall a fugitive at least,  
 My soul shall bravely issue from my breast.  
 But first, try thou my arm; and may this dart  
 End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy heart!  
 The weapon flew, it's course unerring held,  
 Unerring, but the heav'nly shield repell'd  
 The mortal dart; resulting with a bound  
 From off the ringing orb, it struck the ground.  
*Hector* beheld his jav'lin fall in vain,  
 Nor other lance, nor other hope remain;  
 He calls *Deiphobus*, demands a spear,  
 In vain, for no *Deiphobus* was there.  
 All comfortless he stands: then, with a sigh,  
 'Tis so—heav'n wills it, and my hour is nigh!  
 I deem'd *Deiphobus* had heard my call,  
 But he secure lies guarded in the wall.  
 A God deceiv'd me; *Pallas*, 'twas thy deed.  
 Death, and black fate approach! 'tis I must bleed.  
 No refuge now, no succour from above,  
 Great *Jove* deserts me, and the son of *Jove*,  
 Propitious once, and kind! Then welcome fate!  
 'Tis true I perish, yet I perish great:  
 Yet in a mighty deed I shall expire,  
 Let future ages hear it, and admire!  
 Fierce, at the word, his weighty sword he drew,  
 And, all collected, on *Achilles* flew.  
 So *Jove's* bold bird, high balanc'd in the air, †  
 Stoops from the clouds to truss the quiv'ring hare.

Nor

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all his forces; and that valour and resentment which made him desirous that he might revenge himself upon *Hector* with his own hand, and forbade the *Greeks* to interpose, now directs him not to take any advantage over a brave enemy. Both their characters are admirably sustained, and though *Achilles* be drawn with a great violence of features, yet the picture is undoubtedly like him; and it had been the utmost absurdity to have softened one line upon this occasion, when the soul of *Achilles* was all on fire to revenge the death of his friend *Patroclus*.

† The poet takes up some time in describing the two great heroes before they close in fight: the verses



Nor less *Achilles* his fierce soul prepares ;  
 Before his breast the flaming shield he bears,  
 Refulgent orb ! above his fourfold cone  
 The gilded horse-hair sparkled in the sun,  
 Nodding at ev'ry step : (*Vulcanian* frame)  
 And as he mov'd, his figure seem'd on flame.  
 As radiant *Hesper* shines with keener light,  
 Far-beaming o'er the silver host of night,  
 When all the starry train emblaze the sphere :  
 So shone the point of great *Achilles'* spear.  
 In his right-hand he waves the weapon round,  
 Eyes the whole man, and meditates the wound ;  
 But the rich mail *Patroclus* lately wore,  
 Securely cas'd the warrior's body o'er.  
 One place at length he spies, to let in fate,  
 Where 'twixt the neck and throat the jointed plate  
 Gave entrance : thro' that penetrable part,\*  
 Furious he drove the well-directed dart :  
 Nor pierc'd the wind-pipe yet, nor took the pow'r  
 Of speech, unhappy ! from thy dying hour.  
 Prone on the field the bleeding warrior lies,  
 While thus triumphing, stern *Achilles* cries.  
 At last is *Hector* stretch'd upon the plain,  
 Who fear'd no vengeance for *Patroclus* slain :  
 Then, prince ! you should have fear'd, what now you  
 feel ;  
*Achilles* absent, was *Achilles* still.  
 Yet a short space the great avenger stay'd,  
 Then low in dust thy strength and glory lay'd.  
 Peaceful he sleeps, with all our rites adorn'd,  
 For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd :

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verses are pompous and magnificent, and he illustrates his description with two beautiful similes: he makes a double use of this conduct, which not only raises our imagination to attend to so momentous an action, but by lengthening his narration keeps the mind in a pleasing suspense, and divides it between hopes and fears for the fate of *Hector* and *Achilles*.

\* It was necessary that the poet should be very particular in this point, because the arms that *Hector* wore, were the arms of *Achilles*, taken from *Patroclus*; and consequently as they were the work of *Vulcan*, they would preserve *Hector* from the possibility of a wound: the poet therefore, to give an air of probability to his story, tells us that they were *Patroclus'* arms, and as they were not made for *Hector*, they might not exactly fit his body: so that it is not improbable but there might be some place about the neck of *Hector* so open, as to admit the spear of *Achilles*.

† Such resolutions as *Achilles* here makes, are very

While cast to all the rage of hostile pow'r,  
 Thee, birds shall mangle, and the dogs devour:  
 Then *Hector* fainting at th' approach of death.  
 By thy own soul ! by those who gave thee breath !  
 By all the sacred prevalence of pray'r ;  
 Ah, leave me not for *Grecian* dogs to tear !  
 The common rites of sepulture bestow,  
 To sooth a father's and a mother's woe ;  
 Let their large gifts procure an urn at least ;  
 And *Hector's* ashes in his country rest.  
 No, wretch accurst ! relentless he replies,  
 (Flames, as he spoke, shot flashing from his eyes)   
 Not those who gave me breath should bid me  
 spare,  
 Nor all the sacred prevalence of pray'r.  
 Could I myself the bloody banquet join !  
 No—to the dogs that carcase I resign.  
 Should *Troy*, to bribe me, bring forth all her store,†  
 And giving thousands, offer thousands more ;  
 Should *Dardan Priam*, and his weeping dame  
 Drain their whole realm to buy one fun'ral flame ;  
 Their *Hector* on the pile they should not see,  
 Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee.  
 Then thus the chief his dying accents drew ;  
 Thy rage, implacable ! too well I knew :  
 The furies that relentless breast have steel'd,  
 And curst thee with an heart that cannot yield.  
 Yet think, a day will come, when Fate's decree‡  
 And angry Gods, shall wreak this wrong on thee ;  
*Phæbus* and *Paris* shall avenge my fate,  
 And stretch thee here, before this *Scæan* gate.

He

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natural to men in anger; he tells *Hector* that no motive shall ever prevail with him to suffer his body to be ransomed; yet when time had cooled his heat, and he had somewhat satisfied his revenge by insulting his remains, he restores them to *Priam*. This perfectly agrees with his conduct in the ninth book, where he first gives a rough denial, and afterwards softens into an easier temper. And this is very agreeable to the nature of *Achilles*; his anger abates very slowly; it is stubborn, yet still it remits: had the poet drawn him as never to be pacified, he had outraged nature, and not represented his hero as a man, but a monster.

‡ *Hector* prophesies at his death that *Achilles* shall fall by the hand of *Paris*. This confirms an observation made in a former note, that the words of dying men were looked upon as prophecies; but whether such conjectures are true or false, it appears from hence, that such opinions have prevailed in the world above three thousand years.



He ceas'd. The fates suppress his lab'ring breath,  
And his eyes stiffen'd at the hand of death;  
To the dark realm the spirit wings its way,  
(The manly body left a load of clay)  
And plaintive glides along the dreary coast,  
A naked, wand'ring, melancholy ghost!

*Achilles*, musing as he roll'd his eyes  
O'er the dead hero, thus (unheard) replies.  
Die thou the first! When *Jove* and heav'n ordain,  
I follow thee—He said, and stripp'd the slain.  
Then forcing backwards from the gaping wound  
The reeking jav'lin, cast it on the ground.  
The thronging *Greeks* behold with wond'ring eyes  
His manly beauty and superior size:  
While some ignobler, the great dead deface \*  
With wounds ungen'rous, or with taunts disgrace.  
How chang'd that *Hector*! who like *Jove* of late,  
Sent light'ning on our fleets, and scatter'd fate?

High o'er the slain the great *Achilles* stands,  
Begirt with heroes, and surrounding bands;  
And thus aloud, while all the host attends.  
Princes and leaders! countrymen and friends! †

## NOTES.

\* Some commentators tell us that *Homer* introduces the soldiers wounding the dead body of *Hector*, in order to mitigate the cruelties which *Achilles* exercises upon it. For if every common soldier takes a pride in giving him a wound, what insults may we not expect from the inexorable, inflamed *Achilles*? But we think the former courage of their enemy should have been so far from moving them to revenge, that it should have recommended him to their esteem. What *Achilles* afterwards acts is suitable to his character, and consequently the poet is justified; but surely all the *Greeks* are not of his temper? *Patroclus* was not so dear to them all, as he was to *Achilles*. It is true the poet represents *Achilles* enumerating the many ills they had suffered from *Hector*; and seems to endeavour to infect the whole army with his resentment. Had *Hector* been living, they had been acted by a generous indignation against him: but these men seem as if they only dared approach him dead; in short, what they say over his body is a mean insult, and the slabs they give it are cowardly and barbarous, though consistent with the custom of those days.

† The judgment and address of *Homer* here is extremely worthy of remark: he knew, and had often said, that the Gods and fate had not granted *Achilles* the glory of taking *Troy*: there was then no reason to make him march against the town after the death of *Hector*, since all his efforts must have been ineffectual. What has the poet done in this

Since now at length the pow'rful will of heav'n  
The dire destroyer to our arm has giv'n,  
Is not *Troy* fall'n already? Haste, ye pow'rs!  
See, if already their deserted tow'rs  
Are left unmann'd; or if they yet retain  
The souls of heroes, their great *Hector* slain?  
But what is *Troy*, of glory what to me?  
Or why reflects my mind on aught but thee,  
Divine *Patroclus*! Death has seal'd his eyes;  
Unwept, unhonour'd, uninterr'd he lies!  
Can his dear image from my soul depart,  
Long as the vital spirit moves my heart?  
If, in the melancholy shades below,  
The flames of friends and lovers cease to glow,  
Yet mine shall sacred last; mine undecay'd,  
Burn on thro' death, and animate my shade.  
Meanwhile, ye sons of *Greece*, in triumph bring  
The corpse of *Hector*, and your *Pæans* sing.  
Be this the song, slow-moving tow'rd the shore,  
“*Hector* is dead, and *Ilium* is no more.” ‡

Then his fell soul a thought of vengeance bred,  
(Unworthy of himself, and of the dead) §

The

## NOTES.

conjunction? It was but reasonable that the first thought of *Achilles* should be to march directly to *Troy*, and to profit himself of the general consternation into which the death of *Hector* had thrown the *Trojans*. We here see he knows the duty, and does not want the ability, of a great general; but after this on a sudden he changes his design, and derives a plausible pretence from the impatience he has to pay the last devoirs to his friend. The manners of *Achilles*, and what he has already done for *Patroclus*, make this very natural. At the same time, this turning off to the tender and pathetic has a fine effect; the reader in the very fury of the hero's vengeance, perceives, that *Achilles* is still a man, and capable of softer passions.

‡ What *Achilles* says here was probably the chorus or burden of a song of triumph, in which his troops bear a part with him, as he returns from this glorious combat. This is very correspondent to the manners of those times, as in that passage of the book of *Kings*, where *David* returns from the conquest of *Goliath*: the women there go out to meet him from all the cities of *Israel*, and sing a triumphal song, the chorus whereof is, *Saul has killed his thousands, and David his ten thousands*.

§ This inhumanity of *Achilles* in dragging the dead body of *Hector*, has been severely censured by several, both ancients and moderns. *Plato*, in his third book *de Republica*, speaks of it with detestation: but it is a great injustice to *Homer*, to reflect upon the





*Achilles, being Sav'd from the Waters of Xanthus, and having Slain the unfortunate Hector, inhumanly ties him to his Chariot, and drags him in that manner in View of the Trojans.*

B. XXII.

*Pl. and engr. by G. P.*



The nervous ancles bor'd, his feet he bound  
 With thongs inserted thro' the double wound;  
 These fix'd up high behind the rolling wain,  
 His graceful head was trail'd along the plain.  
 Proud on his car th' insulting victor stood,  
 And bore aloft his arms, distilling blood.  
 He smites the steeds; the rapid chariot flies;  
 The sudden clouds of circling dust arise.  
 Now lost is all that formidable air;  
 The face divine, and long-descending hair \*  
 Purple the ground, and streak the sable sand;  
 Deform'd, dishonour'd, in his native land!  
 Giv'n to the rage of an insulting throng!

And, in his parent's sight, now dragg'd along!

The mother first beheld with sad survey;  
 She rent her tresses, venerably grey,  
 And cast, far off, the regal veils away.  
 With piercing shrieks his bitter fate she moans,  
 While the sad father answers groans with groans,  
 Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow,  
 And the whole city wears one face of woe.  
 No less than if the rage of hostile fires  
 From her foundations curling to her spires,  
 O'er the proud citadel at length should rise,  
 And the last blaze send *Ilium* to the skies.  
 The wretched monarch of the falling state,  
 Distracted, presses to the *Dardan* gate.  
 Scarce the whole people stop his desp'rate course,  
 While strong affliction gives the feeble force:

Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and fro,  
 In all the raging impotence of woe.  
 At length he roll'd in dust, and thus begun,  
 Imploring all, and naming one by one.  
 Ah! let me, let me go where sorrow calls;  
 I, only I, will issue from your walls,  
 (Guide or companion, friends! I ask ye none)  
 And bow before the murd'rer of my son.  
 My grief perhaps his pity may engage;  
 Perhaps at least he may respect my age.  
 He has a father too; a man like me;  
 One, not exempt from age and misery,  
 (Vig'rous no more, as when his young embrace  
 Begot this pest of me, and all my race.)  
 How many valiant sons, in early bloom,  
 Has that curst hand sent headlong to the tomb?  
 Thee, *Hector*! last: thy loss (divinely brave)  
 Sinks my sad soul with sorrow to the grave.†  
 Oh had thy gentle spirit past in peace,  
 The son expiring in the fire's embrace,  
 While both thy parents wept thy fatal hour,  
 And bending o'er thee, mix'd the tender show'r!  
 Some comfort that had been, some sad relief,  
 To melt in full satiety of grief!

Thus wail'd the father, grov'ling on the  
 ground,

And all the eyes of *Ilium* stream'd around.

Amidst her matrons *Hecuba* appears,  
 (A mourning princess, and a train in tears)

Ah

#### NOTES.

the morals of the author himself, for things which he only paints as the manners of a vicious hero. It may justly be observed in general of all *Plato's* objections against *Homer*, that they are still in a view to morality, constantly blaming him for representing ill and immoral things as the opinions or actions of his persons. To every one of these, one general answer will serve, which is, that *Homer* as often describes ill things, in order to make us avoid them, as good, to induce us to follow them; which is the case with all writers whatever. But what is extremely remarkable, and evidently shews the injustice of *Plato's* censure is, that many of those very actions for which he blames him are expressly characterized and marked by *Homer* himself as evil and detestable, by previous expressions or cautions. Thus in the present place, before he describes this barbarity of *Achilles*, he tells us it was a most unworthy action. When *Achilles* sacrifices the twelve young *Trojans* in book 23, he repeats the same words. When *Pandarus* broke the truce in book 4, he told us it was a mad, unjust deed; and so of the rest.

No. 18.

#### NOTES.

\* It is impossible to read the actions of great men without having our curiosity raised to know the least circumstance that relates to them. *Homer*, to satisfy it, has taken care in the process of his poem to give us the shape of his heroes, and the very colour of their hair; thus he has told us that *Achilles's* locks were yellow, and here he shews us that those of *Hector* were of a darker colour: as to his person, he told us a little above that it was so handsome, that all the *Greeks* were surprized to see it. *Plutarch* recites a remarkable story of the beauty of *Hector*: it was reported in *Lacedaemon*, that a handsome youth, who very much resembled *Hector*, was arrived there; immediately the whole city ran in such numbers to behold him, that he was trampled to death by the croud.

† It is needless to observe to the reader with what a beautiful *pathos* the wretched father laments his son *Hector*: it is impossible not to join with *Priam* in his sorrows. But what we would chiefly point out to the reader, is the beauty of this line, which is particularly tender, and almost word for word the same with that of the patriarch *Jacob*; who

4 G

upon



Ah why has heav'n prolong'd this hated breath,  
Patient of horrors to behold thy death?  
O *Hector*! late thy parent's pride and joy,  
The boast of nations! the defence of *Troy*!  
To whom her safety and her fame she ow'd,  
Her Chief, her Hero, and almost her God!  
O fatal change! become in one sad day  
A senseless corse! inanimated clay!

But not as yet the fatal news had spread  
To fair *Andromache*, of *Hector* dead; \*  
As yet no messenger had told his fate,  
Nor ev'n his stay without the *Scaian* gate.  
Far in the close recesses of the dome,  
Pensive she ply'd the melancholy loom;  
A growing work employ'd her secret hours,  
Confus'dly gay with intermingled flow'rs.  
Her fair-hair'd handmaids heat the brazen urn,  
The bath preparing for her lord's return:  
In vain: alas! her lord returns no more!  
Unbath'd he lies, and bleeds along the shore!  
Now from the walls the clamours reach her ear,  
And all her members shake with sudden fear;  
Forth from her iv'ry hand the shuttle falls,  
As thus, astonish'd, to her maids she calls.

Ah follow me! (she cry'd) what plaintive noise  
Invades my ear? 'Tis sure my mother's voice.  
My fault'ring knees their trembling frame desert,  
A pulse unusual flutters at my heart.  
Some strange disaster, some reverse of fate  
(Ye Gods avert it) threatens the *Trojan* state.  
Far be the omen which my thoughts suggest!  
But much I fear, my *Hector*'s dauntless breast  
Confronts *Achilles*; chac'd along the plain,  
Shut from our walls! I fear, I fear him slain!  
Safe in the croud he ever scorn'd to wait,  
And fought for glory in the jaws of fate:

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upon a like occasion breaks out into the same complaint, and tells his children, that if they deprive him of his son *Benjamin*, they will bring down his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

\* The grief of *Andromache*, which is painted in the following part, is far beyond all the praises that can be given it; but we must take notice of one particular which shews the great art of the poet. In order to make the wife of *Hector* appear yet more afflicted than his parents, he has taken care to increase her affliction by surprise: it is finely prepared by the circumstances of her being retired to her innermost apartment, of her employment in weaving a robe for her husband, (as may be conjectured from what she says afterward,) and of her maids preparing the bath for his return: all which augment the

Perhaps that noble heat has cost his breath,  
Now quench'd for ever in the arms of death.

She spoke; and furious, with distracted pace,  
Fears in her heart, and anguish in her face,  
Flies thro' the dome, (the maids her steps pursue)  
And mounts the walls, and sends around her view.  
Too soon her eyes the killing object found,  
The god-like *Hector* dragg'd along the ground:  
A sudden darkness shades her swimming eyes:  
She faints, she falls; her breath, her colour flies.  
Her hair's fair ornaments, the braids that bound,†  
The net that held them, and the wreath that crown'd,  
The veil and diadem, flew far away;  
(The gift of *Venus* on her bridal day)  
Around, a train of weeping sisters stands,  
To raise her sinking with assistant hands.  
Scarce from the verge of death recall'd, again  
She faints, or but recovers to complain.

O wretched husband of a wretched wife!  
Born with one fate, to one unhappy life!  
For sure one star it's baneful beam display'd  
On *Priam*'s roof, and *Hippoplacia*'s shade.  
From diff'rent parents, diff'rent climes we came,  
At diff'rent periods, yet our fate the same!  
Why was my birth to great *Aetion* ow'd,  
And why was all that tender care bestow'd?  
Would I had never been!—O thou, the ghost  
Of my dead husband! miserably lost!  
Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone!  
And I abandon'd, desolate, alone!  
An only child, once comfort of my pains,  
Sad product now of hapless love remains!  
No more to smile upon his fire! no friend  
To help him now! no father to defend!  
For should he 'scape the sword, the common doom!  
What wrongs attend him, and what griefs to come!

Ev'n

## NOTES.

surprise, and render this reverse of fortune much more dreadful and afflicting.

† In speaking of *Andromache* and *Hecuba*, *Homer* expatiates upon the ornaments of dress in *Andromache*, because she was a beautiful young princess; but is very concise about that of *Hecuba*, because she was old, and wore a dress rather suitable to her age and gravity, than to her state, birth, and condition. *Homer* is in nothing more excellent than in that distinction of characters which he maintains through his whole poem: what *Andromache* here says, cannot be spoken properly by any but *Andromache*: there is nothing general in her sorrows, nothing that can be transferred to another character: the mother laments the son, and the wife weeps over the husband.



Ev'n from his own paternal roof expell'd, -  
 Some stranger plows his patrimonial field.  
 The day, that to the shades the father sends,\*  
 Robs the sad orphan of his father's friends :  
 He, wretched outcast of mankind ! appears  
 For ever sad, for ever bath'd in tears ;  
 Amongst the happy, unregarded he,  
 Hangs on the robe, or trembles at the knee,  
 While those his father's former bounty fed,  
 Nor reach the goblet, nor divide the bread :  
 The kindest but his present wants allay,  
 To leave him wretched the succeeding day.  
 Frugal compassion ! Heedless they who boast  
 Both parents still, nor feel what he has lost,  
 Shall cry, " Be gone ! thy father feasts not here :"  
 The wretch obeys, retiring with a tear.  
 Thus wretched, thus retiring all in tears,  
 To my sad soul *Astyanax* appears !  
 Forc'd by repeated insults to return,  
 And to his widow'd mother vainly mourn.

## NOTES.

\* The following verses, which so finely describe the condition of an orphan, have been rejected by some ancient critics : it is a proof there were always critics of no manner of taste ; it being impossible any where to meet with a more exquisite passage. We will venture to say, there are not in all *Homer* any lines more worthy of him : the beauty of this tender and compassionate image is such, that it even makes amends for the many cruel ones, with which the *Iliad* is stained. These censurers imagined this description to be of too abject and mean a nature for one of the quality of *Astyanax* ; but had they considered that these are the words of a fond mother who feared every thing for her son, that women are by nature timorous, and think all misfortunes will happen, because there is a possibility that they may ; that *Andromache* is in the very height of her sorrows, in the instant she is speaking ; we fancy they would have altered their opinion. It is undoubtedly an aggravation to our misfortunes when they sink us in a moment from the highest flow of prosperity to the lowest adversity : the poet judiciously makes use of this circumstance, the more to excite our pity, and introduces the mother with the utmost tenderness, lamenting this reverse of fortune in her son ; changed all at once into a slave, a beggar, an

He, who with tender delicacy bred,  
 With princes sported, and on dainties fed,†  
 And when still ev'ning gave him up to rest,  
 Sunk soft in down upon the nurse's breast,  
 Must—ah what must he not ? whom *Iliad* calls  
*Astyanax*, from her well-guarded walls,  
 Is now that name no more, unhappy boy !  
 Since now no more the father guards his *Troy*.  
 But thou, my *Hector*, ly'st expos'd in air,  
 Far from thy parent's and thy consort's care,  
 Whose hand in vain, directed by her love,  
 The martial scarf and robe of triumph wove.‡  
 Now to devouring flames be these a prey,  
 Useless to thee, from this accursed day !  
 Yet let the sacrifice at least be paid,  
 An honour to the living, not the dead !  
 So spake the mournful dame : her matrons hear,  
 Sigh back her sighs, and answer tear with tear.

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orphan ! Have we not examples in our own times of such unhappy princes, whose condition renders this of *Astyanax* but too probable ?

† It is in the *Greek*, " Who upon his father's knees used to eat marrow and the fat of sheep." This would seem gross if it were literally translated, but it is a figurative expression ; in the style of the orientals, marrow and fatness are taken for whatever is best, tenderest, and most delicious.

‡ This idea very naturally offers itself to a woman, who represents to herself the body of her husband dashed to pieces, and all his limbs dragged upon the ground uncovered ; and nothing is more proper to excite pity. It is well known that it was anciently the custom among princesses and great ladies to have large quantities of stuffs and moveables. This provision was more necessary in those times than now, because of the great consumption made of them on those occasions of mourning. *Homer* had a farther view in expatiating thus largely upon the death of *Hector*. Every word that *Hecuba*, *Priam*, and *Andromache* speak, shews us the importance of *Hector* : every word adds a weight to the concluding action of the poem, and at the same time represents the sad effects of the anger of *Achilles*, which is the subject of it.



## The TWENTY-THIRD BOOK of the ILIAD.\*

## A R G U M E N T.

*Achilles and the Myrmidons do honours to the body of Patroclus. After the funeral feast he retires to the sea-shore, where falling asleep, the ghost of his friend appears to him, and demands the rites of burial; the next morning the soldiers are sent with mules and waggons to fetch wood for the pyre. The funeral procession, and the offering their hair to the dead. Achilles sacrifices several animals, and lastly twelve Trojan captives at the pile, then sets fire to it. He pays libations to the winds, which (at the instance of Iris) rise, and raise the flames. When the pile has burned all night, they gather the bones, place them in an urn of gold, and raise the tomb. Achilles institutes the funeral games; the chariot-race, the fight of the Cæstus, the wrestling, the foot-race, the single combat, the Discus, the shooting with arrows, the darting the javelin; the various descriptions of which, and the various success of the several antagonists, make the greatest part of the book.*

*In this book ends the thirtieth day. The night following, the ghost of Patroclus appears to Achilles: the one and thirtieth day is employed in felling the timber for the pile; the two and thirtieth in burning it; and the three and thirtieth in the games. The scene is generally on the sea-shore.*

THUS humbled in the dust, the pensive train  
Thro' the sad city mourn'd her hero slain.  
The body soil'd with dust, and black with gore,  
Lies on broad Hellespont's resounding shore:

The Grecians seek their ships, and clear the strand,  
All, but the martial Myrmidonian band:  
These yet assembled great Achilles holds,  
And the stern purpose of his mind unfolds.

Not

## NOTES.

\* This, and the following book, which contain the description of the funeral of *Patroclus* and other matters relating to *Hector*, are undoubtedly super-added to the grand catastrophe of the poem; for the story is completely finished with the death of that hero in the twenty-second book. Many critics have been of opinion, that *Homer* is blameable for protracting it. *Virgil* closes the whole scene of action with the death of *Turnus*, and leaves the rest to be imagined by the mind of the reader; he does not draw the picture at full length, but delineates it so far, that we cannot fail of imagining the whole draught. There is however one thing to be said

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of *Homer*, which may perhaps justify him in his method, that what he undertook to paint was the *Anger of Achilles*: and as that anger does not die with *Hector*, but persecutes his very remains, so the poet still keeps up to his subject; nay, it seems to require that he should carry down the relation of that resentment, which is the foundation of his poem, till it is fully satisfied: and as this survives *Hector*, and gives the poet an opportunity of still shewing many sad effects of *Achilles's* anger, the two following books may be thought not to be excrescencies, but essential to the poem. *Virgil* had been inexcusable, had he trod in *Homer's* footsteps; for it



Not yet (my brave companions of the war)  
Release your smoking coursers from the car;  
But, with his chariot each in order led,  
Perform due honours to *Patroclus* dead.  
Ere yet from rest or food we seek relief,  
Some rites remain, to glut our rage of grief.

The troops obey'd; and thrice in order led  
(*Achilles* first) their coursers round the dead;  
And thrice their sorrows and laments renew;  
Tears bathe their arms, and tears the sands bedew.\*  
For such a warrior *Thetis* aids their woe,  
Melts their strong hearts, and bids their eyes to flow.  
But chief, *Pelides*: thick-succeeding sighs  
Burst from his heart, and torrents from his eyes:  
His slaught'ring hands, yet red with blood, he laid †  
On his dead friend's cold breast, and thus he said:

All hail, *Patroclus*! let thy honour'd ghost ‡  
Hear, and rejoice on *Pluto's* dreary coast;  
Behold! *Achilles'* promise is compleat:  
The bloody *Hector* stretch'd before thy feet.  
Lo! to the dogs his carcase I resign;  
And twelve sad victims of the *Trojan* line

## NOTES.

it is evident that the fall of *Turnus*, by giving *Aeneas* a full power over *Italy*, answers the whole design and intention of the poem; had he gone farther, he had overshot his mark: and though *Homer* proceeds after *Hector's* death, yet the subject is still the *Anger of Achilles*. We are now past the war and violence of the *Iliad*; the scenes of blood are closed during the rest of the poem; we may look back with a pleasing kind of horror upon the *Anger of Achilles*, and see what dire effects it has wrought in the compass of nineteen days: *Troy* and *Greece* are both in mourning for it; heaven and earth, gods and men, have suffered in the conflict. The reader seems landed upon the shore after a violent storm; and has reason to survey the consequences of the tempest, and the wreck occasioned by the former commotions, *Troy* weeping for *Hector*, and *Greece* for *Patroclus*. Our passions have been in an agitation since the opening of the poem; wherefore the poet, like some great master in music, softens his notes, and melts his readers into tenderness and pity.

\* It is not easy to give a reason why *Thetis* should be said to excite the grief of the *Myrmidons* and of *Achilles*; it had seemed more natural for the mother to have composed the sorrows of the son, and restored his troubled mind to tranquillity. But such a proceeding would have outraged the character of *Achilles*, who is all along described to be of such a violence of temper, that he is not easy to be pacified at any time, much less upon so great an in-

No. 18.

Sacred to vengeance, instant shall expire,  
Their lives effus'd around thy fun'ral pyre.

Gloomy he said, and (horrible to view)  
Before the bier the bleeding *Hector* threw,  
Prone on the dust. The *Myrmidons* around  
Unbrac'd their armour, and the steeds unbound.  
All to *Achilles'* sable ship repair,  
Frequent and full, the genial feast to share.  
Now from the well-fed swine black smokes aspire,  
The bristly victims hissing o'er the fire:  
The huge ox bellowing falls; with feebl' criers  
Expires the goat; the sheep in silence dies.  
Around the hero's prostrate body flow'd  
In one promiscuous stream, the reeking blood.  
And now a band of *Argive* monarchs brings  
The glorious victor to the king of kings.  
From his dead friend the pensive warrior went,  
With steps unwilling, to the regal tent.  
Th' attending heralds, as by office bound,  
With kindled flames the tripod-vase surround;  
To cleanse his conqu'ring hands from hostile gore, ||  
They urg'd in vain; the chief refus'd, and swore.

No.

## NOTES.

cident as the death of his friend *Patroclus*. Perhaps the poet made use of this fiction in honour of *Achilles*; he makes every passion of his hero considerable, his sorrow as well as anger is important, and he cannot grieve but a Goddess attends him, and a whole army weeps. But however this be, there is a very remarkable beauty in the run of the verse in *Homer*, every word has a melancholy cadence, and the poet has not only made the sands and the arms, but even the very verse, to lament with *Achilles*.

† An ordinary poet would have contented himself with saying, he laid his hand upon the breast of *Patroclus*; but *Homer* knows how to raise the most trivial circumstance, and by adding this one word, he laid his *deadly* hands, or his *murderous* hands, he fills our minds with great ideas, and by a single epithet recalls to our thoughts all the noble achievements of *Achilles* through the *Iliad*.

‡ There is in this apostrophe of *Achilles* to the ghost of *Patroclus*, a sort of savageness, and a mixture of softness and atrocity, which are highly conformable to his character.

|| This is conformable to the custom of the orientals: *Achilles* will not be induced to wash, and afterwards retires to the sea-shore, and sleeps on the ground. It is just thus that *David* mourns in the scriptures; he refuses to wash, or to take any repast, but retires from company, and lies upon the earth.



No drop shall touch me, by almighty *Jove*!  
 The first and greatest of the Gods above!  
 Till on the pyre I place thee; till I rear  
 The grassy mound, and clip thy sacred hair.  
 Some ease at least those pious rites may give,  
 And sooth my sorrows, while I bear to live.  
 Howe'er, reluctant as I am, I slay,  
 And share your feast; but, with the dawn of day,  
 (O king of men!) it claims thy royal care,  
 That *Greece* the warrior's fun'ral pile prepare,  
 And bid the forests fall: (such rites are paid  
 To heroes slumb'ring in eternal shade)  
 Then, when his earthly part shall mount in fire,  
 Let the leagu'd squadrons to their posts retire.

He spoke; they hear him, and the word obey;  
 The rage of hunger and of thirst allay,  
 Then ease in sleep the labours of the day.  
 But great *Pelides*, stretch'd along the shore,  
 Where dash'd on rocks the broken billows roar,  
 Lies inly groaning; while on either hand  
 The martial *Myrmidons* confus'dly stand:  
 Along the grass his languid members fall,  
 Tir'd with his chace around the *Trojan* wall;  
 Hush'd by the murmurs of the rolling deep,  
 At length he sinks in the soft arms of sleep.  
 When lo! the shade before his closing eyes\*  
 Of sad *Patroclus* rose, or seem'd to rise;

In the same robe he living wore, he came,  
 In stature, voice, and pleasing look, the same.  
 The form familiar hover'd o'er his head,  
 And sleeps *Achilles* (thus the phantom said)  
 Sleeps my *Achilles*, his *Patroclus* dead?  
 Living, I seem'd his dearest, tend'rest care,  
 But now forgot, I wander in the air:  
 Let my pale corse the rites of burial know,  
 And give me entrance in the realms below:  
 Till then, the spirit finds no resting place,  
 But here and there th' unbody'd spectres chace  
 The vagrant dead around the dark abode,  
 Forbid to cross th' irremeable flood.†  
 Now give thy hand; for to the farther shore,  
 When once we pass, the soul returns no more.  
 When once the last funereal flames ascend,  
 No more shall meet, *Achilles* and his friend,  
 No more our thoughts to those we lov'd make known,  
 Or quit the dearest to converse alone.  
 Me fate has sever'd from the sons of earth,  
 The fate fore-doom'd that waited from by birth:  
 Thee too it waits; before the *Trojan* wall  
 Ev'n great and god-like thou art doom'd to fall.  
 Hear then; and as in fate and love we join,  
 Ah suffer that my bones may rest with thine!‡  
 Together have we liv'd, together bred,  
 One house receiv'd us, and one table fed;

That

## NOTES.

\* *Homer* has introduced into the former parts of the poem the personages of Gods and Goddesses from heaven, and of Furies from hell: he has embellished it with ornaments from earth, sea, and air; and he here opens a new scene, and brings to the view a ghost, the shade of the departed friend: by these methods he diversifies his poem with new and surprising circumstances, and awakens the attention of the reader; at the same time he very poetically adapts his language to the circumstances of this imaginary *Patroclus*, and teaches us the opinion that prevailed in his time, concerning the state of separate souls.

† It was the common opinion of the ancients, that the souls of the departed were not admitted into the number of the happy till their bodies had received the funeral rites; they supposed those that wanted them wandered an hundred years before they were waisted over the infernal river. It was during this interval, between death and the rites of funeral, that they supposed the only time allowed for separate spirits to appear to man; therefore *Patroclus* here tells his friend,

—— To the farther shore  
 When once we pass, the soul returns no more.

## NOTES.

For the fuller understanding of *Homer*, it is necessary to be acquainted with his notion of the state of the soul after death: he followed the philosophy of the *Aegyptians*, who supposed man to be composed of three parts, an intelligent mind, a vehicle for the mind, and a body. The soul, in which the mind was lodged, was supposed exactly to resemble the body in shape, magnitude, and features; for this being in the body as the statue in it's mold, so soon as it goes forth is properly the image of that body in which it was inclosed: this it was that appeared to *Achilles*, with the full resemblance of his friend *Patroclus*.

‡ There is something very pathetic in this whole speech of *Patroclus*; he begins it with kind reproaches, and blames *Achilles* with a friendly tenderness; he recounts to him the inseparable affection that had been between them in their lives, and makes it his last request, that they may not be parted even in death, but that their bones may rest in the same urn. The speech itself is of a due length; it ought not to be very short, because this apparition is an incident entirely different from any other in the whole poem, and consequently the reader would not have been satisfied with a cursory mention of



That golden urn thy goddess-mother gave,  
May mix our ashes in one common grave.

And is it thou? (he answers) to my sight  
Once more return'st thou from the realms of night?  
Oh more than brother! think each office paid,  
Whate'er can rest a discontented shade;  
But grant one last embrace, unhappy boy!  
Afford at least that melancholy joy.

He said, and with his longing arms essay'd  
In vain to grasp the visionary shade;  
Like a thin sinoak he sees the spirit fly,  
And hears a feeble lamentable cry:  
Confus'd he wakes; amazement breaks the bands  
Of golden sleep, and starting from the sands,  
Pensive he muses with uplifted hands.

'Tis true, 'tis certain; man, though dead, retains  
Part of himself; the immortal mind remains:  
The form subsists, without the body's aid,\*  
Aërial semblance, and an empty shade!  
This night my friend, so late in battle lost,  
Stood at my side, a pensive, plaintive ghost;  
Ev'n now familiar, as in life, he came,  
Alas how diff'rent! yet how like the same!

Thus while he spoke, each eye grew big with tears:  
And now the rosy-finger'd morn appears,

## NOTES.

of it; neither ought it to be long, because this would have been contrary to the nature of such apparitions, whose stay upon earth has ever been described as very short, and consequently they cannot be supposed to use many words. The circumstance of being buried in the same urn, is entirely conformable to the eastern custom. There are innumerable instances in the scriptures of great personages being buried with their fathers: so *Joseph* would not suffer his bones to rest in *Ægypt*, but commands his brethren to carry them into *Canaan*, to the burying-place of his father *Jacob*.

\* This passage will be clearly understood, by explaining the notion which the ancients entertained of the souls of the departed, according to the fore-cited triple division of *mind*, *image*, and *body*. They imagined that the soul was not only separated from the body at the hour of death, but that there was a farther separation of the understanding from it's vehicle; so that while the image of the body was in hell, the understanding might be in heaven: and that this is a true explication, is evident from a passage in the *Odyssey*, book 11.

*Now I the strength of Hercules behold,  
A towering spectre of gigantic mold;  
A shadowy form! for high in heav'n's abodes  
Himself resides, a God among the Gods:*

Shews every mournful face with tears o'erspread,  
And glares on the pale visage of the dead.  
But *Agamemnon*, as the rites demand,  
With mules and waggons sends a chosen band,  
To load the timber, and the pile to rear,  
A charge consign'd to *Merion's* faithful care.  
With proper instruments they take the road,  
Axes to cut, and ropes to sling the load.  
First march the heavy mules, securely flow,  
O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks they  
go:†

Jumping, high o'er the shrubs, of the rough ground,  
Rattle the clatt'ring cars, and the shockt axles bound.  
But when arriv'd at *Ida's* spreading woods,  
(Fair *Ida*, water'd with descending floods)  
Loud sounds the axe, redoubling strokes on strokes;  
On all sides round the forest hurls her oaks  
Headlong. Deep-echoing groan the thickets brown;  
Then rustling, crackling, crashing, thunder down.  
The wood the *Grecians* cleave, prepar'd to burn;  
And the slow mules the same rough road return.  
The sturdy woodmen equal burdens bore  
(Such charge was giv'n 'em) to the sandy shore;  
There on the spot which great *Achilles* show'd,  
They eas'd their shoulders, and dispos'd the load;

Circling

## NOTES.

*There in the bright assemblies of the skies  
He nectar quaffs, and Hebe crowns his joys.*

By this it appears that *Homer* was of opinion that *Hercules* was in heaven, while his image was in hell: so that when this second separation is made, the image or vehicle becomes a mere thoughtless form. We have this whole doctrine very distinctly delivered by *Plutarch* in these words: "Man is a compound subject; but not of two parts, as is commonly believed, because the *understanding* is generally accounted a part of the *soul*; whereas indeed it as far exceeds the soul, as the soul is diviner than the body. Now the soul, when compounded with the understanding, makes reason; and when compounded with the body, passion: whereof the one is the source or principle of pleasure or pain, the other of vice or virtue. Man therefore properly dies two deaths; the first death makes him two of three, and the second makes him one of two."

† The numbers in the original of this whole passage are admirably adapted to the images the verses convey to us. There are many instances of these sorts of beauties in *Homer*. This description of felling the forests, so excellent as it is, is comprehended in a few lines, which has left room for several of the best poets to enlarge upon it.



Circling around the place, where times to come  
 Shall view *Patroclus*' and *Achilles*' tomb.  
 The hero bids his martial troops appear  
 High on their cars in all the pomp of war;  
 Each in refulgent arms his limbs attires,\*  
 All mount their chariots, combatants and squires.  
 The chariots first proceed, a shining train;  
 Then clouds of foot that smok along the plain;  
 Next these the melancholy band appear,  
 Amidst, lay dead *Patroclus* on the bier:  
 O'er all the corse their scatter'd locks they throw;†  
*Achilles* next, oppress'd with mighty woe,  
 Supporting with his hands the hero's head,‡  
 Bends o'er th' extended body of the dead.  
*Patroclus* decent, on th' appointed ground  
 They place, and heap the sylvan pile around.  
 But great *Achilles* stands apart in pray'r,  
 And from his head divides the yellow hair;  
 Those curling locks which from his youth he vow'd,  
 And sacred grew to *Sperchius*' honour'd flood: §  
 Then sighing, to the deep his looks he cast,  
 And roll'd his eyes around the wat'ry waste.

*Sperchius*! whose waves in mazy errors lost  
 Delightful roll along my native coast!  
 To whom we vainly vow'd, at our return,  
 These locks to fall, and hecatombs to burn:  
 Full fifty rams to bleed in sacrifice,  
 Where to the day thy silver fountains rise,  
 And where in shade of consecrated bow'rs  
 The altars stand, perfum'd with native flow'rs!  
 So vow'd my father, but he vow'd in vain;  
 No more *Achilles* sees his native plain;  
 In that vain hope these hairs no longer grow,  
*Patroclus* bears them to the shades below.

Thus o'er *Patroclus* while the hero pray'd,  
 On his cold hand the sacred lock he laid.

## NOTES.

\* It is not to be supposed that this was a general custom used at all funerals; but *Patroclus* being a warrior, he is buried like a soldier, with military honours.

† The ceremony of cutting off the hair in honour of the dead, was practised not only among the *Greeks*, but also among other nations. This custom is taken notice of in holy scripture: *Ezekiel* describing a great lamentation, says, *They shall make themselves utterly bald for thee*, xxvii. 31.

‡ *Achilles* follows the corpse as chief mourner, and sustains the head of his friend: this last circumstance seems to be general; thus *Euripides* in the funeral of *Rhesus*, *What God, O king, with his hands supports the head of the deceased?*

§ It was the custom of the ancients not only to offer their own hair, but likewise to consecrate that

Once more afresh the *Grecian* sorrows flow:  
 And now the sun had set upon their woe;  
 But to the king of men thus spoke the chief.  
 Enough, *Atrides*! give the troops relief:  
 Permit the mourning legions to retire,  
 And let the chiefs alone attend the pyre;  
 The pious care be our's, the dead to burn—  
 He said: the people to their ships return:  
 While those deputed to interr the slain,  
 Heap with a rising pyramid the plain.  
 A hundred feet in length, a hundred wide,  
 The growing structure spreads on ev'ry side;  
 High on the top the manly corse they lay,  
 And well-fed sheep, and fable oxen slay:  
*Achilles* cover'd with their fat the dead,  
 And the pil'd victims round the body spread.  
 Then jars of honey, and of fragrant oil  
 Suspends around, low-bending o'er the pile.  
 Four sprightly courfers, with a deadly groan  
 Pour forth their lives, and on the pyre are thrown.  
 Of nine large dogs, domestic at his board,  
 Fall two, selected to attend their lord.  
 Then last of all, and horrible to tell,  
 Sad sacrifice! twelve *Trojan* captives fell,  
 On these the rage of fire victorious preys,  
 Involves, and joins them in one common blaze.  
 Smear'd with the bloody rites, he stands on high,  
 And calls the spirit with a dreadful cry.

All hail, *Patroclus*! let thy vengeful ghost.

Hear, and exult on *Pluto*'s dreary coast.

Behold, *Achilles*' promise fully paid,

Twelve *Trojan* heroes offer'd to thy shade;

But heavier fates on *Hector*'s corse attend;

Sav'd from the flames, for hungry dogs to rend.

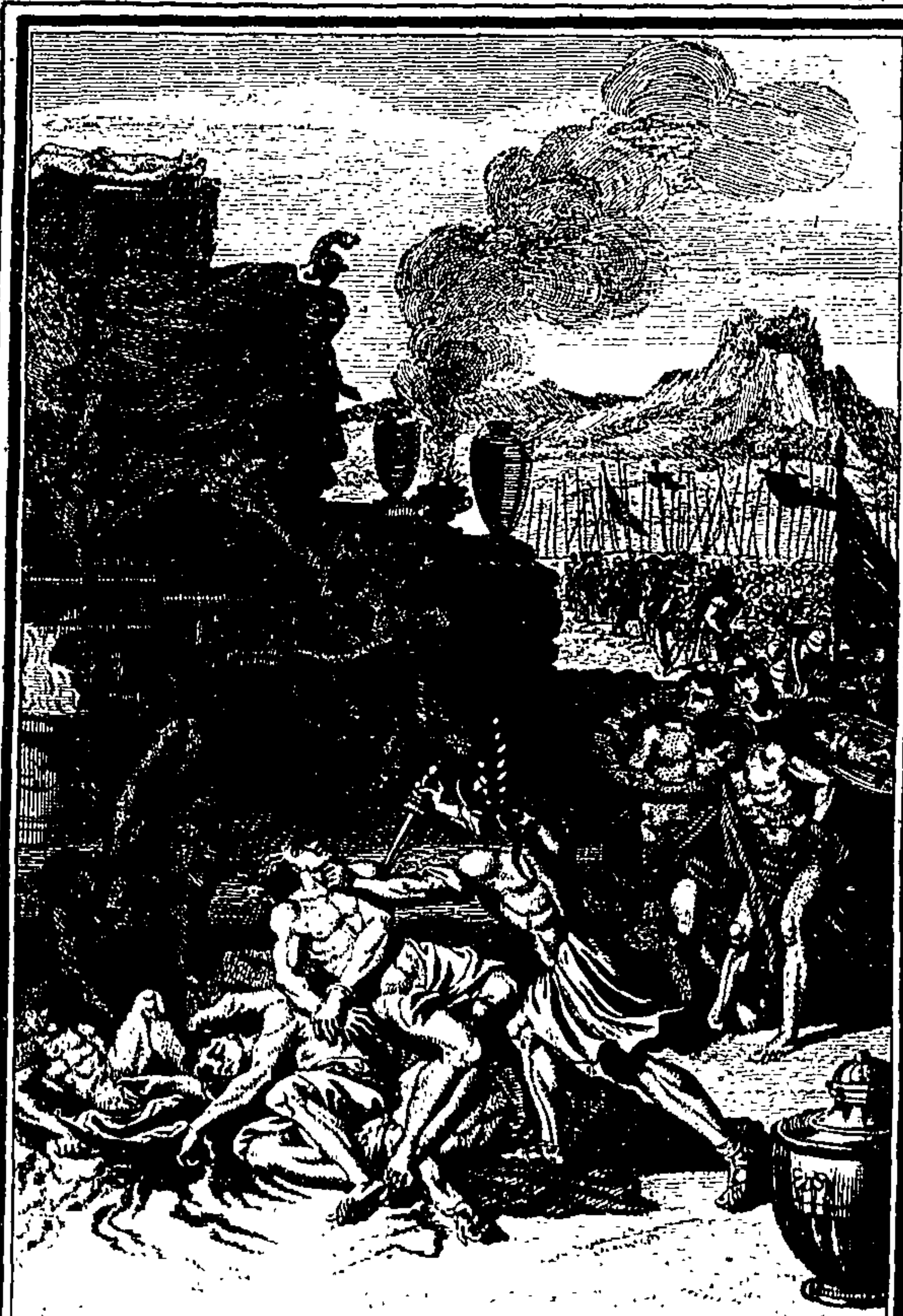
So spake he, threat'ning: but the Gods made vain  
 His threat, and guard inviolate the slain:

Celestial

## NOTES

of their children to the River-Gods of their country. This is what *Pausanias* shews in his *Attics*: "Before you pass the *Cephisa*, (says he) you find the tomb of *Theodorus*, who was the most excellent actor of his time for tragedy; and on the banks you see two statues, one of *Mnesimachus*, and the other of his son, who cut off his hair in honour of the rivers; for that this was in all ages the custom of the *Greeks*, may be inferred from *Homer*'s poetry, where *Peleus* promises by a solemn vow to consecrate to the river *Sperchius* the hair of his son, if he returns safe from the *Trojan* war." This custom was likewise in *Egypt*, where *Philostratus* tells us, that *Memnon* consecrated his hair to the *Nile*. This practice of *Achilles* was imitated by *Alexander* at the funeral of *Hephaestion*.





Achilles after having taken a severe Revenge upon Hector for the Death of his dear Patroclus caused Magnificent Funeral Rites to be performed for him wherein are sacrificed to his Altar twelve young Trojans of noble Birth a Tomb is erected for him and Games are celebrated in Honour of him.

L. Kneller sculp.



Celestial *Venus* hover'd o'er his head,\*  
 And roseate unguents, heav'nly fragrance! shed:  
 She watch'd him all the night, and all the day,  
 And drove the bloodhounds from their destin'd prey.  
 Nor sacred *Phœbus* less employ'd his care;  
 He pour'd around a veil of gather'd air,  
 And kept the nerves undry'd, the flesh entire,  
 Against the solar beam and *Sirian* fire.

Nor yet the pile where dead *Patroclus* lies,  
 Smokes, nor as yet the sullen flames arise;  
 But fast beside *Achilles* stood in pray'r,  
 Invok'd the Gods whose spirit moves the air,  
 And victims promis'd, and libations cast,  
 To gentle *Zephyr* and the *Boreal* blast:  
 He call'd th' aerial pow'rs, along the skies  
 To breathe, and whisper to the fires to rise.  
 The winged *Iris* heard the hero's call,  
 And instant hasten'd to their airy hall,  
 Where, in old *Zephyr's* open courts on high,  
 Sat all the blust'ring brethren of the sky.  
 She shone amidst them, on her painted bow;  
 The rocky pavement glitter'd with the show.  
 All from the banquet rise, and each invites  
 The various Goddesses to partake the rites.

## NOTES.

\* *Homer* has here introduced a series of allegories in the compass of a few lines: the body of *Hector* may be supposed to continue beautiful even after he was slain; and *Venus* being the president of beauty, the poet by a natural fiction tells us it was preserved by that Goddess. *Apollo's* covering the body with a cloud is a very natural allegory: for the sun has a double quality, which produces contrary effects; the heat of it causes a dryness, but at the same time it exhales the vapours of the earth, from whence the clouds of heaven are formed. This allegory may be founded upon truth; there might happen to be a cool season while *Hector* lay unburied, and *Apollo*, or the sun, raising clouds which intercept the heat of his beams, by a very easy fiction in poetry may be introduced in person to preserve the body of *Hector*.

† A poet ought to express nothing vulgarly; and sure no poet ever trespassed less against this rule than *Homer*; the fruitfulness of his invention is continually raising incidents new and surprizing. Take this passage out of it's poetical dress, and it will be no more than this: a strong gale of wind blew, and so increased the flame, that it soon consumed the pile. But *Homer* introduces the Gods of the winds in person: and *Iris*, or the rainbow, being a sign not only of showers, but of winds, he

No. 18.

Not so, (the dame reply'd) I haste to go  
 To sacred Ocean, and the floods below:  
 Ev'n now our solemn hecatombs attend,  
 And heav'n is feasting on the world's green end,  
 With righteous *Æthiops* (uncorrupted train!)  
 Far on th' extremest limits of the main.  
 But *Peleus'* son intreats, with sacrifice,  
 The *Western Spirit*, and the *North* to rise;  
 Let on *Patroclus'* pile your blast be driv'n,  
 And bear the blazing honours high to heav'n.

Swift as the word, she vanish'd from their view;†  
 Swift as the word, the *Winds* tumultuous flew;  
 Forth burst the stormy band with thund'ring roar,  
 And heaps, on heaps the clouds are tost before.  
 To the wide main then stooping from the skies,  
 The heaving deeps in wat'ry mountains rise:  
*Troy* feels the blast along her shaking walls,  
 Till on the pile the gather'd tempest falls.  
 The structure crackles in the roaring fires,  
 And all the night the plenteous flame aspires.  
 All night *Achilles* hails *Patroclus'* soul,  
 With large libations from the golden bowl.  
 As a poor father helpless and undone,  
 Mourns o'er the ashes of an only son,

Takes

## NOTES.

makes them come at her summons. Every circumstance is well adapted: as soon as the winds see *Iris*, they rise; that is, when the rainbow appears, the wind rises: she refuses to sit, and immediately returns; that is, the rainbow is never seen long at one time, but soon appears and soon vanishes: she returns over the ocean; that is, the bow is composed of waters, and it would have been an unnatural fiction to have described her as passing by land. The winds are all together in the cave of *Zephyrus*, which may imply that they were there as at their general rendezvous; or that the nature of all the winds is the same; or that the western wind is in that country the most constant, and consequently it may be said that at such seasons all the winds are assembled in one corner, or rendezvous with *Zephyrus*. *Iris* will not enter the cave: it is the nature of the rainbow to be stretched entirely upon the surface, and therefore this fiction is agreeable to reason. When *Iris* says that the Gods are partaking hecatombs in *Æthiopia*, it is to be remembered that the Gods are represented there in the first book, before the scenes of war were opened; and now they are closed, they return thither. Thus *Homer* makes the anger of his hero so important, that it roused heaven to arms, and now when it is almost appeased, *Achilles* as it were gives peace to the Gods.



Takes a sad pleasure the last bones to burn,  
 And pour in tears; ere yet they close the urn:  
 So slay'd *Achilles*, circling round the shore,  
 So watch'd the flames, till now they flam'd no more.  
 'Twas when, emerging thro' the shades of night,  
 The morning planet told th' approach of light;  
 And fast behind, *Aurora's* warmer ray  
 O'er the broad ocean pour'd the golden day:  
 Then sunk the blaze, the pile no longer burn'd,  
 And to their caves the whistling *Winds* return'd:  
 Across the *Thracian* seas their course they bore;  
 The ruffled seas beneath their passage roar.

Then parting from the pile he ceas'd to weep,  
 And sunk to quiet in th' embrace of sleep,  
 Exhausted with his grief: meanwhile the croud  
 Of thronging *Grecians* round *Achilles* stood;  
 The tumult wak'd him: from his eyes he shook  
 Unwilling slumber, and the chiefs bespoke.

Ye kings and princes of th' *Achaian* name!  
 First let us quench the yet remaining flame  
 With fable wine; then, (as the rites direct,)  
 The hero's bones with careful view select:  
 (Apart, and easy to be known they lie,  
 Amidst the heap, and obvious to the eye:  
 The rest around the margins will be seen,  
 Promiscuous, steeds, and immolated men)  
 These wrapt in double cauls of fat, prepare;  
 And in the golden vase dispose with care;  
 There let them rest, with decent honour laid,  
 Till I shall follow to th' infernal shade.  
 Meantime erect the tomb with pious hands,  
 A common structure on the humble sands;  
 Hereafter *Greece* some nobler work may raise,  
 And late posterity record our praise.\*

## NOTES.

\* We see how *Achilles* consults his own glory; the desire of it prevails over his tenderness for *Patroclus*, and he will not permit any man, not even his beloved *Patroclus*, to share an equality of honour with himself, even in the grave.

† The conduct of *Homer* in enlarging upon the games at the funeral of *Patroclus* is very judicious: there had undoubtedly been such honours paid to several heroes during this war, as appears from a passage in the ninth book, where *Agamemnon*, to enhance the value of the horses which he offers *Achilles*, says, that any person would be rich that had treasures equal to the value of the prizes they had won; which races must have been run during the siege: for had they been before it, the horses would now have been too old to be of any value, this being the tenth year of the war. But the poet passes all those games over in silence, and reserves them for this season; not only in honour of *Patro-*

The *Greeks* obey; where yet the embers glow,  
 Wide o'er the pile the fable wine they throw,  
 And deep subside the ashy heap below.  
 Next the white bones his sad companions place,  
 With tears collected, in the golden vase.  
 The sacred relics to the tent they bore;  
 The urn a veil of linen cover'd o'er.  
 That done, they bid the sepulchre aspire,  
 And cast the deep foundations round the pyre;  
 High in the midst they heap the swelling bed  
 Of rising earth, memorial of the dead. †

The swarming populace the chief detains,  
 And leads amidst a wide extent of plains;  
 There plac'd 'em round: then from the ships  
 proceeds

A train of oxen, mules, and stately steeds,  
 Vases and tripods, for the fun'ral games,  
 Resplendent brags, and more resplendent dames.  
 First stood the prizes to reward the force  
 Of rapid racers in the dusty course.  
 A woman for the first, in beauty's bloom,  
 Skill'd in the needle, and the lab'ring loom;  
 And a large vase, where two bright handles rise,  
 Of twenty measures it's capacious size.  
 The second victor claims a mare unbroke,  
 Big with a mule, unknowing of the yoke:  
 The third, a charger yet untouch'd by flame;  
 Four ample measures held the shining frame:  
 Two golden talents for the fourth were plac'd;  
 An ample double bowl contents the last.  
 These in fair order rang'd upon the plain,  
 The hero, rising, thus address'd the train.

Behold the prizes, valiant *Greeks*! decreed  
 To the brave rulers of the racing steed;

Prizes

## NOTES.

*clus*, but also of his hero *Achilles*; who exhibits games to a whole army; great generals are candidates for the prizes, and he himself sits the judge and arbitrator: thus in peace as well as war the poet maintains the superiority of the character of *Achilles*. But there is another reason why the poet deferred to relate any games that were exhibited at any preceding funerals: the death of *Patroclus* was the most eminent period; and consequently the most proper time for such games. It is farther observable, that he chuses this peculiar time with great judgment. When the fury of the war raged, the army could not well have found leisure for the games, and they might have met with interruption from the enemy: but *Hector* being dead, all *Troy* was in confusion: they are in too great a consternation to make any attempts, and therefore the poet could not possibly have chosen a more happy opportunity.



Prizes which none beside ourself could gain,  
Should our immortal courfers take the plain;  
(A race unrivall'd, which from Ocean's God  
*Peleus* receiv'd, and on his son bellow'd.)  
But this no time our vigour to display,  
Nor suit with them, the games of this sad day:  
Lost is *Patroclus* now, that went to deck \*  
Their flowing manes, and sleek their glossy neck.  
Sad, as they shar'd in human grief, they stand,  
And trail those graceful honours on the sand!  
Let others for the noble task prepare,  
Who trust the courser, and the flying car.

Fir'd at his word, the rival racers rise;  
But far the first, *Eumelus* hopes the prize,  
Fam'd thro' *Pieria* for the fleetest breed,  
And skill'd to manage the high-bounding steed.  
With equal ardour bold *Tydidēs* swell'd  
The steeds of *Tros* beneath his yoke compell'd,  
(Which late obey'd the *Dardani* chief's command,  
When scarce a God redeem'd him from his hand)  
Then *Menelaüs* his *Podargus* brings  
And the fam'd courser of the king of kings:

## NOTES.

\* We are not ignorant that *Homer* has frequently been blamed for such little digressions as these; in this passage he gives us the genealogy of his horses, which he has frequently told us in the preceding part of the poem. But his conduct is justifiable, it was very proper to commend the virtue of these horses upon this occasion, when horses were to contend for victory: at the same time he takes an opportunity to make an honourable mention of his friend *Patroclus*, in whose honour these games were exhibited. It may be added as a farther justification of *Homer*, that this last circumstance is very natural: *Achilles*, while he commends his horses, remembers how careful *Patroclus* had been of them: his love for his friend is so great, that the minutest circumstance recalls him to his mind; and such little digressions, such avocations of thought as these, very naturally proceed from the overflows of love and sorrow.

† One would think that *Agamemnon* might be accused of avarice, in dispensing with a man from going to the war for the sake of a horse; but this prince is praise-worthy for having preferred a horse to a person so cowardly, and so incapable of service. It may also be conjectured from this passage, that even in those elder times it was the custom, that those who were willing to be excused from the war, should give either a horse or man, and often both. Thus *Scipio* going to *Africa*, ordered the *Sicilians* either to attend him, or to give him horses or men:

Whom rich *Echepolus*, (more rich than brave)†  
To 'scape the wars, to *Agamemnon* gave,  
(*Æthe* her name) at home to end his days,  
Base wealth preferring to eternal praise.  
Next him *Antilochus* demands the course,  
With beating heart, and cheers his *Pylian* horse.  
Experienc'd *Nestor* gives his son the reins, ‡  
Directs his judgment, and his heat restrains;  
Nor idly warns the hoary fire, nor hears  
The prudent son with unattending ears.

My son! tho' youthful ardour fire thy breast,  
The Gods have lov'd thee, and with arts have blest.  
*Neptune* and *Jove* on thee conferr'd the skill,  
Swift round the goal to turn the flying wheel.  
To guide thy conduct, little precept needs;  
But slow, and past their vigour, are my steeds.  
Fear not thy rivals, tho' for swiftness known,  
Compare those rivals judgment, and thy own:  
It is not strength, but art, obtains the prize,  
And to be swift is less than to be wise:  
'Tis more by art, than force of num'rous strokes,  
The dextrous woodman shapes the stubborn oaks;

By

## NOTES.

and *Agessilaus* being at *Ephesus* and wanting cavalry, made a proclamation that the rich men who would not serve in the war should be dispensed with, provided they furnished a man and a horse in their stead: in which, says *Plutarch*, he wisely followed the example of king *Agamemnon*, who excused a very rich coward from serving in person, for a present of a good mare.

‡ The poet omits no opportunity of paying honour to his old favourite *Nestor*, and we think he is no where more particularly complimented than in this book. His age had disabled him from bearing any share in the games; and yet he artfully introduces him not as a mere spectator, but as an actor in the sports. Thus he as it were wins the prize for *Antilochus*, *Antilochus* wins not by the swiftness of his horses, but by the wisdom of *Nestor*. This fatherly tenderness is wonderfully natural: we see him in all imaginable inquietude and concern for his son; he comes to the barrier, stands beside the chariot, animates his son by his praises, and directs him by his lessons: you think the old man's soul mounts on the chariot with his *Antilochus*, to partake the same dangers, and run the same career. Nothing can be better adapted to the character than this speech; he expatiates upon the advantages of wisdom over strength, which is a tacit complement to himself: and had there been a prize for wisdom, undoubtably the old man would have claimed it as his right.



By art the pilot, thro' the boiling deep  
 And howling tempest, steers the fearless ship;  
 And 'tis the artill wins the glorious course,  
 Not those, who trust in chariots, and in horse.  
 In vain unskilful to the goal they strive,  
 And short, or wide, th' ungovern'd courser drive:  
 While with such skill, tho' with inferior steeds,  
 The knowing racer to his end proceeds;  
 Fix'd on the goal his eye fore-runs the course,  
 His hand unerring steers the steady horse,  
 And now contracts, or now extends the rein,  
 Observing still the foremost on the plain.  
 Mark then the goal, 'tis easy to be found;  
 Yon aged trunk, a cubit from the ground;  
 Of some once stately oak the last remains,  
 Or hardy fir, unperish'd with the rains.  
 Inclos'd with stones conspicuous from afar,  
 And round, a circle for the wheeling car  
 (Some tomb perhaps of old, the dead to grace;  
 Or then, as now, the limits of a race)  
 Bear close to this, and warily proceed,  
 A little bending to the left-hand steed;  
 But urge the right, and give him all the reins;  
 While thy strict hand his fellow's head restrains,  
 And turns him short; till, doubling as they roll,  
 The wheel's round naves appear to brush the goal.  
 Yet (not to break the car, or lame the horse)  
 Clear of the stony heap direct the course;  
 Lest thro' incaution failing, thou may'st be  
 A joy to others, a reproach to me.  
 So shalt thou pass the goal, secure of mind,  
 And leave unskilful swiftness far behind.  
 Tho' thy fierce rival drove the matchless steed  
 Which bore *Adrastus*, of celestial breed;  
 Or the fam'd race thro' all the regions known,  
 That whirl'd the car of proud *Laomedon*.

Thus, (nought unsaid) the much-advising sage  
 Concludes; then sat, stiff with unwieldy age.

Next bold *Meriones* was seen to rise,  
 The last, but not least ardent for the prize.  
 They mount their seats; the lots their place dispose,\*  
 (Roll'd in his helmet, these *Achilles* throws.)  
 Young *Nestor* leads the race: *Eumelus* then;  
 And next the brother of the king of men:  
 Thy lot, *Meriones*, the fourth was cast;  
 And far the bravest, *Diomed*, was last.  
 They stand in order an impatient train;  
*Pelides* points the barrier on the plain,  
 And sends before old *Phœnix* to the place,  
 To mark the racers, and to judge the race.  
 At once the coursers from the barrier bound;  
 The lifted scourges all at once resound;  
 Their heart, their eyes, their voice they send before;  
 And up the champain thunder from the shore:  
 Thick, where they drive, the dusty clouds arise,  
 And the lost courser in the whirlwind flies;  
 Loose on their shoulders the long manes reclin'd,  
 Float in their speed, and dance upon the wind:  
 The smoking chariots, rapid as they bound,  
 Now seem to touch the sky, and now the ground.  
 While hot for fame, and conquest all their care,  
 (Each o'er his flying courser hung in air)  
 Erect with ardour, pois'd upon the rein,  
 They pant, they stretch, they shout along the plain.  
 Now, (the last compass fetch'd around the goal)  
 At the near prize each gathers all his soul,  
 Each burns with double hope, with double pain,  
 Tears up the shore, and thunders tow'rd the main.  
 First flew *Eumelus* on *Pheretian* steeds;  
 With those of *Tros*, bold *Diomed* succeeds:  
 Close on *Eumelus*' back they puff the wind,  
 And seem just mounting on his car behind;†  
 Full on his neck he feels the sultry breeze,  
 And hov'ring o'er, their stretching shadows sees.  
 Then had he lost, or left a doubtful prize;  
 But angry *Phœbus* to *Tydidēs* flies,

Strikes

#### NOTES.

\* According to these lots the charioteers took their places; but to know whether they stood all in an equal front, or one behind the other, is a difficulty. The ancients were of opinion that they did not stand in one front; because it is evident that he who had the first lot, had a great advantage of the other charioteers: if he had not, why should *Achilles* cast lots? Some are of opinion that they all stood abreast at the barrier, and that the first would still have a sufficient advantage, as he was nearer the bound, and stood within the rest; whereas the others must take a larger circle, and consequently were forced to run a greater compass of ground. *Phœnix* was placed as an inspector of the race, that

#### NOTES.

is, he was to make report whether they had observed the laws of the race in their several turnings. The ancients say that the charioteers started at the *Sigæum*, where the ships of *Achilles* lay, and ran towards the *Rhæteum*, from the ships towards the shores. But *Aristarchus* affirmed that they ran in the compass of ground five *stadia*, which lay between the wall and the tents toward the shore.

† A more natural image than this could not be thought of. The poet makes us spectators of the race, we see *Diomed* pressing upon *Eumelus* so closely, that his chariot seems to climb the chariot of *Eumelus*.



Strikes from his hand the scourge, and renders vain  
His matchless horses' labour on the plain.

Rage fills his eye with anguish, to survey\*  
Snatch'd from his hope, the glories of the day.  
The fraud celestial *Pallas* sees with pain,  
Springs to her knight, and gives the scourge again,  
And fills his steeds with vigour. At a stroke,  
She breaks his rival's chariots from the yoke;  
No more their way the startled horses held;  
The car revers'd came rattling on the field;  
Shot headlong from his seat, beside the wheel,  
Prone on the dust th' unhappy master fell;  
His batter'd face and elbows strike the ground;  
Nose, mouth and front, one undistinguish'd wound:  
Grief stops his voice, a torrent drowns his eyes;  
Before him far the glad *Tydidēs* flies;  
*Minerva*'s spirit drives his matchless pace,  
And crowns him victor of the labour'd race.

The next, tho' distant, *Menelaus* succeeds;  
While thus young *Nestor* animates his steeds.  
Now, now, my gen'rous pair, exert your force;  
Not that we hope to match *Tydidēs*' horse,  
Since great *Minerva* wings their rapid way,  
And gives their lord the honour of the day.  
But reach *Atrides*! shall his mare out-go  
Your swiftness? vanquish'd by a female foe?  
Thro' your neglect, if lagging on the plain  
The last ignoble gift be all we gain;  
No more shall *Nestor*'s hand your food supply,  
The old man's fury rises, and ye die.  
Haste then; yon narrow road before our sight  
Presents th' occasion, could we use it right.

Thus he. The coursers at their master's threat  
With quicker steps the sounding champain beat.  
And now *Antilochus* with nice survey,  
Observes the compass of the hollow way.  
'Twas where by force of wintry torrents torn,  
Fast by the road a precipice was worn:  
Here, where but one could pass, to shun the throng  
The *Spartan* hero's chariot smok'd along.  
Close up the vent'rous youth resolves to keep,  
Still edging near, and bears him tow'rd the steep.  
*Atrides*, trembling, casts his eye below,  
And wonders at the rashness of his foe.

## NOTES.

\* We have seen *Diomed* surrounded with innumerable dangers acting in the most perilous scenes of blood and death, yet never shed one tear: and now he weeps on a small occasion, for a mere trifle: this must be ascribed to the nature of mankind, who are often transported with trifles; and there are certain unguarded moments in every man's life; so that he who could meet the greatest dangers  
No. 18.

Hold, stay your steeds——What madness thus to ride

This narrow way? Take larger field (he cry'd)  
Or both must fall—*Atrides* cry'd in vain;  
He flies more fast, and throws up all the rein.  
Far as an able arm the disk can send,  
When youthful rivals their full force extend,  
So far, *Antilochus*! thy chariot flew  
Before the king: he, cautious, backward drew  
His horse compell'd; foreboding in his fears  
The rattling ruin of the clashing cars,  
The found'ring coursers rolling on the plain,  
And conquest lost thro' frantic haste to gain.  
But thus upbraids his rival as he flies;  
Go, furious youth! ungen'rous and unwise!  
Go, but expect not I'll the prize resign;  
Add perjury to fraud, and make it thine—  
Then to his steeds with all his force he cries;  
Be swift, be vig'rous, and regain the prize!  
Your rivals, destitute of youthful force,  
With fainting knees shall labour in the course,  
And yield the glory your's.—The steeds obey;  
Already at their heels they wing their way,  
And seem already to retrieve the day.

Meantime the *Grecians* in a ring beheld  
The coursers bounding o'er the dusty field.  
The first who mark'd them was the *Cretan* king;  
High on a rising ground, above the ring,  
The monarch sat; from whence with sure survey  
He well observ'd the chief who led the way,  
And heard from far his animating cries,  
And saw the foremost steed with sharpen'd eyes;  
On whose broad front, a blaze of shining white,  
Like the full moon, stood obvious to the sight.  
He saw; and rising, to the *Greeks* begun:  
Are yonder horse discern'd by me alone?  
Or can ye, all, another chief survey,  
And other steeds, than lately led the way?  
Those, tho' the swiftest, by some God withheld,  
Lie sure disabled in the middle field:  
For since the goal they doubled, round the plain  
I search to find them, but I search in vain.  
Perchance the reins forsook the driver's hand,  
And, turn'd too short, he tumbled on the strand,

Shot

## NOTES.

with intrepidity, may through anger be betrayed into an indecency. Probably the quarrel of *Apollō* with *Diomed* was personal; because he offered him a violence in the fifth book, and *Apollō* still relents it. The fiction of *Minerva*'s assisting *Diomed* is grounded upon his being so wise as to take a couple of whips to prevent any mischance: so that *Ulysses*, or *Pallas*, may be said to lend him one.



Shot from the chariot; while his courfers stray  
With frantic fury from the destin'd way.  
Rise then some other, and inform my sight,  
(For these dim eyes, perhaps, discern not right)  
Yet sure he seems, (to judge by shape and air,)  
The great *Ætolian* chief, renown'd in war.

Old man! (*Oileus* rashly thus replies)  
Thy tongue too hastily confers the prize.  
Of those who view the course, nor sharpest ey'd,  
Nor youngest, yet the readiest to decide.  
*Eumelus*' steeds high-bounding in the chace,  
Still, as at first, unrivall'd lead the race:  
I well discern him, as he shakes the rein,  
And hear his shouts victorious o'er the plain.

Thus he. *Idomeneus* incens'd rejoin'd.  
Barb'rous of words! and arrogant of mind! \*  
Contentious prince, of all the *Greeks* beside  
The last in merit, as the first in pride.  
To vile reproach what answer can we make?  
A goblet or a tripod let us stake,  
And be the king the judge. The most unwise  
Will learn their rashness when they pay the price.

He said: and *Ajax* by mad passion borne,  
Stern had reply'd; fierce scorn inhancing scorn  
To fell extremes. But *Thetis*' god-like son  
Awful amidst them rose, and thus begun:

Forbear, ye chiefs! reproachful to contend;  
Much would ye blame, should others thus  
offend:

And lo! th' approaching steeds your contest end.  
No sooner had he spoke, but thund'ring near,  
Drives, thro' a stream of dust, the chario'er;  
High o'er his head the circling lash he wields:  
His bounding horses scarcely touch the fields:

His car amidst the dusty whirlwind roll'd,  
Bright with the mingled blaze of tin and gold,  
Refulgent thro' the cloud: no eye could find  
The track his flying wheels had left behind:  
And the fierce courfers urg'd their rapid pace  
So swift, it seem'd a flight, and not a race.  
Now victor at the goal *Tydidēs* stands,  
Quits his bright car, and springs upon the sands;  
From the hot steeds the sweaty torrents stream;  
The well-ply'd whip is hung athwart the beam;  
With joy brave *Sthenelus* receives the prize,  
The tripod-vase, and dame with radiant eyes:  
These to the ships his train triumphant leads,  
The chief himself unyokes the panting steeds.

Young *Nestor* follows (who by art, not force,  
O'er-past *Atrides*) second in the course.  
Behind, *Atrides* urg'd the race, more near  
Than to the courser in his swift career  
The following car, just touching with his heel,  
And brushing with his tail the whirling wheel.  
Such, and so narrow now the space between  
The riva's, late so distant on the green;  
So soon swift *Æthe* her lost ground regain'd,  
One length, one moment had the race obtain'd.

*Merion* pursu'd, at greater distance still,  
With tardier courfers, and inferior skill.  
Last came, *Admetus*! thy unhappy son;  
Slow drag'd the steeds his batter'd chariot on:  
*Achilles* saw, and pitying thus begun:

Behold! the man whose matchless art surpass  
The sons of *Greece*! the ablest, yet the last!  
Fortune denies, but justice bids us pay †  
(Since great *Tydidēs* bears the first away)  
To him, the second honours of the day.

The

#### NOTES.

\* Nothing could be more naturally imagined than this contention at a horse-race: the leaders were divided into parties, and each was interested for his friend: the poet had a two-fold design, not only to embellish and diversify his poem by such natural circumstances, but also to shew us, from the conduct of *Ajax*, that passionate men betray themselves into follies, and are themselves guilty of the faults of which they accuse others. It is with a particular decency that *Homer* makes *Achilles* the arbitrator between *Idomeneus* and *Ajax*: *Agamemnon* was his superior in the army, but as *Achilles* exhibited the shows, he was the proper judge of any difference that should arise about them. Had the contest been between *Ajax* and *Idomeneus*, considered as soldiers, the cause must have been brought before *Agamemnon*; but as they are to be considered as spectators of the games, they ought to be determined by *Achilles*.

#### NOTES.

It may not be unnecessary just to observe to the reader the judiciousness of *Homer's* conduct in making *Achilles* exhibit the games, and not *Agamemnon*: *Achilles* is the hero of the poem, and consequently must be the chief actor in all the great scenes of it: he had remained inactive during a great part of the poem, yet the poet makes his very inactivity contribute to the carrying on the design of his *Iliad*: and to supply his absence from many of the busy scenes of the preceding parts of it, he now in the conclusion makes him almost the sole agent: by these means he leaves a noble idea of his hero upon the mind of his reader; as he raised our expectations when he brought him upon the stage of action, so he makes him go off with the utmost pomp and applause.

† *Achilles* here intends to shew, that it is not just, fortune should rule over virtue, but that a brave man



The *Greeks* consent with loud applauding cries,  
And then *Eumelus* had receiv'd the prize,  
But youthful *Nestor*, jealous of his fame,  
Th' award opposes, and asserts his claim.  
Think not (he cries) I tamely will resign  
O *Peleus*' son! the mare so justly mine.  
What if the Gods, the skilful to confound,  
Have thrown the horse and horseman to the ground?

Perhaps he sought not heav'n by sacrifice,  
And vows omitted forfeited the prize.  
If yet (distinction to thy friend to shew,  
And please a soul desirous to bestow,)  
Some gift must grace *Eumelus*; view thy store  
Of beauteous handmaids, steeds, and shining ore,  
An ample present let him thence receive,  
And *Greece* shall praise thy gen'rous thirst to give.  
But this, my prize, I never shall forego; \*  
This, who but touches, warriors! is my foe.

Thus spake the youth, nor did his words offend;  
Pleas'd with the well-turn'd flatt'ry of a friend,  
*Achilles* smil'd: the gift propos'd (he cry'd)  
*Antilochus*! we shall ourself provide.

With plates of brass the corselet cover'd o'er,  
(The same renown'd *Asteropæus* wore)  
Whose glitt'ring margins rais'd with silver shine;  
(No vulgar gift) *Eumelus*, shall be thine.

He said: *Automedon* at his command  
The corselet brought, and gave it to his hand.  
Distinguish'd by his friend, his bosom glows  
With gen'rous joy: then *Menelaüs* rose;  
The herald plac'd the sceptre in his hands,  
And still'd the clamour of the shouting bands.

## NOTES.

man who had performed his duty, and who did not bring upon himself his misfortune, ought to have the recompence he has deserved: and this principle is just, provided we do not reward him at the expence of another's right: *Eumelus* is a *Thessalian*, and it is probable *Achilles* has a partiality to his countryman.

\* There is an air of bravery in this discourse of *Antilochus*: he speaks with the generosity of a gallant soldier, and prefers his honour to his interest; he tells *Achilles* if he pleases he may make *Eumelus* a richer present than his prize; he is not concerned for the value of it, but as it was the reward of victory, he would not resign it, because that would be an acknowledgment that *Eumelus* deserved it. The character of *Antilochus* is admirably sustained through this whole episode; he is a very sensible man, but transported with youthful heat, and ambitious of glory: his rashness in driving so furiously against

Not without cause incens'd at *Nestor*'s son,  
And inly grieving, thus the king begun:

The praise of wisdom, in thy youth obtain'd,  
An act so rash (*Antilochus*) has stain'd.  
Robb'd of my glory and my just reward,  
To you, O *Grecians*! be my wrong declar'd:  
So not a leader shall our conduct blame,  
Or judge me envious of a rival's fame,  
But shall not we, ourselves, the truth maintain?  
What needs appealing in a fact so plain?  
What *Greek* shall blame me, if I bid thee rise,  
And vindicate by oath th' ill-gotten prize.  
Rise if thou dar'st, before thy chariot stand,  
The driving scourge high-lifted in thy hand,  
And touch thy steeds, and swear, thy whole intent  
Was but to conquer, not to circumvent.  
Swear by that God whose liquid arms surround  
The globe, and whose dread earthquakes heave the ground.

The prudent chief with calm attention heard;  
Then mildly thus: Excuse, if youth have err'd;  
Superior as thou art, forgive th' offence,  
Nor I thy equal, or in years, or sense.  
Thou know'st the errors of unripen'd age,  
Weak are it's counsels, headlong is it's rage.  
The prize I quit, if thou thy wrath resign;  
The mare, or aught thou ask'st, be freely thine,  
Ere I become (from thy dear friendship torn)  
Hateful to thee, and to the Gods forsworn.

So spake *Antilochus*; and at the word  
The mare contested to the king restor'd.  
Joy swells his soul, as when the vernal grain ‡  
Lifts the green ear above the springing plain,

The

## NOTES.

*Menelaus* must be imputed to this; but his passions being gratified by the conquest in the race, his reason again returns, he owns his error, and is full of resignation to *Menelaus*.

† It is evident from hence, that all fraud was forbid in the chariot-race; but it is not very plain what unlawful deceit *Antilochus* used against *Menelaus*: perhaps *Antilochus* in his haste had declined from the race-ground, and avoided some of the uneven places of it, and consequently took an unfair advantage of his adversary; or perhaps his driving so furiously against *Menelaus*, as to endanger both their chariots and their lives, might be reckoned foul play; and therefore *Antilochus* refuses to take the oath.

‡ As the dew raises the blades of corn, that are for want of it weak and depressed, and by pervading the pores of the corn animates and makes it flourish, so did the behaviour of *Antilochus* raise the dejected



The fields their vegetable life renew,  
And laugh and glitter with the morning dew:  
Such joy the *Spartan's* shining face o'erspread,  
And lifted his gay heart, while thus he said.

Still may our souls, O gen'rous youth! agree,  
'Tis now *Atrides*' turn to yield to thee.

Rash heat perhaps a moment might controul,  
Not break the settled temper of thy soul.

Not but (my friend) 'tis still the wiser way  
To wave contention with superior sway;  
For ah! how few, who should like thee offend,  
Like thee, have talents to regain the friend?

To plead indulgence, and thy fault atone,  
Suffice thy father's merits, and thy own:

Gen'rous alike, for me, the sire and son  
Have greatly suffer'd, and have greatly done.

I yield; that all may know, my soul can bend,  
Nor is my pride prefer'd before my friend.

He said; and pleas'd his passion to command,  
Resign'd the courser to *Noëmon's* hand,  
Friend of a youthful chief: himself content,  
The shining charger to his vessel sent.

## NOTES.

dejected mind of *Menelaus*, exalt his spirits, and restore him to a full satisfaction.

\* The poet in our opinion preserves a great deal of decency towards this old hero and venerable counsellor: he gives him an honorary reward for his superior wisdom, and therefore *Achilles* calls it a prize, and not a present. The moral of *Homer* is, that princes ought no less to honour and recompense those who excel in wisdom and counsel, than those who are capable of actual service. *Achilles*, perhaps, had a double view in paying him this respect, not only out of deference to his age and wisdom, but also because he had in a manner won the prize by the advice he gave his son: so that *Nestor* may be said to have conquered in the person of *Antiloehus*.

† This speech is admirably well adapted to the character of *Nestor*: he aggrandizes, with an infirmity peculiar to age, his own exploits. Neither is it any blemish to the character of *Nestor* thus to be a little talkative about his own achievements: to have described him otherwise, would have been an outrage to human nature, inasmuch as the wisest man living is not free from the infirmities of man; and as every stage of life has some imperfection peculiar to itself. The reader may observe that the old man takes abundance of pains to give reasons how his rivals came to be victors in the chariot-race: he is very solicitous to make it appear that it was not through any want of skill or power in

The golden talents *Merion* next obtain'd;  
The fifth reward, the double bowl, remain'd.  
*Achilles* this to rev'rend *Nestor* bears,  
And thus the purpose of his gift declares.

Accept thou this, O sacred fire! (he said) \*  
In dear memorial of *Patroclus* dead;  
Dead, and for ever lost *Patroclus* lies,  
For ever snatch'd from our desiring eyes!  
Take thou this token of a grateful heart,  
Tho' 'tis not thine to hurl the distant dart,  
The quoit to toss, the pond'rous mace to wield,  
Or urge the race, or wrestle on the field.  
Thy present vigour age has overthrown,  
But left the glory of the past thy own.

He said, and plac'd the goblet at his side;  
With joy, the venerable king reply'd.

Wisely and well, my son, thy words have prov'd†  
A senior honour'd, and a friend belov'd!  
Too true it is, deserted of my strength,  
These wither'd arms and limbs have fail'd at length.  
Oh! had I now that force I felt of yore,  
Known thro' *Buprasium* and the *Pylion* shore!

Victorious

## NOTES.

himself: and in our opinion *Nestor* is never more vain-glorious than in this recital of his own disappointment. It is for the same reason he repeats the words in the text above: he obtrudes (by that repetition) the disadvantages under which he labour'd, upon the observation of the reader, for fear he should impute the loss of the victory to his want of skill. *Nestor* says that these *Moliones* overpowered him by their number. The critics have labour'd hard to explain this difficulty; they tell us a formal story, that when *Nestor* was ready to enter the lists against these brothers, he objected against them as unfair adversaries, (for it must be remembered that they were monsters that grew together, and consequently had four hands to *Nestor's* two) but the judges would not allow his plea, but determin'd, that as they grew together, so they ought to be considered as one man. Others tell us that they brought several chariots into the list, whose charioteers combined together in favour of *Eurytus* and *Creatus*, these brother-monsters. Others say, that the multitude of the spectators conspired to disappoint *Nestor*. We thought it necessary to give the reader these several conjectures, that he might understand why *Nestor* says he was overpowered by numbers; and also, because it confirms a former observation, that *Nestor* is very careful to draw his own picture in the strongest colours, and to shew it in the fairest light.



Victorious then in ev'ry solemn game,  
 Ordain'd to *Aniarynces*' mighty name;  
 The brave *Epeians* gave my glory way,  
*Ætolians*, *Pylians*, all resign'd the day.  
 I quell'd *Clytemedes* in fights of hand,  
 And backward hurl'd *Anceus* on the sand,  
 Surpass'd *Iphiclus* in the swift career,  
*Phyleus* and *Polydorus*, with the spear.  
 The sons of *Actor* won the prize of horse,  
 But won by numbers, not by art or force:  
 For the fam'd twins, impatient to survey  
 Prize after prize by *Nestor* borne away,  
 Sprung to their car; and with united pains  
 One lash'd the courfers, while one rul'd the reins.  
 Such once I was! Now to these tasks succeeds  
 A younger race, that emulate our deeds:  
 I yield alas! (to age who must not yield?)  
 Tho' once the foremost hero of the field.  
 Go thou, my son! by gen'rous friendship led,  
 With martial honours decorate the dead;  
 While pleas'd I take the gift thy hands present,  
 (Pledge of benevolence, and kind intent)  
 Rejoic'd, of all the num'rous *Greeks*, to see  
 Not one but honours sacred age and me:  
 Those due distinctions thou so well canst pay,  
 May the just Gods return another day.

Proud of the gift, thus spake the Full of Days:  
*Achilles* heard him, prouder of the praise.

The prizes next are order'd to the field,  
 For the bold champions who the *Cæstus* wield.  
 A stately mule, as yet by toils unbroke,  
 Of six years age, unconscious of the yoke,  
 Is to the *Circus* led, and firmly bound;  
 Next stands a goblet, massy, large, and round.  
*Achilles* rising thus: Let *Greece* excite  
 Two heroes equal to this hardy fight;  
 Who dares his foe with lifted arms provoke,  
 And rush beneath the long-descending stroke?  
 On whom *Apollo* shall the palm bestow,  
 And whom the *Greeks* supreme by conquest know,  
 This mule his dauntless labours shall repay;  
 The vanquish'd bear the massy bowl away.

This dreadful combat great *Epëus* chose,  
 High o'er the croud, enormous bulk! he rose,  
 And seiz'd the beast, and thus began to say:  
 Stand forth some man, to bear the bowl away!  
 (Price of his ruin:) for who dares deny  
 This mule my right? th' undoubted victor I.

## NOTES.

\* A certain female critic highly resents the affront put upon her sex by the ancients, who set (it seems) thrice the value upon a *tripod* as upon a beautiful female slave: nay, she is afraid the value No. 19.

Others, 'tis own'd, in fields of battle shine,  
 But the first honours of this fight are mine;  
 For who excels in all? Then let my foe  
 Draw near, but first his certain fortune know,  
 Secure, this hand shall his whole frame confound,  
 Mash all his bones, and all his body pound:  
 So let his friends be nigh, a needful train  
 To heave the batter'd carcase off the plain.

The giant spoke; and in a stupid gaze  
 The host beheld him, silent with amaze!  
 'Twas thou, *Euryalus*! who durst aspire  
 To meet his might, and emulate thy fire,  
 The great *Mecistheus*; who in days of yore  
 In *Theban* games the noblest trophy bore,  
 (The games ordain'd dead *Oedipus* to grace)  
 And singly vanquish'd the *Cadmean* race.  
 Him great *Tydidēs* urges to contend,  
 Warm with the hopes of conquest for his friend,  
 Officious with the cincture girds him round;  
 And to his wrist the gloves of death are bound.  
 Amid the circle now each champion stands,  
 And poises high in air his iron hands;  
 With clashing gantlets now they fiercely close,  
 Their crackling jaws re-echo to the blows,  
 And painful sweat from all their members flows. }  
 At length *Epëus* dealt a weighty blow  
 Full on the cheek of his unwary foe;  
 Beneath that pond'rous arm's resistless sway  
 Down dropt he, nerveless, and extended lay.  
 As a large fish, when winds and waters roar,  
 By some huge billow dash'd against the shore,  
 Lies panting: not less batter'd with his wound,  
 The bleeding hero pants upon the ground.  
 To rear his fallen foe, the victor lends,  
 Scornful, his hand; and gives him to his friends;  
 Whose arms support him, reeling thro' the throng.  
 And dragging his disabled legs along;  
 Nodding, his head hangs down, his shoulder  
 o'er;

His mouth and nostrils pour the clotted gore;  
 Wrapt round in mists he lies, and lost to thought;  
 His friends receive the bowl, too dearly bought.

The third bold game *Achilles* next demands,  
 And calls the wrestlers to the level sands:  
 A massy tripod for the victor lies,  
 Of twice six oxen it's reputed price;  
 And next, the loser's spirits to restore,  
 A female captive, valu'd but at four.\*

Scarce

## NOTES

of women is not raised even in our days; for she says there are curious persons now living, who had rather have a true antique kettle, than the finest woman alive. We confess we entirely agree with the.



Scarce did the chief the vig'rous strife propose,  
 When tow'r-like *Ajax* and *Ulysses* rose.  
 Amid the ring each nervous rival stands,  
 Embracing rigid with implicit hands:  
 Close lock'd above, their heads and arms are mixt;  
 Below, their planted feet at distance fixt:  
 Like two strong rafters which the builder forms,\*  
 Proof to the wintry wind and howling storms,  
 Their tops connected, but at wider space  
 Fixt on the center stands their solid base.  
 Now to the grasp each manly body bends;  
 The humid sweat from ev'ry pore descends;  
 Their bones resound with blows: sides, shoulders,  
 thighs,  
 Swell to each gripe, and bloody tumours rise.  
 Nor could *Ulysses*, for his art renown'd,  
 O'erturn the strength of *Ajax* on the ground;  
 Nor could the strength of *Ajax* overthrow  
 The watchful caution of his artful foe.  
 While the long strife ev'n tir'd the lookers-on,  
 Thus to *Ulysses* spoke great *Telamon*.  
 Or let me lift thee, chief, or lift thou me:  
 Prove we our force, and *Jove* the rest decree.

He said; and straining, heav'd him off the ground  
 With matchless strength; that time *Ulysses* found  
 The strength t' evade, and where the nerves combine  
 His ankle struck: the giant fell supine;  
*Ulysses* following, on his bosom lies;  
 Shouts of applause run rattling thro' the skies.  
*Ajax* to lift, *Ulysses* next essays,  
 He barely stirr'd him, but he could not raise: †  
 His knee lock'd fast, the foe's attempt deny'd;  
 And grappling close, they tumble side by side.  
 Defil'd with honourable dust, they roll,  
 Still breathing strife, and unsubdu'd of soul:  
 Again they rage, again to combat rise;  
 When great *Achilles* thus divides the prize.

## NOTES.

the lady, and must impute such opinions concerning the fair sex to want of taste in both ancients and moderns: the reader may remember that these *tripods* were of no use, but made entirely for show; and consequently the most satyrical critic could only say, the woman and *tripod* ought to have borne an equal value.

\* The posture of wrestling was thus: their heads leaned one against the other, like the rafters that support the roof of a house; at the foot they are disjointed, and stand at a greater distance, which naturally paints the attitude of body in these two wrestlers, while they contend for victory.

† The poet by this circumstance excellently

Your noble vigour, oh my friends, restrain;  
 Nor weary out your gen'rous strength in vain.  
 Ye both have won: let others who excel,  
 Now prove that prowess you have prov'd so well.

The hero's words the willing chiefs obey,  
 From their tir'd bodies wipe the dust away,  
 And, cloth'd anew, the following games survey.  
 And now succeed the gifts, ordain'd to grace  
 The youths contending in the rapid race.

A silver urn that full six measures held,  
 By none in weight or workmanship excell'd:  
*Sidonian* artists taught the frame to shine,  
 Elaborate, with artifice divine;

Whence *Trojan* sailors did the prize transport,  
 And gave to *Thoas* at the *Lemnian* port:  
 From him descended good *Eunæus* heir'd  
 The glorious gift; and, for *Lycaon* spar'd,  
 To brave *Patroclus* gave the rich reward.

Now, the same hero's funeral rites to grace,  
 It stands the prize of swiftness in the race.  
 A well-fed ox was for the second plac'd;  
 And half a talent must content the last.

*Achilles* rising then bespoke the train  
 Who hope the palm of swiftness to obtain,  
 Stand forth, and bear these prizes from the plain.

The hero said, and starting from his place,  
*Oilean Ajax* rises to the race;

*Ulysses* next; and he whose speed surpass  
 His youthful equals, *Nestor's* son the last.

Rang'd in a line the ready racers stand;  
*Pelides* points the barrier with his hand;

All start at once; *Oileus* led the race;  
 The next *Ulysses*, meas'ring pace with pace;  
 Behind him, diligently close, he sped,

As closely following as the running thread  
 The spindle follows, and displays the charms  
 Of the fair spinster's breast, and moving arms:

Graceful

## NOTES.

maintains the character of *Ajax*, who has all along been described as a strong, unwieldy warrior: he is so heavy that *Ulysses* can scarce lift him. The words that follow will bear a different meaning, either that *Ajax* locked his leg within that of *Ulysses*, or that *Ulysses* did it. If *Ajax* gave *Ulysses* this shock, then he may be allowed to have some appearance of an equality in the contest; but if *Ulysses* gave it, then *Ajax* must be acknowledged to have been foiled: but it appeared to be otherwise to *Achilles*, who was the judge of the field, and therefore he gives them an equal prize, because they were equal in the contest.



Graceful in motion thus, his foe he plies,  
 And treads each footstep ere the dust can rise:  
 His glowing breath upon his shoulders plays;  
 Th' admiring *Greeks* loud acclamations raise,  
 To him they give their wishes, hearts, and eyes,  
 And send their souls before him as he flies.  
 Now three times turn'd in prospect of the goal,  
 The panting chief to *Pallas* lifts his soul:  
 Assist, O Goddess! (thus in thought he pray'd)\*  
 And present at his thought, descends the maid.  
 Buoy'd by her heav'nly force, he seems to swim,  
 And feels a pinion lifting ev'ry limb.  
 All fierce, and ready now the prize to gain,  
 Unhappy *Ajax* stumbles on the plain;  
 (O'erturn'd by *Pallas*) where the slipp'ry shore  
 Was clogg'd with slimy dung, and mingled gore.  
 (The self-same place beside *Patroclus*' pyre,  
 Where late the slaughter'd victims fed the fire)  
 Besmear'd with filth, and blotted o'er with clay,  
 Obscene to sight, the rueful racer lay;  
 The well-fed bull (the second prize) he shar'd,  
 And left the urn *Ulysses*' rich reward.  
 Then, grasping by the horn the mighty beast,  
 The baffled hero thus the *Greeks* address.

Accursed fate! the conquest I forego;  
 A mortal I, a Goddess was my foe;  
 She urg'd her fav'rite on the rapid way,  
 And *Pallas*, not *Ulysses*, won the day.  
 Thus sourly wail'd he, sputt'ring dirt and gore;  
 A burst of laughter echo'd thro' the shore.

## NOTES.

\* Nothing could be better adapted to the present circumstance of *Ulysses* than this prayer: it is short, and ought to be so, because the time would not allow him to make a longer; nay he prefers this petition mentally, all his faculties are so bent upon the race, that he does not call off his attention from it, even to speak so short a petition as seven words, which comprehended the whole of it: such passages as these are instances of great judgment in the poet.

† *Antilochus* comes off very well, and wittily prevents raillery; by attributing the victory of his rivals to the protection which the Gods gave to age. By this he insinuates, that he has something to comfort himself with; (for youth is better than the prize) and that he may pretend hereafter to the same protection, since it is a privilege of seniority.

‡ There is great art in these transient compliments to *Achilles*: that hero could not possibly shew his own superiority in these games by contending for any of the prizes, because he was the exhibiter

*Antilochus*, more hum'rous than the rest,  
 Takes the last prize, and takes it with a jest.†

Why with our wiser elders should we strive?  
 The Gods still love them, and they always thrive.  
 Ye see, to *Ajax* I must yield the prize;  
 He to *Ulysses*, still more age'd and wise;  
 (A green old age unconscious of decays,  
 That proves the hero born in better days!)

Behold his vigour in this active race!  
*Achilles* only boasts a swifter pace:  
 For who can match *Achilles*? He who can,‡  
 Must yet be more than hero, more than man.

Th' effect succeeds the speech. *Pelides* cries,  
 Thy artful praise deserves a better prize.  
 Nor *Greece* in vain shall hear thy friend extoll'd;  
 Receive a talent of the purest gold.  
 The youth departs content. The host admire  
 The son of *Nestor*, worthy of his fire.

Next these a buckler, spear and helm, he brings,  
 Casts on the plain the brazen burthen rings:  
 Arms, which of late divine *Sarpedon* wore,  
 And great *Patroclus* in short triumph bore.  
 Stand forth the bravest of our host! (he cries).  
 Whoever dares deserve so rich a prize,  
 Now grace the lists before our army's sight,  
 And sheath'd in steel, provoke his foe to fight.  
 Who first the jointed armour shall explore,||  
 And stain his rival's mail with issuing gore;  
 The sword, *Asteropus* possess'd of old,  
 (A *Thracian* blade, distinct with studs of gold).

Shall

## NOTES.

of the sports: but *Homer* has found out a way to give him the victory in two of them. In the chariot-race *Achilles* is represented as being able to conquer every opponent, and though he speaks it himself, the poet brings it in so happily, that he speaks it without any indecency: and in this place *Antilochus* with a very good grace tells *Achilles*, that in the foot-race no one can dispute the prize with him. Thus though *Diomed* and *Ulysses* conquer in the chariot and foot-race, it is only because *Achilles* is not their antagonist.

|| Some of the ancients have been shocked at this combat, thinking it a barbarity that men in sport should thus contend for their lives. But it is evident that they entirely mislook the meaning and intention of *Achilles*; for he that gave the first wound was to be accounted the victor. How could *Achilles* promise to entertain them both in his tent after the combat, if he intended that one of them should fall in it? This duel therefore was only a trial of skill, and as such single-combats were frequent in the wars of those ages against adversaries,

lo



Shall pay the stroke, and grace the striker's side :  
 These arms in common let the chief divide :  
 For each brave champion, when the combat ends,  
 A sumptuous banquet at our tent attends.

Fierce at the word, uprose great *Tydeus*' son,  
 And the huge bulk of *Ajax Telamon*.  
 Clad in refulgent steel, on either hand,  
 The dreadful chiefs amid the circle stand :  
 Low'ring they meet, tremendous to the fight ;  
 Each *Argive* bosom beats with fierce delight.  
 Oppos'd in arms nor long they idly stood,  
 But thrice they clos'd, and thrice the charge re-  
 new'd.

A furious pass the spear of *Ajax* made  
 Thro' the broad shield, but at the corselet stay'd :  
 Not thus the foe: his jav'lin aim'd above  
 The buckler's margin, at the neck he drove.  
 But *Greece* now trembling for her hero's life,  
 Bade share the honours, and surcease the strife.  
 Yet still the victor's due *Tydid* gains, \*  
 With him the sword and studded belt remains.

Then hurl'd the hero, thund'ring on the ground  
 A mass of iron, (an enormous round)  
 Whose weight and size the circling *Greeks* admire,  
 Rode from the furnace, and but shap'd by fire.  
 The mighty Queen *Aëtion* wont to rear,  
 And from his whirling arm dismiss in air :  
 The giant by *Achilles* slain, he stow'd  
 Among his spoils this memorable load.  
 For this, he bids those nervous artists vie,  
 That teach the disk to sound along the sky.  
 Let him whose might can hurl this bowl, arise,  
 Who farthest hurls it, take it as his prize :.

## NOTES.

So this was proposed only to shew the dexterity of the combatants in that exercise.

\* *Achilles* in this place acts the part of a very just arbitrator: though the combat did not proceed to a full issue, yet *Diomed* had evidently the advantage, and consequently ought to be rewarded as victor, because he would have been victorious, had not the *Greeks* interposed. The reader may possibly wish that the poet had given *Ajax* the prize in some of these contests. He undoubtedly was a very gallant soldier, and he has been described as repelling a whole army: yet in all these sports he is foiled. But perhaps the poet had a double view in this representation, not only to shew, that strength without conduct is usually unsuccessful, but also his designs might be to compliment the *Greeks* his countrymen; by shewing that this *Ajax*, who had repelled a whole army of *Trojans*, was not able to

If he be one, enrich'd with large domain †  
 Of downs for flocks, and arable for grain,  
 Small stock, of iron needs that man provide :  
 His hinds and swains whole years shall be supply'd.  
 From hence: nor ask the neighb'ring city's aid,  
 For ploughshares, wheels, and all the rural trade.

Stern *Polypætes* stept before the throng,  
 And great *Leonteus*, more than mortal strong;  
 Whole force with rival forces to oppose,  
 Uprose great *Ajax*; up *Epæus* rose.  
 Each stood in order: first *Epæus* threw;  
 High o'er the wond'ring crouds the whirling circle flew.  
*Leonteus* next a little space surpass'd,  
 And third, the strength of god-like *Ajax* cast,  
 O'er both their marks it flew; till fiercely flung.  
 From *Polypætes*' arm, the *discus* sung:  
 Far, as a swain his whirling sheephook throws,  
 That distant falls among the grazing cows,  
 So past them all the rapid circle flies:  
 His friends (while loud applauses shake the skies) }  
 With force conjoin'd heave off the weighty prize. }

Those, who in skilful archery contend  
 He next invites the twanging bow to bend:  
 And twice ten axes casts amidst the round,  
 (Ten double-edg'd, and ten that singly wound.)  
 The mast, which late a first-rate galley bore,  
 The hero fixes in the sandy shore:  
 To the tall top a milk-white dove they tie,  
 The trembling mark at which their arrows fly.  
 Whose weapon strikes yon flutt'ring bird, shall bear  
 These two-edg'd axes, terrible in war;  
 The single, he, whose shaft divides the cord.  
 He said: experienc'd *Merion* took the word;

And

## NOTES.

conquer any one of the *Grecian* worthies: for we find him overpowered in three of these exercises.

† The poet in this place speaks in the simplicity of ancient times: the prodigious weight and size of the quoit is described with a noble plainness, peculiar to the oriental way, and agreeable to the manners of those heroic ages. He does not set down the quantity of this enormous piece of iron, neither as to it's bigness nor weight, but as to the use it will be of to him who shall gain it. We see from hence, that the ancients in the prizes they proposed, had in view not only the honourable, but the useful; a captive for work, a bull for tillage, a quoit for the provision of iron. Besides, it must be remembered, that in those times iron was very scarce; and a sure sign of this scarcity is, that their arms were brass.



And skilful *Teucer*: in the helm they threw  
 Their lots inscrib'd, and forth the latter flew.  
 Swift from the string the sounding arrow flies;  
 But flies unblest! No grateful sacrifice,  
 No firstling lambs, unheedful! didst thou vow  
 To *Phœbus*, patron of the shaft and bow.  
 For this, thy well-aim'd arrow, turn'd aside,  
 Err'd from the dove, yet cut the cord that ty'd:  
 A-down the main-mast fell the parted string,  
 And the free bird to heav'n displays her wing:  
 Seas, shores, and skies with loud applause resound,  
 And *Merion* eager meditates the wound:  
 He takes the bow, directs the shaft above,\*  
 And following with his eye the soaring dove,  
 Implores the God to speed it thro' the skies,†  
 With vows of firstling lambs, and grateful sacrifice.  
 The dove, in airy circles as the wheels,  
 Amid the clouds the piercing arrows feels;  
 Quite thro' and thro' the point it's passage found,  
 And at his feet fell bloody to the ground.  
 The wounded bird, ere yet she breath'd her last,  
 With flagging wings alighted on the mast,  
 A moment hung, and spread her pinions there,  
 Then sudden dropt, and left her life in air.

## NOTES.

\* It is evident that these archers had but one bow, as they that threw the quoit had but one quoit; by these means the one had no advantage over the other, because both of them shot with the same bow.

† *Teucer* is the most eminent for archery of any through the whole *Iliad*, yet he is here excelled by *Meriones*: and the poet ascribes his miscarriages to neglect of invoking *Apollo*, the God of archery; whereas *Meriones*, who invokes him, is crowned with success. There is an excellent moral in this passage, and the poet would teach us, that without addressing to heaven we cannot succeed: *Meriones* does not conquer because he is the better archer, but because he is the better man.

‡ There is an admirable conduct in this passage; *Agamemnon* never contended for any of the former

From the pleas'd croud new peals of thunder rise,  
 And to the ships brave *Merion* bears the prize.  
 To close the sun'ral games, *Achilles* last  
 A massy spear amid the circle plac'd,  
 And ample charger of unsullied frame,  
 With flow'rs high-wrought, not blacken'd yet by  
 flame.

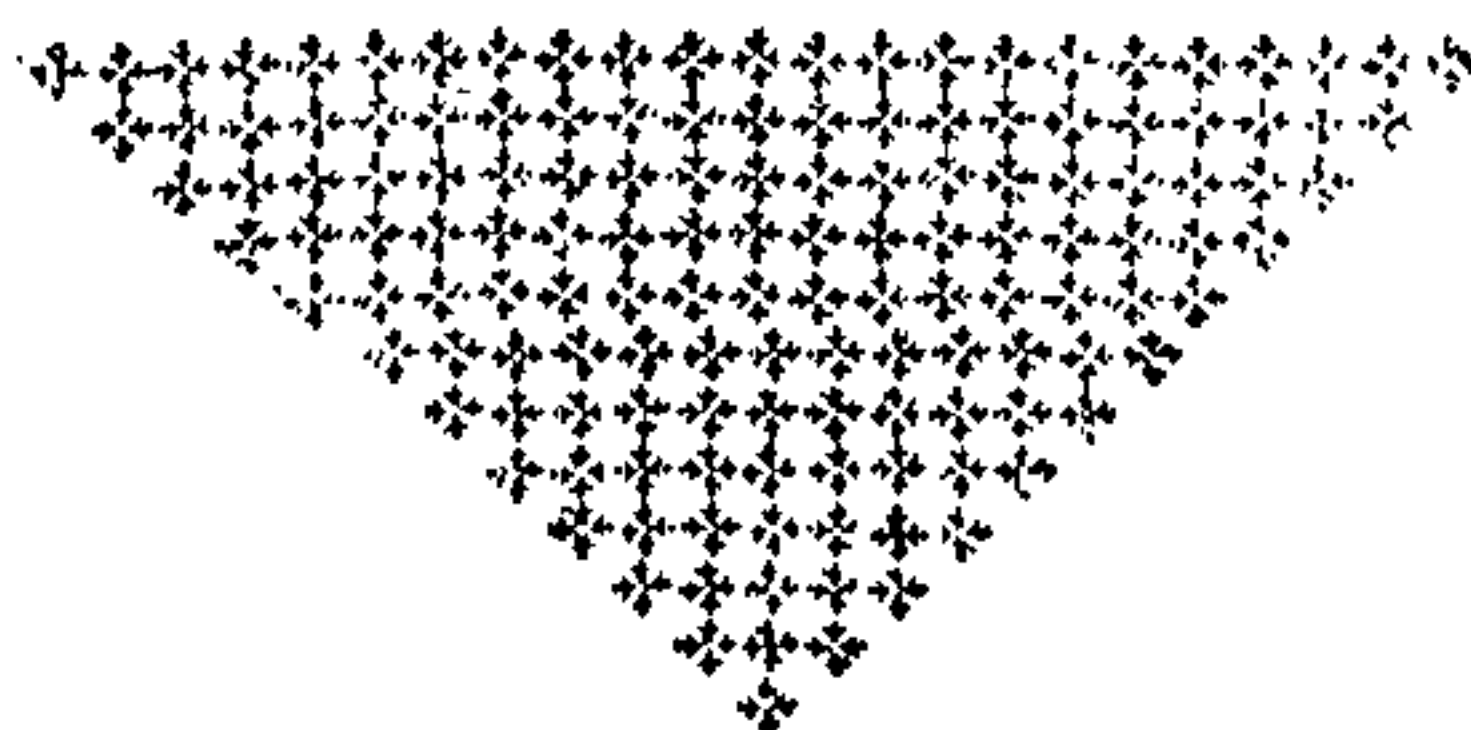
For these he bids the heroes prove their art,  
 What dext'rous skill directs the flying dart.  
 Here too great *Merion* hopes the noble prize;  
 Nor here disdain'd the king of men to rise.‡  
 With joy *Pelides* saw the honour paid,  
 Rose to the monarch, and respectful said:

Thou first in virtue, as in pow'r supreme,  
 O King of nations! all the *Greeks* proclaim;  
 In ev'ry martial game thy worth attest,  
 And know thee both their greatest, and their best.  
 Take then the prize, but let brave *Merion* bear  
 This beamy jav'lin in thy brother's war.

Pleas'd from the hero's lips his praise to hear,  
 The king to *Merion* gives the brazen spear:  
 But, set apart for sacred use, commands  
 The glitt'ring charger to *Talthybius*' hands.

## NOTES.

prizes, though of much greater value; so that he is a candidate for this, only to honour *Patroclus* and *Achilles*. The decency which the poet uses both in the choice of the game, in which *Agamemnon* is about to contend, and the giving him the prize without a contest, is very remarkable: the game was a warlike exercise, fit for the general of an army; the giving him the prize without a contest is a decency judiciously observed, because no one ought to be supposed to excel the general in any military art; *Agamemnon* does justice to his own character, for whereas he had been represented by *Achilles* in the opening of the poem as a covetous person, he now puts in for the prize that is of the least value, and generously gives even that to *Talthybius*.





## The TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK of the ILIAD.

## A R G U M E N T.

## THE REDEMPTION OF THE BODY OF HECTOR.

*The Gods deliberate about the redemption of Hector's body. Jupiter sends Thetis to Achilles to dispose him for the restoring it, and Iris to Priam, to encourage him to go in person, and treat for it. The old king, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his queen, makes ready for the journey, to which he is encouraged by an omen from Jupiter. He sets forth in his chariot, with a waggon loaded with presents under the charge of Idæus the herald. Mercury descends in the shape of a young man, and conducts him to the pavilion of Achilles. Their conversation on the way. Priam finds Achilles at his table, casts himself at his feet, and begs for the body of his son; Achilles, moved with compassion, grants his request, detains him one night in his tent, and the next morning sends him home with the body: the Trojans run out to meet him. The lamentations of Andromache, Hecuba, and Helen, with the solemnities of the funeral.*

*The time of twelve days is employed in this book, while the body of Hector lies in the tent of Achilles. And as many more are spent in the truce allowed for his interment. The scene is partly in Achilles's camp, and partly in Troy.*

NOW from the finish'd games the Grecian  
band  
Seek their black ships, and clear the crouded strand:  
All stretch'd at ease the genial banquet share,  
And pleasing slumbers quiet all their care.  
Not so, Achilles: he, to grief resign'd,  
His friend's dear image present to his mind,  
Takes his sad couch, more unobserv'd to weep,  
Nor tastes the gifts of all-composing sleep.  
Restless he roll'd around his weary bed,  
And all his soul on his Patroclus fed:

The form so pleasing, and the heart so kind,  
That youthful vigour, and that manly mind,  
What toils they shar'd, what martial works they  
wrought,  
What seas they measur'd, and what fields they  
fought; \*  
All past before him in remembrance dear,  
Thought follows thought, and tear succeeds to  
tear.  
And now supine, now prone, the hero lay,  
Now shifts his side, impatient for the day:

Then.

## NOTES.

\* There is something very noble in these sentiments of Achilles: he does not recollect any soft moments, any tenderneſſes that had paſſed between him and Patroclus, but he revolves the many difficulties, the toils by land, and the dangers by ſea, in which they had been companions: thus the poet on

## NOTES.

all occasions admirably ſuſtains the character of Achilles; when he played upon the harp in the ninth book, he ſung the achievements of kings; and in this place there is an air of greatneſs in his very ſorrows: Achilles is as much a hero when he weeps, as when he fights. There is ſomething very inſtructive in.



Then starting up, disconsolate he goes  
Wide on the lonely beach to vent his woes.  
There as the solitary mourner raves,  
The ruddy morning rises o'er the waves :  
Soon as it rose, his furious steeds he join'd ;  
The chariot flies, and *Hector* trails behind.  
And thrice, *Patroclus* ! round thy monument  
Was *Hector* dragg'd, then hurry'd to the tent.  
There sleep at last o'ercomes the hero's eyes ;  
While soul in dust th' unhonour'd carcase lies,  
But not deserted by the pitying skies.  
For *Phœbus* watch'd it with superior care, \*  
Preserv'd from gaping wounds, and tainting air ;  
And ignominious as it swept the field,  
Spread o'er the sacred corse his golden shield.  
All heav'n was mov'd, and *Hermes* will'd to  
go

By stealth to snatch him from th' insulting foe :  
But *Neptune* this, and *Pallas* this denies, †  
And th' unrelenting Empress of the skies :  
Ere since that day implacable to *Troy*,  
What time young *Paris*, simple shepherd boy,  
Won by destructive lust (reward obscene)  
Their charms rejected for the *Cyprian* Queen.  
But when the tenth celestial morning broke ;  
To heav'n assembled, thus *Apollo* spoke.

Unpitying pow'rs ! how oft each holy fane  
Has *Hector* ting'd with blood of victims slain ?  
And can ye still his cold remains pursue ?  
Still grudge his body to the *Trojans* view ?  
Deny to comfort, mother, son, and fire,  
The last sad honours of a fun'ral fire ?

## NOTES.

in this wole representation ; it shews us the power of a sincere friendship, and softens and recommends the character of *Achilles* ; the violence he used towards his enemy is alleviated by the sincerity he expresses towards his friend ; he is a terrible enemy, but an amiable friend.

\* It is the opinion of some, that by this shield of *Apollo* are meant the clouds that are drawn up by the beams of the sun, which cooling and qualifying the sultriness of the air, preserved the body from decay. But perhaps the poet had something farther in his eye when he introduced *Apollo* upon this occasion : *Apollo* is a physician and the God of medicines ; if therefore *Achilles* used any arts to preserve *Hector* from decay, that he might be able the longer to insult his remains, *Apollo* may properly be said to protect it with his *Ægis*.

† It is with excellent art that the poet carries on this part of the poem : he shews that he could have contrived another way to recover the body of *Hector*,

Is then the dire *Achilles* all your care ?  
That iron heart, inflexibly severe ;  
A lion, not a man, who slaughters wide ‡  
In strength of rage and impotence of pride,  
Who hastes to murder with a savage joy,  
Invades around, and breathes but to destroy.  
Shame is not of his soul ; nor understood,  
The greatest evil and the greatest good.  
Still for one loss he rages unresign'd,  
Repugnant to the lot of all mankind ;  
To lose a friend, a brother, or a son,  
Heav'n dooms each mortal, and it's will is done :  
Awhile they sorrow, then dismiss their care ;  
Fate gives the wound, and man is born to bear.  
But this insatiate the commission giv'n  
By fate, exceeds ; and tempts the wrath of heav'n :  
Lo, how his rage dishonest drags along  
*Hector's* dead earth insensible of wrong !  
Brave tho' he be, yet by no reason aw'd,  
He violates the laws of man and God.

If equal honours by the partial skies  
Are doom'd both heroes, (*Juno* thus replies)  
If *Thetis's* son must no distinction know,  
Then hear, ye Gods ! the Patron of the Bow.  
But *Hector* only boasts a mortal claim,  
His birth deriving from a mortal dame :  
*Achilles* of your own æthereal race  
Springs from a Goddess by a man's embrace ;  
(A Goddess by ourself to *Peleus* giv'n,  
A man divine, and chosen friend of heav'n.)  
To grace those nuptials, from the bright abode  
Yourself were present ; where this Minstrel-God  
(Well-

## NOTES.

but as a God is never to be introduced but when human means fail, he rejects the interposition of *Mercury*, makes use of ordinary methods, and *Priam* redeems his son : this gives an air of probability to the relation, at the same time that it advances the glory of *Achilles* ; for the greatest of his enemies labours to purchase his favour, the Gods hold a consultation, and a king becomes his suppliant.

‡ This is a very formal condemnation of the morals of *Achilles*, which *Homer* puts into the mouth of a God. One may see from this alone that he was far from designing his hero a virtuous character ; yet the poet artfully introduces *Apollo* in the midst of his reproaches, intermingling the hero's praises with his blemishes : *Brave tho' he be*, &c. Thus what is the real merit of *Achilles* is distinguished from what is blameable in his character, and we see *Apollo*, or the God of wisdom, is no less impartial than just in his representation of *Achilles*.



(Well-pleas'd to share the feast,) amid the choir  
Stood proud to hymn, and tune his youthful lyre.

Then thus the Thund'rer checks th' imperial  
dame:

Let not thy wrath the court of heav'n inflame;  
Their merits, nor their honours, are the same.  
But mine, and ev'ry God's peculiar grace  
*Hector* deserves, of all the *Trojan* race:  
Still on our shrines his grateful off'rings lay,  
(The only honours men to Gods can pay)  
Nor ever from our smoking altar cease  
The pure libation, and the holy feast.

Howe'er by stealth to snatch the corse away,  
We will not: *Thetis* guards it night and day.  
But haste, and summon to our courts above  
The azure Queen; let her persuasion move  
Her furious son from *Priam* to receive  
The proffer'd ransom, and the corse to leave.

He added not: and *Iris* from the skies,  
Swift as a whirlwind on the message flies,  
Meteorous the face of Ocean sweeps,  
Refulgent gliding o'er the fable deeps.  
Between where *Samos* wide his forests spreads,  
And rocky *Imbrus* lifts it's pointed heads,  
Down plung'd the maid; (the parted waves resound)  
She plung'd, and instant shot the dark profound.  
As bearing death in the fallacious bait  
From the bent angle sinks the leaden weight;  
So past the Goddess thro' the closing wave,  
Where *Thetis* sorrow'd in her secret cave:  
There plac'd amidst her melancholy train  
(The blue-hair'd sisters of the sacred main)

Pensive she sat, revolving fates to come,  
And wept her god-like son's approaching doom.\*

Then thus the Goddess of the painted bow.  
Arise, O *Thetis*! from thy seats below,  
'Tis *Jove* that calls. And why (the dame replies)  
Calls *Jove* his *Thetis* to the hated skies?  
Sad object as I am for heav'nly sight!  
Ah may my sorrows ever shun the light!  
Howe'er be heav'n's Almighty Sire obey'd—  
She spake, and veil'd her head in fable shade,  
Which, flowing long, her graceful person clad  
And forth she pac'd, majestically sad.

Then thro' the world of waters, they repair  
(The way fair *Iris* led) to upper air.  
The deeps dividing, o'er the coast they rise,  
And touch with momentary flight the skies.  
There in the light'ning's blaze the Sire they found,  
And all the Gods in shining synod round.  
*Thetis* approach'd with anguish in her face,  
(*Minerva* rising, gave the mourner place)  
Ev'n *Juno* sought her sorrows to console,  
And offer'd from her hand the nectar bowl:  
She tasted, and resign'd it: then began  
The sacred Sire of Gods and mortal man:

Thou com'st, fair *Thetis*, but with grief o'ercast,  
Maternal sorrows, long, ah long to last!  
Suffice, we know and we partake thy cares:  
But yield to fate, and hear what *Jove* declares.  
Nine days are past, since all the court above  
In *Hector*'s cause have mov'd the ear of *Jove*;†  
'Twas voted, *Hermes* from his god-like foe  
By stealth should bear him, but we will'd not so:

We

#### NOTES.

\* These words are very artfully inserted by the poet. The poem could not proceed to the death of *Achilles* without breaking the action; and therefore to satisfy the curiosity of the reader concerning the fate of this great man, he takes care to inform us that his life draws to a period, and as it were celebrates his funeral before his death. Such circumstances as these greatly raise the character of *Achilles*; he is so truly valiant, that though he knows he must fall before *Troy*, yet he does not abstain from the war, but courageously meets his death. And here we think it proper to insert an observation that ought to have been made before, which is, that *Achilles* did not know that *Hector* was to fall by his hand; if he had known it, where would have been the mighty courage in engaging him in a single combat, in which he was sure to conquer? The contrary of this is evident from the words of *Achilles* to *Hector* just before the combat, *I will make no compact with thee, says Achilles, but one of us shall fall.*

#### NOTES.

† It may be thought that so many interpositions of the Gods, such messages from heaven to earth, and down to the seas, are needless machines; and it may be imagined that it is an offence against probability that so many Deities should be employed to pacify *Achilles*: but we are of opinion that the poet conducts this whole affair with admirable judgment. The poem is now almost at the conclusion, and *Achilles* is to pass from a state of an almost inexorable resentment to a state of perfect tranquility; such a change could not be brought about by human means; *Achilles* is too stubborn to obey any thing less than a God: this is evident from his rejecting the persuasion of the whole *Grecian* army to return to the battle: so that it appears that this machinery was necessary, and consequently a beauty to the poem. It may be farther added, that these several incidents proceed from *Jupiter*: it is by his appointment that so many Gods are employed to attend *Achilles*. By these means *Jupiter* fulfils the promise



We will, thy son himself the corse restore,  
And to his conquest add this glory more.  
Then hie thee to him, and our mandate bear;  
Tell him he tempts the wrath of heav'n too far:  
Nor let him more (our anger if he dread)  
Vent his mad vengeance on the sacred dead:  
But yield to ransom and the father's pray'r.  
The mournful father *Iris* shall prepare,  
With gifts to sue; and offer to his hands  
Whate'er his honour asks, or heart demands.

His word the silver-footed Queen attends,  
And from *Olympus'* snowy tops descends.  
Arriv'd, she heard the voice of loud lament,  
And echoing groans that shook the lofty tent.  
His friends prepare the victim, and dispose  
Repast unheeded, while he vents his woes.  
The Goddess seats her by her pensive son,  
She prest his hand, and tender thus begun.

How long, unhappy! shall thy sorrows flow!  
And thy heart waste with life-consuming woe? \*  
Mindless of food, or love whose pleasing reign  
Sooths weary life, and softens human pain.  
O snatch the moments yet within thy pow'r,  
Nor long to live, indulge the am'rous hour! †

## NOTES.

promise mentioned in the first book, of honouring the son of *Thetis*, and *Homer* excellently sustains his character by representing the inexorable *Achilles* as not parting with the body of his mortal enemy, but by the immediate command of *Jupiter*. If the poet had conducted these incidents merely by human means, or supposed *Achilles* to restore the body of *Hector* entirely out of compassion, the draught had been unnatural, because unlike *Achilles*: such a violence of temper was not to be pacified by ordinary methods. Besides, he has made use of the properest personages to carry on the affair; for who could be supposed to have so great an influence upon *Achilles* as his own mother, who is a Goddess?

\* This expression in the original is very particular. Were it to be translated literally, it must be rendered, how long wilt thou eat, or prey upon thy own heart by these sorrows? And it seems that it was a common way of expressing a deep sorrow; and *Pythagoras* uses it in this sense, when he says, *Eat not thy heart*, that is, grieve not excessively, let not sorrow make too great an impression upon thy heart.

† The ancients rejected these verses because of the indecent idea they convey: the Goddess in plain terms advises *Achilles* to go to bed to his mistress, and tells him a woman will be a comfort. But we may justify *Homer* by observing, that this advice of

No. 19.

Lo, *Jove* himself (for *Jove's* command I bear)  
Forbids to tempt the wrath of heav'n too far,  
No longer then (his fury if thou dread)  
Detain the relics of great *Hector* dead;  
Nor vent on senseless earth thy vengeance vain,  
But yield to ransom, and restore the slain.  
To whom *Achilles*: Be the ransom giv'n,  
And we submit, since such the will of heav'n.

While thus they commun'd, from th' *Olympian* bow'rs  
*Jove* orders *Iris* to the *Trojan* tow'rs.  
Haste, winged Goddess! to the sacred town,  
And urge her monarch to redeem his son;  
Alone, the *Ilian* ramparts let him leave,  
And bear what stern *Achilles* may receive:  
Alone, for so we will: no *Trojan* near;  
Except to place the dead with decent care,  
Some aged herald, who with gentle hand,  
May the slow mules and fun'ral car command.  
Nor let him death, nor let him danger dread,  
Safe thro' the foe by our protection led:  
Him *Hermes* to *Achilles* shall convey, ‡  
Guard of his life, and partner of his way.  
Fierce as he is, *Achilles'* self shall spare  
His age, nor touch one venerable hair;

Some

## NOTES.

*Thetis* was not given him to induce him to any wantonness, but was intended to indulge a nobler passion, his desire of glory: she advises him to go to that captive who was restored to him in a public manner to satisfy his honour; to that captive, the detention of whom had been so great a punishment to the whole *Grecian* army. And therefore *Thetis* uses a very proper motive to comfort her son, by advising him to gratify at once both his love and his glory. The poet has set the picture of *Achilles* in this place in a very fair and strong point of light: though *Achilles* had so lately received his beloved *Briseis* from the hands of *Agamemnon*; though he knew that his own life drew to a sudden period; yet the hero prevails over the lover, and he does not haste to indulge his love: he does not lament *Patroclus* like a common man by neglecting the duties of life, but he abstains from all pleasure by an excess of sorrow, and the love of his mistress is lost in that of his friend.

‡ The intervention of *Mercury* was very necessary at this time, and by it the poet not only gives an air of probability to the relation, but also pays a compliment to his countrymen the *Grecians*: they kept so strict a guard that nothing but a God could pass unobserved, this highly recommends their military discipline; and *Priam* not being able to carry the ransom without a chariot, it would have been

4 N

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Some thought there must be, in a soul so brave,  
Some sense of duty, some desire to save.

Then down her bow the winged *Iris* drives,  
And swift at *Priam's* mournful court arrives:  
Where the sad sons beside their father's throne  
Sat bath'd in tears, and answer'd groan with groan.  
And all amidst them lay the hoary sire,  
(Sad scenes of woe!) his face his wrapt attire\*  
Conceal'd from sight; with frantic hands he spread  
A show'r of ashes o'er his neck and head.  
From room to room his pensive daughters roam;  
Whose shrieks and clamours fill the vaulted dome;  
Mindful of those, who, late their pride and joy,  
Lie pale and breathless round the fields of *Troy*!  
Before the king *Jove's* messenger appears,  
And thus in whispers greets his trembling ears.

Fear not, oh father! no ill news I bear;  
From *Jove* I come, *Jove* makes thee still his care:  
For *Hector's* sake these walls he bids thee leave,  
And bear what stern *Achilles* may receive:  
Alone, for so he wills: no *Trojan* near,  
Except to place the dead with decent care,  
Some aged herald, who with gentle hand,  
May the flow mules and fun'ral car command.  
Nor shalt thou death, nor shalt thou danger dread;  
Safe thro' the foe by his protection led:  
Thee *Hermes* to *Pelides* shall convey,  
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way,  
Fierce as he is, *Achilles'* self shall spare  
Thy age, nor touch one venerable hair;  
Some thought there must be, in a soul so brave,  
Some sense of duty, some desire to save.

She spoke, and vanish'd. *Priam* bids prepare  
His gentle mules, and harness to the car;  
There, for the gifts, a polish'd casket lay:  
His pious sons the king's command obey.  
Then past the monarch to his bridal-room,  
Where cedar-beams the lofty roofs perfume,  
And where the treasures of his empire lay;  
Then call'd his queen, and thus began to say:

## NOTES.

an offence against probability to have supposed him able to have passed all the guard of the army in his chariot, without the assistance of some deity.

\* The poet has observed a great decency in this place; he was not able to express the grief of this royal mourner, and so covers what he could not represent. From this passage *Semantes* the *Sicyonian* painter borrowed his design in the sacrifice of *Iphigenia*, and represents his *Agamemnon*, as *Homer* does his *Priam*: *Æschylus* has likewise imitated this place, and draws his *Niobe* exactly after the manner of *Homer*.

Unhappy consort of a king distressed!  
Partake the troubles of thy husband's breast:  
I saw descend the messenger of *Jove*,  
Who bids me try *Achilles'* mind to move;  
For sake these ramparts, and with gifts obtain  
The corps of *Hector*, at yon navy slain.  
Tell me thy thought: my heart impels to go  
Thro' hostile camps, and bears me to the foe.

The hoary monarch thus. Her piercing cries  
*Sad Hecuba* renews, and then replies.  
Ah! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind?  
And where the prudence now that aw'd mankind?  
Thro' *Phrygia* once, and foreign regions known,  
Now all confus'd, distracted, overthrown!  
Singly to pass thro' hosts of foes! to face  
(O heart of steel!) the murd'rer of thy race!  
To view that deathful eye, and wander o'er  
Those hands, yet red with *Hector's* noble gore!  
Alas! my lord! he knows not how to spare,  
And what his mercy, thy slain sons declare;  
So brave! so many fall'n! To calm his rage  
Vain were thy dignity, and vain thy age.  
No—pent in this sad palace, let us give  
To grief, the wretched days we have to live.  
Still, still for *Hector* let our sorrows flow,  
Born to his own, and to his parents woe!  
Doom'd from the hour his luckless life begun,  
To dogs, to vultures, and to *Peleus'* son!  
Oh! in his dearest blood might I allay  
My rage, and these barbarities repay!  
For ah! could *Hector* merit thus? whose breath  
Expir'd not meanly, in unactive death:  
He pour'd his latest blood in manly fight,†  
And fell a hero in his country's right.

Seek not to stay me, nor my soul affright  
With words of omen, like a bird at night;  
(Reply'd unmov'd the venerable man)  
'Tis heav'n commands me, and you urge in vain.  
Had any mortal voice th' injunction laid,  
Nor augur, priest, or seer had been obey'd.

A pre-

## NOTES.

† This whole discourse of *Hecuba* is exceedingly natural, she aggravates the features of *Achilles*, and softens those of *Hector*: her anger blinds her so much, that she can see nothing great in *Achilles*, and her fondness so much, that she can discern no defects in *Hector*. Thus she draws *Achilles* in the fiercest colours, and likens him to a savage *Barbarian*; but at the same time forgets that *Hector* ever fled from *Achilles*, and in the original directly tells us that *he knew not how to fear, or how to fly*.



A present Goddess brought the high command,  
I saw, I heard her, and the word shall stand.  
I go, ye Gods! obedient to your call:  
If in yon camp your pow'rs have doom'd my fall,  
Content—By the same hand let me expire!  
Add to the slaughter'd son the wretched fire!  
One cold embrace at least may be allow'd,  
And my last tears flow mingled with his blood!

From forth his open'd stores, this said, he drew  
Twelve costly carpets of refulgent hue,  
As many vests, as many mantles told,  
And twelve fair veils and garments stiff with gold.  
Two tripods next, and twice two chargers shine,  
With ten pure talents from the richest mine;  
And last a large well-labour'd bowl had place,  
(The pledge of treaties once with friendly *Thrace*)  
Seem'd all too mean the stores he could employ,  
For one last look to buy him back to *Troy*!

Lo! the sad father, frantic with his pain,\*  
Around him furious drives his menial train:  
In vain each slave with duteous care attends,  
Each office hurts him, and each face offends.  
What make ye here? officious crouds! (he cries)  
Hence! nor obtrude your anguish on my eyes.  
Have ye no griefs at home, to fix ye there?  
Am I the only object of despair?  
Am I become my people's common show,  
Set up by *Jove* your spectacle of woe?  
No, you must feel him too; yourselves must fall;  
'The same stern God to ruin gives you all:  
Nor is great *Hector* lost by me alone;  
Your sole defence, your guardian pow'r is gone!

## NOTES.

\* This behaviour of *Priam* is very natural to a person in his circumstances: the loss of his favourite son makes so deep an impression upon his spirits, that he is incapable of consolation; he is displeased with every body; he is angry he knows not why; the disorder and hurry of his spirits makes him break out into passionate expressions, and those expressions are contained in short periods, very natural to men in anger, who give not themselves leisure to express their sentiments at full length: it is from the same passion that *Priam*, in the second speech, treats all his sons with the utmost indignity, calls them gluttons, dancers, and flatterers. He had *Paris* particularly in his eye; but his anger makes him transfer that character to the rest of his children, not being calm enough to make a distinction between the innocent and guilty. That passage where he runs into the praises of *Hector*, is particularly natural: his concern and fondness makes him as extravagant in the commendation of him, as in the disparage-

I see your blood the fields of *Phrygia* drown,  
I see the ruins of your smoking town!  
Oh send me, Gods! ere that sad day shall come,  
A willing ghost to *Pluto's* dreary dome!

He said, and feebly drives his friends away;  
The sorrowing friends his frantic rage obey.  
Next on his sons his erring fury falls,  
*Polites*, *Paris*, *Agathon*, he calls,  
His threats *Deiphobus* and *Dius* hear,  
*Hippothoüs*, *Panmomo*, *Helenus* the seer,  
And gen'rous *Antiphon*: for yet these nine  
Surviv'd, sad relics of his num'rous line.

Inglorious sons of an unhappy fire!  
Why did not all in *Hector's* cause expire?  
Wretch that I am! my bravest offspring slain;  
You, the disgrace of *Priam's* house, remain!  
*Mestor* the brave, renown'd in ranks of war,  
With *Troilus*, dreadful on his rushing car,  
And last great *Hector*, more than man divine,  
For sure he seem'd not of terrestrial line!  
All those relentless *Mars* untimely flew,  
And left me these, a soft and servile crew,  
Whose days the feast and wanton dance employ,  
Gluttons and flatterers, the contempt of *Troy*!  
Why teach ye not my rapid wheels to run,  
And speed my journey to redeem my son?

The sons their father's wretched age revere,  
Forgive his anger, and produce the car.  
High on the seat the cabinet they bind:  
'The new-made car with solid beauty shin'd;  
Box was the yoke, embost with costly pains,  
And hung with ringlets to receive the reins;

Nine

## NOTES.

ment of his other sons: they are less than mortals, he more than man. Some have censured this anger of *Priam* as a breach of the manners, and say he might have shewn himself a father, otherwise than by this usage of his children. But whoever considers his circumstances, will judge after another manner. *Priam*, after having been the most wealthy, most powerful and formidable monarch of *Asia*, becomes all at once the most miserable of men; he loses in less than eight days the best of his army, and a great number of virtuous sons; he loses the brightest of them all, his glory and his defence, the gallant *Hector*. This last blow sinks him quite, and changes him so much, that he is no longer the same; he becomes impatient, frantic, unreasonable! the terrible effect of ill fortune! Whoever has the least insight into nature, must admire so fine a picture of the force of adversity on an unhappy old man.



Nine cubits long the traces swept the ground;  
 These to the chariot's polish'd pole they bound,  
 Then fix'd a ring the running reins to guide,  
 And close beneath the gather'd ends were ty'd.  
 Next with the gifts (the price of *Hector* slain)  
 The sad attendants load the groaning wain: \*  
 Last to the yoke the well-match'd mules they bring.  
 (The gift of *Mysia* to the *Trojan* king.)  
 But the fair horses, long his darling care,  
 Himself receiv'd, and harness'd to his car:  
 Griev'd as he was, he not this task deny'd;  
 The hoary herald help'd him at his side.  
 While careful these the gentle courfers join'd,  
 Sad *Hecuba* approach'd with anxious mind;  
 A golden bowl that foam'd with fragrant wine,  
 (Libation destin'd to the pow'r divine)  
 Held in her right, before the steeds she stands,  
 And thus consigns it to the monarch's hands.

Take this, and pour to *Jove*; that safe from harms,  
 His grace restore thee to our roof, and arms.  
 Since victor of thy fears, and flighting mine,  
 Heav'n, or thy soul, inspire this bold design:  
 Pray to that God, who high on *Ida*'s brow  
 Surveys thy desolated realms below,  
 His winged messenger to send from high,  
 And lead thy way with heav'nly augury:  
 Let the strong sov'reign of the plummy race  
 Tow'r on the right of yon æthereal space.  
 That sign beheld, and strengthen'd from above,  
 Boldly pursue the journey mark'd by *Jove*;  
 But if the God his augury denies,  
 Suppress thy impulse, nor reject advice.

'Tis just (said *Priam*) to the Sire above  
 To raise our hands, for who so good as *Jove*?  
 He spoke, and bad th' attendant handmaid bring  
 The purest water of the living spring;  
 (Her ready hands the ew'er and basin held)  
 Then took the golden cup his queen had fill'd;  
 On the mid pavement pours the rosy wine,  
 Uplifts his eyes, and calls the pow'r divine.

Oh first, and greatest! heav'n's imperial Lord! †  
 On lofty *Ida*'s holy hill ador'd!  
 To stern *Achilles* now direct my ways,  
 And teach him mercy when a father prays.

If such thy will, dispatch from yonder sky  
 Thy sacred bird, celestial augury!  
 Let the strong sov'reign of the plummy race  
 Tow'r on the right of yon æthereal space:  
 So shall thy suppliant, streng'h'n'd from above,  
 Fearless pursue the journey mark'd by *Jove*.  
*Jove* heard his pray'r, and from the throne on high  
 Dispatch'd his bird, celestial augury!  
 The swift-wing'd chaser of the feather'd game,  
 And known to Gods by *Perunos*' lofty name.  
 Wide, as appears some palace-gate display'd,  
 So broad, his pinions stretch'd their ample shade,  
 As stooping dexter with resounding wings  
 Th' imperial bird descends in airy rings.  
 A dawn of joy in ev'ry face appears;  
 The mourning matron dries her tim'rous tears.  
 Swift on his car th' impatient monarch sprung;  
 The brazen portal in his passage rung.  
 The mules preceding draw the loaded wain,  
 Charg'd with the gifts; *Idæus* holds the rein:  
 The king himself his gentle steeds controuls,  
 And thro' surrounding friends the chariot rolls.  
 On his slow wheels the following people wait,  
 Mourn at each step, and give him up to fate;  
 With hands uplifted, eye him as he pass,  
 And gaze upon him as they gaz'd their last.  
 Now forward fares the father on his way,  
 Thro' the lone fields, and back to *Ilium* they.  
 Great *Jove* beheld him as he cross'd the plain,  
 And felt the woes of miserable man.  
 Then thus to *Hermes*. Thou whose constant cares  
 Still succour mortals, and attend their pray'rs;  
 Behold an object to thy charge consign'd,  
 If ever pity touch'd thee for mankind.  
 Go, guard the fire; th' observing foe prevent,  
 And safe conduct him to *Achilles*' tent.

The God obeys, his golden pinions binds,  
 And mounts incumbent on the wings of winds,  
 That high thro' fields of air his flight sustain,  
 O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundless main;  
 Then grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly,  
 Or in soft slumber seals the wakeful eye;  
 Thus arm'd, swift *Hermes* steers his airy way,  
 And sloops on *Hellepont*'s resounding sea.

## NOTES.

\* It is necessary to observe to the reader, to avoid confusion, that two cars are here prepared; the one drawn by mules, to carry the presents, and to bring back the body of *Hector*; the other drawn by horses, in which the herald and *Priam* rode.

† There is not one instance in the whole *Iliad* of any prayer that was justly preferred, that failed of

## NOTES.

success. This proceeding of *Homer*'s is very judicious, and answers exactly to the true end of poetry, which is to please and instruct. Thus *Priam* prays that *Achilles* may cease his wrath, and compassionate his miseries; and *Jupiter* grants his request: the unfortunate king obtains compassion, and in his most inveterate enemy finds a friend.



A beauteous youth, majestic and divine,  
 He seem'd; fair offspring of some princely line!  
 Now twilight veil'd the glaring face of day,\*  
 And clad the dusky fields in sober gray;  
 What time the herald and the hoary king  
 Their chariots stopping, at the silver spring,  
 That circling *Ilus*' ancient marble flows,  
 Allow'd their mules and steeds a short repose.  
 Thro' the dim shade the herald first espies  
 A man's approach, and thus to *Priam* cries.  
 I mark some foe's advance: O king! beware;  
 This hard adventure claims thy utmost care:  
 For much I fear, destruction hovers nigh:  
 Our state asks counsel; is it best to fly?  
 Or, old and helpless, at his feet to fall,  
 (Two wretched suppliants) and for mercy call?

Th' afflicted monarch shiver'd with despair;  
 Pale grew his face, and upright stood his hair;  
 Sunk was his heart; his colour went and came;  
 A sudden trembling shook his aged frame:  
 When *Hermes* greeting, touch'd his royal hand,  
 And gentle, thus accosts with kind demand.

Say whither, father! when each mortal fight†  
 Is seal'd in sleep, thou wander'st thro' the night?  
 Why roam thy mules and steeds the plains along,  
 Thro' *Grecian* foes, sonum'rous and so strong?  
 What could'st thou hope, should these thy treasures

view,  
 These, who with endless hate thy race pursue?

## NOTES.

\* The poet by such intimations as these recalls to our minds the exact time which *Priam* takes up in his journey to *Achilles*: he set out in the evening; and by the time that he reached the tomb of *Ilus*, it was grown somewhat dark, which shews that this tomb stood at some distance from the city: here *Mercury* meets him, and when it was quite dark, guides him into the presence of *Achilles*. By these methods we may discover how exactly the poet preserves the unities of time and place, and he allots space sufficient for the actions which he describes, and yet does not crowd more incidents into any interval of time than may be executed in as much as he allows: thus it being improbable that so stubborn a man as *Achilles* should relent in a few moments, the poet allows a whole night for this affair, so that *Priam* has leisure enough to go and return, and time enough remaining to persuade *Achilles*.

† It was an opinion that obtained in those early days, that *Jupiter* frequently sent some friendly messengers to protect the innocent, so that *Homer* might intend to give his reader a lecture of morality, by telling us that this unhappy king was under the

No. 19.

For what defence, alas! could'st thou provide?  
 Thyself not young, a weak old man thy guide:  
 Yet suffer not thy soul to sink with dread;  
 From me no harm shall touch thy rev'rend head;  
 From *Greece* I'll guard thee too; for in those lines  
 The living image of my father shines.

Thy words, that speak benevolence of mind,  
 Are true, my son! (the god-like sire rejoind)  
 Great are my hazards; but the Gods survey  
 My steps, and send thee, guardian of my way.  
 Hail, and be blest! for scarce of mortal kind  
 Appear thy form, thy feature, and thy mind.

Nor true are all thy words, nor erring wide;  
 (The sacred messenger of heav'n reply'd)  
 But say, convey'st thou thro' the lonely plains  
 What yet most precious of thy store remains,  
 To lodge in safety with some friendly hand?  
 Prepar'd perchance to leave thy native land.  
 Or fly'st thou now? What hopes can *Troy* retain?  
 Thy matchless son, her guard and glory, slain!

The king, alarm'd. Say what, and whence thou art,

Who search the sorrows of a parent's heart,  
 And know so well how god-like *Hector* dy'd?  
 Thus *Priam* spoke, and *Hermes* thus reply'd.

You tempt me, father, and with pity touch:  
 On this sad subject you inquire too much.  
 Oft have these eyes that god-like *Hector* view'd  
 In glorious fight with *Grecian* blood embru'd:

I saw

## NOTES.

protection of the Gods. The scripture is full of such examples. The story of *Tobit* has a wonderful relation with this of *Homer*: *Tobit* sent his son to *Rages*, a city of *Media*, to receive a considerable sum; *Tobias* did not know the way; he found at his door a young man clothed with a majestic glory, which attracted admiration; it was an angel under the form of a man. This angel being asked who he was, answered (as *Mercury* does here) by a fiction; he said that he was of the children of *Israel*, that his name was *Azarias*, and that he was the son of *Ananias*. This angel conducted *Tobias* in safety; he gave him instructions: and when he was to receive the recompence which the father and son offered him, he declared that he was the angel of the Lord, took his flight towards heaven, and disappeared. Here is a great conformity in the ideas and in the style; and the example of our author so long before *Tobit*, proves, that this opinion of God's sending his angels to the aid of man was very common, and much spread amongst the *Pagans* in those former times.



I saw him, when like *Jove* his flames he tost  
On thousand ships, and wither'd half a host:  
I saw, but help'd not: stern *Achilles'* ire  
Forbad assistance, and enjoy'd the fire.  
For him I serve, of *Myrmidonian* race;  
One ship convey'd us from our native place;  
*Polydor* is my sire, an honour'd name,  
Old like thyself, and not unknown to fame;  
Of sev'n his sons by whom the lot was cast  
To serve our prince, it fell on me, the last,  
To watch this quarter my adventure falls,  
For with the morn the *Greeks* attack your walls;  
Sleepless they sit, impatient to engage,  
And scarce their rulers check their martial rage.

If then thou art of stern *Pelides'* train,  
(The mournful monarch thus rejoin'd again)  
Ah tell me truly, where, oh! where are laid  
My son's dear relics? what befalls him dead?  
Have dogs dismember'd on the naked plains,  
Or yet unmangled rest his cold remains?

O favour'd of the skies! (thus answer'd then  
The pow'r that mediates between Gods and men)  
Nor dogs nor vultures have thy *Hector* rent,  
But whole he lies, neglected in the tent:  
This the twelfth ev'ning since he rested there,  
Untouch'd by worms, untainted by the air.  
Still as *Aurora's* ruddy beam is spread,  
Round his friend's tomb *Achilles* drags the dead;  
Yet undisfigur'd, or in limb or face,  
All fresh he lies, with ev'ry living grace,  
Majestical in death! No stains are found  
O'er all the corse, and clos'd is ev'ry wound;  
(Tho' many a wound they gave) some heav'nly care,  
Some hand divine, preserves him ever fair:  
Or all the host of heav'n, to whom he led  
A life so grateful, still regard him dead.

Thus spoke to *Priam* the celestial guide,  
And joyful thus the royal sire reply'd.

Blest is the man who pays the Gods above\*.  
The constant tribute of respect and love!  
Those who inhabit the *Olympian* bow'r  
My son forgot not, in exalted pow'r;  
And heav'n, that ev'ry virtue bears in mind,  
Ev'n to the ashes of the just is kind.  
But thou, O gen'rous youth! this goblet take,  
A pledge of gratitude for *Hector's* sake;  
And while the fav'ring Gods our steps survey,  
Safe to *Pelides'* tent conduct my way.

To whom the latent God. O king forbear  
To tempt my youth, for apt is youth to err:  
But can I, absent from my prince's sight,†  
Take gifts in secret, that must shun the light?  
What from our master's int'rest thus we draw,  
Is but a licens'd theft that 'scapes the law.  
Respecting him, my soul abjures th' offence;  
And as the crime, I dread the consequence.  
Thee, far as *Argos*, pleas'd I could convey;  
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way:  
On thee attend, thy safety to maintain,  
O'er pathless forests, or the roaring main.

He said; then took the chariot at a bound,  
And snatch'd the reins, and whirl'd the lash around:  
Before th' inspiring God that urg'd them on,  
The couriers fly, with spirit not their own.  
And now they reach'd the naval walls, and found  
The guards repassing, while the bowls go round;  
On these the virtue of his wand he tries,  
And pours deep slumber on their watchful eyes:  
Then heav'd the massy gates, remov'd the bars,  
And o'er the trenches led the rolling cars.  
Unseen, thro' all the hostile camp they went,  
And now approach'd *Pelides'* lofty tent.  
Of fir the roof was rais'd, and cover'd o'er‡  
With reeds collected from the marshy shore;  
And, fenc'd with palisades, a hall of state,  
(The work of soldiers) where the hero sat.

Large

## NOTES.

\* *Homer* now begins, after a beautiful and long fable, to give the moral of it, and display his poetical justice in rewards and punishments: thus *Hector* fought in a bad cause, and therefore suffers in the defence of it; but because he was a good man, and obedient to the Gods in other respects, his very remains become the care of heaven. It is necessary to take notice to the reader, that nothing is more admirable than the conduct of *Homer* throughout his whole poem, in respect to morality. If the reader does not observe the morality of the *Iliad*, he loses half, and the nobler part of it's beauty: he reads it as a common romance, and mistakes the chief aim of it, which is to instruct.

## NOTES.

† *Priam* offers *Mercury* (whom he looks upon as a soldier of *Achilles*) a present, which he refuses because his prince is ignorant of it: this present he calls a direct theft or robbery; which may shew us how strict the notions of justice were in the days of *Homer*, when if a prince's servant received any present without the knowledge of his master, he was esteemed a thief and a robber.

‡ The reader has here a full and exact description of the tent of *Achilles*: this royal pavilion was built with long palisades made of fir; the top of it covered with reeds, and the inside was divided into several apartments: thus *Achilles* had his large hall, and behind it were lodging rooms. So in the ninth book



Large was the door, whose well-compacted strength  
A solid pine-tree barr'd, of wond'rous length;  
Scarce three strong *Greeks* could lift it's mighty  
weight,

But great *Achilles* singly clos'd the gate.  
This *Hermes* (such the pow'r of Gods) set wide;  
Then swift alighted the celestial guide,  
And thus, reveal'd—Hear, prince! and understand  
Thou ow'st thy guidance to no mortal hand:  
*Hermes* I am, descended from above,  
The King of Arts, and messenger of *Jove*.  
Farewel: to shun *Achilles'* sight I fly;  
Uncommon are such favours of the sky,  
Nor stand confest to frail mortality.  
Now fearless enter, and prefer thy pray'rs;  
Adjure him by his father's silver hairs,\*  
His son, his mother! urge him to bestow  
Whatever pity that stern heart can know.

Thus having said, he vanish'd from his eyes,  
And in a moment shot into the skies:

## NOTES.

book *Phœnix* has a bed prepared for him in one apartment, *Patroclus* has another for himself and his captive *Iphis*, and *Achilles* has a third for himself and his mistress *Diomeda*. But we must not imagine that the other *Myrmidons* had tents of the like dimensions: they were inferior to this royal one of *Achilles*: which indeed is no better than an hovel, yet agrees very well with the duties of a soldier, and the simplicity of those early times. We are of opinion that such fixed tents were not used by the *Grecians* in their common marches, but only during the time of sieges, when their long stay in one place made it necessary to build such tents as are here described; at other times they lay like *Diomed* in the tenth book, in the open air, their spears standing upright, to be ready upon any alarm; and with the hides of beasts spread on the ground, instead of a bed. It is worthy observation, that *Homer*, even upon so trivial an occasion, as the describing the tent of *Achilles*, takes an opportunity to shew the superior strength of his hero; and tells us that three men could scarce open the door of his pavilion, but *Achilles* could open it alone.

\* *Priam* does not entirely follow the instructions of *Mercury*, but only calls to his remembrance his aged father *Peleus*: and this was judiciously done by *Priam*: for what motive to compassion could arise from the mention of *Thetis*, who was a Goddess, and incapable of misfortune? Or how could *Neoptolemus* be any inducement to make *Achilles* pity *Priam*, when at the same time he flourished in the

The king, confirm'd from heav'n, alighted there,  
And left his aged herald on the car.  
With solemn pace thro' various rooms he went,  
And found *Achilles* in his inner tent:

There sat the hero; *Alcimus* the brave,  
And great *Automedon*, attendance gave:  
These serv'd his person at the royal feast,  
Around, at awful distance, stood the rest.

Unseen by these, the king his entry made;  
And prostrate now before *Achilles* laid,  
Sudden, (a venerable sight!) appears;†  
Embrac'd his knees, and bath'd his hands in tears;  
Those direful hands his kisses press'd, embru'd  
Ev'n with the best, the dearest of his blood!

As when a wretch, (who conscious of his crime,  
Pursu'd for murder, flies his native clime)  
Just gains some frontier, breathless, pale, amaz'd!  
All gaze, all wonder: thus *Achilles* gaz'd:  
Thus stood th' attendants stupid with surprize:  
All mute, yet seem'd to question with their eyes:

Each:

## NOTES.

greatest prosperity? therefore *Priam* only mentions his father *Peleus*, who, like him, stood upon the very brink of the grave, and was liable to the same misfortunes he suffered. But how then shall we justify *Mercury*, who gave him such instructions with relation to *Thetis*? All that can be said is, that *Thetis*, though a Goddess, has through the whole course of the *Iliad* been described as a partner in all the afflictions of *Achilles*, and consequently might be made use of as an inducement to raise the compassion of *Achilles*. *Priam* might have said, I conjure thee by the love thou bearest to thy mother, take pity on me! For if she who is a goddess would grieve for the loss of her beloved son, how greatly must the loss of *Hector* afflict the unfortunate *Hecuba* and *Priam*?

† We believe this interview between *Priam* and *Achilles* would furnish an admirable subject for a painter in the surprize of *Achilles*, and the other spectators, the attitude of *Priam*, and the sorrows in the countenance of this unfortunate king. That circumstance of *Priam's* kissing the hands of *Achilles* is inimitably fine; he kissed, says *Homer*, the hands of *Achilles*; those terrible, murderous hands that had robbed him of so many sons: by these two words the poet recalls to our mind all the noble actions performed by *Achilles* in the whole *Iliad*; and at the same time strikes us with the utmost compassion for this unhappy king, who is reduced so low, as to be obliged to kiss those hands that had slain his subjects, and ruined his kingdom and family.



Each look'd on other, none the silence broke,  
Till thus at last the kingly suppliant spoke.

Ah think, thou favour'd of the pow'rs divine! \*  
Think of thy father's age, and pity mine;  
In me, that father's rev'rend image trace,  
Those silver hairs, that venerable face;  
His trembling limbs, his helpless person, see!  
In all my equal, but in misery!  
Yet now, perhaps, some turn of human fate  
Expels him helpless from his peaceful state;  
Think, from some pow'ful foe thou see'st him  
fly,

And beg protection with a feeble cry.  
Yet still one comfort in his soul may rise;  
He hears his son still lives to glad his eyes;  
And hearing still may hope, a better day  
May send him thee, to chase that foe away.  
No comfort to my griefs, no hopes remain,  
The best, the bravest of my sons are slain!  
Yet what a race? ere *Greece* to *Ilion* came,  
The pledge of many a lov'd, and loving dame:  
Nineteen one mother bore—Dead, all are dead!  
How oft, alas! has wretched *Priam* bled?  
Still one was left, their loss to recompense;  
His father's hope, his country's last defence.  
Him too thy rage has slain! beneath thy steel  
Unhappy in his country's cause he fell!

For him, thro' hostile camps I bent my way,  
For him thus prostrate at thy feet I lay;

## NOTES.

\* The curiosity of the reader must needs be awakened to know how *Achilles* would behave to this unfortunate king; it requires all the art of the poet to sustain the violent character of *Achilles*, and yet at the same time to soften him into compassion. To this end the poet uses no preamble, but breaks directly into that circumstance which is most likely to mollify him, and the two first words he utters are, *see thy father, O Achilles, in me!* Nothing could be more happily imagined than this entrance into his speech; *Achilles* has every where been described as bearing a great affection to his father, and by two words the poet recalls all the tenderness that love and duty can suggest to an affectionate son. *Priam* tells *Achilles*, that *Hector* fell in the defence of his country: this was not inserted accidentally; it could not fail of having a very good effect upon *Achilles*, not only as one brave man naturally loves another, but as it implies that *Hector* had no particular enmity against *Achilles*, but that though he fought against him, it was in defence of his country. The reader will observe that *Priam* repeats the beginning of his speech, and recalls his father to his memory in the

Large gifts proportion'd to thy wrath I bear;  
Oh hear the wretched, and the Gods revere!

Think of thy father, and this face behold!  
See him in me, as helpless and as old!  
Tho' not so wretched: there he yields to me,  
The first of men in sov'reign misery.  
Thus forc'd to kneel, thus grov'ling to embrace  
The scourge and ruin of my realm and race;  
Suppliant my children's murd'rer to implore,  
And kiss those hands yet reeking with their gore!

These words soft pity in the chief inspire,†  
Touch'd with the dear remembrance of his fire.  
Then with his hand (as prostrate still he lay)  
The old man's cheek he gently turn'd away.  
Now each by turns indulg'd the gush of woe;  
And now the mingled tides together flow:  
This low on earth, that gently bending o'er,  
A father one, and one a son deplore:  
But great *Achilles* diff'rent passions rend,  
And now his fire he mourns, and now his friend.  
Th' infectious softness thro' the heroes ran;  
One universal solemn show'r began;  
They bore as heroes, but they felt as man.

Satiate at length with unavailing woes,  
From the high throne divine *Achilles* rose;  
The rev'rend monarch by the hand he rais'd;  
On his white beard and form majestic gaz'd,  
Not unrelenting: then serene began  
With words to sooth the miserable man.

Alas!

## NOTES.

conclusion of it. This is done with great judgment; the poet takes care to enforce his petition with the strongest motive, and leaves it fresh upon his memory; and possibly *Priam* might perceive that the mention of his father had made a deeper impression upon *Achilles* than any other part of his petition, therefore while the mind of *Achilles* dwells upon it, he again sets him before his imagination by this repetition, and softens him into compassion.

† We are now come almost to the end of the poem, and consequently to the end of the anger of *Achilles*: and *Homer* has described the abatement of it with excellent judgment. We may here observe how necessary the conduct of *Homer* was, in sending *Thetis* to prepare her son to use *Priam* with civility: it would have been ill suited with the violent temper of *Achilles* to have used *Priam* with tenderness without such pre-admonition; nay, the unexpected sight of his enemy might probably have carried him into violence and rage: but *Homer* has avoided these absurdities; for *Achilles* being already prepared for a reconciliation, the misery of this venerable prince naturally melts him into compassion.





Priam, extremely afflicted at Achilles's inhumanity to the Body of Hector, which he disgracefully drags three times a day round Patroclus's Tomb, comes to him & begs that Prince touched with his Grief & Submission, grants his Request which is followed with Magnificent Funerals celebrated by the Trojans for Hector.

B. XXIV.

J. Flaxman sculp.



Alas! what weight of anguish hast thou known? \*  
 Unhappy prince! thus guardless and alone  
 To pass thro' foes, and thus undaunted face  
 The man whose fury has destroy'd thy race?  
 Heav'n sure has arm'd thee with a heart of steel,  
 A strength proportion'd to the woes you feel.  
 Rise then: let reason mitigate our care:  
 To mourn, avails not: man is born to bear.  
 Such is, alas! the Gods severe decree;  
 They, only they are blest, and only free.  
 Two urns by *Jove's* high throne have ever stood, †  
 The source of evil one, and one of good;  
 From thence the cup of mortal man he fills,  
 Blessings to these, to those distributes ills;  
 To most, he mingles both: the wretch decreed  
 To taste the bad, unmix'd, is curst indeed;  
 Pursued by wrongs, by meagre famine driv'n,  
 He wanders, outcast both of earth and heaven.  
 The happiest taste not happiness sincere,  
 But find the cordial draught is dash'd with care.  
 Who more than *Peleus* shone in wealth and pow'r?  
 What stars concurring blest his natal hour?  
 A realm, a Goddess, to his wishes giv'n,  
 Grac'd by the Gods with all the gifts of heav'n!  
 One evil yet o'ertakes his latest day,  
 No race succeeding to imperial sway:  
 An only son! and he (alas!) ordain'd  
 To fall untimely in a foreign land!

See him, in *Troy*, the pious care decline  
 Of his weak age, to live the curse of thine!  
 Thou too, old man, hast happier days beheld;  
 In riches once, in children once excell'd;  
 Extended *Phrygia* own'd thy ample reign, ‡  
 And all fair *Lesbos*' blissful seats contain,  
 And all wide *Hellepont*'s unmeasur'd main. }  
 But since the God his hand has pleas'd to turn,  
 And fill thy measure from his bitter urn,  
 What sees the sun, but hapless heroes falls?  
 War, and the blood of men, surround thy walls!  
 What must be, must be. Bear thy lot, nor shed  
 These unavailing sorrows o'er the dead;  
 Thou canst not call him from the *Stygian* shore,  
 But thou, alas! may'st live to suffer more!

To whom the king. O favour'd of the skies! }  
 Here let me grow to earth! since *Hector* lies  
 On the bare beech, depriv'd of obsequies. }  
 Oh give me *Hector*! to my eyes restore  
 His corse, and take the gifts: I ask no more.  
 Thou, as thou may'st, these boundless stores enjoy;  
 Safe may'st thou sail, and turn thy wrath from *Troy*:  
 So shall thy pity and forbearance give  
 A weak old man to see the light and live!

Move me no more, (*Achilles* thus replies,  
 While kindling anger sparkled in his eyes) §  
 Nor seek by tears my steady soul to bend;  
 To yield thy *Hector* I myself intend:

For

## NOTES.

\* There is not a more beautiful passage in the whole *Iliad* than this before us: *Homer*, to shew that *Achilles* was not a mere soldier; here draws him as a person of excellent sense and sound reason: *Plato* himself could not speak more like a true philosopher: and it was a piece of great judgment thus to describe him; for the reader would have retained but a very indifferent opinion of the hero of a poem, that had no qualification but mere strength: it also shews the art of the poet thus to defer this part of his character to the very conclusion of the poem: by these means he fixes an idea of his greatness upon our minds, and makes his hero go off the stage with applause. Neither does he here ascribe more wisdom to *Achilles* than he might really be master of; for he had *Chiron* and *Phœnix* for his tutors, and a Goddess for his mother.

† This is an admirable allegory, and very beautifully imagined by the poet. It seems borrowed from the eastern way of speaking, and bears a great resemblance to several expressions in scripture: thus in the *Psalms*, *In the hand of the Lord there is a cup, and he poureth out of the same; as for the dregs thereof, all the ungodly of the earth shall drink them.*

No. 20.

## NOTES.

It was the custom of the *Jews* to give condemned persons just before execution, wine mixed with myrrh, to make them less sensible of pain: thus *Proverbs xxxi. 6. Give strong drink to him that is ready to perish.* This custom was so frequent among the *Jews*, that the cup which was given before execution, came to denote death itself, as in that passage, *Father, let this cup pass from me.*

‡ *Homer* here gives us a piece of geography, and shews the full extent of *Priam's* kingdom. *Lesbos* bounded it on the south, *Phrygia* on the east, and the *Hellepont* on the north. This kingdom, according to *Strabo* in the 13th book, was divided into nine dynasties, who all depended upon *Priam* as their king: so that what *Homer* here relates of *Priam's* power is literally true, and confirmed by history.

§ We believe every reader must be surprized to see *Achilles* fly out into so sudden a passion, without any apparent reason for it. It can scarce be imagined that the name of *Hector* could throw him into so much violence, when he had heard it mentioned with patience and calmness by *Priam* in this very conference: especially if we remember that

A P

*Achilles*



For know, from *Jove* my Goddess-mother came,  
 (Old Ocean's daughter, silver-footed dame)  
 Nor com'st thou but by heav'n; nor com'st alone,  
 Some God impels with courage not thy own:  
 No human hand the weighty gates unbarr'd,  
 Nor could the boldest of our youth have dar'd  
 To pass our out-works, or elude the guard.  
 Cease; lest neglectful of high *Jove*'s command  
 I show thee, king! thou tread'st on hostile land;  
 Release my knees, thy suppliant arts give o'er,  
 And shake the purpose of my soul no more.

The fire obey'd him, trembling and o'er-aw'd.  
*Achilles*, like a lion, rush'd abroad:  
*Automedon* and *Alcinus* attend,  
 (Whom most he honour'd, since he lost his friend;) }  
 These to unyoke the mules and horses went,  
 And led the hoary herald to the tent;  
 Next heap'd on high the num'rous presents bear  
 (Great *Hector*'s ransom) from the polish'd car.  
 Two splendid mantles, and a carpet spread,  
 They leave; to cover, and inwrap the dead.  
 Then call the handmaids with assistant toil  
 To wash the body, and anoint with oil;  
 Apart from *Priam*, lest th' unhappy sire  
 Provok'd to passion, once more rouse to ire  
 The stern *Pelides*; and nor sacred age,  
 Nor *Jove*'s command, should check the rising rage.  
 This done, the garments o'er the corse they spread;  
*Achilles* lifts it to the fun'ral bed:

## NOTES.

*Achilles* had actually determined to restore the body of *Hector* to *Priam*. The words in the original will bear another interpretation, and such a one as naturally solves the difficulty. The meaning of the passage is this: *Priam* perceiving that his address had mollified the heart of *Achilles*, takes this opportunity to persuade him to give over the war, and return home; especially since his anger was sufficiently satisfied by the fall of *Hector*. Immediately *Achilles* takes fire at this proposal, and answers, "Is it not enough that I have determined to restore thy son? ask no more, lest I retract that resolution." In this view we see a natural reason for the sudden passion of *Achilles*. This is farther confirmed from what follows in the latter end of this interview, where *Achilles* asks *Priam* how many days he would request for the interment of *Hector*? *Achilles* had refused to give over the war, but yet consents to intermit it a few days; and then the sense will be this: "I will not consent to return home, but ask a time for a cessation, and it shall be granted." And what most strongly speaks for this

Then, while the body on the car they laid,  
 He groans, and calls on lov'd *Patroclus*' shade.

If, in that gloom which never light must know,  
 The deeds of mortals touch the ghosts below:  
 O friend! forgive me, that I thus fulfil  
 (Restoring *Hector*) heav'n's unquestion'd will.  
 The gifts the father gave, be ever thine,  
 To grace thy *manes*, and adorn thy shrine.

He said, and ent'ring, took his seat of state,  
 Where full before him rev'rend *Priam* sat:  
 To whom, compos'd, the god-like chief begun,  
 Lo! to thy pray'r restor'd, thy breathless son;  
 Extended on the fun'ral couch he lies;  
 And soon as morning paints the eastern skies, }  
 The sight is granted to thy longing eyes.  
 But now the peaceful hours of sacred night  
 Demand refection, and to rest invite:  
 Nor thou, O father! thus consum'd with woe,  
 The common cares that nourish life, forego.  
 Not thus did *Niobe*, of form divine,\*  
 A parent once, whose sorrows equal'd thine:  
 Six youthful sons, as many blooming maids  
 In one sad day beheld the *Stygian* shades;  
 These by *Apollo*'s silver bow were slain,  
 Those, *Cynthia*'s arrows stretch'd upon the plain.  
 So was her pride chastis'd by wrath divine,  
 Who match'd her own with bright *Latona*'s line;  
 But two the Goddess, twelve the Queen enjoy'd;  
 Those boasted twelve th' avenging two destroy'd.  
 Steep'd

## NOTES.

interpretation is the answer of *Priam*; I ask, says he, eleven days to bury my son, and then let the war commence again, since *it must be so*, since you necessitate me to it; or since you will not be persuaded to leave these shores. The reader may be pleased to observe that this is the last fallacy of the resentment of *Achilles*; and the poet judiciously describes him moderating it by his own reflection: so that his reason now prevails over his anger, and the design of the poem is fully executed.

\* *Achilles*, to comfort *Priam*, tells him a known history; which was very proper to work this effect. *Niobe* had lost all her children, *Priam* had some remaining. *Niobe*'s had been nine days extended on the earth, drowned in their blood, in the sight of their people, without any one presenting himself to inter them: *Hector* had likewise been twelve days, but in the midst of his enemies; therefore it is no wonder that no one has paid him the last duties. The Gods at last interred *Niobe*'s children, and the Gods likewise are concerned to procure honourable funerals for *Hector*.



Steep'd in their blood, and in the dust outspread,  
 Nine days neglected lay expos'd the dead;  
 None by to weep them, to inhume them none;  
 (For *Jove* had turn'd the nation all to stone:)  
 The Gods themselves at length relenting, gave  
 Th' unhappy race the honours of a grave.  
 Herself a rock, (for such was heav'n's high will)  
 Thro' deserts wild now pours a weeping rill;  
 Where round the bed whence *Acheloüs* springs,  
 The wat'ry fairies dance in mazy rings,  
 There high on *Sipylus* his shaggy brow,  
 She stands her own sad monument of woe;  
 The rock for ever lasts, the tears for ever flow.

Such griefs; O king! have other parents known;

Remember their's, and mitigate thy own.  
 The care of heav'n thy *Hektor* has appear'd,  
 Nor shall he lie unwept, and uninterr'd;  
 Soon may thy aged cheeks in tears be drown'd,  
 And all the eyes of *Iliön* stream around.

He said, and rising, chose the victim ewe  
 With silver fleece, which his attendants slew.  
 The limbs they sever from the reeking hide,  
 With skill prepare them, and in parts divide:  
 Each on the coals the sep'rate morsels lays,  
 And hasty, snatches from the rising blaze.  
 With bread the glitt'ring canisters they load,  
 Which round the board *Automedon* bestow'd:  
 The chief himself to each his portion plac'd,  
 And each indulging shar'd in sweet repast.  
 When now the rage of hunger was repress'd,  
 The wond'ring hero eyes his royal guest;  
 No less the royal guest the hero eyes,\*  
 His god-like aspect and majestic size;  
 Here, youthful grace and noble fire engage,  
 And there, the mild benevolence of age.  
 Thus gazing long, the silence neither broke,  
 (A solemn scene!) at length the father spoke.

Permit me now, belov'd of *Jove*! to sleep  
 My careful temples in the dew of sleep:  
 For since the day that number'd with the dead  
 My hapless son, the dust has been my bed,

Soft sleep a stranger to my weeping eyes,  
 My only food, my sorrows and my sighs!  
 Till now, encourag'd by the grace you give,  
 I share thy banquet, and consent to live.

With that, *Achilles* bad prepare the bed,  
 With purple soft, and shaggy carpets spread;  
 Forth, by the flaming lights, they bend their way,  
 And place the couches, and the cov'rings lay.  
 Then he: Now father sleep, but sleep not here;  
 Consult thy safety, and forgive my fear,  
 Lest any *Argive* (at this hour awake,  
 To ask our counsel, or our orders take)†  
 Approaching sudden to our open'd tent,  
 Perchance behold thee, and our grace prevent.  
 Should such report thy honour'd person here,  
 The king of men the ransom might defer.  
 But say with speed, if aught of thy desire  
 Remains unask'd; what time the rites require  
 T' interr thy *Hektor*? For, so long we stay  
 Our slaught'ring arm, and bid the hosts obey.

If then thy will permit (the monarch said)  
 To finish all due honours to the dead,  
 This, of thy grace accord: to thee are known  
 The fears of *Iliön*, clos'd within her town,  
 And at what distance from our walls aspire  
 The hills of *Ide*, and forests for the fire.  
 Nine days to vent our sorrows I request,  
 The tenth shall see the fun'ral and the feast;  
 The next, to raise his monument be giv'n;  
 The twelfth we war, if war be doom'd by heav'n!

This thy request (reply'd the chief) enjoy:  
 Till then, our arms suspend the fall of *Troy*.

Then gave his hand at parting, to prevent  
 The old man's fears, and turn'd within the tent;  
 Where fair *Briseis* bright in blooming charms  
 Expects her hero with desiring arms.  
 But in the porch the king and herald rest,  
 Sad dreams of care yet wand'ring in their breast.  
 Now Gods and men the gifts of sleep partake;  
 Industrious *Hermes* only was awake,  
 The king's return revolving in his mind,  
 To pass the ramparts, and the watch to blind.

The

#### NOTES.

\* The poet omits no opportunity of praising his hero *Achilles*, and it is observable that he now commends him for his more amiable qualities: he softens the terrible idea we have conceived of him as a warrior, with several virtues of humanity; and the angry, vindictive soldier is become calm and compassionate. In this place he makes his very enemy admire his personage, and be astonished at his manly beauty. So that though courage be his most distinguishing character, yet *Achilles* is ad-

#### NOTES.

mirable both for the endowments of mind and body.

† The poet here shews the importance of *Achilles* in the army; though *Agamemnon* be the general, yet all the chief commanders apply to him for advice: and thus he promises *Priam* a cessation of arms for several days, purely by his own authority. The method that *Achilles* took to confirm the truth of the cessation, agrees with the custom which we use at this day, he gave him his hand upon it.



The pow'r descending hover'd o'er his head :  
 And sleep't thou, father ? (thus the vision said)  
 Now dost thou sleep, when *Hector* is restor'd ?  
 Nor fear the *Grecian* foes, or *Grecian* lord ?  
 Thy presence here should stern *Atrides* see,  
 Thy still-surviving sons may sue for thee,  
 May offer all thy treasures yet contain,  
 To spare thy age ; and offer all in vain.

Wak'd with the word, the trembling fire arose,  
 And rais'd his friend : the God before him goes,  
 He joins the mules, directs them with his hand,  
 And moves in silence thro' the hostile land.  
 When now to *Xanthus*' yellow stream they drove,  
 (*Xanthus*, immortal progeny of *Jove*)  
 The winged Deity forsook their view,  
 And in a moment to *Olympus* flew.

Now shed *Aurora* round her saffron ray,  
 Sprung thro' the gates of light, and gave the day :  
 Charg'd with their mournful load, to *Ilium* go  
 The sage and king, majestically flow.

*Cassandra* first beholds, from *Ilium*'s spire,  
 The sad procession of her hoary sire,  
 Then, as the pensive pomp advanc'd more near,  
 Her breathless brother stretch'd upon the bier :  
 A show'r of tears o'erflows her beauteous eyes,  
 Alarming thus all *Ilium* with her cries.

Turn here your steps, and here your eyes employ,  
 Ye wretched daughters, and ye sons of *Troy* !  
 If e'er ye rush'd in crowds, with vast delight  
 To hail your hero glorious from the fight ;  
 Now meet him dead, and let your sorrows flow !  
 Your common triumph, and your common woe.

In thronging crowds they issue to the plains,  
 Nor man, nor woman, in the walls remains.  
 In ev'ry face the self-same grief is shown,  
 And *Troy* sends forth one universal groan.

## NOTES.

\* This was a custom generally received, and which passed from the *Hebrews* to the *Greeks*, *Romans*, and *Asiatics*. There were weepers by profession, of both sexes, who sung doleful tunes round the dead. *Ecclesiasticus* xii. 5. *When a man shall go into the house of his eternity, there shall encompass him weepers.* It appears from *St. Matthew* xi. 17, that children were likewise employed in this office.

† The poet judiciously makes *Priam* to be silent in this general lamentation ; he has already borne a sufficient share in these sorrows, in the tent of *Achilles*, and said what grief can dictate to a father and a king upon such a melancholy subject. But he introduces three women as chief mourners, and speaks only in general of the lamentation of the men of *Troy*, an excess of sorrow being unmanly :

At *Scæa*'s gates they meet the mourning wain,  
 Hang on the wheels, and grovel round the slain.  
 The wife and mother, frantic with despair,  
 Kifs his pale cheek, and rend their scatter'd hair :  
 Thus wildly wailing, at the gates they lay ;  
 And there had sigh'd and sorrow'd out the day ;  
 But god-like *Priam* from the chariot rose ;  
 Forbear (he cry'd) this violence of woes,  
 First to the palace let the car proceed,  
 Then pour your boundless sorrows o'er the dead.

The waves of people at his word divide,  
 Slow rolls the chariot thro' the following tide ;  
 Ev'n to the palace the sad pomp they wait :  
 They weep, and place him on the bed of state.  
 A melancholy choir attend around,\*  
 With plaintive sighs, and music's solemn sound :  
 Alternately they sing, alternate flow  
 Th' obedient tears, melodious in their woe.  
 While deeper sorrows groan from each full heart,  
 And Nature speaks at ev'ry pause of Art.

First to the corse the weeping consort flew ; †  
 Around his neck her milk-white arms she threw,  
 And oh my *Hector* ! oh my lord ! she cries,  
 Snatch'd in thy bloom from these desiring eyes !  
 Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone !  
 And I abandon'd, desolate, alone !  
 An only son, once comfort of our pains,  
 Sad product now of hapless love remains !  
 Never to manly age that son shall rise,  
 Or with increasing graces glad my eyes :  
 For *Ilium* now (her great defender slain)  
 Shall sink a smoking ruin on the plain.  
 Who now protects her wives with guardian care ?  
 Who saves her infants from the rage of war ?  
 Now hostile fleets must waft those infants o'er,  
 (Those wives must wait 'em) to a foreign shore !

Thou

## NOTES.

whereas these women might with decency indulge themselves in all the lamentation that fondness and grief could suggest. The wife, the mother of *Hector*, and *Helen*, are the three persons introduced ; and though they all mourn upon the same occasion, yet their lamentations are so different, that not a sentence that is spoken by the one, could be made use of by the other : *Andromache* speaks like a tender wife, *Hecuba* like a fond mother, and *Helen* mourns with sorrow rising from self-accusation : *Andromache* commends his bravery, *Hecuba* his manly beauty, and *Helen* his gentleness and humanity.—*Homer* is very concise in describing the funeral of *Hector*, which was but a necessary piece of conduct, after he had been so full in that of *Patroclus*.



A View of TROY & the adjacent Country, pointing out the spots where the Various BATTLES were fought as mentioned in HOMER'S ILLIAD.



1 The Scæan Gate, & Beech Tree. 2 Caprificus. 3 The two Springs of the River Scamander. 4 Callicolone, near the River Simois. 5 Baticea or the Sepulchre of Myrinnæ. 6 The Monument of Ilus. 7 The Tomb of Æsies. 8 The Grecian Wall. 9 The Site of the Battle at the Ships, see Iliad, Book 8. 12, 13, 14, 10 The Scene of Diomed's exploits. Book 5. 11 The Contest of Achilles & Scamander. Book 22. 12 Place of the Battle described in Book 6. 13 Place of the Battle in Book 11. 14 Place of the Battle in Book 20. 15 Sigeum. 16 Rhoætum. 17 Simois River. 18 Scamander River. 19 Mouth of Scamander River. 20 Aegean Sea. 21 Mount Ida.

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Thou too, my son! to barb'rous climes shalt go,  
 The sad companion of thy mother's woe;  
 Driv'n hence a slave before the victor's sword;  
 Condemn'd to toil for some inhuman lord.  
 Or else some *Greek* whose father prest the plain,  
 Or son, or brother, by great *Hector* slain;  
 In *Hector*'s blood his vengeance shall enjoy,  
 And hurl thee headlong from the tow'rs of *Troy*.  
 For thy stern father never spar'd a foe:  
 Thence all these tears, and all this scene of woe!  
 Thence, many evils his sad parents bore,  
 His parents many, but his comfort more.  
 Why gav'st thou not to me thy dying hand?  
 And why receiv'd not I thy last command?  
 Some word thou would'st have spoke, which sadly dear,  
 My soul might keep, or utter with a tear;  
 Which never, never could be lost in air,  
 Fix'd in my heart, and oft repeated there!

Thus to her weeping maids she makes her moan;  
 Her weeping handmaids echo groan for groan.

The mournful mother next sustains her part.  
 Oh thou, the best, the dearest to my heart!  
 Of all my race thou most by heav'n approv'd,  
 And by th'immortals ev'n in death belov'd!  
 While all my other sons in barb'rous bands  
*Achilles* bound, and sold to foreign lands,  
 This felt no chains, but went a glorious ghost  
 Free, and a hero to the *Stygian* coast.  
 Sentenc'd, 'tis true, by his inhuman doom,  
 Thy noble corse was dragg'd around the tomb,  
 (The tomb of him thy warlike arm had slain)  
 Ungen'rous insult, impotent and vain!  
 Yet glow'st thou fresh with ev'ry living grace,  
 No mark of pain, or violence of face;  
 Rosy and fair! as *Phæbus*' silver bow  
 Dismiss'd thee gently to the shades below.

Thus spoke the dame, and melted into tears.  
 Sad *Helen* next in pomp of grief appears:  
 Fast from the shining sluices of her eyes  
 Fall the round crystal drops, while thus she cries.

Ah dearest friend! in whom the Gods had join'd  
 The mildest manners with the bravest mind;  
 Now twice ten years (unhappy years) are o'er.  
 Since *Paris* brought me to the *Trojan* shore;  
 (Oh had I perish'd, ere that form divine  
 Seduc'd this soft, this easy heart of mine!)  
 Yet was it ne'er my fate, from thee to find  
 A deed ungentle, or a word unkind:

No. 20.

When others curst the auth'refs of their woe,  
 Thy pity check'd my sorrows in their flow:  
 If some proud brother ey'd me with disdain,  
 Or scornful sister with her sweeping train,  
 Thy gentle accents soften'd all my pain.  
 For thee I mourn; and mourn myself in thee,  
 The wretched source of all this misery!  
 The fate I caus'd, for ever I bemoan;  
 Sad *Helen* has no friend now thou art gone!  
 Thro' *Troy*'s wide streets abandon'd shall I roam,  
 In *Troy* deserted, as abhorr'd at home!

So spoke the fair, with sorrow-streaming eye:  
 Distressful beauty melts each slander by;  
 On all around th' infectious sorrow grows;  
 But *Priam* check'd the torrent as it rose.  
 Perform, ye *Trojans*! what the rites require,  
 And fell the forests for a fun'ral pyre;  
 Twelve days, nor foes nor secret ambush dread;  
*Achilles* grants these honours to the dead.

He spoke; and at his word the *Trojan* train  
 Their mules and oxen harness to the wain,  
 Pour thro' the gates, and fell'd from *Ida*'s crown,  
 Roll back the gather'd forests to the town.  
 These toils continue nine succeeding days,  
 And high in air a sylvan structure raise.  
 But when the tenth fair morn began to shine,  
 Forth to the pile was borne the man divine,  
 And plac'd aloft: while all, with streaming eyes,  
 Beheld the flames and rolling smokes arise.  
 Soon as *Aurora*, daughter of the dawn,  
 With rosy lustre streak'd the dewy lawn;  
 Again the mournful crouds surround the pyre,  
 And quench with wine the yet-remaining fire,  
 The snowy bones his friends and brothers place  
 (With tears collected) in a golden vase;  
 The golden vase in purple palls they roll'd,  
 Of softest texture, and inwrought with gold.  
 Last o'er the urn the sacred earth they spread,  
 And rais'd the tomb, memorial of the dead.  
 (Strong guards and spies, till all the rites were done,  
 Watch'd from the rising to the setting sun)  
 All *Troy* then moves to *Priam*'s court again,  
 A solemn, silent, melancholy train:  
 Assembled there, from pious toil they rest,  
 And sadly shar'd the last sepulchral feast.  
 Such honours *Ilium* to her hero paid,  
 And peaceful slept the mighty *Hector*'s shade.

4. Q

The END of the I L I A D:



T H E  
WORKS OF HOMER,

The Celebrated GRECIAN POET.

The FIRST BOOK of the ODYSSEY.\*

A R G U M E N T.

MINERVA'S DESCENT TO ITHACA.

*The poem opens within forty-eight days of the arrival of Ulysses in his dominions. He had now remained seven years in the island of Calypso, when the Gods assembled in council proposed the method of his departure from thence, and his return to his native country. For this purpose it is concluded to send Mercury to Calypso, and Pallas immediately descends to Ithaca. She holds a conference with Telemachus, in the shape of Mentis king of the Taphians; in which she advises him to take a journey in quest of his father Ulysses, to Pylos and Sparta, where Nestor and Menelaus yet reigned: then, after having visibly displayed her divinity, disappears. The suitors of Penelope make great entertainments, and riot in her palace till night. Phemius sings to them the return of the Grecians, till Penelope puts a stop to the song. Some words arise between the suitors and Telemachus, who summons the council to meet the day following.*

THE man, for wisdom's various arts renown'd,  
Long exercis'd in woes, oh muse! resound;  
Who, when his arms had wrought the destin'd fall  
Of sacred Troy, and raz'd her heav'n-built wall,

N O T E S.

\* We shall proceed in the same method through the course of these annotations upon the *Odyssey*, as in those upon the *Iliad*; considering *Homer* chiefly as a poet, and endeavouring to make his beauties understood. By most critics the *Odyssey* is thought to be inferior to the *Iliad* in many respects. It has not that sublimity of spirit, or that enthusiasm of poetry; but then it must be allowed, if it be less noble, it is more instructive: the other abounds with more heroism, this with more morality. The *Iliad* gives us a draught of Gods and heroes, of discord, of contentions, and scenes of slaughter; the *Odyssey* sets

Wand'ring from clime to clime, observant stray'd,  
Their manners noted, and their states survey'd. †  
On stormy seas unnumber'd toils he bore,  
Safe with his friends to gain his natal shore:

Vain

N O T E S.

before us a scene more amiable, the landscapes of nature, the pleasure of private life, the duties of every station, the hospitality of ancient times; a less busy, but more agreeable portrait. The *Iliad* concludes with the ruin, the *Odyssey* with the happiness of a nation.

† *Homer* opens his poem with the utmost simplicity and modesty; he continually grows upon the reader, and the beginning of the *Odyssey* may be considered as a pattern for all poems. The fable of it is wholly for the conduct and policy of a state: therefore the quality it requires is *Wisdom*, but



Vain toils! their impious folly dar'd to prey\*  
On herds devoted to the God of day;  
The God vindictive doom'd them never more  
(Ah men unblest'd!) to touch that natal shore.  
Oh snatch some portion of these acts from fate,  
Celestial muse! and to our world relate.

Now at their native realms the *Greeks* arriv'd; †  
All who the wars of ten long years surviv'd,  
And 'scap'd the perils of the gulfy main.  
*Ulysses*, sole of all the victor train,  
An exile from his dear paternal coast,  
Deplor'd his absent queen, and empire lost.  
*Calypso* in her caves constrain'd his stay  
With sweet, reluctant, amorous delay:

## NOTES.

but this virtue is of too large an extent for the simplicity which a just and precise *character* requires; it is therefore requisite it should be limited. The great art of kings is the mystery of *diffimulation*. This then is the *character* which the *Greek* poet gives his *Ulysses* in the proposition of his poem, he calls him a man who could accommodate himself to every condition of life.—But why is *Ulysses* said to have overthrown *Troy*? and not *Achilles*, who was of more remarkable courage than *Ulysses*? To this we answer, that the destruction of *Troy* ought to be ascribed chiefly to *Ulysses*, as he not only took away the *Palladium*, but was the inventor of the stratagem of the wooden horse, by which the city was conquered. *Virgil* in his second book of the *Aeneis* gives us a noble description of its destruction, by which we find that *Ulysses* was not only the contriver of its ruin, but bore a great share in the actions of the night in which that city was overturned.

\* By this single trait, *Homer* marks an essential difference between the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*; namely, that in the former poem the people perished by the folly of their kings: in this, the people perish by their own folly, while their prince omits nothing to procure their felicity. A plain reason why the *Odyssey* is more calculated for the people than the *Iliad*.

† It is necessary for the better understanding of the poem, to fix the period of time from which it takes its beginning: *Homer* does not begin with the wandering of *Ulysses*, he steps at once into the latter end of his action, and leaves the preceding story to be told by way of narration. Thus in his *Iliad*, he dates his poem from the anger of *Achilles*, which happened almost at the conclusion of the *Trojan* war. There are but forty-eight days from

In vain—for now the circling years disclose  
The day predestin'd to reward his woes.  
At length his *Ithaca* is giv'n by fate,  
Where yet new labours his arrival wait;  
At length their rage the hostile pow'rs restrain,  
All but the ruthless monarch of the main. ‡  
But now the God, remote, a heav'nly guest  
In *Æthiopia* grac'd the genial feast, §  
(A race divided, whom with sloping rays  
The rising and descending sun surveys)  
There on the world's extremest verge rever'd,  
With hecatombs and pray'r in pomp prefer'd,  
Distant he lay: while in the bright abodes  
Of high *Olympus*, *Jove* conven'd the Gods:

Th

## NOTES.

the departure of *Ulysses* from *Calypso*, to his discovery in *Ithaca*; he had been one year with *Circe*, and seven with *Calypso*, when the Gods dispatched *Mercury* to that Goddess; from which point of time we are to date the *Odyssey*. This observation gives a reason why the poet invokes the muse to recount the wanderings of his hero in parts only; for *Ulysses*, as appears from the beginning of the ninth book, after he left the shores of *Troy*, was driven to *Ismarus* of the *Ciconians*. An historian must have begun from the fall of *Troy*, and related his wanderings with truth and order; for history is chiefly for instruction: but a poet takes another method, and disposes every circumstance arbitrarily; he chuses or rejects, as suits best with his principal design, and in such a manner as to give at once delight and instruction.

‡ The reason why *Neptune* is thus enraged against *Ulysses*, is because that hero had put out the eye of his son *Cyclops*. But if we take *Neptune* by way of allegory for the ocean, the passage implies, that the sufferings of *Ulysses* were chiefly by sea; and therefore poetry, which adds a grandeur to the meanest circumstance, introduces the God of it as his greatest enemy.

§ The ancient *Grecians* included all those people who lived upon the southern ocean, from east to west, in the general name of *Æthiopians*, nor was it confined to those only who lay south of *Ægypt*. The *Æthiopians* were a people very religious toward the Gods, and they held a pompous feast twelve days annually to their honour; the poet therefore very judiciously makes use of this solemnity to remove *Neptune* out of the way, who was the enemy of *Ulysses*, that he may with the greater security bring off his hero from *Calypso's* island.



Th' assembly thus the Sire supreme addrest,  
*Ægythus*' fate revolving in his breast,  
 Whom young *Orestes* to the dreary coast  
 Of *Pluto* sent, a blood-polluted ghost.

Perverse mankind! whose wills, created free,\*  
 Charge all their woes on absolute decree;  
 All to the dooming Gods their guilt translate,  
 And follies are miscall'd the crimes of fate.  
 When to his lust *Ægythus* gave the rein,  
 Did Fate, or We, th' adul'rous act constrain?  
 Did Fate, or We, when great *Atrides* dy'd,  
 Urge the bold traitor to the regicide?  
*Hermes* I sent, while yet his soul remain'd †  
 Sincere from royal blood, and faith profan'd;  
 To warn the wretch, that young *Orestes* grown  
 To manly years should re-assert the throne.  
 Yet impotent of mind, and uncontrol'd,  
 He plung'd into the gulf which heav'n foretold.

Here paus'd the God, and pensive thus replies,  
*Minerva* graceful with her azure eyes.  
 O thou! from whom the whole creation springs, ‡  
 The source of pow'r on earth deriv'd to kings!

## NOTES.

\* The solemnity and sententiousness of this speech deserves to be noticed, and surely poetry must be highly valuable, when it delivers such excellent instructions. It contained the whole of religion amongst the ancients; and made philosophy more agreeable. This passage is an instance of it, a passage worthy of a Christian; it shews us that the Supreme Being is sovereignly good, that he rewards the just, and punishes the unjust; and that the folly of man, and not the decree of heaven, is the cause of human calamity.

† It would be endless to observe every moral passage in the *Odyssey*, the whole of it being but one lesson of morality. But surely it must be a pleasure to the reader to learn what notions the ancients had of a Deity, from the oldest book extant, except the book of *Moses*. *Jupiter* here declares that he never fails to warn mankind from evil, and that he had sent *Mercury* for this purpose to *Ægythus*. It may be asked what is this *Mercury* whom *Jupiter* sends? It is the light of reason, which heaven implants in the breast of every man: and which, as *Cicero* says, is not only more ancient than the world, but co-eval with the master of the world himself. This Reason of the Supreme Being is here called *Mercury*; that Reason flowing from God, which is constantly dictating to the most corrupted hearts, *this is good, or this is evil*. Hence arose an ancient proverb, recorded by *Simplicius*, *Reason is a Mercury to all men*.

His death was equal to the direful deed;  
 So may the man of blood be doom'd to bleed!  
 But grief and rage alternate wound my breast  
 For brave *Ulysses*, still by Fate oppress'd.  
 Amidst an isle, around whose rocky shore ||  
 The forests murmur, and the surges roar,  
 The blameless hero from his wish'd-for home  
 A Goddess guards in her enchanted dome.  
 (*Atlas* her sire, to whose far piercing eye  
 The wonders of the deep expanded lie;  
 Th' eternal columns which on earth he rears  
 End in the starry vault, and prop the spheres.)  
 By his fair daughter is the chief confin'd,  
 Who soothes to dear delight his anxious mind:  
 Successless all her soft caresses prove,  
 To banish from his breast his country's love;  
 To see the smoke from his lov'd palace rise, §  
 While the dear isle in distant prospect lies,  
 With what contentment could he close his }  
 eyes?

And will Omnipotence neglect to save  
 The suffering virtue of the wise and brave?

Must

## NOTES.

‡ It may be asked what relation *Ulysses* has to *Ægythus*, that the mention of the one should immediately give occasion for the remembrance of the other? and it may appear unnatural in the poet to give rise to his poem by so unexpected a transition from *Ægythus* to *Ulysses*. But we may vindicate *Homer*, by shewing that it is not only beautiful but natural, to take rise from what offers itself to our immediate observation. What can be more natural, when *Jupiter* is relating how he punishes the wicked, than for Wisdom or *Minerva* to suggest, that the good ought to be rewarded? There is no forced introduction; no artful preparations, but the whole arises from the occasion, which is a great beauty.

|| There was, according to true history, such an island of *Calypso*, of which *Strabo* writes; that *Solon* gives an account of the island *Atlantis* bordering upon *Ægypt*, and that he went thither to make inquiry, and learned that an island was once there, but by time was vanished.

§ There is an agreeable tenderness in this image, and nothing can better paint the ardent desire a man naturally has to review his native country after a long absence. This is still stronger than that which *Cicero* extols in several places of his works, that *Ulysses* preferred the sight of *Ithaca* to the immortality proffered him by *Calypso*. He here desires to purchase, at the price of his life, the pleasure, not of returning to his country, but even of seeing at a distance



Must he, whose altars on the *Phrygian* shore  
With frequent rites, and pure, avow'd thy pow'r,  
Be doom'd the worst of human ills to prove,  
Unblest'd, abandon'd to the wrath of *Jove*?  
Daughter! what words have pass'd thy lips un-  
weigh'd?\*

(Reply'd the Thund'rer to the martial maid)  
Deem not unjustly by my doom oppress'd  
Of human race the wisest and the best.  
*Neptune*, by pray'r repentant rarely won,  
Afflicts the chief, t' avenge his giant son, †  
Whose visual orb *Ulysses* robb'd of light;  
Great *Polypheme*, of more than mortal might!  
Him young *Thoësa* bore, (the bright increase  
Of *Phorcys*, dreaded in the founts and seas:)  
Whom *Neptune* ey'd with bloom of beauty blest,  
And in his cave the yielding nymph compress'd.

## NOTES.

distance the very smoke of it. There are some things dispersed in this speech of *Pallas*, which we shall lay together; as that *Minerva* makes it an aggravation to the calamity of *Ulysses*, to be detained by a Goddess that loves him; that he is inclosed in an island; and she adds, round which the seas flow; as if that was not common to all islands; but these expressions are used to shew the impossibility of the escape of *Ulysses*, without the interposition of *Jupiter*. In the conclusion she observes, that *Ulysses* never neglected to sacrifice before *Troy*: this is said to shew the great piety of *Ulysses*, who not only paid his sacrifices in *Ithaca*, where he abounded in riches, but amongst strangers in an enemy's country, where there might be a scarcity of offerings.

\* This verse is frequently repeated both in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*; it has here a particular energy. *Jupiter* reproves *Minerva* for supposing he could ever be unmindful of an hero so pious as *Ulysses*. It is spoken with vehemence; an instance, that it is not only equitable, but an attribute of divinity, for rulers to remember those who serve them faithfully.

† It is artful in the poet to tell the reader the occasion of the sufferings of *Ulysses* in the opening of the poem; it is a justice due to his character, to shew that his misfortunes are not the consequence of his crimes, but the effect of *Neptune's* anger. It is observable, that *Homer* does not stop to explain how *Ulysses* put out the eye of the *Cyclops*: he hastens forward into the middle of his poem, and leaves that for the future narration of *Ulysses*.

‡ *Ogygia*.

§ Some critics have asserted, that the action of the *Odyssey* is imperfect, because it begins with the voy-  
No. 20.

For this, the God constrains the *Greek* to roam,  
A hopeless exile from his native home,  
From death alone exempt—but cease to mourn;  
Let all combine t' achieve his wish'd return:  
*Neptune* aton'd, his wrath shall now refrain,  
Or thwart the synod of the Gods in vain.  
Father and kings ador'd! *Minerva* cry'd,  
Since all who in th' *Olympian* bow'r reside  
Now make the wand'ring *Greek* their public  
care,  
Let *Hermes* to th' *Atlantic* isle ‡ repair;  
Bid him, arriv'd in bright *Calypso's* court,  
The sanction of th' assembled pow'rs report:  
That wise *Ulysses* to his native land  
Must speed, obedient to their high command.  
Mean time *Telemachus*, the blooming heir ||  
Of sea-girt *Ithaca*, demands my care:

\*Tis

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ages of *Telemachus*, and ends with those of *Ulysses*. But this objection is not just; for the destruction of the suitors is the chief hinge upon which the poem turns, as it contributes chiefly to the re-establishment of *Ulysses* in his country and regality; and whatever contributes to this end, contributes to the principal action, and is of a piece with the rest of the poem; and that this voyage does so, is evident, in that it gives a defeat to the suitors, and controls their insolence; it preserves *Ulysses's* throne and bed inviolate, in that it gives *Telemachus* courage to resist their attempts: it sets his character in a fair point of light, who is the second personage of the poem, and is to have a great share in the future actions of it. Thus *Homer* here prepares the way for the defeat of the suitors, the chief design of his poem; and lays the ground-work of probability on which he intends to build his poem, and reconcile it to the rules of credibility. If it be asked for what end this voyage of *Telemachus* is made; the answer is, to inquire after *Ulysses*: so that whatever episodes are interwoven, *Ulysses* is still in view; and whatever *Telemachus* acts, is undertaken solely upon his account; and consequently, whatever is acted, contributes to the principal design, the restoration of *Ulysses*. So that the fable is entire, and the action not doleful. It is to be remembered also, that the sufferings of *Ulysses* are the subject of the poem; his personal calamities are not only intended, but his domestic misfortunes; and by this conduct *Homer* shews us the extent of his misfortunes: his queen is attempted, his throne threatened, and his wealth consumed in riot; *Ulysses* suffers in *Telemachus*, and in every circumstance of life is unhappy.



'Tis mine, to form his green, unpractis'd years,\*  
 In sage debates, surrounded with his peers,  
 To save the state; and timely to restrain  
 The bold intrusion of the suitor-train;  
 Who crowd his palace, and with lawless pow'r  
 His herds and flocks in feastful rites devour.  
 To distant *Sparta*, and the spacious waste †  
 Of sandy *Pyle*, the royal youth shall haste.  
 There, warm with filial love, the cause inquire  
 That from his realm retards his god-like fire:  
 Deliv'ring early to the voice of Fame  
 The promise of a great, immortal name.  
 She said: the sandals of celestial mould  
 Fledg'd with ambrosial plumes, and rich with gold,  
 Surround her feet; with these sublime she sails  
 Th' aerial space, and mounts the winged gales:

## NOTES.

\* In this the poet draws the outlines of what he is to fill up in the four subsequent books: and nothing can give us a greater idea of his unbounded invention, than his building upon so plain a foundation such a noble superstructure: he entertains us with variety of episodes, historical relations, and manners of those ancient times. It must be confessed, that the characters in the *Odyssy*, and the number of the chief actors, are but few; and yet the poet never tires, he varies and diversifies the story so happily, that he is continually opening new scenes to engage our attention. He resembles his own *Proteus*, he is capable of all shapes, yet in all shapes the same Deity.

† Nothing can be more natural, than for a son, in order to gain intelligence of an absent father, to inquire in those places, and of those persons, where and from whom he is most likely to have information. Such is the conduct of *Telemachus*: and poetry, which delights in the wonderful, because this conduct agrees with wisdom, ascribes it to *Minerva* the Goddess of it. No doubt but *Minerva* knew where *Ulysses* resided; but men must act as men: an immediate interposition had stopped at once the fountain of the poet's invention. If what a poet invents be natural, it is justifiable; and he may give the rein to his imagination, if he restrain it from running into extravagance and wildness.

‡ We are told by tradition, that *Homer* was so sensible of friendship, that to do honour to his particular friends, he immortalized their names in his poems. In the *Iliad* he has shewn his gratitude to *Tyebius*; and in the *Odyssy*, to *Mentes*, *Phemius*, and *Mentor*. This *Mentes* was a famous merchant of the isle of *Leucade*, who received *Homer* at *Smyrna*, and made him his companion in all his voyages.

O'er earth and ocean wide prepar'd to soar,  
 Her dreaded arm a beamy jav'lin bore,  
 Pond'rous and vast; which, when her fury burns,  
 Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns.  
 From high *Olympus* prone her flight she bends;  
 And in the realm of *Ithaca* descends.  
 Her lineaments divine the grave disguise  
 Of *Mentes*' form conceal'd from human eyes:  
 (*Mentes*, the monarch of the *Taphian* land) ‡  
 A glitt'ring spear wav'd awful in her hand.  
 There in the portal plac'd, the heav'n-born maid  
 Enormous riot and mis-rule survey'd.§  
 On hides of beeves, before the palace gate,  
 (Sad spoils of luxury) the suitors sat.  
 With rival art, and ardour in their mien,  
 At chess they vie, to captivate the queen,||

## Divining

## NOTES.

It is to this *Mentes* we owe the two poems of *Homer*; for the poet in all probability had never wrote them without those lights and informations he received, and the discoveries he was enabled to make, by those travels. *Homer* is not contented to give his name to the king of the *Taphians*, but feigns also that the Goddess of Wisdom chose to appear in his shape, preferably to that of all the kings who were nearer neighbours to *Ithaca*.

§ This is the first appearance of the suitors; and the poet has drawn their pictures in such colours, as are agreeable to their characters through the whole poem. The poet gives a fine contrast between them and *Telemachus*; he entertains himself with his own thoughts, weighs the sum of things, and beholds with a virtuous sorrow the disorders of the suitors: he appears (like *Ulysses* among his transformed companions in the tenth book) a wise man among brutes.

|| There are great disputes what this game was at which the suitors played. *Athenæus* relates it from *Apian* the grammarian, who had it from *Cteson*, a native of *Ithaca*, that the sport was in this manner: The number of the suitors being one hundred and eight, they equally divided their men, or balls; that is to say, fifty-four on each side; these were placed on the board opposite to each other. Between the two sides was a vacant space, in the midst of which was the main mark, or *Queen*, the point which all were to aim at. They took their turns by lot; he who took or displaced that mark, got his own in it's place; and if by a second man he again took it, without touching any of the others, he won the game; and it pass'd as an omen of obtaining his mistress. This principal mark, or *Queen*, was called by whatever name the gamers pleased;



Divining of their loves. Attending nigh,  
 A menial train the flowing bowl supply :  
 Others apart, the spacious hall prepare,  
 And form the costly feast with busy care.  
 There young *Telemachus*, his bloomy face  
 Glowing celestial-sweet with god-like grace,  
 Amid the circle shines : but hope and fear  
 (Painful vicissitude!) his bosom tear.  
 Now imag'd in his mind, he sees restor'd  
 In peace and joy, the people's rightful lord ;  
 The proud oppressors fly the vengeful sword.  
 While his fond soul these fancied triumphs  
 swell'd,

The stranger guest the royal youth beheld,  
 Griev'd that a visitant so long should wait \*  
 Unmark'd, unhonour'd, at a monarch's gate ;  
 Instant he flew with hospitable haste,  
 And the new friend with courteous air embrac'd.  
 Stranger ! who'er thou art, securely rest  
 Affianc'd in my faith, a friendly guest :  
 Approach the dome, the social banquet share,  
 And then the purpose of thy soul declare.

Thus affable and mild, the prince precedes,  
 And to the dome th' unknown celestial leads.  
 The spear receiving from her hand, he plac'd  
 Against a column, fair with sculpture grac'd ;  
 Where seemly rang'd in peaceful order stood  
*Ulysses'* arms, now long diffus'd to blood.

## NOTES.

pleased ; and the suitors gave it the name of *Penelope*. It is said, this game was invented by *Palamedes*, during the siege of *Troy*.

\* The reader will lose much of the pleasure of this poem, if he reads it without the reflection, that he peruses one of the most ancient books in the world ; it sets before him persons, places, and actions, that existed three thousand years ago : here we have an instance of the humanity of those early ages : *Telemachus* pays a reverence to this stranger, only because he is a stranger : he attends him in person, and welcomes him with all the openness of ancient hospitality.

† There is nothing that has drawn more censure upon *Homer*, than the frequent descriptions of his entertainments : it has been judged, that he was more than ordinarily delighted with them, since he omits no opportunity to describe them ; nay, his temperance has not been unsuspected. But we must not condemn, without stronger evidence : a man may commend a sumptuous entertainment, or good wines, without being either a drunkard or a glutton. But since there are so many entertainments described in the poem, it may not be impro-

He led the Goddess to the sov'reign seat,  
 Her feet supported with a stool of state ;  
 (A purple carpet spread the pavement wide)  
 Then drew his seat, familiar to her side ;  
 Far from the suitor-train, a brutal crowd,  
 With insolence, and wine, elate and loud ;  
 Where the free guest, unnoted, might relate,  
 If haply conscious, of his father's fate.  
 The golden ew'r a maid obsequious brings,  
 Replenish'd from the cool, translucent springs ;  
 With copious water the bright vase supplies  
 A silver laver, of capacious size :  
 They wash. The tables in fair order spread,  
 They heap the glitt'ring cannisters with bread :  
 Viands of various kinds allure the taste, †  
 Of choicest sort and savour, rich repast !  
 Delicious wines th' attending herald brought ;  
 The gold gave lustre to the purple draught.  
 Lur'd with the vapour of the fragrant feast,  
 In rush'd the suitors with voracious haste :  
 Marshall'd in order due, to each a few'r  
 Presents, to bathe his hands, a radiant ew'r.  
 Luxurious then they feast. Observant round  
 Gay, stripling youths the brimming goblets crown'd.  
 The rage of hunger quell'd, they all advance,  
 And form to measur'd airs the mazy dance :  
 To *Phemius* was consign'd the chorded lyre, ‡  
 Whose hand reluctant touch'd the warbling wire :

*Phemius,*

## NOTES.

per to give this some explanation. They wash before the feast ; perhaps, because they always at the feast made libations to the Gods. The ewer was of gold, the vessel from whence the water was poured of silver, and the cups out of which they drank were of gold. A damsel attends *Mentes*, but heralds wait upon the suitors : we may observe a decency in this conduct ; the suitors were lewd debauchees, and consequently a woman of modesty would have been an improper attendant upon such a company. Beautiful youths attended the company in quality of cup-bearers. A matron who has charge of the household brings in the bread and the cold meats ; an officer, whose employ it was to portion out the victuals, brings in the meats that furnished out the rest of the entertainment ; and after the feast, a bard diverts them with vocal and instrumental music.

‡ In ancient times, princes entertained in their families certain learned and wise men, who were both poets and philosophers, and not only made it their business to amuse and delight, but to promote wisdom and morality. *Ulysses*, at his departure for *Troy*, left one of these with *Penelope* : and it was usual



*Phemius*, whose voice divine could sweetest sing  
High strains responsive to the vocal string.

Mean while, in whispers to his heav'nly guest  
His indignation thus the prince exprest.

Indulge my rising grief, whilst these (my friend)  
With song and dance the pompous revel end.  
Light is the dance, and doubly sweet the lays,  
When, for the dear delight, another pays.  
His treasur'd stores these cormorants consume,  
Whose bones, defrauded of a regal tomb  
And common turf, lie naked on the plain,  
Or doom'd to welter in the whelming main.  
Should he return, that troop so blithe and bold,  
With purple robes inwrought, and stiff with gold,  
Pre-emptant in fear, would wing their flight,  
And curse their cumb'rous pride's unwieldy weight.  
But ah, I dream!—th' appointed hour is fled,  
And Hope, too long with vain delusion fed,  
Deaf to the rumour of fallacious fame,  
Gives to the roll of death his glorious name!  
With venial freedom let me now demand  
Thy name, thy lineage, and paternal land:  
Sincere, from whence began thy course, recite,  
And to what ship I owe the friendly freight?  
Now first to me this visit dost thou deign,  
Or number'd in my father's social train?  
All who deserv'd his choice, he made his own,\*  
And curious much to-know, he far was known.

## NOTES.

usual to consign in this manner, the care of their wives and families to the poets of those days, as appears from a signal passage in the third book. To this man *Homer* gives the name of *Phemius*; to celebrate one of his friends, who was so called, and who had been his preceptor. We must add one remark, that though he places his master here in no very good company, yet he guards his character from any imputation, by telling us, that he attended the suitors by compulsion. This is not only a great instance of his gratitude, but also of his tenderness and delicacy.

\* It is evident, from this and many other places in the *Iliad*, that hospitality was hereditary; an happiness and honour peculiar to those heroic ages. And surely nothing can set the character of *Ulysses* in a more agreeable point of light, than what *Telemachus* here delivers of it: "He was the friend of all mankind."

† In the country of the *Brutians*, in the lower part of *Italy*, was a town called *Temese*. That *Homer* here meant this city, and not one of the same name in *Cyprus*, appears not only because this was famous for works of brass, but because *Ithaca* lay in the di-

My birth I boast (the blue-ey'd virgin cries)  
From great *Aeneias*, renown'd and wise:  
*Mentes* my name; I rule the *Taphian* race,  
Whose bounds the deep circumfluent waves embrace:  
A duteous people, and industrious isle,  
To naval arts inur'd, and stormy toil.  
Freighted with iron from my native land,  
I steer my voyage to the *Brutian* strand; †  
To gain by commerce, for the labour'd mass,  
A just proportion of refulgent brass.  
Far from your capital my ship resides  
At *Reithrus*, and secure at anchor rides;  
Where waving groves on airy *Neion* grow,  
Supremely tall, and shade the deeps below.  
Thence, to re-visit your imperial dome,  
An old hereditary guest I come:  
Your father's friend. *Laertes* can relate  
Our faith unspotted, and its early date;  
Who prest with heart-corroding grief and years, ‡  
To the gay court a rural shed prefers,  
Where sole of all his train, a matron sage  
Supports with homely food his drooping age,  
With feeble steps from marshalling his vines  
Returning sad, when toilsome day declines.  
With friendly speed, induc'd by erring fame,  
To hail *Ulysses'* safe return I came:  
But still the frown of some celestial pow'r  
With envious joy retards the blissful hour.

Let

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rect way from *Taphos* to this city of the *Brutii*; whereas it was considerably out of the way to pass by *Ithaca* to that of *Cyprus*. *Strabo* says, that the rooms for preparing of brass were remaining in his time, though then out of use. *Bochart* is of opinion, that the name of *Temese* was given to this town by the *Phœnicians*, from the brass it produced, *Temes* in their language signifying fusion of metals: an art to which the *Phœnicians* much applied themselves.

‡ This most beautiful passage of *Laertes* has not escaped the censure of the critics: they say he acts an unmanly part, he forgets that he is a king, and reduces himself unworthily into the condition of a servant. There are two reasons for his retirement, which answer these objections; the first is, that he could not endure to see the outrage and insolence of the suitors; the second, that his grief for *Ulysses* makes him abandon society, and prefer his vineyard to his court. This is undoubtedly the picture of human nature under affliction; for sorrow loves solitude. Thus it is, that *Menedemus* in *Terence* laments his lost son: *Menedemus* is the picture of *Laertes*. Nor does it make any difference, that the one is a king, the other a person of private station: kings



Let not your soul be sunk in sad despair;  
 He lives, he breathes this heav'nly vital air,  
 Among a savage race, whose shelfy bounds \*  
 With ceaseless roar the foaming deep furrounds.  
 The thoughts which rowl within my ravish'd breast,  
 To me, no seer, th' inspiring Gods suggest;  
 Nor skill'd, nor studious, with prophetic eye  
 To judge the winged omens of the sky.  
 Yet hear this certain speech, nor deem it vain;  
 Though adamantine bonds the chief restrain,  
 The dire restraint his wisdom will defeat,  
 And soon restore him to his regal seat.  
 But, gen'rous youth! sincere and free declare;  
 Are you, of manly growth, his royal heir?  
 For sure *Ulysses* in your look appears,  
 The same his features, if the same his years.  
 Such was that face, on which I dwelt with joy  
 Ere *Greece* assembled stem'd the tides to *Troy*;  
 But parting then for that detested shore,  
 Our eyes unhappy! never greeted more.

To prove a genuine birth (the prince replies) †  
 On female truth assenting faith relies;  
 Thus manifest of right, I build my claim  
 Sure-founded on a fair-maternal fame,  
*Ulysses*' son: but happier he, whom fate  
 Hath plac'd beneath the storms which tofs the great!  
 Happier the son, whose hoary fire is blest  
 With humble affluence, and domestic rest!  
 Happier than I, to future empire born,  
 But doom'd a father's wretched fate to mourn!  
 To whom, with aspect mild, the guest divine.  
 Oh true descendant of a scepter'd line!

## NOTES.

kings are but ennobled humanity, and are liable as other men, to as great, if not greater sensibility.

\* What *Minerva* here delivers bears resemblance to the oracles, in which part is false, part true. That *Ulysses* is detained in an island, is a truth; that he is detained by Barbarians, a falsehood: this is done by the Goddesses, that she may be thought to be really a man, as she appears to be; she speaks with the dubiousness of a man, not the certainty of a Goddess; she raises his expectation, by shewing she has an insight into futurity; and to engage his belief, she discovers in part the truth to *Telemachus*. Neither was it necessary or convenient for *Telemachus* to know the whole truth: for if he had known that *Ulysses* inhabited a desert, detained by a Goddess, he must of consequence have known of his return, (for he that could certify the one, could certify the other,) and so had never gone in search of him; and it would hence have happened, that *Homer* had been deprived of giving us those graces

No. 20.

The Gods, a glorious fate from anguish free  
 To chaste *Penelope*'s increase decree.  
 But say, yon jovial troop so gaily drest,  
 Is this a bridal or a friendly feast!  
 Or from their deed I rightlier may divine,  
 Unseemly flown with insolence and wine,  
 Unwelcome revellers, whose lawless joy  
 Pains the sage ear, and hurts the sober eye.  
 Magnificence of old, (the prince reply'd,)  
 Beneath our roof with virtue could reside;  
 Unblam'd abundance crown'd the royal board,  
 What time this dome rever'd her prudent lord;  
 Who now (so heav'n decrees) is doom'd to mourn,  
 Bitter constraint! erroneous and forlorn.  
 Better the chief, on *Ilion*'s hostile plain  
 Had fall'n surrounded with his warlike train;  
 Or safe return'd, the race of glory past,  
 New to his friends embrace, had breath'd his last!  
 Then grateful *Greece* with streaming eyes would raise  
 Historic marbles, to record his praise;  
 His praise, eternal, on the faithful stone,  
 Had with transmissive honour grac'd his son.  
 Now snatch'd by harpies to the dreary coast, ‡  
 Sunk is the hero, and his glory lost:  
 Vanish'd at once! unheard of, and unknown!  
 And I his heir in misery alone.  
 Nor for a dear, lost father only flow  
 The filial tears, but woe succeeds to woe:  
 To tempt the spouseless queen with am'rous wiles, §  
 Resort the nobles from the neighb'ring isles;  
 From *Samos*, circled with th' *Ionian* main,  
*Dulichium*, and *Zacynthus*' sylvan reign:

Ev'n

## NOTES.

of poetry which arise from the voyage of *Telemachus*.

† There is an appearance of something very shocking in this speech of *Telemachus*. It literally runs thus: *My mother assures me that I am the son of Ulysses, but I know it not.* It seems to reflect upon his mother's chastity, as if he had a doubt of his own legitimacy. This seeming simplicity in *Telemachus*, however, is only the effect of a troubled spirit; it is grief that makes him doubt if he can be the son of the great, the generous *Ulysses*; it is no reflection upon *Penelope*, and consequently no fault in *Telemachus*.

‡ The meaning of this expression is, that *Ulysses* has not had the rites of sepulture. This among the ancients was esteemed the greatest of calamities, as it hindered the shades of the deceased from entering into the state of the happy.

§ It is necessary to reconcile the conduct of the suitors to probability, since it has so great a share

4 S



Ev'n with presumptuous hope her bed t' ascend,  
The lords of *Ithaca* their right pretend.  
She seems attentive to their pleaded vows;  
Her heart detesting what her ear allows.  
They, vain expectants of the bridal hour,  
My stores in riotous expence devour,  
In feast and dance the mirthful months employ,  
And meditate my doom, to crown their joy.

With tender pity touch'd, the Goddesses cry'd:  
Soon may kind heav'n a sure relief provide,  
Soon may your fire discharge the vengeance due,  
And all your wrongs the proud oppressors rue!  
Oh! in that portal should the chief appear,  
Each hand tremendous with a brazen spear,  
In radiant panoply his limbs incas'd;  
(For so of old my father's court he grac'd,  
When social mirth unbent his serious soul,  
O'er the full banquet, and the sprightly bowl)  
He then from *Ephyre*, the fair domain  
Of *Ilus* sprung from *Jason's* royal strain,  
Measur'd a length of seas, a toilsome length, in vain.  
For voyaging to learn the direful art  
To taint with deadly drugs the barbed dart;  
Observant of the Gods, and sternly just,  
*Ilus* refus'd t' impart the baneful trust:  
With friendlier zeal my father's soul was fir'd,  
The drugs he knew, and gave the boon desir'd.  
Appear'd he now with such heroic port,  
As then conspicuous at the *Taphian* court;  
Soon should yon boasters cease their haughty strife,  
Or each atone his guilty love with life.  
But of his wish'd return the care resign;  
Be future vengeance to the pow'rs divine.  
My sentence hear: with stern distaste avow'd,  
To their own districts drive the suitor crowd:

## NOTES.

in the process of the *Odyssy*. It may seem incredible that *Penelope*, who is a queen, in whom the supreme power is lodged, should not dismiss such unwelcome intruders, especially since many of them were her own subjects: besides, it seems an extraordinary way of courtship in them, to ruin the person to whom they make their addresses. To solve this objection, we must consider the nature of the *Grecian* governments: the chief men of the land had great authority; though the government was monarchical, it was not despotic; *Laertes* was retired, and disabled with age; *Telemachus* was yet in his minority; and the fear of any violence either against her own person, or against her son, might deter *Penelope* from using any endeavours to remove men of such insolence, and such power.

When next the morning warms the purple east,  
Convoke the peerage, and the Gods attest;  
The sorrows of your inmost soul relate;  
And form sure plans to save the sinking state.  
Should second love a pleasing flame inspire,  
And the chaste queen connubial rites require;  
Dismiss'd with honour let her hence repair  
To great *Icarius*, whose paternal care  
Will guide her passion, and reward the choice  
With wealthy dow'r, and bridal gifts of price.  
Then let this dictate of my love prevail:  
Instant, to foreign realms prepare to sail,  
To learn your father's fortunes: fame may prove,  
Or omen'd voice, (the messenger of *Jove*)\*  
Propitious to the search. Direct your toil  
Thro' the wide ocean first to sandy *Pyle*,  
Of *Nestor*, hoary sage, his doom demand;  
Thence speed your voyage to the *Spartan* strand,  
For young *Atrides* to th' *Achaian* coast  
Arriv'd the last of all the victor host.  
If yet *Ulysses* views the light, forbear,  
Till the fleet hours restore the circling year.  
But if his soul hath wing'd the destin'd flight,  
Inhabitant of deep disastrous night,  
Homeward with pious speed repass the main,  
To the pale shade funereal rites ordain,  
Plant the fair column o'er the vacant grave,  
A hero's honours let the hero have.  
With decent grief the royal dead deplor'd,  
For the chaste queen select an equal lord.  
Then let revenge your daring mind employ,  
By fraud or force the suitor train destroy,  
And starting into manhood, scorn the boy.  
Hast thou not heard how young *Orestes* fir'd †  
With great revenge, immortal praise acquir'd?

His

## NOTES.

\* There is a difficulty in this passage. In any case of inquiry, any words that were heard by accident were called by the *Latins*, *Omens*; by *Homer*, the voice of *Jupiter*; and he stiles them so, because it is through his providence that those words come to our knowledge.

† It may seem that this example of *Orestes* does not come fully up to the purpose intended: there is a wide difference in the circumstances; *Orestes* slew an adulterer, and a single person, with an adulteress. The designs of *Telemachus* are not against one, but many enemies; neither are they adulterers, nor have they slain the father of *Telemachus*, as is the case of *Orestes*: nor is *Penelope* an adulteress. The intent therefore of the Goddesses is only to shew what a glorious act it is to defend our parents:



His virgin sword *Ægysthus*' veins imbru'd;  
 The murd'rer fell, and blood aton'd for blood.  
 O greatly blest'd with every blooming grace!  
 With equal steps the paths of glory trace;  
 Join to that royal youth's your rival name,  
 And shine eternal in the sphere of fame,—  
 But my associates now my stay deplore,  
 Impatient on the hoarse resounding shore.  
 Thou, heedful of advice, secure proceed;  
 My praise the precept is, be thine the deed.

The counsel of my friend (the youth rejoin'd)  
 Imprints conviction on my grateful mind.  
 So fathers speak (persuasive speech and mild!)  
 Their sage experience to the fav'rite child.  
 But since to part, for sweet refection due  
 The genial viands let my train renew:  
 And the rich pledge of plighted faith receive,  
 Worthy the heir of *Ithaca* to give.

Defer the promis'd boon, (the Goddess cries,  
 Celestial azure bright'ning in her eyes)  
 And let me now regain the *Reithrian* port:  
 From *Temese* return'd, your royal court  
 I shall revisit; and that pledge receive,  
 And gifts, memorial of our friendship, leave.

Abrupt, with eagle-speed she cut the sky;  
 Instant invisible to mortal eye.  
 Then first he recognis'd th' ætherial guest;  
 Wonder and joy alternate fire his breast:

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parents: *Orestes*, says *Mentes*, is every where celebrated for honouring his father, and thou shalt obtain equal honour by defending thy mother.

\* There may be two reasons why this is inserted; either the suitors were pleased with the sweetness of the song, or the subject of it; they sat attentive to hear the death of *Ulysses*, in the process of his story. This gives us a reason why immediately *Penelope* descended to stop the song; she feared lest he might touch upon the story of *Ulysses*, and say that he died in his return. This would have reduced her to the utmost necessity, and she could not have deferred to marry. *Phemius* would have certainly found credit, for poets were believed to be inspired by the Gods; they were looked upon as prophets, and to have something of divinity in them, as appears from *Demodocus* in the 8th book of the *Odyssey*. Besides, there was a farther necessity to put a stop to the song. If *Phemius* had declared him to be dead, *Penelope* could not have avoided marriage; if alive, the suitors might have desisted, or armed themselves against *Ulysses*, and then their deaths, one of the principal incidents of the poem, could not have followed; neither could *Telemachus* have gone

Heroic thoughts infus'd his heart dilate,  
 Revolving much his father's doubtful fate:  
 At length compos'd, he join'd the suitor throng,  
 Hush'd in attention to the warbled song.\*  
 His tender theme the charming lyrist chose.  
*Minerva*'s anger, and the direful woes  
 Which voyaging from *Troy* the victors bore,  
 While storms vindictive intercept the shore.  
 The shrilling airs the vaulted roof rebounds,  
 Reflecting to the queen the silver sounds.  
 With grief renew'd the weeping fair descends;  
 Their sovereign's step a virgin train attends:  
 A veil of richest texture wrought, she wears,  
 And silent to the joyous hall repairs.

There from the portal, with her mild command  
 Thus gently checks the minstrel's tuneful hand.

*Phemius*! let acts of Gods, and heroes old,  
 What ancient bards in hall and bow'r have told,  
 Attemper'd to the lyre, your voice employ;  
 Such the pleas'd ear will drink with silent joy.  
 But oh! forbear that dear, disastrous name,  
 To sorrow sacred, and secure of fame:  
 My bleeding bosom sickens at the sound,  
 And ev'ry piercing note inflicts a wound.

Why, dearest object of my duteous love,  
 (Reply'd the prince) will you the bard reprove?  
 Oft, *Jove*'s æthereal rays (resistless fire)†  
 The chanter's soul and raptur'd song inspire;

Instinct

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in search of his father, if he had foreknown his death, or sudden return. It is therefore artful in the poet to cut the song short, he reserves the story of *Ulysses* for future narration, and brings all this about by a very probable method, by the interposition of *Penelope*, who requests that some other story may be chosen, a story that she can hear without sorrow. It is very customary for women to be present at the entertainments of men; as appears from the conduct of *Helen*, *Arete*, *Nausicaa*, and *Penelope*, in divers parts of the *Odyssey*; she is here introduced with the greatest decency; she enters not the room, but stands with tears at the threshold; and even at that distance appears with her face shaded by a veil.

† *Telemachus* here reproves his mother for commanding *Phemius* to desist, or not to make *Ulysses* the subject of his song, by saying, that it was not in the poet's own power to chuse his subject, which was frequently dictated and inspired by the Gods. This is a particular instance of the opinion the ancients held as to the immediate inspiration of their poets.



Instinct divine ! nor blame severe his choice,  
 Warbling the *Grecian* woes with harp and voice :  
 For novel lays attract our ravish'd ears ;  
 But old, the mind with inattention hears ;  
 Patient permit the sadly-pleasing strain ;  
 Familiar now with grief, your tears refrain,  
 And in the public woe forget your own ;  
 Yet weep not for a perish'd lord, alone.  
 What *Greeks*, now wand'ring in the *Stygian* gloom,  
 With your *Ulysses* shar'd an equal doom !  
 Your widow'd hours, apart, with female toil  
 And various labours of the loom, beguile ;  
 There rule, from palace cares remote and free,  
 That care to man belongs, and most to me.

Mature beyond his years, the queen admires  
 His sage reply, and with her train retires.  
 Then swelling sorrows burst their former bounds,  
 With echoing grief afresh the dome resounds ;  
 Till *Pallas* piteous of her plaintive cries,  
 In slumber clos'd her silver-streaming eyes.

Meantime rekindled at the royal charms,  
 Tumultuous love each beating bosom warms ;  
 Intemp'rate rage a wordy war began ;  
 But bold *Telemachus* assum'd the man.  
 Instant (he cry'd) your female discord end,  
 Ye deedless boasters ! and the song attend ;  
 Obey that sweet compulsion, nor profane  
 With dissonance the smooth melodious strain.  
 Pacific now prolong the jovial feast ;  
 But when the dawn reveals the rosy East,  
 I, to the peers assembled, shall propose  
 The firm resolve I here in few disclose,

No longer live the cankers of my court ;  
 All to your several states with speed resort ;  
 Waste in wild riot what your land allows,  
 There ply the early feast, and late carouse.  
 But if, to honour lost, 'tis still decreed  
 For you my bowl shall flow, my flocks shall bleed,  
 Judge and revenge my right, impartial *Jove* !  
 By him, and all th' immortal thrones above,  
 (A sacred oath) each proud oppressor slain  
 Shall with inglorious gore this marble stain..

Aw'd by the prince, thus haughty, bold, and young,  
 Rage gnaw'd the lip, and wonder chain'd the tongue.  
 Silence at length the gay *Antinous* broke,  
 Constrain'd a smile, and thus ambiguous spoke..  
 What God to your untutor'd youth affords \*..  
 This headlong torrent of amazing words ?  
 May *Jove* delay thy reign, and cumber late  
 So bright a genius with the toils of state !

Those toils (*Telemachus* serene replies)  
 Have charms, with all their weight, t' allure the wise..  
 Fast by the throne obsequious *Fame* resides,  
 And *Wealth* incessant rolls her golden tides..  
 Nor let *Antinous* rage, if strong desire  
 Of wealth and fame a youthful bosom fire :..  
 Elect by *Jove* his delegate of sway,  
 With joyous pride the summons I'd obey..  
 Where'er *Ulysses* roams the realm of night,  
 Should factious pow'r dispute my lineal right..  
 Some other *Greeks* a fairer claim may plead ;  
 To your pretence their title would precede..  
 At least, the scepter lost, I still should reign..  
 Sole o'er my vassals, and domestic train..

To

## NOTES.

\* *Antinous* and *Eurymachus* are *Ithacensians*, and are called the chief of the suitors. It is therefore necessary to distinguish their characters ; *Antinous* is violent, and determined against *Ulysses* ; *Eurymachus* more gentle and subtle : *Antinous* derides ; *Eurymachus* flatters.. This speech of *Antinous* is a concealed raillery ; he tells *Telemachus*, that *Jove* inspires his soul with wisdom, but means that his education has been such, that he had learned nothing from man ; he wishes (out of a seemingly kind concern for him) that he may never reign in *Ithaca*, because the weight of a crown is a burden ; and concludes with mentioning his hereditary title to it, to insinuate that it is his by descent only, and not by merit. *Telemachus*, in his answer, wisely dissembles the affront of *Antinous* ; he takes it in the better sense, and seems to differ only in opinion about the regality. Think you, says he, that to be a king is to be miserable ? To be a king, in my judgment, is to enjoy affluence and honour. He

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asserts his claim to the succession of his father, yet seems to decline it, to lay the suspicions of the suitors asleep, that they may not prevent the measures he takes to obtain it. The speech of *Eurymachus* confirms the former observation, that this suitor is of a more soft and moderate behaviour than *Antinous* : he clothes ill designs with a seeming humanity, and appears a friend, while he carries on the part of an enemy : *Telemachus* had said, that if it was the will of *Jupiter*, he would ascend the throne of *Ithaca* : *Eurymachus* answers, that this was as the Gods should determine ; an insinuation that they regarded not his claim from his father. *Telemachus* said he would maintain himself in the possession of his present inheritance : *Eurymachus* wishes that no one may arrive to dispossess him ; the latent meaning of which is, "we of your own country are sufficient for that design." If these observations be true, *Eurymachus* was not a less enemy than *Antinous*, but a better dissembler.



To this *Eurymachus*. To heav'n alone  
Refer the choice to fill the vacant throne.  
Your patrimonial stores in peace possess;  
Undoubted all your filial claim confess:  
Your private right should impious pow'r invade,  
The peers of *Ithaca* would arm in aid.  
But say, that stranger-guest who late withdrew,  
What and from whence? his name and lineage shew.  
His grave demeanour, and majestic grace  
Speak him descended of no vulgar race:  
Did he some loan of ancient right require,  
Or came fore-runner of your scepter'd sire?

O son of *Polybus*! the prince replies,  
No more my fire will glad these longing eyes:  
The queen's fond hope inventive rumour cheers,  
Or vain diviners' dreams divert her fears.  
That stranger-guest the *Taphian* realm obeys,  
A realm defended with encircling seas;  
*Mentes*, an ever-honour'd name, of old  
High in *Ulysses*' social list inroll'd.

Thus he, tho' conscious of th' ætherial guest,  
Answer'd evasive of the shy request.  
Mean time the lyre rejoins the sprightly lay;  
Love-dittied airs, and dance, conclude the day.  
But when the star of eve, with golden light  
Adorn'd the matron brow of sable night;

The mirthful train dispersing quit the court,  
And to their several domes to rest resort.  
A tow'ring structure to the palace join'd;  
To this his steps the thoughtful prince inclin'd;  
In his pavilion there to sleep repairs;  
The lighted torch the sage *Euryclea* bears.\*  
(Daughter of *Ops*, the just *Pisenor*'s son,  
For twenty beeves by great *Laertes* won;  
In rosy prime with charms attractive grac'd,  
Honour'd by him, a gentle lord and chaste,  
With dear esteem: too wise, with jealous strife  
To taint the joys of sweet, connubial life.  
Sole with *Telemachus* her service ends,  
A child she nurs'd him, and a man attends.)  
Whilst to his couch himself the prince address'd,  
The duteous dame receiv'd the purple vest:  
The purple vest with decent care dispos'd,  
The silver ring she pull'd, the door reclos'd;  
The bolt, obedient to the silken cord,  
To the strong staple's inmost depth restor'd,  
Secur'd the valves. There, wrapt in silent shade,  
Pensive, the rules the Goddess gave, he weigh'd;  
Stretch'd on the downy fleece, no rest he knows,  
And in his raptur'd soul the vision glows.

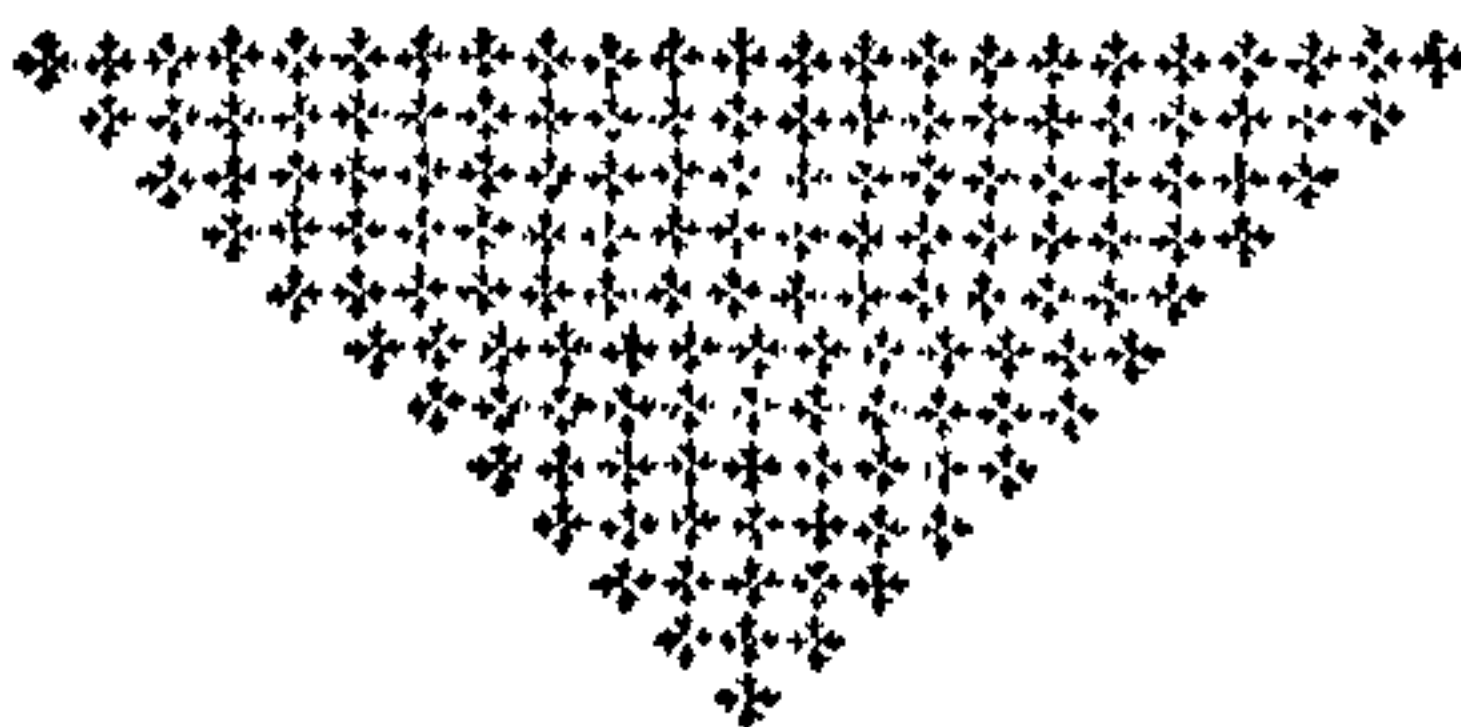
## NOTES.

\* *Euryclea* was a very aged person; she was brought by *Laertes* to nurse *Ulysses*; and in her old age attends *Telemachus*: she cost *Laertes* twenty oxen; that is, a certain quantity of money which would buy twenty oxen: or perhaps the form of an ox was stamped upon the metal, and from thence had it's appellation. The simplicity of these heroic times is remarkable; an old woman is the only attendant upon the son of a king: she lights him to his apartment, takes care of his cloaths, and hangs them up at the side of his bed. Greatness then consisted not in shew, but in the

## NOTES.

mind: this conduct proceeded not from the meanness of poverty, but from the simplicity of manners.

Having now gone through the first book, we shall only observe to the reader, that the whole of it does not take up the compass of an intire day: when *Minerva* appears to *Telemachus*, the suitors were preparing to sit down to the banquet at noon; and the business of the first book concludes with the day. It is true, that the Gods hold a debate before the descent of *Minerva*, and some small time must be allowed for that transaction.





## The SECOND BOOK of the ODYSSEY.\*

## A R G U M E N T.

## THE COUNCIL OF ITHACA.

Telemachus, in the assembly of the lords of Ithaca, complains of the injustice done him by the suitors, and insists upon their departure from his palace; appealing to the princes, and exciting the people to declare against them. The suitors endeavour to justify their stay, at least till he shall send the queen to the court of Icarus her father; which he refuses. There appears a prodigy of two eagles in the sky, which an augur expounds to the ruin of the suitors. Telemachus then demands a vessel to carry him to Pylos and Sparta, there to inquire of his father's fortunes. Pallas, in the shape of Mentor, (an ancient friend of Ulysses) helps him to a ship, assists him in preparing necessaries for the voyage, and embarks with him that night; which concludes the second day from the opening of the poem.

*The scene continues in the palace of Ulysses, in Ithaca...*

NOW red'ning from the dawn, the morning  
ray  
Glow'd in the front of heav'n, and gave the  
day.  
The youthful hero, with returning light,  
Rose anxious from th' inquietudes of night.

A royal robe he wore with graceful pride,  
A two-edg'd faulchion threaten'd by his side;  
Embroider'd sandals glitter'd as he trod,  
And forth he mov'd, majestic as a God.  
Then by his heralds, restless of delay,  
To council calls the peers: the peers obey.

Soon.

## NOTES.

\* This book opens with the first appearance of *Telemachus* upon the stage of action. The great judgment of the poet is observable, in beginning with the transactions of *Ithaca* in the absence of *Ulysses*: by this method he sets the conduct of *Telemachus*, *Penelope*, and the suitors, in a strong point of light; they all have a large share in the story of the poem, and consequently ought to have distinguishing characters. It is as necessary in epic poetry, as it is on the theatre, to let us immediate-

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ly into the character of every person whom the poet introduces: this adds perspicuity to the story, and we immediately grow acquainted with each personage, and interest ourselves in the good or ill fortune that attends them through the whole relation. *Telemachus* is now about twenty years of age: in the eleventh book, the poet tells us, he was an infant in the arms of his mother when *Ulysses* sailed to *Troy*; that hero was absent near twenty years, and from hence we may gather the exact age of *Telemachus*.



Soon as in solemn form th' assembly sat,  
From his high-dome himself descends in state.  
Bright in his hand a pond'rous jav'lin shin'd ;\*  
Two dogs, a faithful guard, attend behind ;†  
*Pallas* with grace divine his form improves,  
And gazing crowds admire him as he moves.

His father's throne he fill'd : while distant stood  
The hoary peers, and aged *Wisdom* bow'd.

'Twas silence all ; at last *Ægyptius* spoke ;  
*Ægyptius*, by his age and sorrows broke :  
A length of days his soul with prudence crown'd,  
A length of days had bent him to the ground.  
His eldest hope in arms to *Ilium* came,  
By great *Ulysses* taught the path to fame ;  
But (hapless youth) the hideous *Cyclops* tore  
His quiv'ring limbs, and quaff'd his spouting gore.  
Three sons remain'd : to climb with haughty fires  
The royal bed, *Eurynomus* aspires ;

## NOTES.

*chus*. He is every-where described as a person of piety to the Gods, of duty to his parents, and as a lover of his country : he is prudent, temperate, and valiant : and the poet well sets off the importance of this young hero, by giving him the Goddess of War and *Wisdom* for his constant attendant.

\* The poet describes *Telemachus* as if he were marching against an enemy, or going to a council of war, rather than to an assembly of peers in his own country : two reasons are assigned for this conduct ; either this was the common usage of princes in those times, or *Telemachus* might look upon the suitors as enemies, and consequently go to council in arms as against enemies.

† This passage has not escaped the raillery of the critics ; they look upon it as a mean description of a hero and a prince, to give him a brace of dogs only for his guards or attendants : but such was the simplicity of ancient princes, that except in war they had rarely any attendants or equipage. And we may be confident *Homer* copies after the custom of the time, unless we can be so absurd as to suppose, he would feign low circumstances unnecessary, through a want of judgment. Poetry is like painting, which draws the greatest beauties from the simplest customs : and even in history, we receive a sensible pleasure from the least circumstance that denotes the customs of ancient times. It may be added, that the poet, as well as the painter, is obliged to follow the customs of the age of which he writes, or paints : a modern dress would ill become *Achilles* or *Ulysses*, such a conduct would be condemned as an absurdity in painting, and ought to be so in poetry.

‡ *Antiphus*.

§ *Homer* inserts these particularities concerning

The rest with duteous love his griefs assuage,  
And ease the fire of half the cares of age.

Yet still his *Antiphus* he loves, he mourns, §  
And as he stood, he spoke and wept by turns.

Since great *Ulysses* fought the *Phrygian* plains, ||  
Within these walls inglorious silence reigns.  
Say then, ye peers ! by whose commands we meet ?  
Why here once more in solemn council sit ?

Ye young, ye old, the weighty cause disclose :  
Arrives some message of invading foes ?

Or say, does high necessity of state  
Inspire some patriot, and demand debate !

The present synod speaks it's author wise ;  
Assist him, *Jove* ! thou regent of the skies !

He spoke. *Telemachus* with transport glows,  
Embrac'd the omen, and majestic rose :

(His royal hand th' imperial scepter sway'd)  
Then thus, addressing to *Ægyptius*, said.

Rev'rend

## NOTES.

the family of *Ægyptius*, to give an air of truth to his story. It does not appear that *Ægyptius* knew the certainty of the death of *Antiphus* : he only laments him, according to the prevailing opinion that all the companions of *Ulysses* were lost with *Ulysses*.

|| We here are told, that there never had been any council convened in *Ithaca*, since the departure of *Ulysses*. The general design and moral of the *Odyssey*, is to inform us of the mischievous effects which the absence of a king and father of a family produces : we deprive the poem of it's very soul, and spoil the fable, if we retrench from it the disorders which the suitors create in the absence of *Ulysses*, both in his family and dominions. Nothing can give us a greater image of those disorders, than what is here related : what must a kingdom suffer in twenty years, without a ruler, without a council to make laws or punish enormities ? Such is the condition of *Ithaca* : *Laertes* is superannuated ; *Penelope* oppressed by the violence of the suitors ; and *Telemachus* to this time, in his minority. It is very artful in the poet to open the assembly by *Ægyptius* : *Telemachus* was the person who convened it ; and being the greatest personage present, it might be expected that he should open the design of it : but to give *Telemachus* courage, who was young and inexperienced, *Ægyptius* first rises, and by praising the person who had summoned them (of whom he seems ignorant) gives *Telemachus* to understand he has friends among the assembly : this he could no other way so safely have done, considering the power of the suitors. By this means *Telemachus* is encouraged to speak boldly, and arraign the disorders of the suitors with the utmost freedom.



Rev'rend old man ! lo here confest he stands  
 By whom ye meet ; my grief your care demands.  
 No story I unfold of public woes,  
 Nor bear advices of impending foes :  
 Peace the blest land, and joys incessant crown ;  
 Of all this happy realm, I grieve alone.  
 For my lost fire continual sorrows spring,  
 The great, the good ; your father, and your king.\*  
 Yet more ; our house from it's foundation bows, †  
 Our foes are pow'rful, and your sons the foes :  
 Hither, unwelcome to the queen they come ;  
 Why seek they not the rich *Icarian* dome ?  
 If she must wed, from other hands require  
 The dowry ; is *Telemachus* her fire ?  
 Yet thro' my court the noise of revel rings,  
 And wastes the wise frugality of kings.  
 Scarce all my herds their luxury suffice ; ‡  
 Scarce all my wine their midnight hours supplies.  
 Safe in my youth, in riot still they grow,  
 Nor in the helpless orphan dread a foe.  
 But come it will, the time when manhood grants  
 More pow'rful advocates than vain complaints.

## NOTES.

\* *Telemachus* here sets the character of *Ulysses*, as a king, in the most agreeable point of light : he ruled his people with the same mildness as a father rules his children. This must needs have a very happy effect upon the audience ; not only as it shews *Ulysses* to have been a good governor ; but as it recalls the memory of the happiness they received from that mild government, and obliquely condemns them of ingratitude who had forgot it. By this method also the poet interests us deeply in the sufferings of *Ulysses* ; we cannot see a good man and good king in distress, without the most tender emotions.

† What *Telemachus* here says has given offence to some false critics ; they think it indecent for a son to say, that he bears with more regret the disorder of his family than the loss of his father ; yet this objection will vanish, if we weigh *Penelope*, *Telemachus*, and his whole posterity, against the single person of *Ulysses*. But what chiefly takes away this objection is, that *Telemachus* was still in hopes of his father's return : for the words do not imply necessarily his death, but absence : and then both with justice and decency, *Telemachus* may say that he grieves more for the destruction of his family, than for the absence of *Ulysses*.

‡ This passage is ridiculed by the critics ; they set it in a wrong light, and then grow very pleasant upon it : *Telemachus* makes a sad outcry because the suitors eat his sheep, his beeves, and fatted goats ;

Approach that hour ! unsufferable wrong  
 Cries to the Gods, and vengeance sleeps too long.  
 Rise then, ye peers ! with virtuous anger rise !  
 Your fame revere, but most th' avenging skies.  
 By all the deathless pow'rs that reign above,  
 By righteous *Themis*, and by thund'ring *Jove*,  
 (*Themis*, who gives to councils, or denies  
 Success ; and humbles, or confirms the wife)  
 Rise in my aid ! suffice the tears that flow  
 For my lost fire, nor add new woe to woe.  
 If e'er he bore the sword to strengthen ill,  
 Or having pow'r to wrong, betray'd the will,  
 On me, on me your kindled wrath assuage,  
 And bid the voice of lawless riot rage.  
 If ruin to our royal race ye doom,  
 Be you the spoilers, and our wealth consume. §  
 Then might we hope redress from juster laws,  
 And raise all *Ithaca* to aid our cause :  
 But while your sons commit th' unpunish'd wrong,  
 You make the arm of violence too strong.

While thus he spoke, with rage and grief he frown'd,  
 And dash'd th' imperial scepter to the ground.

The

## NOTES.

and at last falls into tears. The truth is, the riches of kings and princes, in those early ages, consisted chiefly in flocks and cattle ; thus *Aeneas* and *Paris* are described as tending their flocks, &c. and *Abraham* in the scriptures, as abounding in this kind of wealth. These critics would form a different idea of the state and condition of *Telemachus*, if they considered that he had been capable to maintain no fewer than an hundred and eight persons in a manner very expensive for many years ; for so many (with their attendants) were the suitors, as appears from the sixteenth book ; and at the same time he kept up the dignity of his own court, and lived with great hospitality. But it is a sufficient answer to the objections against this passage, to observe, that it is not the expence, but manner of it, that *Telemachus* laments : and surely a sober man may complain against luxury, without being arraigned of meanness ; and against profusion, without being condemned for parsimony.

§ To understand this passage, we must remember, that *Telemachus* is pleading his cause before the *Ithacensians* ; them he constitutes the judges of his cause : he therefore prevents an answer which they might make, viz. *We are not the men that are guilty of these outrages* ; *Telemachus* rejoins, " It were better for me to suffer from your hands ; for by your quiescence you make my affairs desperate : " an intimation that they should rise in his defence.



The big round tear hung trembling in his eye :  
The synod griev'd, and gave a pitying sigh,  
Then silent sat.—At length *Antinous* burns  
With haughty rage, and sternly thus returns.

O insolence of youth ! whose tongue affords †  
Such railing eloquence, and war of words.  
Studious thy country's worthies to defame,  
Thy erring voice displays thy mother's shame.  
Elusive of the bridal day, she gives ‡  
Fond hopes to all, and all with hopes deceives.  
Did not the sun, thro' heav'n's wide azure roll'd,  
For three long years the royal fraud behold ?  
While she, laborious in delusion, spread  
The spacious loom, and mix'd the various thread :  
Where as to life the wond'rous figures rise,  
Thus spoke th' inventive queen, with artful sighs.

“ Tho' cold in death *Ulysses* breathes no more,  
“ Cease yet a while to urge the bridal hour :  
“ Cease, till to great *Laertes* I bequeath §  
“ A task of grief, his ornaments of death.  
“ Left when the Fates his royal ashes claim,  
“ The *Grecian* matrons taint my spotless fame ;  
“ When he, whom living mighty realms obey'd,  
“ Shall want in death a shroud to grace his shade.”

Thus she : at once the gen'rous train complies,  
Nor fraud mistrusts in virtue's fair disguise.

## NOTES.

\* This passage is not one of those, where the poet can be blamed for causing a hero to weep. If we consider the youth of *Telemachus*, together with the tenderness agreeable to that time of life ; the subjects that demand his concern ; the apprehension of the loss of a father ; and the desolate state of his mother and kingdom : all these make his readiness to burst into tears an argument, not of any want of spirit in him, but of true sense, and goodness of nature ; and is a great propriety, which shews the right judgment of the poet.

† We find *Antinous* always setting himself in the strongest opposition to *Telemachus* : and therefore, he is the first that falls by the spear of *Ulysses* ; the poet observes justice, and as *Antinous* is the first in guilt, he is the first in punishment. What *Antinous* says in this speech concerning the treachery of the female servant of *Penelope*, prepares the way for the punishment *Ulysses* inflicts on some of the maids in the conclusion of the poem : this is an act of poetical justice ; and it is as necessary in Epic as in Tragic poetry, to reward the just, and punish the guilty.

‡ It will be necessary to vindicate the character of *Penelope*, the heroine of the poem, from the aspersions of *Antinous*. It must be confessed that she has

No. 21.

The work she ply'd ; but studious of delay,  
By night revers'd the labours of the day.  
While thrice the sun his annual journey made,  
The conscious lamp the midnight fraud survey'd ;  
Unheard, unseen, three years her arts prevail ;  
The fourth, her maid unfolds th' amazing tale.  
We saw, as unperceiv'd we took our stand,  
The backward labours of her faithless hand.  
Then urg'd, she perfects her illustrious toils ;  
A wond'rous monument of female wiles !

But you, oh peers ! and thou, oh prince ! give ear  
(I speak aloud, that every *Greek* may hear)  
Dismiss the queen ; and if her sire approves,  
Let him espouse her to the peer she loves :  
Bid instant to prepare the bridal train,  
Nor let a race of princes wait in vain.  
Tho' with a grace divine her soul is blest,  
And all *Minerva* breathes within her breast,  
In wond'rous arts than woman more renown'd,  
And more than woman with deep wisdom crown'd ;  
Tho' *Tyros* nor *Mycene* match her name,  
Nor great *Almena*, (the proud boasts of fame)  
Yet thus by heav'n adorn'd, by heav'n's decree  
She shines with fatal excellence, to thee : ||  
With thee, the bowl we drain, indulge the feast,  
Till righteous heav'n reclaim her stubborn breast.

What

## NOTES.

a very hard game to play, she neither dares consent, nor deny ; if she consents, she injures *Ulysses*, whom she still expects to return ; if she denies, she indangers the throne, and the life of *Telemachus*, from the violence of the suitors ; so that no other method is left but to elude their addresses. To vindicate her in this place, we must consider who it is that speaks : *Antinous*, an unsuccessful lover : and what he blames as a crime, is really her glory ; he blames her because she does not comply with their desires : and it had been an act of guilt to have complied. He himself sufficiently vindicates her in the conclusion of his speech, where he extols her above all the race of womankind : so that the seeming inconsistency of *Penelope* must be imputed to the necessity of her affairs : she is artful, but not criminal. The original says, she deceived the suitors by her messages ; a plain intimation, that she used no extraordinary familiarities with her admirers ; and through the whole course of the poem she seldom appears in their assemblies.

§ It was an ancient custom to dedicate the finest pieces of weaving and embroidery, to honour the funerals of the dead ; and these were usually wrought by the nearest relations in their life-time.

|| *Antinous*, in the opening of his speech, throws

4 U

the



What tho' from pole to pole resounds her name!  
The son's destruction waits the mother's fame:  
For till she leaves thy court, it is decreed,  
Thy bowl to empty, and thy stock to bleed.

While yet he speaks, *Telemachus* replies,\*  
Ev'n nature starts, and what ye ask denies.  
Thus, shall I thus repay a mother's cares,  
Who gave me life, and nurs'd my infant years?  
While sad on foreign shores *Ulysses* treads,  
Or glides a ghost with unapparent shades,  
How to *Icarus* in the bridal hour  
Shall I, by waste undone, refund the dow'r?  
How from my father should I vengeance dread?†  
How would my mother curse my hated head?  
And while in wrath to vengeful friends she cries,‡  
How from their hell would vengeful fiends arise?  
Abhorr'd by all, accurs'd my name would grow,  
The earth's disgrace, and human-kind my foe.

## NOTES.

the fault upon *Penelope*, to engage the favour of the multitude: but being conscious that he had said things which *Penelope* would resent, he extols her in the conclusion of it. He ascribes an obstinacy of virtue to her, and by this double conduct endeavours to make both *Penelope* and the multitude his friends.

\* *Telemachus* every where speaks with an openness and bravery of spirit; this speech is a testimony of it, as well as his former; he answers chiefly to the dismissal of *Penelope*, says it would be an offence against heaven and earth; and concludes with a vehemence of expression, and tells *Antinous* that such a word shall never fall from his tongue. The reason why the suitors are so urgent to send away *Penelope*, is, that she may chuse to marry some one of them, rather than return to *Icarus*; so that *Telemachus* only takes hold of their argument for her dismissal, in order to detain her. They addressed *Penelope* more for the sake of her riches than her beauty, (for she must be about forty years old) and he tells them, that if he lends her away against her consent, he must restore those riches, which they covet more than the person of *Penelope*. This is sufficient to take off the objection of covetousness in *Telemachus*, as the whole implies an abhorrence of their riots, described by *Telemachus* to have arisen to such a degree as to have almost ruined his kingdom, and made their demands impossible. There is nothing unnatural or mean in this interpretation, especially if we remember that the prodigious disorders of his family enter into the essence of the poem. The greater the disorders are, the greater are the sufferings of *Ulysses*.

If this displease, why urge ye here your stay?  
Haste from the court, ye spoilers, haste away:  
Waste in wild riot what your land allows,  
There ply the early feast, and late carouse.  
But if, to honour lost, 'tis still decreed  
For you my bowl shall flow, my flocks shall bleed;  
Judge and assert my right, impartial *Jove*!  
By him, and all th' immortal host above,  
(A sacred oath) if heaven the pow'r supply,  
Vengeance I vow, and for your wrongs ye die.

With that, two eagles from a mountain's height §  
By *Jove's* command direct their rapid flight;  
Swift they descend, with wing to wing conjoin'd,  
Stretch their broad plumes, and float upon the wind.  
Above th' assembled peers they wheel on high,  
And clang their wings, and hovering beat the sky;  
With ardent eyes the rival train they threat,  
And shrieking loud, denounce approaching fate.

They

## NOTES.

† There is an ambiguity in the word *father*; it may either signify *Icarus* or *Ulysses*, but we think the context determines the person to be *Ulysses*; for *Telemachus* believes him to be yet living, and consequently might fear his vengeance, if he offered any indignity to *Penelope*.

‡ This and other passages shew the opinion the ancients had of the honour due from children to parents, to be such, that they believed there were Furies particularly commissioned to punish those who failed in that respect, and to fulfil the imprecations made against them by their offended parents. There is a greatness in this idea, and it must have had an effect upon the obedience of the youth. We see *Telemachus* is full of the sense of it.

§ This prodigy is ushered in very magnificently, and the verses are lofty and sonorous. The eagles are *Ulysses* and *Telemachus*: By *Jove's* command they fly from a mountain's height; this denotes that the two heroes are inspired by *Jupiter*, and come from the country to the destruction of the suitors: the eagles fly with wing to wing conjoin'd; this shews, that they act in concert and unity of councils: at first they float upon the wind; this implies the calmness and secrecy of the approach of those heroes: at last they clang their wings, and hovering beat the skies; this shews the violence of the assault: With ardent eyes the rival train they threat; this, as the poet himself interprets it, denotes the approaching fate of the suitors: Then sailing o'er the domes and tow'rs they fly, full toward the east; this signifies that the suitors alone are not doomed to destruction, but that the men of *Ithaca* are involved in danger.



They cuff, they tear; their cheeks and necks they  
rend,

And from their plumes huge drops of blood descend:  
Then sailing o'er the domes and tow'rs they fly,  
Full tow'rd the east, and mount into the sky.

The wond'ring rivals gaze with cares oppress,  
And chilling horrors freeze in every breast.  
Till big with knowledge of approaching woes  
The prince of augurs, *Halitherses*, rose:  
Prescient he view'd th' aërial tracts, and drew  
A sure presage from ev'ry wing that flew.

Ye sons (he cry'd) of *Ithaca*, give ear,  
Hear all! but chiefly you, oh rivals! hear.  
Destruction sure o'er all your heads impends;  
*Ulysses* comes, and death his steps attends.  
Not to the great alone is death decreed;  
We, and our guilty *Ithaca* must bleed.  
Why cease we then the wrath of heav'n to stay?  
Be humbled all, and lead, ye great! the way.  
For lo! my words no fancy'd woes relate:  
I speak from science, and the voice is Fate.

When great *Ulysses* sought the *Phrygian* shores  
To shake with war proud *Ilion's* lofty tow'rs,  
Deeds then undone my faithful tongue foretold:  
Heav'n seal'd my words, and you those deeds behold.  
I see (I cry'd) his woes, a countless train;\*  
I see his friends o'erwhelm'd beneath the main;  
How twice ten years from shore to shore he roams;  
Now twice ten years are past, and now he comes!

To whom *Eurymachus*—Fly dotard, fly!†  
With thy wise dreams, and fables of the sky.  
Go prophesy at home; thy sons advise:  
Here thou art sage in vain—I better read the skies.

Unnumber'd birds glide thro' th' aërial way,  
Vagrants of air, and unforecasting stray.  
Cold in the tomb, or in the deeps below  
*Ulysses* lies: oh wert thou laid as low!  
Then would that busy head no broils suggest,  
Nor fire to rage *Telemachus's* breast.  
From him some bribe thy venal tongue requires,  
And int'rest, not the God, thy voice inspires.  
His guideless youth, if thy experienc'd age  
Mislead fallacious into idle rage,  
Vengeance deserv'd thy malice shall repress,  
And but augment the wrongs thou would'st redress,  
*Telemachus* may bid the queen repair  
To great *Icarius*, whose paternal care  
Will guide her passion, and reward her choice,  
With wealthy dow'r, and bridal gifts of price.  
Till she retires, determin'd we remain,  
And both the prince and augur threat in vain:  
His pride of words, and thy wild dream of Fate,  
Move not the brave, or only move their hate.  
Threat on, oh prince! elude the bridal day,  
Threat on, till all thy stores in waste decay.  
True, *Greece* affords a train of lovely dames,  
In wealth and beauty worthy of our flames:  
But never from this nobler suit we cease;  
For wealth and beauty less than virtue please.  
To whom the youth. Since then in vain I tell  
My num'rous woes, in silence let them dwell.  
But heav'n, and all the *Greeks*, have heard my  
wrongs:‡  
To heav'n, and all the *Greeks*, redress belongs.  
Yet this I ask (nor be it ask'd in vain)  
A bark to waft me o'er the rolling main;

The

## NOTES.

\* In three lines the poet gives us the whole *Odyssey* in miniature: and it is wonderful to think, that so plain a subject should produce such variety in the process of it. The simplicity of *Homer's* platform is beautiful, which is no more than this: a prince is absent from his country; *Neptune* destroys his companions; in his absence his family is disorder'd by many princes that address his wife, and plot against the life of his only son; but at last after many storms he returns, punishes the suitors, and re-establishes his affairs: this is all that is essential to the poem, the rest of it is made up of episode. And yet with what miracles of poetry has he furnished out this poem!

† It has been observed, that *Homer* is the father of oratory as well as poetry; and it must be confessed, that there is not any one branch of it that is not to be found in his poetry. The invective, persuasive, ironical, &c. may all be gathered from it.

## NOTES.

Nothing can be better adapted to the purpose than this speech of *Eurymachus*: he is to decry the credit of the predictions of *Halitherses*: he derides, he threatens, and describes him as a venal prophet. He is speaking to the multitude, and endeavours to bring *Halitherses* into contempt, and in order to it he uses him contemptuously.

‡ It is necessary for the reader to carry in his mind, that this assembly consists not only of the peers, but of the people of *Ithaca*: for to the people *Telemachus* here appeals. It is evident, that the place of the assembly was at least open to the air in the upper parts: for otherways how should the eagles be visible to the suitors? and so very plainly as to be discovered to threaten them with their eyes? There was no doubt a place set apart for council, usually in the market: for *Telemachus* is said to seat himself in his father's throne, in the beginning of this book: but *Ulysses* had been absent



The realms of *Pyle* and *Sparta* to explore,  
And seek my royal sire from shore to shore:  
If, or to *Iame* his doubtful fate be known,  
Or to be learn'd from *Oracles* alone?  
If yet he lives, with patience I forbear  
Till the fleet hours restore the circling year;  
But if already wand'ring in the train  
Of empty shades, I measure back the main;  
Plant the fair column o'er the mighty dead,  
And yield his comfort to the nuptial bed.

He ceas'd; and while abash'd the peers attend,  
*Mentor* arose, *Ulysses'* faithful friend: \*  
[When fierce in arms he fought the scenes of war,  
"My friend, (he cry'd) my palace be thy care;  
"Years roll'd on years my god-like sire decay,  
"Guard thou his age, and his behests obey." ] †  
Stern as he rose, he cast his eyes around  
That flash'd with rage; and as he spoke, he frown'd.

O never, never more! let king be just,  
Be mild in pow'r, or faithful to his trust!  
Let tyrants govern with an iron rod,  
Oppress, destroy, and be the scourge of God;  
Since he who like a father held his reign,  
So soon forgot, was just and mild in vain!  
True, while my friend is griev'd, his griefs I share;  
Yet now the rivals are my smallest care:

## NOTES.

twenty years; and therefore it is evident, that his throne had stood in the same place for the space of twenty years. It is past contradiction, that in *Athens* and other cities of *Greece* there were public halls for the consultation of affairs.

\* The name of *Mentor* is another instance of the gratitude of our poet's temper, it being the same which belonged to a friend of his by whom he was entertained in *Ithaca*, during a deluxion on his eyes, which seized him in his voyages: and at whose house he is said to have laid the plan of this poem. This character of *Mentor* is well sustained by his speech, and by the assistance he gratefully gives to young *Telemachus* on all occasions.

† The original says only, "Obey the old man;" by whom we are to understand *Laertes*. The poet loses no opportunity of giving *Ulysses* an excellent character; this is as necessary as continually to repeat the disorders of the suitors. This conduct contributes admirably to the design of the poem; and when the poet in the unraveling of his fable comes to reward and punish the chief actors, we acknowledge his justice in the death of the suitors, and re-establishment of *Ulysses*.

‡ The design of this speech is to deter the people

They, for the mighty mischiefs they devise,  
Ere long shall pay—their forfeit lives the price.  
But against you, ye *Greeks*! ye coward train,  
Gods! how my soul is mov'd with just disdain?  
Dumb ye all stand, and not one tongue affords  
His injur'd prince the little aid of words.

While yet he spoke, *Leocritus* rejoin'd:  
O pride of words, and arrogance of mind!  
Would'st thou to rise in arms the *Greeks* advise?  
Join all your pow'rs! in arms, ye *Greeks*, arise!  
Yet would your pow'rs in vain our strength oppose;  
The valiant few o'ermatch an host of foes.  
Should great *Ulysses* stern appear in arms,  
While the bowl circles, and the banquet warms; ‡  
Tho' to his breast his spouse with transport flies,  
Torn from her breast, that hour, *Ulysses* dies.  
But hence retreating to your domes repair;  
To arm the vessel, *Mentor*! be thy care,  
And *Halitherses*! thine: be each his friend;  
Ye lov'd the father: go, the son attend.  
But yet, I trust, the boaster means to stay  
Safe in the court, nor tempt the wat'ry way.

Then, with a rushing sound, th' assembly bend §  
Diverse their steps: the rival rout ascend  
The royal dome; while sad the prince explores  
The neighb'ring main, and sorrowing treads the shores.  
There,

## NOTES.

of *Ithaca* from rising in the cause of *Ulysses*: *Mentor* speaks justly; *Leocritus* insolently: *Mentor* sets before them the worth of *Ulysses*; *Leocritus* the power of the suitors: *Mentor* speaks like a brave man; *Leocritus* like a coward, who wanting true courage, flies to the assistance of wine to raise a false one. Perhaps it may be objected, that there is not a sufficient distinction in the characters of the several suitors; they are all described as insolent voluptuaries. But though they agree in this general character, yet there is something distinguishing in the particular persons: thus *Antinous* derides, *Eurymachus* covers villainy with mildness; *Antinous* is ever the foremost in outrage, *Eurymachus* generally his second: a greater distinction is neither necessary, nor possible to be represented. What the poet is to describe, is the insolence of the suitors, and the disorders they create in his family and kingdom; he is obliged to dwell upon these circumstances, because they are essential to his design: and consequently that general resemblance of their characters, is not a fault in the poet.

§ The assembly which was convened by *Telemachus*, is broke up in a riotous manner by *Leocritus*, who had no right to dissolve it. This agrees with the



There, as the waters o'er his hands he shed,  
The royal suppliant to *Minerva* pray'd.

O Goddess! who descending from the skies  
Vouchsaf'd thy presence to my wond'ring eyes,  
By whose commands the raging deeps I trace,  
And seek my fire thro' storms and rolling seas!  
Hear from thy heav'ns above, oh warrior-maid!  
Descend once more, propitious to my aid.\*  
Without thy presence vain is thy command;  
*Greece*, and the rival train thy voice withstand.

Indulgent to his pray'r, the Goddess took  
Sage *Mentor's* form, and thus like *Mentor* spoke.

O prince, in early youth divinely wise,\*  
Born, the *Ulysses* of thy age to rise!  
If to the son the father's worth descends,  
O'er the wide waves success thy ways attends:  
To tread the walks of death he stood prepar'd,  
And what he greatly thought, he nobly dar'd.  
Were not wise sons descendant of the wise,  
And did not heroes from brave heroes rise,  
Vain were my hopes: few sons attain the praise  
Of their great sires, and most their sires disgrace.  
But since thy veins paternal virtue fires,  
And all *Penelope* thy soul inspires,  
Go, and succeed! the rivals' aims despise;  
For never, never, wicked man was wise.  
Blind they rejoice, tho' now, ev'n now they fall;  
Death haltes amain: one hour o'erwhelms them all!  
And lo, with speed we plow the wat'ry way;  
My pow'r shall guard thee, and my hand convey:  
The winged vessel studious I prepare,  
Thro' seas and realms companion of thy care.  
Thou to the court ascend; and to the shores  
(When night advances) bear the naval stores;  
Bread, that decaying man with strength supplies,  
And gen'rous wine, which thoughtful sorrow flies.

## NOTES.

the lawless state of the country in the absence of its king, and shews that the suitors had usurped the chief authority. There is a fine contrast between the behaviour of *Telemachus* and that of the suitors. They return to repair their disorders and debauches; *Telemachus* retires to supplicate the Goddess of Wisdom, to assist him in his enterprizes. Thus the poet raises the character of *Telemachus*; he has shewed him to be a youth of a brave spirit, a good speaker, and here represents him as a person of piety.

\* This speech of *Minerva* is suited to encourage a young man to imitate the virtue of his father, and not to suffer himself to be overcome by any appearance of difficulties. She sets his father before his eyes, and tells him, there was never any danger

No. 21.

Meanwhile the mariners by my command  
Shall speed aboard, a valiant chosen band.  
Wide o'er the bay, by vessel vessel rides;  
The best I chuse, to waft thee o'er the tides.

She spoke: to his high dome the prince returns,  
And as he moves, with royal anguish mourns.  
'Twas riot all, among the lawless train;  
Boar bled by boar, and goat by goat lay slain.  
Arriv'd, his hand the gay *Antinous* prest,  
And thus deriding, with a smile address.

Grieve not, O daring prince! that noble heart:  
Ill suits gay youth the stern heroic part.  
Indulge the genial hour, unbend thy soul,  
Leave thought to age, and drain the flowing bowl.  
Studious to ease thy grief, our care provides  
The bark, to waft thee o'er the swelling tides.

Is this (returns the prince) for mirth a time?  
When lawless gluttons riot, mirth's a crime;  
The luscious wines dishonour'd lose their taste,  
The song is noise, and impious is the feast.  
Suffice it to have spent with swift decay  
The wealth of kings, and made my youth a prey.  
But now the wise instructions of the sage,  
And manly thoughts inspir'd by manly age,  
Teach me to seek redress for all my woe,  
Here, or in *Pyle*,—in *Pyle* or here, your foe.  
Deny your vessels, ye deny in vain;  
A private voyager I pass the main.  
Free breathe the winds, and free the billows flow,  
And where on earth I live, I live your foe.

He spoke and frown'd, nor longer deign'd to  
stay,  
Sternly his hand withdrew, and strode away.

Meantime, o'er all the dome, they quaff, they feast,  
Derisive taunts were spread from guest to guest,  
And each in jovial mood his mate address.

Tremble

## NOTES.

which he durst not encounter; if he should suffer himself to be discouraged, he would prove himself an unworthy son of a brave father.

+ This speech must be understood ironically. The critics have almost generally condemned these pieces of gaiety and raillery, as unworthy of heroic poetry: if ever they are proper, they must be so in the mouths of these suitors; persons of no serious or noble characters: mirth, wine, and feasting, is their constant employment; and consequently if they fall into absurdities, they act suitably to their characters. In this place the raillery is not without its effect, by shewing the utmost contempt of *Telemachus*; and surely it is the lowest degree of calamity to be at once oppressed and despised.

4 X.



Tremble ye not, O friends! and coward fly,  
Doom'd by the stern *Telemachus* to die?

To *Pyle* or *Sparta* to demand supplies, \*  
Big with revenge, the mighty warrior flies:  
Or comes from *Ephyré* with poisons fraught,  
And kills us all in one tremendous draught?

Or who can say (his gamesome mate replies)  
But while the dangers of the deeps he tries,  
He, like his sire, may sink depriv'd of breath,  
And punish us unkindly by his death?  
What mighty labours would he then create,  
To seize his treasures, and divide his state,  
The royal palace to the queen convey, †  
Or him she blesses in the bridal day!

Mean time the lofty rooms the prince surveys,  
Where lay the treasure of th' *Ithacian* race: ‡  
Here ruddy brags and gold refulgent blaz'd;  
There polish'd chests embroider'd vestures grac'd;  
Here jars of oil breath'd forth a rich perfume;  
There casks of wine in rows adorn'd the dome.  
(Pure flav'rous wine, by Gods in bounty giv'n,  
And worthy to exalt the feasts of heav'n.)  
Untouch'd they stood, till his long labours o'er  
The great *Ulysses* reach'd his native shore.  
A double strength of bars secur'd the gates:  
Fast by the door the wise *Euryclea* waits;

## NOTES.

\* It is observable, that the poet had in his choice several expedients to bring about the destruction of the suitors, but he rejects them, and chuses the most difficult method, out of reverence to truth, being unwilling to falsify the histories of *Sparta* and *Pylus*. This has a double effect; it furnishes the poet with a series of noble incidents; and also gives an air of probability to the story of *Ulysses* and *Telemachus*.

† The suitors allot the palace to *Penelope*; it being the only thing that they cannot consume. The expression of the suitors concerning the labour they should undergo in dividing the substance of *Ulysses*, shews the wealth and abundance of that hero.

‡ Such passages as these have ever furnished critics with matter of raillery: they think such household cares unworthy of a king, and that this conduct suits better with vulgar persons of less fortune. We confess, such descriptions now would be ridiculous in a poet, because unsuitable to our manners. But if we look upon such passages as pictures and exact representations of the old world, the reader will find a sensible pleasure in them. It is a true observation, that the *Iliad* is chiefly suitable to the condition of kings and heroes; and

*Euryclea*, who, great *Ops*! thy lineage shar'd,  
And watch'd all night, all day; a faithful guard.

To whom the prince. O thou, whose guardian  
care §

Nurs'd the most wretched king that breathes the air!  
Untouch'd and sacred may these vessels stand,  
Till great *Ulysses* views his native land.  
But by thy care twelve urns of wine be fill'd,  
Next these in worth, and firm those arms be seal'd;  
And twice ten measures of the choicest flour.  
Prepar'd, ere yet descends the evening hour:  
For when the fav'ring shades of night arise,  
And peaceful slumbers close my mother's eyes;  
Me from our coast shall spreading sails convey,  
To seek *Ulysses* thro' the wat'ry way.

While yet he spoke, she fill'd the walls with  
cries,

And tears ran trickling from her aged eyes:  
Oh whither, whither flies my son? she cry'd,  
To realms, that rocks and roaring seas divide?  
In foreign lands thy father's days decay'd,  
And foreign lands contain the mighty dead.  
The wat'ry way ill-fated if thou try,  
All, all must perish, and by fraud you die!  
Then stay, my child! storms beat, and rolls the main;  
Oh beat those storms, and roll the seas in vain!

Far

## NOTES.

consequently filled with circumstances in which the greatest part of mankind can have no concern or interest: the *Odyssey* is of a more general use; the story of it is a series of calamities; which concern every man, as every man may feel them. We can bring the sufferings of *Ulysses* in some degree home to ourselves, and make his condition our own; but what private person can ever be in the circumstances of *Agamemnon* or *Achilles*? What we would infer from this is, that the reader ought not to take offence at any such descriptions, which are only mean as they differ from the fashion of the latter ages. In the *Iliad*, *Achilles*, when he acts in the common offices of life, and not as an hero, is liable to the same objection. But if the manners of the ancient ages be considered, we shall be reconciled to the actions of the ancient heroes, and consequently to *Homer*.

§ *Euryclea* was not properly the nurse of *Telemachus*, but of *Ulysses*; so that she is called so not in a strict sense, but as one concerned in his education from his infancy, and as a general appellation of honour. *Telemachus* here reserves the best wines for *Ulysses*; a lesson, that even in the smallest matters we ought to pay a deference to our parents. These occasional



For hence (reply'd the prince) thy fears be driv'n:  
Heav'n calls me forth; these counsels are of heav'n.  
But by the pow'rs that hate the perjur'd; swear,  
To keep my voyage from the royal ear,  
Nor uncompell'd the dang'rous truth betray,  
Till twice six times descends the lamp of day: \*  
Lest the sad tale a mother's life impair,  
And grief destroy what time a while would spare.

Thus he. The matron with uplifted eyes  
Attests th' all seeing Sovereign of the skies.  
Then studious she prepares the choicest flour,  
The strength of wheat, and wines an ample store.  
While to the rival train the prince returns,  
The martial Goddess with impatience burns;  
Like thee, *Telemachus*, in voice and size,  
With speed divine from street to street she flies,  
She bids the mariners prepar'd to stand, †  
When night descends, embodied on the strand.  
Then to *Noemon* swift she runs, she flies,  
And asks a bark: the chief a bark supplies. ‡

And now, declining with his sloping wheels,  
Down sunk the sun behind the western hills.  
The Goddess shov'd the vessel from the shores,  
And stow'd within it's womb the naval stores.  
Full in the openings of the spacious main  
It rides; and now descends the sailor train.

Next to the court, impatient of delay  
With rapid step the Goddess urg'd her way:  
There ev'ry eye with slumbrous chains she bound,  
And dash'd the flowing goblet to the ground.

## NOTES.

casional and seemingly trivial circumstances are not without their use, if not as poetical ornaments, yet as moral instructions.

\* It may be demanded how it was probable (if possible) that the departure of *Telemachus* could be concealed twelve days from the knowledge of so fond a mother as *Penelope*? It must be allowed, that this would not be possible except in a time of such great disorder as the suitors created: *Penelope* confined herself almost continually within her own apartment, and very seldom appeared publicly; so that there is no improbability in this relation.

† It is probable that this passage of *Minerva* preparing the mariners, &c. is thus to be understood: the men of *Ithaca*, retaining in memory the speech of *Telemachus*, and believing that what he then said, and now requests, was agreeable to justice; and having as it were his image graven upon their hearts; voluntarily resolve to lend him assistance: so that

Drowzy they rose, with heavy fumes oppress'd,  
Reel'd from the palace, and retir'd to rest.

Then thus, in *Mentor's* rev'rend form array'd,  
Spoke to *Telemachus* the martial maid.

Lo! on the seas prepar'd the vessel stands;  
Th' impatient mariner thy speed demands.  
Swift as she spoke, with rapid pace she leads;  
The footsteps of the Deity he treads.

Swift to the shore they move: along the strand  
The ready vessel rides, the sailors ready stand.

He bids them bring their stores; th' attending train  
Load the tall bark, and launch into the main.

The prince and Goddess to the stern ascend;  
To the strong stroke at once the rowers bend.  
Full from the west she bids fresh breezes blow;  
The sable billows foam and roar below.

The chief his orders gives; th' obedient band  
With due observance wait the chief's command;  
With speed the mast they rear; with speed unbind  
The spacious sheet, and stretch it to the wind. §

High o'er the roaring waves the spreading sails  
Bow the tall mast, and swell before the gales;  
The crooked keel the parting surge divides,  
And to the stern retreating roll the tides.

And now they ship their oars, and crown with wine  
The holy goblet to the pow'rs divine:

Imploring all the Gods that reign above,  
But chief, the blue-ey'd progeny of *Jove*.

Thus all the night they stem the liquid way,  
And end their voyage with the morning ray.

## NOTES.

*Minerva* is to be taken allegorically, to imply that it was every person's own reason that induced him to assist *Telemachus*.

‡ This is also an allegory, and implies that the sailors had the experience and art to guide the ship before the winds; but poetry, that delights to raise every circumstance, exalts it into the marvellous, and ascribes it to the Goddess of Wisdom.

§ It is observable, that *Homer* never passes by an opportunity of describing the sea, or a ship under sail; and in many other places, as well as in this, he dwells largely upon it. We take the reason to be, not only because it furnished him with variety of poetical images, but because he himself having made frequent voyages, had a full idea of it, and consequently was delighted with it: this is evident from his conduct in the *Iliad*, where variety of allusions and similitudes are drawn from the sea, and are not the smallest ornaments of his poetry.



## The THIRD BOOK of the ODYSSEY.\*

## A R G U M E N T.

## THE INTERVIEW OF TELEMACHUS AND NESTOR.

Telemachus, guided by Pallas in the shape of Mentor, arrives in the morning at Pylos; where Nestor and his sons are sacrificing on the sea-shore to Neptune. Telemachus declares the occasion of his coming, and Nestor relates what passed in their return from Troy, how their fleets were separated, and he never since heard of Ulysses. They discourse concerning the death of Agamemnon, the revenge of Orestes, and the injuries of the suitors. Nestor advises him to go to Sparta and inquire further of Menelaus. The sacrifice ending with the night, Minerva vanishes from them in the form of an eagle. Telemachus is lodged in the palace. The next morning they sacrifice a bullock to Minerva, and Telemachus proceeds on his journey to Sparta, attended by Pisistratus.

*The scene lies on the sea-shore of Pylos.*

THE sacred sun, above the waters rais'd,  
Thro' heav'n's eternal brazen portals blaz'd;  
And wide o'er earth diffus'd his chearing ray,  
To Gods and men to give the golden day.

## NOTES.

\* The scene is now removed from *Ithaca* to *Pylos*, and with it a new vein of poetry is opened: instead of the riots of the suitors, we are entertained with the wisdom and piety of *Nestor*. This and the following book are a kind of supplement to the *Iliad*; the nature of Epic poetry requires that something should be left to the imagination of the reader, nor is the picture to be entirely drawn at full length. *Homer* therefore, to satisfy our curiosity, gives an account of the fortunes of those great men, who made so noble a figure at the siege of *Troy*. This conduct also shews his art; variety gives life and

Now on the coast of *Pyle* the vessel falls,  
Before old *Neleus*' venerable walls.  
There, suppliant to the monarch of the flood,  
At nine green theatres the *Pylians* stood, †

Each

## NOTES.

delight; and it is much more necessary in Epic, than in Comic or Tragic poetry, sometimes to shift the scenes, to diversify and embellish the story.

† It may be asked why the poet is so very particular as to mention that the *Pylians* were divided into nine assemblies; and may it not seem a circumstance of no importance? To this we answer, that there were nine cities subject to the power of *Nestor*: five in *Pylos*, the rest in *Boeotia*; the poet therefore allots one bank or theatre to every city, which consisted of 500 men, the whole number amounting to 4500: these cities furnished the like complement of men



Each held five hundred, (a deputed train)  
 At each, nine oxen on the sand lay slain.  
 They taile the entrails, and the altars load\*  
 With smoaking thighs, an offering to the God.  
 Full for the port the *Ithacensians* stand,  
 And furl their sails, and issue on the land.  
*Telemachus* already prest the shore;  
 Not first, the Power of wisdom march'd before,  
 And ere the sacrificing throng he join'd,  
 Admonish'd thus his well-attending mind.

Proceed, my son! this youthful shame expel;  
 An honest business never blush to tell.  
 To learn what fates thy wretched sire detain,  
 We past the wide, immeasurable main.  
 Meet then the senior far renown'd for sense,  
 With rev'rent awe, but decent confidence:  
 Urge him with truth to frame his fair replies: †  
 And sure he will: for wisdom never lies.

Oh tell me, *Mentor*! tell me, faithful guide,  
 (The youth with prudent modesty reply'd)

## NOTES.

men to *Nestor* for the war at *Troy*: he sailed in ninety vessels, and allowing fifty men to each vessel, they amount to that number. Hence it appears that this was a national sacrifice, every city furnished nine bulls, and by consequence the whole nation were partakers of it. This was a very solemn sacrifice of the *Pylions*: how comes it then to pass, that *Homer* passes it over in one line? The occasion disallows a longer description, and *Homer* knows when to speak, and when to be silent. He chuses to carry on the adventures of *Telemachus*, rather than amuse himself in descriptions that contribute nothing to the story; he finds a time of more leisure in the latter part of this book, and there he describes it at length.

\* That is, every person eat a small portion of the sacrifice, and by this method every person became partaker of it.

† This sentiment is truly noble, and as nobly expressed: the simplicity of the diction corresponds with that of the thought. *Homer* in many places testifies the utmost abhorrence of a lye.

‡ There is some obscurity in the *Greek* expression, and the ancient critics have made it more obscure by their false interpretations; they imagine that the poet only meant to say, that *Telemachus* was the legitimate son of *Penelope* and *Ulysses*. But a more plain and natural interpretation is the following, viz. You were not born in despite of the Gods, that is, you are well made, and of a good presence, you have good inclinations, and in a word, your birth is happy. You were not educated in

No. 21.

How shall I meet, or how accost the sage,  
 Unskill'd in speech, nor yet mature of age?  
 Awful th' approach, and hard the task appears,  
 To question wisely men of riper years.

To whom the martial Goddess thus rejoin'd.  
 Search, for some thoughts, thy own suggesting mind;  
 And others, dictated by heav'nly pow'r,  
 Shall rise spontaneous in the needful hour.  
 For nought unprosp'rous shall thy ways attend,  
 Born with good omens, and with heav'n thy friend. ‡

She spoke, and led the way with swiftest speed:  
 As swift, the youth pursu'd the way she led;  
 And join'd the band before the sacred fire,  
 Where sat, encompass'd with his sons, the sire.  
 The youth of *Pylus*, some on pointed wood  
 Transfix'd the fragments, some prepar'd the food.  
 In friendly throngs they gather to embrace  
 Their unknown guests, and at the banquet place.

*Pisistratus* was first, to grasp their hands,  
 And spread soft hides upon the yellow sands; §  
 Along

## NOTES.

d spight of the Gods; that is, the Gods have blessed your education.—This explication seems to be just, and answers perfectly the design of *Minerva*: which was to give a decent assurance to *Telemachus*. You are a person, says the Goddess, of a good presence, and happy education, why then should you be ashamed to appear before *Nestor*?

§ It is with great pleasure that we read such passages in an author of so great antiquity, as are pictures of the simplicity of those heroic ages: it is worthy of remark, that *Pisistratus* the son of a king does not seat these strangers upon purple tapestry, or any other costly furniture, but upon the skins of beasts, that had nothing to recommend them but their softness; being spread upon the sand of the sea-shore. This whole passage pleases extremely; there is a spirit of true devotion, morality, and good sense in it; and the decency of behaviour between *Nestor* and *Telemachus* is described very happily: *Nestor* shews great benevolence to *Telemachus*; *Telemachus* great reverence to *Nestor*: the modesty of the one, and the humanity of the other, are worthy of our observation. We see the same picture of *Nestor* in the *Odyssey* that was drawn of him in the *Iliad*, with this only difference, that there he was a counsellor of war, here he is painted in softer colours, ruling his people in peace, and diffusing a spirit of piety through his whole territories. He had now survived the war of *Troy* almost ten years; and the Gods reward the old age of this wise and religious prince with peace and happiness.



Along the shore th' illustrious pair he led,  
 Where *Nestor* sat with youthful *Thrasymed*.  
 To each a portion of the feast he bore,  
 And held the golden goblet foaming o'er;  
 Then first approaching to the elder guest,  
 The latent Goddess in these words addrest:  
 Whoe'er thou art, whom fortune brings to keep  
 These rites of *Neptune*, monarch of the deep,  
 Thee first it fits, oh stranger! to prepare  
 The due libation and the solemn pray'r:  
 Then give thy friend to shed the sacred wine:  
 Tho' much thy younger, and his years like  
 mine,

He too, I deem, implores the pow'rs divine:  
 For all mankind alike require their grace,  
 All born to want; a miserable race!

He spake, and to her hand preferr'd the bowl:  
 A secret pleasure touch'd *Athena's* soul,  
 To see the pre'frence due to sacred age  
 Regarded ever by the just and sage.  
 Of Ocean's king she then implores the grace.  
 O thou! whose arms this ample globe embrace,  
 Fulfil our wish, and let thy glory shine  
 On *Nestor* first, and *Nestor's* royal line;  
 Next grant the *Pylian* states their just desires,  
 Pleas'd with their hecatombs' ascending fires;  
 Last deign *Telemachus* and me to bless,\*  
 And crown our voyage with desir'd success.

Thus she; and having paid the rite divine,  
 Gave to *Ulysses'* son the rosy wine.  
 Suppliant he pray'd. And now the victims drest  
 They draw, divide, and celebrate the feast.  
 The banquet done, the narrative old man  
 Thus mild, the pleasing conference began:

## NOTES.

\* Since *Minerva* here mentions the name of *Telemachus* in her prayers, how comes it to pass, that *Nestor* is at a loss to know *Telemachus*? *Minerva* sat close by *Nestor*; he must therefore be supposed to hear the prayer; and yet in the following lines he inquires who these strangers are? We can scarce imagine *Nestor* ignorant that the son of *Ulysses* was named *Telemachus*, there being so strict a friendship between *Nestor* and *Ulysses*. Perhaps therefore *Minerva* prayed in secret mentally; or perhaps *Nestor* might not take notice of what was not addrest immediately to him, and consequently make inquiry about it for the greater certainty.

† If we form our images of persons and actions in ancient times, from the images of persons and actions in modern ages, we shall fall into great mistakes: thus in the present passage, if we annex the same idea of piracy, as it was practised three

Now, gentle guests! the genial banquet o'er,  
 It fits to ask ye, what your native shore,  
 And whence your race? on what adventure, say,  
 Thus far ye wander thro' the wat'ry way?  
 Relate, if business, or the thirst of gain†  
 Engage your journey o'er the pathless main?  
 Where savage pirates seek thro' seas unknown  
 The lives of others, vent'rous of their own.

Urg'd by the precepts by the Goddess giv'n,  
 And fill'd with confidence infus'd from heav'n,  
 The youth whom *Pallas* destin'd to be wife  
 And fam'd among the sons of men, replies.  
 Inquir'st thou, father! from what coast we came?  
 (Oh grace and glory of the *Grecian* name!)  
 From where high *Ithaca* o'erlooks the floods,  
 Brown with o'er-arching shades and pendent woods,  
 Us to these shores our filial duty draws,  
 A private sorrow, not a public cause.  
 My sire I seek, where-e'er the voice of fame  
 Has told the glories of his noble name,  
 The great *Ulysses*; fam'd from shore to shore  
 For valour much, for hardy suff'ring more.  
 Long time with thee before proud *Ilion's* wall  
 In arms he fought; with thee beheld her fall.  
 Of all the chiefs, this hero's fate alone  
 Has *Jove* reserv'd, unheard of, and unknown;  
 Whether in fields by hostile fury slain,  
 Or sunk by tempests in the gulphy main?  
 Of this to learn, oppress'd with tender fears,  
 Lo, at thy knee his suppliant son appears.  
 If or thy certain eye, or curious ear,  
 Have learnt his fate, the whole dark story clear:  
 And oh! whate'er heav'n destin'd to betide,  
 Let neither flattery smooth, nor pity hide.

Prepar'd

## NOTES.

thousand years past, to piracy as it is practised in our ages; what can be a greater affront than this inquiry of *Nestor*? But we must observe, piracy was formerly not only accounted lawful, but honourable. We doubt not but *Thucydides* had this passage in view, when he says, that the ancient poets introduce men inquiring of those who frequent the sea, if they be pirates, as a thing no way ignominious. *Thucydides* tells us in the same place, that all those who lived on the sea-coast, or in the islands, maintained themselves by frequent inroads upon unfortified towns, and if such piracies were nobly performed, they were accounted glorious. *Herodotus* also writes, that many of the ancients, especially about *Thrace*, thought it ignominious to live by labouring the ground, but to live by piracy and plunder was esteemed a life of honour.



Prepar'd I stand: he was but born to try  
The lot of man; to suffer, and to die.  
Oh then, if ever thro' the ten years war  
The wife, the good *Ulysses* claim'd thy care;  
If e'er he join'd thy council, or thy sword,  
True in his deed, and constant to his word;  
Far as thy mind thro' backward time can see,  
Search all thy stores of faithful memory:  
'Tis sacred truth I ask, and ask of thee.

To him experienc'd *Nestor* thus rejoin'd.\*  
O friend! what sorrows dost thou bring to  
mind?

Shall I the long, laborious scene review,  
And open all the wounds of *Greece* anew?  
What toils by sea! where dark in quest of prey  
Dauntless we rov'd; *Achilles* led the way:  
What toils by land! where mixt in fatal fight  
Such numbers fell, such heroes sunk to night:  
There *Ajax* great, *Achilles* there the brave,†  
There wife *Patroclus*, fill an early grave:  
There too my son—ah once my best delight,  
Once swift of foot, and terrible in fight,  
In whom stern courage with soft virtue join'd,  
A faultless body, and a blameless mind:  
*Antilochus*—what more can I relate?  
How trace the tedious series of our fate?

## NOTES.

\* We may here observe the modesty of *Nestor*: *Telemachus* had ascribed the fall of *Troy* in a great measure to *Nestor*; but *Nestor* speaks not in particular of himself, but is content with his share of glory in common with other warriors; he speaks in the plural number, and joins all the *Greeks* as in the war, so in the glory of it. *Nestor* mentions the sufferings of the *Greeks* by sea, as well as by land, during the siege of *Troy*: to understand this, it is necessary to remember, that the *Greeks* made many expeditions against other places during the war, both by sea and land, as appears from many passages in the *Iliad*, particularly from what *Achilles* says in the ninth book.

† We have observed that the poet inserts into the *Odyssey* several incidents that happened after the fall of *Troy*, and by that method agreeably diversifies his poetry, and satisfies the curiosity of the reader.—It is with pleasure we see the old man dwell upon the praise of *Antilochus*: the father enlarges upon the fame of the son; he gives him four epithets of glory; and while *Ajax* is only praised as a warrior, *Antilochus* is great and good, excellent in the standing fight, or swift to pursue an enemy.

‡ *Nestor* speaks of *Ulysses* as an inseparable friend;

Not added years on years my task could close,  
The long historian of my country's woes:  
Back to thy native islands might'st thou sail,  
And leave half-heard the melancholy tale.  
Nine painful years, on that detested shore  
What stratagems we form'd, what toils we bore?  
Still lab'ring on, till scarce at last we found  
Great *Jove* propitious, and our conquest crown'd:  
Far o'er the rest thy mighty father shin'd,‡  
In wit, in prudence, and in force of mind.  
Art thou the son of that illustrious sire?  
With joy I grasp thee, and with love admire.  
So like your voices, and your words so wise,  
Who finds thee younger must consult his eyes.  
Thy sire and I were one; nor vary'd aught  
In public sentence, or in private thought;  
Alike to council or th' assembly came,§  
With equal souls, and sentiments the same.  
But when (by wisdom won) proud *Ilium* burn'd,  
And in their ships the conqu'ring *Greeks* return'd,  
'Twas God's high will the victors to divide,  
And turn th' event, confounding human pride:  
Some he destroy'd, some scatter'd as the dust,  
(Not all were prudent, and not all were just)  
Then *Discord*, sent by *Pallas* from above,||  
Stern daughter of the great avenger *Jove*,

The

## NOTES.

it shews an excellent disposition in them both, to be rivals, and yet without envy. But the art of *Nestor* is remarkable, he first gives the character to *Ulysses* of being superior in wisdom to all the *Greeks*; and yet at last he finds a way secretly to set himself on a level with him, if not above him: we ever, says he, thought the same thoughts, and were ever of the same sentiments; which though it may imply that they were of equal wisdom, yet there is room left for it to signify, that *Ulysses* always assented to the wisdom of *Nestor*.

§ There is a remarkable difference between the *Council* and the *Assembly*. The former denotes a select number of men, the latter a public assembly where all the people were present.

|| *Nestor* in modesty conceals the reason of the anger of the Goddess, out of respect to *Ajax* the *Lacrian*, who was then dead: the crime of *Ajax* was the violation of *Cassandra* even in the temple of *Minerva* before her image. But why should the Goddess be angry at others for the crime of *Ajax*? This is because they omitted to punish the offender. If *Ajax* was criminal in offending, others are criminal for not punishing the offender.



The brother-kings inspir'd with fell debate;  
 Who call'd to council all th' *Achaian* state,\*  
 But call'd untimely (not the sacred rite  
 Observ'd, nor heedful of the setting light,  
 Nor herald sworn, the session to proclaim)  
 Sour with debauch, a reeling tribe they came.  
 To these the cause of meeting they explain,  
 And *Menelaus* moves to cross the main;  
 Not so the king of men: he will'd to stay;  
 The sacred rites and hecatombs to pay,  
 And calm *Minerva's* wrath. Oh blind to fate!†  
 The Gods not lightly change their love, or hate.  
 With ireful taunts each other they oppose,  
 Till in loud tumult all the *Greeks* arose.  
 Now diff'rent councils ev'ry breast divide,  
 Each burns with rancour to the adverse side:  
 Th' unquiet night strange projects entertain'd;  
 (So *Jove*, that urg'd us to our fate, ordain'd.)  
 We, with the rising morn our ships unmoor'd,  
 And brought our captives and our stores aboard;  
 But half the people with respect obey'd  
 The king of men, and at his bidding stay'd.  
 Now on the wings of winds our course we keep,  
 (For God had smooth'd the waters of the deep)  
 For *Tenedos* we spread our eager oars,  
 There land, and pay due victims to the pow'rs:  
 To bless our safe return we join in pray'r,  
 But angry *Jove* dispers'd our vows in air,  
 And rais'd new discord. Then (so heav'n decreed)  
*Ulysses* first and *Nestor* disagreed:  
 Wise as he was, by various counsels sway'd,  
 He there, tho' late, to please the monarch, stay'd.‡

## NOTES.

\* It may seem at first view, that the poet affirms the night to be an improper season to convene a council. This is not his meaning. In the *Iliad*, there are several councils by night; nay, the night council is used proverbially to express the best concerted councils. What therefore *Nestor* here condemns is the calling not a select, but public assembly of the soldiers in the night, when they are in no danger of an enemy, and when they are apt to fly into insolence through wine, and the joy of victory. The night is then undoubtedly an ill chosen season: because the licence of the soldier cannot be so well restrained by night as by day.

† It may be asked why *Nestor* condemns so solemnly this hero, when he describes him in so pious an action? This is not because the Gods are implacable, but because he vainly imagined that they would so soon be appeased, without any justice done upon the offender.

‡ It is with great address that *Nestor* relates the

But I, determin'd, stem the foamy floods,  
 Warn'd of the coming fury of the Gods.  
 With us *Tydidēs* fear'd, and urg'd his haste:  
 And *Menelaus* came, but came the last.  
 He join'd our vessels in the *Lesbian* bay,  
 While yet we doubted of our wat'ry way;  
 If to the right to urge the pilot's toil,  
 (The safer road) beside the *Psyrian* isle;  
 Or the strait course to rocky *Chios* plow,  
 And anchor under *Mimas'* shaggy brow?  
 We sought direction of the pow'r divine:  
 The God propitious gave the guiding sign;  
 Thro' the mid seas he bids our navy steer,  
 And in *Eubœa* shun the woes we fear.  
 The whistling winds already wak'd the sky;  
 Before the whistling winds the vessels fly,  
 With rapid swiftness cut the liquid way,  
 And reach *Gereſtus* at the point of day.  
 There hecatombs of bulls to *Neptune* slain  
 High-flaming please the monarch of the main.  
 The fourth day shone, when all their labours  
 o'er

*Tydidēs'* vessels touch'd the wish'd-for shore:  
 But I to *Pylus* scud before the gales,§  
 The God still breathing on my swelling sails;  
 Sep'rate from all, I safely landed here;  
 Their fates or fortunes never reach'd my ear.  
 Yet what I learn'd, attend; as here I sat,  
 And ask'd each voyager each hero's fate;  
 Curious to know, and willing to relate.

Safe reach'd the *Myrmidons* their native land,  
 Beneath *Achilles'* warlike son's command.||

Those,

## NOTES.

return of *Ulysses* to *Agamemnon*; he ascribes it not directly to *Ulysses*, but to his associates in the voyage; he mollifies it, in complaisance to *Telemachus*. But *Nestor* seems to conceal the true reason of his return; it was not to please *Agamemnon*, but out of fear of the Goddess *Minerva*, whose statue he had taken by force from *Troy*: to appease that Goddess, he returns to join in sacrifice with *Agamemnon*.

§ The poet with great judgment suspends, and breaks off this relation of *Nestor*: by this method he has an opportunity to carry *Telemachus* to other countries, and insert into his poem the story of *Menelaus* and *Helen*: this method likewise gives an air of probability to what he writes; the poet seems afraid to deceive, and when he sends *Telemachus* to other parts for better intelligence, he seems to consult truth and exactness.

|| The son of *Achilles* was named *Neoptolemus*, by others *Pyrhus*; his story is this: When he had reached *Thessaly* with the *Myrmidons* of *Achilles*, by the



Those, whom the heir of great *Apollo's* art,  
 Brave *Philoctetes*, taught to wing the dart;  
 And those whom *Idomen* from *Ilion's* plain  
 Had led, securely cross'd the dreadful main.  
 How *Agamemnon* touch'd his *Argive* coast,  
 And how his life by fraud and force he lost,  
 And how the murd'rer pay'd his forfeit breath;  
 What lands so distant from that scene of death  
 But trembling heard the fame? and heard, ad-  
 mire

How well the son appeas'd his slaughter'd fire!  
 Ev'n to th' unhappy, that unjustly bleed,  
 Heav'n gives posterity, t' avenge the deed.  
 So fell *Egythus*; and may'st thou, my friend,\*  
 (On whom the virtues of thy fire descend)  
 Make future times thy equal act adore,  
 And be what brave *Orestes* was before!

The prudent youth reply'd. Oh thou the grace  
 And lasting glory of the *Grecian* race!  
 Just was the vengeance, and to latest days  
 Shall long posterity resound the praise.

## NOTES.

the advice of *Thetis* he set fire to his vessels; and being warned by *Helenus*, from the oracles, to fix his habitation where he found a house whose foundations were iron, whose walls were wood, and whose roof was wool; he took his journey on foot, and coming to a certain lake of *Epirus*, he found some persons fixing their spears with the point downwards into the earth, and covering the tops of them with their cloaks, and after this manner making their tents: he looked upon the oracle as fulfilled, and dwelt there. Afterwards having a son by *Andromache* the wife of *Hector*, he named him *Molossus*, from whom the region took the name of *Molossia*.

\* *Nestor* introduces the mention of *Egythus* very artfully; it is to raise an emulation in *Telemachus* to revenge *Ulysses*, as *Orestes* had *Agamemnon*; it has the intended effect, and we find that *Telemachus* dwells upon his story with a virtuous envy, yet at the same time with great modesty.

† The words in the original are, *following the voice of some God*, that is, some oracle: *Homer* does not confine the expression either to a good or bad sense, but the context plainly shews, that they must be understood in a bad sense; namely, to imply that the people had recourse to pretended oracles to justify their rebellion. This is evident from what follows, where *Nestor* encourages *Telemachus* to expect that *Ulysses* may punish them for their crimes; if there had been no crime, there ought to be no punishment.

No. 22.

Some God this arm with equal prowess bless!  
 And the proud suitors shall its force confess:  
 Injurious men! who while my soul is sore  
 Of fresh affronts, are meditating more.  
 But heav'n denies this honour to my hand,  
 Nor shall my father re-possess the land:  
 The father's fortune never to return,  
 And the sad son's to suffer and to mourn!

Thus he; and *Nestor* took the word: My son,  
 Is it then true, as distant rumours run,  
 That crowds of rivals for thy mother's charms  
 Thy palace fill with insults and alarms?  
 Say, is the fault, thro' tame submission thine?  
 Or leagu'd against thee, do thy people join,  
 Mov'd by some oracle, or voice divine? †  
 And yet who knows, but ripening lies in fate  
 An hour of vengeance for th' afflicted state;  
 When great *Ulysses* shall suppress these harms,  
*Ulysses* singly, or all *Greece* in arms. ‡  
 But if *Athena*, War's triumphant maid,  
 The happy son, will, as the father, aid,

(Whose

## NOTES.

† The poet shews his great judgment in preparing the reader for the destruction of the suitors; that great catastrophe is managed by few hands, and it might seem incredible that so few could destroy so many: the poet therefore, to give an air of truth to his action, frequently inculcates the assistance of *Pallas*, which must at least shew, that such a great exploit is not impossible to be executed by stratagems and valour: it is by art, not strength, that *Ulysses* conquers.—*All Greece in arms*. This is spoken in a general sense, and comprehends not only the subjects of *Ulysses*, or even the *Pylions* and *Spartans*, but implies, that all the *Greeks* would rise in the cause of *Ulysses*. What the suitors had spoken scoffingly in the preceding book, viz. that *Telemachus* was sailing to *Pyle* or *Sparta* for supplies, appears in this not to be impracticable; so that it was choice, and not necessity, that determined the poet to make use of no such easy expedients for the destruction of the suitors. It may be added, that the very nature of epic poetry, and of the *Odyssey* in particular, requires such a conduct. In the *Iliad* *Achilles* is the chief agent, and performs almost all the great actions; *Aeneas* is painted after the same manner by *Virgil*; the one kills *Hector*, the other *Turnus*, both which are the decisive actions: it was equally necessary to exalt the character of *Ulysses*, by bringing him into difficulties from which he is personally to extricate himself: this the poet sufficiently brings about, by refusing all the easy methods for his re-

‡ Z.

establish-



(Whose fame and safety was her constant care  
In ev'ry danger and in ev'ry war :  
Never on man did heav'nly favour shine  
With rays so strong, distinguish'd and divine,  
As those with which *Minerva* mark'd thy fire)  
So might she love thee, so thy soul inspire !  
Soon should their hopes in humble dust be laid,  
And long oblivion of the bridal bed.

Ah ! no such hope (the prince with sighs replies)  
Can touch my breast ; that blessing heav'n denies.  
Ev'n by celestial favour were it giv'n,  
Fortune or fate would cross the will of heav'n.\*

What words are these, and what imprudence thine ?  
(Thus interpos'd the martial maid divine)  
Forgetful youth ! but know, the pow'r above  
With ease can save each object of his love ;

## NOTES.

establishment, because the more difficult ways are most conducive to the honour of his hero : thus as *Achilles* and *Aeneas* kill *Hector* and *Turnus* with their own hands, so the suitors fall chiefly by the hand of *Ulysses*. It is necessary for the hero of the poem to execute the decisive action, for by this method the poet completes his character, his own greatness surmounts all difficulties, and he goes off the stage with the utmost advantage, by leaving a noble character upon the mind of the spectators.

\* It may be asked how an expression so near blasphemy, could escape a person of such piety as *Telemachus* ? It is true, the poet makes *Minerva* herself correct it ; but yet the objection remains, viz. how could *Telemachus* speak it ? Since the poet himself condemns it, we may give it up as an indecency in *Telemachus* ; it is natural for men in despair (and that was the condition of *Telemachus*) to use a vehemence of expression, and this might transport *Telemachus* beyond the bounds of prudence. The only possible way that occurs to us to take off the impiety, is to have recourse to destiny : it was the opinion of the ancients, that the Gods could not alter destiny : and then *Telemachus* may mean no more, than that it was decreed by the destinies that *Ulysses* shall return no more, so the Gods themselves could not restore him.

† Nothing can be better imagined to encourage *Telemachus*, than what the poet here delivers : he sets *Agamemnon* in opposition to *Ulysses* : *Agamemnon* made a speedy voyage to his country, and there fell by treachery ; *Ulysses* has long been absent, but yet is happier than *Agamemnon* : the Gods perhaps reserve him for better fortunes, at least nothing can be concluded from his long absence, and this is sufficient to teach *Telemachus* not to despair.

Wide as his will, extends his boundless grace ;  
Nor lost in time, nor circumscrib'd by place.  
Happier his lot, who many sorrows past, †  
Long-lab'ring gains his natal shore at last ;  
Than who too speedy, hastes to end his life  
By some stern ruffian, or adult'rous wife.  
Death only is the lot which none can miss,  
And all is possible to heav'n, but this. ‡  
The best, the dearest fav'rite of the sky  
Must taste that cup, for man is born to die.  
Thus check'd, reply'd *Ulysses*' prudent heir :  
*Mentor*, no more—the mournful thought forbear ;  
For he no more must draw his country's breath,  
Already snatch'd by fate, and the black doom of death !  
Pass we to other subjects ; and engage §  
On themes remote the venerable sage :

(Who

## NOTES.

† What *Minerva* here says justifies the remark we made, that what *Telemachus* seemed to have spoken rashly, may be softened, if not vindicated, by having recourse to destiny : it is evident from this passage, that destiny was superior to the power of the Gods : otherwise *Minerva* speaks as blasphemously as *Telemachus* : for what difference is there between saying, that the Gods cannot preserve even those they love from death, and saying that the Gods could not save *Ulysses* ? Why, therefore, may not the words of *Telemachus* be thought to have a respect to destiny ? We are of opinion, that the poet had something further in view by putting these words into the mouth of *Minerva* : the words of *Telemachus*, if taken grossly, might appear shocking to so pious a person as *Nestor*, and make an ill impression upon him to the disadvantage of *Telemachus* ; *Minerva* therefore artfully explains it, and softens the horror of it by reconciling it to the theology of those ages.

§ *Telemachus* here puts several questions, as it were in a breath, to *Nestor* : and we may observe upon this passage, that he who inquires any thing of an old man, though the old man himself has no concern in the story, wins his heart at once ; and incites a person, who is upon all occasions very willing to discourse. This is an instance of the art *Telemachus* uses, in adapting himself by his questions to the temper of the person with whom he converses : he puts together several questions upon several subjects, which is more judicious than to confine his answer to a single interrogatory, and by that method deprive *Nestor* of one of the most pleasant enjoyments of old age, we mean the pleasure of talking.



(Who thrice has seen the perishable kind \*  
Of men decay, and thro' three ages shin'd,  
Like Gods majestic, and like Gods in mind.)  
For much he knows, and just conclusions draws  
From various precedents, and various laws.  
O son of *Neleus*! awful *Nestor*, tell  
How he, the mighty *Agamemnon* fell? †  
By what strange fraud *Ægythus* wrought, relate,  
(By force he could not) such a hero's fate?  
Liv'd *Menelaus* not in *Greece*? or where.  
Was then the martial brother's pious care?  
Condemn'd perhaps some foreign shore to tread;  
Or sure *Ægythus* had not dar'd the deed.

To whom the full of days. Illustrious youth,  
Attend (though partly thou hast guest) the truth.  
For had the martial *Menelaus* found  
The ruffian breathing yet on *Argive* ground;  
Nor earth had hid his carcase from the skies,  
Nor *Grecian* virgins shriek'd his obsequies,  
But fowls obscene dismember'd his remains,  
And dogs had torn him on the naked plains.  
While us the works of bloody *Mars* employ'd,  
The wanton youth inglorious peace enjoy'd;  
He, stretch'd at ease in *Argos*' calm recess,  
(Whose flatly steeds luxuriant pastures bless)  
With flattery's insinuating art

Sooth'd the frail queen, and poison'd all her  
heart.

At first with worthy shame and decent pride,  
The royal dame his lawless suit deny'd.  
For virtue's image yet possess'd her mind,  
Taught by a master of the tuneful kind: ‡  
*Atrides*, parting for the *Trojan* war,  
Consign'd the youthful consort to his care;  
True to his charge, the bard preserv'd her long  
In honour's limits (such the pow'r of song);  
But when the Gods these objects of their hate  
Dragg'd to destruction, by the links of fate;  
The bard they banish'd from his native soil,  
And left all helpless in a desert isle:  
There he, the sweetest of the sacred train,  
Sung dying to the rocks, but sung in vain.  
Then virtue was no more (her guard away), §  
She fell, to lust a voluntary prey.  
Ev'n to the temple stalk'd th' adult'rous spouse, ||  
With impious thanks, and mockery of vows,  
With images, with garments, and with gold,  
And od'rous fumes from loaded altars roll'd.

Mean time from flaming *Troy* we cut the way,  
With *Menelaus*, thro' the curling sea.  
But when to *Sunium*'s sacred point we came,  
Crown'd with the temple of th' *Athenian* dame;

*Atrides*'

## NOTES.

\* The poet here tells us that *Nestor* was now in his fourth generation: *Ovid* took the word in the original to signify an hundred years: but then *Nestor* must have been above three hundred years old. Others with more probability understand it to signify a generation, or such a portion of time in which any race of men flourish together, which is computed to be about thirty years. According to this computation, he must now be about ninety-five years of age.

† *Telemachus* does not ask this question out of curiosity, but with great judgment; he knows there were designs against his life, as well as there had been against *Agamemnon*; he therefore asks it, that he may learn how to defeat them; chiefly to instruct himself how best to assist his father upon his return, by aiding him in escaping the snares of the suitors.

‡ *Homer* through the whole *Odyssey* speaks much in honour of the art which he himself loved, and in which he so eminently excelled: from these and other passages we may learn the state of poetry in those ages: poets were ranked in the class of philosophers; and the ancients made use of them as preceptors in music and morality. *Strabo* quotes this very passage as an instance of the excellence of

## NOTES.

poetry in forming the soul to worthy actions: *Ægythus* could not debauch *Clytemnestra*, till he banished the poet, who was her guide and instructor. Various are the conjectures of the ancients about the name of the bard here celebrated: some tell us, it was *Chariades*, some *Demodocus*, some *Glaucus*, &c. but we pass them over, because they are conjectures.

§ There is a fine moral couched in the story of the bard and *Clytemnestra*; it admirably paints the advantage we draw from wise comparisons for the improvement of our virtues: *Clytemnestra* was chaste because her instructor was wise? His wisdom was an insuperable guard to her modesty. It was long before she yielded; virtue and honour had a long contest, but she no sooner yielded to adultery, but she assisted in the murder of her husband; from whence we may draw another moral, that one vice betrays us into another: and when once the fences of honour are thrown down, we become a prey to every passion.

|| Here is a surprising mixture of religion and impiety. *Ægythus*, upon the accomplishment of so great a crime as adultery, returns thanks to the Gods by oblations, as if they had assisted him in the execution of it. *Nestor* dwells upon it at large, to

show



*Atrides*' pilot, *Phrontes*, there expir'd;  
 (*Phrontes*, of all the sons of men admir'd  
 To steer the bounding bark with steady toil,  
 When the storm thickens, and the billows boil) -  
 While yet he exercis'd the steerman's art,  
*Apollo* touch'd him with his gentle dart; \*  
 Ev'n with the rudder in his hand, he fell.  
 To pay whose honours to the shades of hell,  
 We check'd our haste, by pious office bound,  
 And laid our old companion in the ground.  
 And now, the rites discharg'd, our course we keep  
 Far on the gloomy bosom of the deep:  
 Soon as *Malaca*'s misty tops arise,  
 Sudden the Thund'rer blackens all the skies,  
 And the winds whistle, and the surges roll  
 Mountains on mountains, and obscure the pole.  
 The tempest scatters, and divides our fleet;  
 Part, the storm urges on the coast of *Crete*, †  
 Where winding round the rich *Cydonian* plain,  
 The streams of *Jordan* issue to the main.  
 There stands a rock, high, eminent and steep,  
 Whose shaggy brow o'erhangs the shady deep,  
 And views *Gortyna* on the western side;  
 On this rough *Auster* drove th' impetuous tide:  
 With broken force the billows roll'd away,  
 And heav'd the fleet into the neighb'ring bay.  
 Thus sav'd from death they gain'd the *Phaestan*  
                   shores,  
 With shatter'd vessels, and disabled oars:  
 But five tall barks the winds and waters tost  
 Far from their fellows, on th' *Ægyptian* coast. ‡

## NOTES.

shew that *Ægythus* greatly aggravated his guilt by such a piece of impious devotion.

\* *Homer* calls the darts of *Apollo* gentle; to signify that those who die thus suddenly, die without pain. Some critics think *Homer* worthy of blame for enlarging upon so mean a person as a pilot. It is a sufficient answer to observe, that arts were in high esteem in those times, and men that were eminent in them were in great honour. Neither were arts then confined as in these ages to mean personages: no less a person than *Ulysses* builds a vessel in the sequel of the *Odyssey*; so that this is a false piece of delicacy. *Homer* relates the death of *Phrontes*, to introduce the dispersion of the fleet of *Menelaus*; the fleet might well be scattered, when it wanted so excellent a pilot.

† *Homer* does not amuse us by relating what became of these companions of *Menelaus*; he omits this judiciously, and follows the thread of his story: *Menelaus* is the person whom the poet has in view; he therefore passes over the story of his companions,

There wander'd *Menelaus* thro' foreign shores,  
 Amassing gold, and gath'ring naval stores;  
 While curst *Ægythus* the detested deed  
 By fraud fulfill'd, and his great brother bled.  
 Sev'n years, the traitor rich *Mycenæ* sway'd,  
 And his stern rule the groaning land obey'd;  
 The eighth, from *Athens* to his realm restor'd,  
*Orestes* brandish'd the revenging sword,  
 Slew the dire pair, and gave to fun'ral flame  
 The vile assassin, and adult'rous dame.  
 That day, ere yet the bloody triumph cease,  
 Return'd *Atrides* to the coast of *Greece*,  
 And safe to *Argos*' port his navy brought,  
 With gifts of price and pond'rous treasure fraught.  
 Hence warn'd, my son beware! nor idly stand  
 Too long a stranger to thy native land;  
 Lest heedless absence wear thy wealth away,  
 While lawless feasters in thy palace sway;  
 Perhaps may seize thy realm, and share the spoil;  
 And thou return, with disappointed toil,  
 From thy vain journey, to a rifled isle.  
 Howe'er, my friend, indulge one labour more,  
 And seek *Atrides* on the *Spartan* shore.  
 He, wand'ring long, a wider circle made,  
 And many languag'd nations has survey'd;  
 And measur'd tracts unknown to other ships,  
 Amid the monstrous wonders of the deeps;  
 (A length of ocean and unbounded sky, §  
 Which scarce the sea-fowl in a year o'erfly)  
 Go then; to *Sparta* take the watry way,  
 Thy ship and sailors but for orders stay;

Or

## NOTES.

to carry on the fable of the poem by leading us directly to *Menelaus*.

‡ In the original it is, *The wind and water carried them to Ægyptus*. *Homer* by *Ægyptus* means the river *Nile*, and then it is always used in the masculine gender; the region about it took it's name from the river *Ægyptus*, this is always used in the feminine gender; but the country had not received that name in the days of *Homer*.

§ It must be confessed, that *Nestor* greatly exaggerates this description: *Homer* himself tells us, that a ship may sail in five days from *Crete* to *Ægypt*; wherefore then this hyperbole of *Nestor*? It might perhaps be to deter *Telemachus* from a design of sailing to *Crete*, and he through his inexperience might believe the description. It may be added, that what *Nestor* speaks concerning the flight of birds, may be only said to shew the great distance of that sea: nay, by a favourable interpretation it may be reconciled to truth; the meaning then must be this: should a person observe that sea a whole year, he would



Or if by land thou chuse thy course to bend,  
My steeds, my chariots, and my sons attend;  
Thee to *Atrides* they shall safe convey,  
Guides of thy road, companions of thy way.  
Urge him with truth to frame his free replies,  
And sure he will: for *Menelaus* is wise.

Thus while he speaks, the ruddy sun descends,  
And twilight grey her ev'ning shade extends.  
Then thus the blue-ey'd maid: O full of days!  
Wise are thy words, and just are all thy ways.  
Now immolate the tongues, and mix the wine,\*  
Sacred to *Neptune* and the pow'rs divine.

The lamp of day is quench'd beneath the deep,  
And soft approach the balmy hours of sleep:  
Nor fits it to prolong the heav'nly feast,†  
Timeless, indecent, but retire to rest.

So spake *Jove's* daughter, the celestial maid.  
The sober train attended and obey'd.  
The sacred heralds on their hands around  
Pour'd the full urns; the youths the goblets crown'd:

## NOTES.

would not see one bird, flying over it, both because of the vastness and dreadfulness of it; and perhaps the whole of this might arise from the observation, that this sea is not frequented by birds. If we add to this the ignorance of the sea and sea affairs in those ages, we shall the less wonder to hear so wise a man as *Nestor* describing it with so much terror. Navigation is now greatly improved, and the moderns sail farther in a month, than the ancients could in a year; their whole art consisting chiefly in coasting along the shores, and consequently they made but little way.

\* Various are the reasons reported concerning this oblation of the tongues at the conclusion of the sacrifice. It was to purge themselves from any evil words they might have uttered; or because the tongue was reckoned the best part of the sacrifice, and so reserved for the completion of it: or they offered the tongue to the Gods as witnesses to what they had spoken. We omit the rest as superfluous. They had a custom of offering the tongues to *Mercury*, because they believed him the giver of eloquence. Perhaps the people might fear, lest through wine and the joy of the festival they might have uttered some words unbecoming the sanctity of the occasion: by this sacrifice of the tongues, they signified that they purged away whatever they had spoken amiss during the festival; and asked in particular pardon of *Mercury*, who presided over discourse, to the end they might not carry home any uncleanness which might stop the blessing expected from the sacrifice.

† No. 22.

From bowl to bowl the holy bev'rage flows;  
While to the final sacrifice they rose.  
The tongues they cast upon the fragrant flame,  
And pour, above, the consecrated stream.  
And now, their thirst by copious draughts allay'd,  
The youthful hero and th' *Athenian* maid  
Propose departure from the finish'd rite,  
And in their hollow bark to pass the night:  
But this the hospitable sage deny'd.  
Forbid it, *Jove!* and all the Gods! he cry'd,  
Thus from my walls the much-lov'd son to send  
Of such a hero, and of such a friend!  
Me, as some needy peasant, would ye leave,  
Whom heav'n denies the blessing to relieve?  
Me would ye leave, who boast imperial sway,  
When beds of royal state invite your stay?‡  
No—long as life this mortal shall inspire,  
Or as my children imitate their fire,  
Here shall the wand'ring stranger find his home,  
And hospitable rites adorn the dome.

Well

## NOTES.

† There is a difference between festivals and sacrifices: in the former it was customary to spend the whole night in wine and rejoicing: in the latter, this was reckoned an unlawful custom, through the fear of falling into any indecencies through wine. Another reason of the above injunction is, it was the custom to offer sacrifices to the celestial powers in the day, and even to finish them about the setting of the sun; and that those who dealt in incantations performed their sacrifices to the infernal powers by night, and finished them before sunrise. Either of these reasons sufficiently explains the words of the Goddess: and the former carries in it an excellent moral, that particular care should be taken in our acts of devotion, not to turn religion into impiety.

‡ This passage gives us a full insight into the manners of these hospitable ages; they not only kept a treasury for bowls or vases of gold or silver, to give as gifts of hospitality, but also a wardrobe of various habits and rich furniture, to lodge and bestow upon strangers. We read, that *Tellias* of *Agrirentum* was a person of so great hospitality, that five hundred horsemen coming to his house in the winter season, he entertained them, and gave every man a cloak and a tunic. This laudable custom prevailed, and still prevails, in the eastern countries: it was the practice of *Abraham* of old, and is at this day of the *Turks*, as we may learn from their Caravansaries, erected for the reception of travellers.

5 A.



Well hast thou spoke (the blue-ey'd maid replies)  
 Belov'd old man! benevolent, as wise.  
 Ere the kind dictates of thy heart obey'd,  
 And let thy words *Telemachus* persuade:  
 He to thy palace shall thy steps pursue;  
 I to the ship, to give the orders due,  
 Prescribe directions, and confirm the crew.  
 For I alone sustain their naval cares,  
 Who boast experience from these silver hairs;  
 All youths the rest, whom to this journey move  
 Like years, like tempers, and their prince's love.  
 There in the vessel shall I pass the night;  
 And soon as morning paints the fields of light,

## NOTES.

\* The poet makes a double use of these words of the Goddess; she gives an air of probability to her excuse, why she should not be pressed to stay; and at the same time *Homer* avoids the absurdity of introducing that Goddess at *Sparta*; *Menelaus* and *Helen* are celebrating the nuptials of their son and daughter: *Minerva* is a virgin Deity, and consequently an enemy to all nuptial ceremonies. But it may be necessary to observe who these *Caucons* are. We find in the tenth book the *Caucons* mentioned as auxiliaries to *Troy*. There was also a people of *Triphyly*, between *Elis* and *Pylus*, named *Caucons*; but the whole race is now extinct; and these here mentioned are of *Dymæa*, and take their name from the river *Caucon*: whereas those in the *Iliad* are *Paphlagonians*: they were a wandering nation, and consequently might be the same people originally, and retain the same name in different countries.

† It may be asked why *Nestor* is in such a surprise at the discovery of the Goddess: it is evident from the *Iliad* that he had been no stranger to such intercourses of the Deities; nay, in this very book *Nestor* tells us, that *Ulysses* enjoyed almost the constant presence of *Minerva*; inasmuch that *Sophocles*, the great imitator of *Homer*, relates, that he knew the Goddess by her voice, without seeing her. The wonder of *Nestor* arose not from the discovery of that Deity, but that she should accompany so young a person as *Telemachus*: after her departure, the old man stood amazed, and looked upon that hero as some very extraordinary person, whom in such early years the Goddess of War and Wisdom had vouchsafed to attend. This interpretation agrees perfectly with what *Nestor* speaks to *Telemachus*.

‡ We will take this opportunity to obviate an objection that may be made against all interposition

I go to challenge from the *Caucons* bold,\*  
 A debt, contracted in the days of old.  
 But this thy guest, receiv'd with friendly care,  
 Let thy strong coursers swift to *Sparta* bear;  
 Prepare thy chariot at the dawn of day,  
 And be thy son companion of his way.

Then turning with the word, *Minerva* a flie,  
 And soars an eagle thro' the liquid skies.  
 Vision divine! the throng'd spectators gaze  
 In holy wonder fix'd, and still amaze.  
 But chief the rev'rend sage admir'd; he took †  
 The hand of young *Telemachus*, and spoke.

Oh happy youth! and favour'd of the skies,  
 Distinguish'd care of guardian Deities!‡

Whose

## NOTES.

of the Gods in assisting the heroes of the *Odyssæy*: it has been thought by some critics a disparagement to them to stand in continual need of such supernatural succour: if two persons were engaged in combat, and a third person should immediately step in to the assistance of one of the parties, and kill the adversary, would it not reflect upon the valour of his friend who was so weak as to want such assistance? Why, for instance, should *Jupiter* help *Aeneas* to kill *Turnus*? Was not he brave enough to fight, and strong enough to conquer his enemy by his own prowess? and would not *Turnus* have killed *Aeneas* with the same assistance? It is therefore a disparagement to the actors, thus continually to supply the defects of a hero, by the power of a Deity. But this is a false way of arguing, and from hence it might be inferred, that the love and favour of a Deity serves only to make those whom he assists, and those who depend upon such assistance, appear weak, impotent, cowardly, and unworthy to be conquerors. Can any doubt arise whether the love and favour of a God be a disparagement or honour to those whom he favours? According to these critics, we should find the character of a perfect hero in an impious *Alezentius*, who acknowledges no God but his own arm and his own sword: it is true, the objection would be just, if the hero himself performed nothing of the action; or if when he were almost conquered by the superior valour of his enemy, he owed his life and victory to Gods and miracles: but the hero always behaves himself in all his actions, as if he were to gain success without the assistance of the Deity; and the presence of the Gods is so ordered, that we may retrench every thing that is miraculous, without making any alteration in the action or character of the human personages. Thus in the instance of *Aeneas* and *Turnus*, though *Jupi-*



Whose early years for future worth engage,  
No vulgar manhood, no ignoble age.  
For lo! none other of the court above  
Than she, the daughter of almighty *Jove*,  
*Pallas* herself, the war-triumphant maid,  
Consest is thine, as once thy father's aid.  
So guide me, Goddess! so propitious shine  
On me, my consort, and my royal line!  
A yearling bullock to thy name shall smoke,  
Untam'd, unconscious of the galling yoke.  
With ample forehead, and yet tender horns  
Whose budding honours ductile gold adorns.

Submissive thus the hoary sire preferr'd  
His holy vow: the fav'ring Goddess heard.  
Then slowly rising, o'er the sandy space  
Precedes the father, follow'd by his race,  
(A long procession) timely marching home  
In comely order to the regal dome.  
There when arriv'd, on thrones around him plac'd,  
His sons and grand-sons the wide circle grac'd.  
To these the hospitable sage, in sign  
Of social welcome, mix'd the racy wine,  
(Late from the mellowing cask restor'd to light,  
By ten long years refin'd, and rosy bright.)  
To *Pallas* high the foaming bowl he crown'd,  
And sprinkled large libation on the ground.

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ter favours *Aeneas*; yet *Aeneas* is painted in stronger colours of fortitude, he appears superior, as a man unassisted, and able to conquer *Turnus*; and consequently the favour of *Jupiter* makes no alteration in the action or character of *Aeneas*. There is likewise a wide difference between the assistance of a man, and of a God: the actions of men belong only to the performers of those actions; but when a Deity assists us by inspiring us with strength and courage, the actions we perform are really our own, and the more he favours us, the more glory he gives us: so that the assistance of man eclipses, but the assistance of a God exalts, our glory. Thus, for instance, when *Achilles* is pursuing *Hector*, he charges the *Greeks* to keep off from *Hector*, their assistance might lessen his glory: but when *Pallas* offers her assistance, he immediately embraces it as an honour, and boasts of it as such to *Hector*. We have been large upon this objection, because the reader ought to carry it in his memory through the whole poem, and apply it to every action, in which any share is ascribed to any Deity.

\* We have here an ancient custom recorded by the poet; a king places himself before the gate of his palace upon a seat of marble, worn smooth by long use, or perhaps smoothed exquisitely by the

Each drinks a full oblivion of his cares,  
And to the gifts of balmy sleep repairs.  
Deep in a rich alcove the prince was laid,  
And slept beneath the pompous colonade;  
Fast by his side *Pisistratus* lay spread,  
(In age his equal) on a splendid bed:  
But in an inner court, securely clos'd,  
The rev'rend *Nestor* with his queen repos'd.

When now *Aurora*, daughter of the dawn,  
With rosy lustre purpled o'er the lawn;  
The old man early rose, walk'd forth, and sat  
On polish'd stone before his palace gate: \*  
With unguents smooth the lucid marble shone,  
Where ancient *Neleus* sat, a rustic throne;  
But he descending to th' infernal shade,  
Sage *Nestor* fill'd it, and the scepter sway'd.  
His sons around him mild obeisance pay,  
And dutious take the orders of the day.  
First *Echephron* and *Stratius* quit their bed;  
Then *Perseus*, *Aretus*, and *Thrasymed*;  
The last *Pisistratus* arose from rest: †  
They came, and near him plac'd the stranger guest.  
To these the senior thus declar'd his will:  
My sons! the dictates of your sire fulfil.  
To *Pallas* first of Gods, prepare the feast,  
Who grac'd our rites, a more than mortal guest.

Let

## NOTES.

hand of the workman. What we would chiefly observe is, that they placed themselves thus in public for the dispatch of justice: we read in the scripture of judges sitting in the gate; and that this procedure of *Nestor* was for that purpose is probable from the expression, *He sat in the seat where Neleus used to sit*, (which seems to express his wisdom in the discharge of justice). *Nestor* is also described as bearing his sceptre in his hand, which was never used but upon some act of regality, in the dispatch of justice, or other solemn occasions. Perhaps these seats or thrones might be consecrated with oil, to draw a reverence to the seats of justice as by an act of religion; but we rather judge that no more is meant than to express the shining of these thrones, they being undoubtedly made of marble.

† Would we indulge our fancy in a conjecture, we might suppose that the famous tyrant *Pisistratus* was descended, or borrowed his name from this son of *Nestor*. *Herodotus* informs us, that all the *Pisistrati* were originally *Iylians*. If this be true, we have a very strong evidence that *Homer* is not all fiction, but that he celebrates the great men of those ages with reality, and only embellishes the true story with the ornaments of poetry.



Let one, dispatchful, bid some swain to lead  
A well-fed bullock from the grassy mead;  
One seek the harbour where the vessels moor,  
And bring thy friends, *Telemachus*! ashore,  
(Leave only two the galley to attend)  
Another to *Laerccus* must we send,  
Artist divine, whose skilful hands infold \*  
The victim's horn with circumfusile gold.  
The rest may here the pious duty share,  
And bid the handmaids for the feast prepare,  
The seats to range, the fragrant wood to bring,  
And limpid waters from the living spring.

He said, and busy each his care bestow'd;  
Already at the gates the bullock low'd,  
Already came the *Ithacensian* crew,  
The dext'rous smith the tools already drew:  
His pond'rous hammer, and his anvil sound,  
And the strong tongs to turn the metal round.  
Nor was *Minerva* absent from the rite †  
She view'd her honours, and enjoy'd the sight.

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\* Some quote this passage to prove that *Homer* was ignorant of the mechanic arts: we have here, say they, a gilder with his anvil and hammer; but what occasion has he for an anvil and hammer in the art of a gilder? To this objection we have only to answer, that this gilder was a gold-beater: *Nestor*, we see, furnished the gold, and he beat it into leaves, so that he had occasion to make use of his anvil and hammer; the anvil was portable, because the work was not laborious. Our modern travellers assure us, that it is at this day the practice in the eastern regions, as in *Persia*, &c. for the artists in metals to carry about with them the whole implements of trade, to the house of the persons where they find employment; it is therefore a full vindication of *Homer*, to observe that the gold this artist used in gilding, was nothing but gold beat into fine leaves.

† It may be asked in what sense *Minerva* can be said to come to the sacrifice? To this we answer, that the ancients finding the inclinations of men to be bent incontinently upon pleasures, to oblige them to use them moderately, distinguished times, ordained sacrifices, and representing the Gods in the forms of men, brought them to use those pleasures with discretion; they taught them that the Gods came down to their libations and sacrifices, to induce them to govern their conversation with reverence and modesty: thus *Jupiter* and the other Gods in the *Iliad*, and *Neptune* in the *Odyssey*, are said to feast with the *Aethiopians*. If we might be pardoned a conjecture, we would suppose, that *Minerva* may

With rev'rent hand the king presents the gold,  
Which round th' intorted horns the gilder roll'd;  
So wrought, as *Pallas* might with pride behold. }  
Young *Aretus* from forth his bridal bow'r }  
Brought the full laver, o'er their hands to pour, }  
And cannisters of consecrated flour. }  
*Stratius* and *Echephron* the victim led; ‡  
The axe was held by warlike *Thrasymed*,  
In act to strike: before him *Perseus* stood,  
The vase extending to receive the blood.  
The king himself initiates to the Pow'r;  
Scatters with quiv'ring hand the sacred flour,  
And the stream sprinkles: from the curling brows  
The hair collected in the fire he throws.  
Soon as due vows on ev'ry part were paid,  
And sacred wheat upon the victim laid,  
Strong *Thrasymed* discharg'd the speeding blow  
Full on his neck, and cut the nerves in two.  
Down sunk the heavy beast: the females round,  
Maids, wives, and matrons, mix a shrilling sound. §

Nor

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in another sense be said to come to the sacrifice: we mean by her image or statue: and what may seem to confirm this opinion, is what *Diodorus* relates in his third book concerning the above-mentioned *Aethiopians*; they carried about the statues of *Jupiter* and the other Gods twelve days, during which time the Gods were said to be gone to the *Aethiopians*: and if the Gods may be said to come to the *Aethiopians* by their statues, why may not the same be said of *Minerva*, from the introduction of her statue among the *Pylions*? So that the appearance of the Goddess may possibly mean the appearance of her statue.

‡ *Nestor* here makes use only of the ministry of his sons; the reason of it is, because it was reckoned honourable to serve in the performance of sacrifice, this being in some sense an attending upon the Gods: or because it was the practice of those ages for great persons to do those offices with their own hands, which in the latter have been performed by servants. It was the saying of *Antigonus*, who observing his son behaving himself imperiously to his subjects, "Knowest thou not, says he, that royalty itself is but illustrious servitude!" an intimation that he himself was but a servant of the public, and therefore should use his servants with moderation. But the true reason of *Nestor's* assisting in the sacrifice is, because kings anciently had the inspection of religion, and priesthood was joined to royalty.

§ We have kept the meaning of the word in the original, which signifies prayers made with loud cries. But there is still something in it more to the present



Nor scorn'd the queen the holy choir to join,  
(The first-born she, of old *Clymenus*' line;  
In youth by *Nestor* lov'd, of spotless fame,  
And lov'd in age, *Eurydice* her name).  
From earth they rear him, struggling now with  
death;

And *Nestor*'s youngest stops the vents of breath.  
The soul for ever flies: on all sides round  
Streams the black blood, and smokes upon the  
ground.

The beast they then divide, and disunite  
The ribs and limbs, observant of the rite:  
On these, in double cawls involv'd with art,  
The choicest morsels lay from every part.  
The sacred sage before his altar stands,  
Turns the burnt-off'ring with his holy hands,  
And pours the wine, and bids the flames aspire:  
The youth with instruments surround the fire.  
The thighs now sacrific'd, and entrails drest,  
Th' assistants part, transfix, and broil the rest.  
While these officious tend the rites divine,  
The last fair branch of the *Nestorean* line,  
Sweet *Polycaste*, took the pleasing toil \*  
To bathe the prince, and pour the fragrant oil.  
O'er his fair limbs a flow'ry vest he threw,  
And issu'd, like a God, to mortal view.  
His former seat beside the king he found;  
(His people's father with his peers around)  
All plac'd at ease the holy banquet join,  
And in the dazzling goblet laughs the wine.

The rage of thirst and hunger now suppress,  
The monarch turns him to his royal guest;  
And for the promis'd journey bids prepare  
The smooth-hair'd horses, and the rapid car,  
Observant of his word. The word scarce spoke,  
The sons obey, and join them to the yoke.  
Then bread and wine a ready handmaid brings,  
And presents, such as suit the state of kings.  
The glitt'ring seat *Telemachus* ascends;  
His faithful guide *Pisistratus* attends:  
With hasty hand the ruling reins he drew:  
He lash'd the coursers, and the coursers flew.  
Beneath the bounding yoke alike they held  
Their equal pace, and smok'd along the field.  
The tow'rs of *Pylos* sink, it's views decay,  
Fields after fields fly back, till close of day:  
Then sunk the sun, and darken'd all the way.

To *Pheræ* now, *Discleus*' stately seat,  
(Of *Alpheus*' race) the weary youths retreat.  
His house affords the hospitable rite,  
And pleas'd they sleep (the blessing of the night.)  
But when *Aurora*, daughter of the dawn,  
With rosy lustre purpled o'er the lawn;  
Again they mount, their journey to renew,  
And from the sounding portico they flew.  
Along the waving fields their way they hold,  
The fields receding as the chariot roll'd:  
Then slowly sunk the ruddy globe of light,  
And o'er the shaded landscape rush'd the night. †

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present purpose; the scholiast upon *Æschylus* remarks that this word is not used properly but when applied to the prayers offered to *Minerva*, for *Minerva* is the only Goddess to whom prayers are made with loud cries, she being the Goddess of War; to other Deities they offer prayer with thanksgiving.

\* It is very necessary to say something about this practice of women bathing and anointing men; it frequently occurs through the whole *Odyssey*, and is so contrary to the usage of the moderns, as to give offence to modesty; neither is this done by women of inferior quality, but we have here a young princess, bathing, anointing, and cloathing the naked *Telemachus*. Some indeed tell us, it was undoubtedly by her father's command: but if it was a piece of immodesty, it does not solve the objection, whoever commanded it. We confess it would be immodest in these ages of the world, and the only excuse that occurs to us is, to say that custom establish-

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ed it. It is in manners, in some degree, as in dress; if a fashion ever so indecent prevails, yet no person is ridiculous, because it is fashionable: so in manners, if a practice prevails universally, though not reconcilable to real modesty, yet no person can be said to be immodest who comes into it, because it is agreeable to the custom of the times and countries.

† This book takes up three days; the first is spent in the inquiries *Telemachus* makes of *Nestor* concerning *Ulysses*; the two last in the morning sacrifice at *Pylos*, and in the journey of *Telemachus* to *Lacedæmon*; so that five days have now passed since the opening of the poem. We would here remark that the *Iliad* consists of battles, and a continual commotion; the *Odyssey* in patience and wisdom: and consequently the stile of the two poems must be as different as the characters of the two heroes. A noble fountain of poetry opens in the next book, and flows with an uninterrupted course almost through the whole *Odyssey*.



## The FOURTH BOOK of the ODYSSEY.

## A R G U M E N T.

## THE CONFERENCE WITH MENELAUS.

Telemachus, with Pisistratus, arriving at Sparta, is hospitably received by Menelaus, to whom he relates the cause of his coming, and learns from him many particulars of what befel the Greeks since the destruction of Troy. He dwells more at large upon the prophecies of Proteus to him in his return, from which he acquaints Telemachus, that Ulysses is detained in the island of Calypso.

In the mean time the suitors consult to destroy Telemachus in his voyage home. Penelope is apprized of this, but comforted in a dream by Pallas, in the shape of her sister Iphimache.

AND now proud Sparta with their wheels re-sounds,

Sparta, whose walls a range of hills surrounds:  
At the fair dome the rapid labour ends;  
Where sat Atrides 'midst his bridal friends,  
With double vows invoking Hymen's pow'r,  
To bless his sons and daughters nuptial hour.

That day, to great Achilles' son resign'd  
Hermione, (the fairest of her kind)  
Was sent to crown the long-protracted joy,  
Espous'd before the final doom of Troy:  
With steeds and gilded cars, a gorgeous train  
Attend the nymph to Phthia's distant reign.  
Meanwhile at home, to Megapenthes' bed  
The virgin-choir Alecto's daughter led.  
Brave Megapenthes, from a stol'n amour  
To great Atrides' age his hand-maid bore:  
To Helen's bed the Gods alone assign  
Hermione, & extend the regal line;  
On whom a radiant pomp of Graces wait,  
Resembling Venus in attractive state.

While this gay friendly troop the king surround,  
With festival and mirth the roofs resound:

A bard amid the joyous circle sings  
High airs, attemper'd to the vocal strings;  
Whilst warbling to the varied strain, advance  
Two sprightly youths to form the bounding dance.  
'Twas then, that issuing thro' the palace gate  
The splendid car roll'd slow in regal state;  
On the bright eminence young Nestor shone,  
And fast beside him great Ulysses' son:  
Grave Eteoneus saw the pomp appear,  
And speeding, thus address'd the royal car.

Two youths approach, whose semblant features  
prove

Their blood devolving from the source of Jove.  
Is due reception deign'd, or must they bend  
Their doubtful course to seek a distant friend?

Insensate! with a sigh the king replies,\*  
Too long, mis-judging, have I thought thee wise:  
But sure relentless folly steals thy breast,  
Obdurate to reject the stranger-guest;

To

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\* This is the first appearance of Menelaus: and surely nothing can more reconcile him to the favour

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of the spectators, than those amiable colours in which the poet paints him. There is an overflow of humanity



To those dear hospitable rites a foe, —  
Which in my wand'rings oft reliev'd my woe :  
Fed by the bounty of another's board,  
Till pitying *Jove* my native realm restor'd—  
Strait be the coursers from the car releast,  
Conduct the youths to grace the genial feast.  
The Seneshal rebuk'd in haste withdrew ;  
With equal haste a menial train pursue :  
Part led the coursers, from the car enlarg'd,  
Each to a crib with choicest grain surcharg'd ;  
Part in a portico, profusely grac'd  
With rich magnificence, the chariot plac'd :  
Then to the domè the friendly pair invite,  
Who eye the dazzling roofs with vast delight ;  
Resplendent as the blaze of summer-noon,  
Or the pale radiance of the midnight moon.  
From room to room their eager view they bend ;  
Thence to the bath, a beauteous pile, descend ;  
Where a bright damsel train attend the guests  
With liquid odours, and embroider'd vests.  
Refresh'd, they wait them to the bow'r of state,  
Where circled with his peers *Atrides* sat :  
Thron'd next the king, a fair attendant brings  
The purest product of the chrystal springs ;  
High on a massy vase of silver mould,  
The burnish'd laver flames with solid gold :  
In solid gold the purple vintage flows,  
And on the board a second banquet rose.  
When thus the king with hospitable port :—  
Accept this welcome to the *Spartan* court ;  
The waste of nature let the feast repair,  
Then your high lineage and your names declare :  
Say from what scepter'd ancestry ye claim,  
Recorded eminent in deathless fame ?

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humanity and gratitude in his expressions. They contain a fine piece of morality, and teach that those men are more tender-hearted and humane who have felt the reverse of fortune, than those who have only lived in a condition of prosperity.

\* This may be thought a circumstance of no importance, and very trivial in *Telemachus* ; but it shews his address and decency : he whispers, to avoid the appearance of a flatterer, or to conceal his own inexperience, in shewing too much surprize at the magnificence of the palace of *Meneclaus*.

† The ancients observe the prudence of *Meneclaus*, in his reply to *Telemachus* ; and the prudence of *Telemachus* in his behaviour to *Meneclaus* : *Meneclaus* denies not his riches and magnificence ; but to take off the envy which they might attract, he throws the calamities he has undergone into the con-

For vulgar parents cannot stamp their race  
With signatures of such majestic grace.

Ceasing, benevolent he strait assigns  
The royal portion of the choicest chines  
To each accepted friend : with grateful haste  
They share the honours of the rich repast.  
Suffic'd, soft-whisp'ring thus to *Nestor's* son, \*  
His head reclin'd, young *Ithacus* begun.

View'st thou unmov'd, O ever-honour'd most !  
These prodigies of art, and wond'rous cost !  
Above, beneath, around the palace shine :  
The sumless treasure of exhausted mines :  
The spoils of elephants the roofs inlay,  
And studded amber darts a golden ray :  
Such, and not nobler, in the realms above  
My wonder dictates is the dome of *Jove*.

The monarch took the word, and grave reply'd. †

Presumptuous are the vaunts, and vain the pride  
Of man, who dares in pomp with *Jove* contest,  
Unchang'd, immortal, and supremely blest !  
With all my affluence when my woes are weigh'd,  
Envy will own the purchase dearly paid.  
For eight slow-circling years by tempests tost,  
From *Cyprus* to the far *Phœnician* coast,  
(*Sidon* the capital) I stretch'd my toil  
Thro' regions fatten'd with the flows of *Nile*.  
Next, *Æthiopia's* utmost bound explore,  
And the parch'd borders of th' *Arabian* shore :  
Then warp my voyage on the southern gales,  
O'er the warm *Libyan* wave to spread my sails :  
That happy clime ! where each revolving year ‡  
The teeming ewes a triple offspring bear ;  
And two fair crescents of translucent horn  
The brows of all their young increase adorn :

The

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trary scale, and ballances his felicity with his misfortunes : and *Telemachus* coming into the palace at the time of an entertainment, chuses to satisfy his curiosity rather than his appetite. *Plutarch* indeed condemns *Telemachus* of inexperience ; who when he saw the palace of *Nestor* furnished only with things useful to life, as beds, tables, &c. is seized with no admiration ; but the superfluities of *Meneclaus*, his ivory, amber and gold, &c. carry him into transports : whereas a *Socrates* or a *Diogenes* would have exclaimed, What heaps of vanities have I beheld ! It is true, such a judgment might become philosophers ; but who can think the character of a *Socrates* or a *Diogenes* suitable to young *Telemachus* ? What is decent in a prince, and a young man, would ill become the gravity and wisdom of a philosopher.

‡ These sheep, as described by *Homer*, may be thought



The shepherd swains with sure abundance blest,  
 On the fat flock and rural dainties feast;  
 Nor want of herbage makes the dairy fail,  
 But every season fills the foaming pail.  
 Whilst heaping unwish'd wealth, I distant roam;  
 The best of brothers, at his natal home, \*  
 By the dire fury of a traitress wife,  
 Ends the sad evening of a stormy life:  
 Whence with incessant grief my soul annoy'd,  
 These riches are possess'd, but not enjoy'd!  
 My wars, the copious theme of ev'ry tongue, †  
 To you, your fathers have recorded long:  
 How fav'ring heav'n repaid my glorious toils  
 With a sack'd palace, and barbaric spoils.

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thought the creation of the poet, and not the production of nature: but *Herodotus* writes, that in *Scythia* the oxen have no horns through the extremity of the cold: he quotes this very verse, rightly intimating, that in hot regions the horns of cattle shoot very speedily. *Aristotle* directly asserts, that in *Libya* the young ones of horned cattle have horns immediately after they are brought into the world. *Homer* adds, that the sheep breed three times in the year; these words may have a different interpretation, and imply that they breed in three seasons of the year, and not only in the spring, as in other countries; or that the sheep have at once three lambs; but the first is the better interpretation. *Athenæus* writes, that there are things in other countries no less strange than what *Homer* relates of these sheep of *Libya*. Thus in *Lusitania*, a country of *Spain*, now *Portugal*, there is a wonderful fruitfulness in all cattle, by reason of the excellent temper of the air; the fruits there never rot, and the roses, violets, and asparagus, never fail above three months in the year.

\* *Menelaus* neither mentions *Agamemnon*, *Clytemnestra*, nor *Ægythus* by name; a just indignation and resentment is the occasion of his suppressing the names of *Clytemnestra* and *Ægythus*. Through the whole *Iliad* *Menelaus* is described as a very affectionate brother, and the love he bears *Agamemnon* is the reason why he passes by his name in silence. We see that he dispatches the whole in one verse and a half; *Nestor* had told the story pretty largely in the preceding book, and as he was a person less nearly concerned, might speak of it with more ease and better temper than *Menelaus*: the poet avoids a needless repetition, and a repetition too of a story universally known to all the *Greeks*. The death of *Agamemnon* is distributed into four places in the *Odyssey*; *Nestor*, *Menelaus*, *Proteus*, and the shade of

Oh! had the Gods so large a boon deny'd,  
 And life, the just equivalent, supply'd  
 To those brave warriors, who with glory fir'd,  
 Far from their country in my cause expir'd!  
 Still in short intervals of pleasing woe,  
 Regardful of the friendly dues I owe,  
 I to the glorious dead, for ever dear!  
 Indulge the tribute of a grateful tear.  
 But oh! *Ulysses*—deeper than the rest †  
 That sad idea wounds my anxious breast!  
 My heart bleeds fresh with agonizing pain;  
 The bowl, and tasteful viands tempt in vain,  
 Nor sleep's soft pow'r can close my streaming eyes,  
 When imagin'd to my soul his sorrows rise.

No

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*Agamemnon* in the 11th book, all relate it, and every one very properly. *Proteus* as a prophet more fully than *Nestor* and *Menelaus*, and *Agamemnon* more fully than them all, as being best acquainted with it.

† In the original *Menelaus* says, *I have destroyed a house, &c.* There is an ambiguity in the expression, for it may either signify the house of *Priam*, or his own in *Argos*; if it be understood of his own, then the meaning is, "I have indeed great wealth, but have purchased it with the loss of my people; I could be content with the third part of it, if I could restore those to life who have perished before *Troy*." If it be understood of the kingdom of *Priam*, the regret he shews will still appear the greater. He is enumerating his domestic happiness, and his foreign conquest of *Troy*; but he throws the destruction of so many brave men who fell before it, in the contrary scale; and it so far outweighs both his wealth and his glory, that they both are joyless to him. Either of these interpretations shew an excellent temper of humanity in *Menelaus*, who thinks the effusion of blood too dear a price for glory. At the same time the poet gives an admirable picture of human nature, which is restless in the pursuit of what it miscalls happiness, and when in possession of it, neglects it. But the disquiet of *Menelaus* arises not from inconstancy of temper, but wisdom; it shews that all happiness is unsatisfactory.

‡ It is with admirable address that the poet falls into his subject; it is art, but it seems to be nature: this conduct has a double effect, it takes away all suspicion of flattery, for *Menelaus* is ignorant that the person with whom he discourses is *Telemachus*, this gives him a manifest evidence of the love he bears to *Ulysses*; the young man could not but be pleased with the praise of his father, and with the sincerity of it. It is also observable, that *Menelaus* builds



No peril in my cause he ceas'd to prove,  
His labours equall'd only by my love:  
And both alike to bitter fortune born,  
For him to suffer, and for me to mourn!  
Whether he wanders on some friendless coast,  
Or glides in *Stygian* gloom a pensive ghost,  
No fame reveals; but doubtful of his doom,  
His good old fire with sorrow to the tomb  
Declines his trembling steps; untimely care  
Withers the blooming vigour of his heir;  
And the chaste partner of his bed and throne  
Wastes all her widow'd hours in tender moan.

While thus pathetic to the prince he spoke,  
From the brave youth the streaming passion broke:  
Studious to veil the grief, in vain repress'd,  
His face he shrouded with his purple vest:  
The conscious monarch pierc'd the coy disguise,  
And view'd his filial love with vast surprize:  
Dubious to press the tender theme, or wait  
To hear the youth inquire his father's fate.

In this suspense bright *Helen* grac'd the room; \*  
Before her breath'd a gale of rich perfume.  
So moves, adorn'd with each attractive grace,  
The silver-shafted Goddess of the chace!  
The seat of majesty *Adraste* brings, †  
With art illustrious, for the pomp of kings.  
To spread the pall beneath the regal chair  
Of softest woof, is bright *Alcippe's* care.

## NOTES.

builds his friendship for *Ulysses* upon a noble foundation: we mean the sufferings which *Ulysses* underwent for his friend: *Menelaus* ascribes not their affection to any familiarity or intercourse of entertainments, but to a more sincere cause, to the hazards which brave men undertake for a friend. In short, the friendship of *Menelaus* and *Ulysses* is the friendship of heroes.

\* *Menelaus* conjectured that the person he had entertained was the son of *Ulysses*, from the tears he shed at the name of his father, and from the resemblance there was between *Ulysses* and *Telemachus*; it might therefore have been expected that *Menelaus* should immediately have acknowledged *Telemachus*, and not delayed a full discovery one moment, out of regard to his absent friend; but *Menelaus* defers it upon a two-fold account, to give some time to *Telemachus*, to indulge his sorrow for his father, and recover himself from it, and also to avoid the repetition of a discovery upon the appearance of *Helen*, who would be curious to know the condition of the strangers. It may be necessary to say something concerning *Helen*, that fatal beauty that engaged

No. 22.

A silver canister divinely wrought,  
In her soft hands the beauteous *Phyls* brought:  
To *Sparta's* queen of old the radiant vase  
*Alcandra* gave, a pledge of royal grace:  
For *Polybus* her lord, (whose sov'reign sway  
The wealthy tribes of *Pharian Thebes* obey)  
When to that court *Atrides* came, carest  
With vast munificence th' imperial guest:  
Two lavers from the richest ore refin'd,  
With silver tripods, the kind host assign'd;  
And bounteous, from the royal treasure told  
Ten equal talents of refulgent gold.  
*Alcandra*, consort of his high command,  
A golden distaff gave to *Helen's* hand;  
And that rich vase, with living sculpture wrought,  
Which heap'd with wool the beauteous *Phyls* brought:  
The silken fleece impurpl'd for the loom,  
Rival'd the hyacinth in vernal bloom.  
The sov'reign seat then *Jove-born Helen* press'd,  
And pleasing thus her sceptred lord address'd:

Who grace our palace now, that friendly pair,  
Speak they their lineage, or their names declare?  
Uncertain of the truth, yet uncontroul'd,  
Hear me the bodings of my breast unfold.  
With wonder rapt, on yonder cheek I trace  
The feature of the *Ulyssæan* race:  
Diffus'd o'er each resembling line appear,  
In just similitude, the grace and air

Of

## NOTES.

*Greece* and *Asia* in arms; she is drawn in the same colours in the *Odyssey* as in the *Iliad*; it is a vicious character, but the colours are so admirably softened by the art of the poet, that we pardon her infidelity. *Menelaus* is an uncommon instance of conjugal affection, he forgives a wife who had been false to him, and receives her into a full degree of favour. But perhaps the reader might have been shocked at it, and prejudiced against *Helen* as a person that ought to be forgot, or have her name only mentioned to disgrace it: the poet therefore to reconcile her to his reader, brings her in as a penitent, condemning her own infidelity in very strong expressions; she shews true modesty, when she calls herself impudent, and by this conduct we are inclined, like *Menelaus*, to forgive her.

† It has been observed, that *Helen* has not the same attendants in the *Odyssey* as she had in the *Iliad*; they perhaps might be *Trojans*, and consequently be left in their own country; or rather, it was an act of prudence in *Menelaus*, not to suffer those servants about her who had been her attendants and confidants in her infidelity.

5 C



Of young *Telemachus* ! the lovely boy,\*  
 Who blest'd *Ulysses* with a father's joy,  
 What time the *Greeks* combin'd their social arms,  
 'T' avenge the stain of my ill-fated charms!

Just is thy thought, the king assenting cries,  
 Methinks *Ulysses* strikes my wond'ring eyes:  
 Full shines the father in the filial frame,  
 His port, his features, and his shape the same:  
 Such quick regards his sparkling eyes bestow;  
 Such wavy ringlets o'er his shoulders flow!  
 And when he heard the long disastrous store  
 Of cares, which in my cause *Ulysses* bore;  
 Dismay'd, heart-wounded with paternal woes,  
 Above restraint the tide of sorrow rose:  
 Cautious to let the gushing grief appear,  
 His purple garment veil'd the falling tear.

See there confest, *Pisistratus* replies,  
 The genuine worth of *Ithacus* the wife!  
 Of that heroic fire the youth is sprung,  
 But modest awe hath chain'd his tim'rous tongue.  
 Thy voice, O king! with pleas'd attention heard,  
 Is like the dictates of a God rever'd.  
 With him at *Nestor's* high command I came,  
 Whose age I honour with a parent's name.  
 By adverse destiny constrain'd to sue  
 For counsel and redress, he sues to you.  
 Whatever ill the friendless orphan bears  
 Bereav'd of parents in his infant years,  
 Still must the wrong'd *Telemachus* sustain,  
 If hopeful of your aid, he hopes in vain:  
 Affianc'd in your friendly pow'r alone,  
 The youth would vindicate the vacant throne.

## NOTES.

\* It may seem strange that *Helen* should at first view recollect the features of *Ulysses* in *Telemachus*; and that *Menelaus*, who was better acquainted with him, and his constant friend, should not make the same observation. But *Athenaus*, to reconcile this to probability, says, that women are curious and skilful observers of the likeness of children to parents, for one particular reason, that they may, upon finding any dissimilitude, have the pleasure of hinting at the unchastity of others.

† The poet puts these words in the mouth of *Menelaus*, to express the sincerity of his friendship to *Ulysses*; he intended him all advantage and no detriment: we must therefore conclude, that *Ulysses* was still to retain his sovereignty over *Ithaca*, and only remove to *Argos*, to live with so sincere a friend as *Menelaus*.

‡ It has been observed through the *Iliad*, and may be observed through the whole *Odyssey*, that it

Is *Sparta* blest, and these desiring eyes  
 View my friend's son? (the king exulting cries)  
 Son of my friend, by glorious toils approv'd,  
 Whose sword was sacred to the man he lov'd:  
 Mirror of constant faith, rever'd, and mourn'd!—  
 When *Troy* was ruin'd, had the chief return'd,  
 No *Greek* an equal space had e'er possess'd  
 Of dear affection, in my grateful breast.  
 I, to confirm the mutual joys we shar'd,  
 For his abode a capital prepar'd; †  
*Argos* the seat of sovereign rule I chose;  
 Fair in the plan the future palace rose,  
 Where my *Ulysses* and his race might reign,  
 And portion to his tribe the wide domain.  
 To them my vassals had resign'd a soil,  
 With teeming plenty to reward their toil.  
 There with commutual zeal we both had strove  
 In acts of dear benevolence, and love:  
 Brothers in peace, not rivals in command,  
 And death alone dissolv'd the friendly band!  
 Some envious pow'r the blissful scene destroys;  
 Vanish'd are all the visionary joys:  
 The soul of friendship to my hope is lost,  
 Fated to wander from his natal coast!

He ceas'd; a gust of grief began to rise: ‡  
 Fast streams a tide from beauteous *Helen's* eyes;  
 Fast for the fire the filial sorrows flow;  
 The weeping monarch swells the mighty woe:  
 Thy cheek, *Pisistratus*, the tears bedew,  
 While pictur'd to thy mind appear'd in view  
 Thy martial \* brother: on the *Phrygian* plain  
 Extended pale, by swarthy *Memnon* slain!

But

## NOTES.

was not a disgrace to the greatest heroes to shed tears; and indeed we cannot see why it should be an honour to any man, to be able to divest himself of human nature so far as to appear insensible upon the most affecting occasions. No man is born a stoic; it is art, not nature; tears are on y a shame when the cause from whence they flow is mean or vicious. Here *Menelaus* laments a friend, *Telemachus* a father, *Pisistratus* a brother: but from what cause arise the tears of *Helen*? It is to be remembered that *Helen* is drawn in the softest colours in the *Odyssey*; the character of the adulteress is lost in that of the penitent; the name of *Ulysses* throws her into tears, because she is the occasion of all the sufferings of that brave man; the poet makes her the first in sorrow, as she is the cause of all their tears.

\* *Antilochus*.



But silence soon the son of *Nestor* broke,  
And melting with fraternal pity spoke.

Frequent, O king, was *Nestor* wont to raise  
And charm attention, with thy copious praise:  
To crown thy various gifts, the sage assign'd  
The glory of a firm capacious mind:  
With that superior attribute controul  
This unavailing impotence of soul.  
Let not your roof with echoing grief resound,\*  
Now for the feast the friendly bowl is crown'd:  
But when from dewy shade emerging bright,  
*Aurora* streaks the sky with orient light,  
Let each deplore his dead: the rites of woe  
Are all, alas! the living can bestow:  
O'er the congenial dull injoin'd to shear  
The graceful curl, and drop the tender tear.  
Then mingling in the mournful pomp with you,  
I'll pay my brother's ghost a warrior's due,  
And mourn the brave *Antilechus*, a name  
Not unrecorded in the rolls of fame:  
With strength and speed superior form'd, in fight  
To face the foe, or intercept his flight:  
Too early snatch'd by fate ere known to me!  
I boast a witness of his worth in thee.

Young and mature! the monarch thus rejoins,  
In thee renew'd the soul of *Nestor* shines:

Form'd by the care of that consummate sage,  
In early bloom an oracle of age.  
When-e'er his influence *Jove* vouchsafes to show'r  
To bless the natal, and the nuptial hour;  
From the great fire transmissive to the race,  
The boon devolving gives distinguish'd grace.  
Such, happy *Nestor*! was thy glorious doom;  
Around thee full of years, thy offspring bloom,  
Expert of arms, and prudent in debate;  
The gifts of heav'n to guard thy hoary state.  
But now let each be calm his troubled breast,  
Wash, and partake serene the friendly feast.  
To move thy suit, *Telemachus*, delay,  
Till heav'n's revolving lamp restores the day.

He said. *Aphaiion* swift the laver brings;  
Alternate all partake the grateful springs:  
Then from the rites of purity repair,  
And with keen gust the sav'ry viands share.  
Mean time with genial joy to warm the soul,  
Bright *Helen* mix'd a mirth-inspiring bowl:†  
Temper'd with drugs of sov'reign use, t' alluage  
The boiling bosom of tumultuous rage;  
To clear the cloudy front of wrinkled care,  
And dry the tearful sluices of despair:  
Charm'd with that virtuous draught, th'exalted mind  
All sense of woe delivers to the wind.

Tho'

#### NOTES.

\* It may be asked why sorrow for the dead should be more unseasonable in the evening than in the morning. The answer is, lest others should look upon our evening tears as the effect of wine, and not of love to the dead. The time of feasting was ever looked upon as a time of joy and thanksgiving to the Gods; it bore a religious veneration among the ancients, and consequently to shed tears when they should express their gratitude to the Gods with joy, was esteemed a profanation.

† The conjectures about this cordial of *Helen* have been almost infinite. Some take *Nepenthes* allegorically, to signify history, music, or philosophy. *Plutarch* in the first of the *Symposiaca* affirms it to be, discourse well suiting the present passions and conditions of the hearers. What gave a foundation to this fiction of *Homer*, might be this. *Diodorus* writes that in *Agypt*, and chiefly at *Heliopolis*, the same with *Thebes* where *Menelaus* sojourn'd, as has been already observed, there lived women who boasted of certain potions, which not only made the unfortunate forget all their calamities, but drove away the most violent sallies of grief or anger. *Eusebius* directly affirms, that even in his time the women of *Diophys* were able to calm the rage of grief or anger by certain potions.

#### NOTES.

Now whether this be truth or fiction, it fully vindicates *Homer*, since a poet may make use of a prevailing, though false, opinion. But that there may be something more than fiction in this, is very probable, since the *Aegyptians* were so notoriously skilled in physic; and particularly since this very *Thon*, or *Thonis*, or *Thoon*, is reported by the ancients to have been the inventor of physic among the *Aegyptians*. The description of this *Nepenthes* agrees admirably with what we know of the qualities and effects of *Opium*. It is farther said of *Thon*, that he was king of *Canopus*, and entertained *Menelaus* hospitably before he had seen *Helen*; but afterwards falling in love with her, and offering violence, he was slain by *Menelaus*. From his name the *Aegyptians* gave the name of *Thoth* to the first month of their year, and also to a city the same name of *Thonis*. *Herodotus* relates, that *Thonis* was governor of *Canopus*, that he represented the injury which *Paris* had done to *Menelaus*, to *Proteus* who reigned in *Memphis*. This remark is sufficient to shew, that *Homer* is not so fictitious as is generally imagined, that there really was a king named *Proteus*, that the poet builds his fable upon truth, and that it was truth that originally determined *Homer* to introduce *Proteus* into his poetry.



Tho' on the blazing pile his parent lay,  
 Or a lov'd brother groan'd his life away,  
 Or darling son oppress'd by ruffian-force  
 Fell breathless at his feet, a mangled corse,  
 From morn to eve, impassive and serene,  
 The man entranc'd would view the deathful scene.  
 These drugs, so friendly to the joys of life,  
 Bright *Helen* learn'd from *Thone's* imperial wife;  
 Who sway'd the scepter, where prolific *Nile*  
 With various simples clothes the fatten'd soil.  
 With wholesome herbage mix'd, the direful bane  
 Of vegetable venom, taints the plain;  
 From *Pæon* sprung, their patron-god imparts  
 To all the *Pharian* race his healing arts.  
 The bev'rage now prepar'd t' inspire the feast,  
 The circle thus the beauteous queen addrest.

Thron'd in omnipotence, supremest *Jove*  
 Tempers the fates of human race above;  
 By the firm sanction of his sov'reign will,  
 Alternate are decreed our good and ill.  
 To feastful mirth be this white hour assign'd,  
 And sweet discourse, the banquet of the mind.  
 Myself assisting in the social joy,  
 Will tell *Ulysses'* bold exploit in *Troy*:\*  
 Sole witness of the deed I now declare;  
 Speak you (who saw) his wonders in the war.

## NOTES.

\* What is here related shews the necessity of the introduction of *Helen*, and the use the poet makes of it: she is not brought in merely to fill up the number of persons; but she relates several incidents, in which she herself was concerned, and which she could only know; and consequently not only diversifies, but carries on the design of the story.

† The poet here shews his judgment in passing over many instances of the sufferings of *Ulysses*, and relating this piece of conduct, not mentioned by any other author. The art of *Ulysses* in extricating himself from difficulties is laid down as the groundwork of the poem, and this is an excellent example of it. This further shews the necessity of the appearance of *Helen*, no other person being acquainted with the story. If this stratagem be not a reality, yet it bears the resemblance of it; and *Megabysus* the *Persian* practised it, as we learn from history. We may reasonably conjecture that *Ulysses* was committed to *Helen*, in hopes that he would discover the affairs of the army more freely to her than any other person: for what could be more agreeable to a *Greek*, than to be committed to the care of a *Greek*, as *Ulysses* was to *Helen*? By the same conduct the poet raises the character of *Helen*, by making her shew her repentance by an act of generosity to her

Seam'd o'er with wounds, which his own sabre gave  
 In the vile habit of a village slave, †  
 The foe deceiv'd, he pass'd the tented plain,  
 In *Troy* to mingle with the hostile train.  
 In this attire secure from searching eyes,  
 Till haply piercing thro' the dark disguise  
 The chief I challeng'd; he, whose practis'd wit  
 Knew all the serpent-mazes of deceit,  
 Eludes my search: but when his form I view'd  
 Fresh from the bath with fragrant oils renew'd,  
 His limbs in military purple dress'd;  
 Each bright'ning grace the genuine *Greek* confess'd.  
 A previous pledge of sacred faith obtain'd,  
 Till he the lines and *Argive* fleet regain'd,  
 To keep his stay conceal'd; the chief declar'd  
 The plans of war against the town prepar'd.  
 Exploring then the secrets of the state,  
 He learn'd what best might urge the *Dardan* fate:  
 And safe returning to the *Grecian* host,  
 Sent many a shade to *Pluto's* dreary coast.  
 Loud grief resounded thro' the tow'rs of *Troy*,  
 But my pleas'd bosom glow'd with secret joy:  
 For then with dire remorse, and conscious shame, ‡  
 I view'd th' effects of that disastrous flame,  
 Which kindled by th' imperious Queen of love,  
 Constrain'd me from my native realm to rove:

And

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countryman. The original says she gave an oath to *Ulysses* not to discover him before he was in safety in the *Grecian* army: now this does not imply that she ever discovered to the *Trojans* that *Ulysses* had entered *Troy*: the contrary opinion is most probable; for it cannot be imagined but all *Troy* must have been incensed greatly against her, had they known that she had concealed one of their mortal enemies, and dismissed him in safety: it was sufficient for *Ulysses* to take her oath that she would not discover him till he was in security: he left her future conduct to her own discretion. It is probable that she furnished *Ulysses* with a sword, for in his return he slew many *Trojans*: he came to *Troy* in rags, and like a slave; and to have concealed a sword, would have endangered his life upon a discovery of it, and given strong suspicions of an impostor.

‡ The conclusion of this speech is very artful: *Helen* ascribes her seduction to *Venus*, and mentions nothing of *Paris*. Instead of naming *Troy*, she conceals it, and only says she was carried thither, leaving *Troy* to the imagination of *Menelaus*; she suffers not herself to mention names so odious now to herself, and ever to *Menelaus*, as *Paris* and *Troy*. She compliments *Menelaus* very handsomely, and says, that he wanted no accomplishment either in mind



And oft in bitterness of soul deplor'd  
My absent daughter, and my dearer lord;  
Admir'd among the first of human race,  
For ev'ry gift of mind, and manly grace.

Right well, reply'd the king, your speech displays  
The matchless merit of the chief you praise :\*  
Heroes in various climes myself have found,  
For martial deeds, and depth of thought renown'd:  
But *Ithacus*, unrival'd in his claim,  
May boast a title to the loudest fame:  
In battle calm he guides the rapid storm,  
Wise to resolve, and patient to perform.  
What wond'rous conduct in the chief appear'd,  
When the vast fabric of the steed we rear'd!  
Some Dæmon anxious for the *Trojan* doom,†  
Urg'd you with great *Deiphobus* to come,  
T' explore the fraud; with guile oppos'd to guile,  
Slow-pacing thrice around th' insidious pile;  
Each noted leader's name you thrice invoke,  
Your accent varying as their spouses spoke:  
The pleasing sounds each latent warrior warm'd,  
But most *Tydidēs* and my heart alarm'd:  
To quit the steed we both impatient press,  
Threat'ning to answer from the dark recess.  
Unmov'd the mind of *Ithacus* remain'd,  
And the vain ardors of our love restrain'd:  
But *Antichus* unable to controul,  
Spoke loud the language of his yearning soul:  
*Ulysses* strait with indignation fir'd,  
(For so the common care of *Greece* requir'd)  
Firm to his lips his forceful hands apply'd,  
Till on his tongue the flutt'ring murmurs dy'd.  
Meantime *Minerva* from the fraudulent horse,  
Back to the court of *Priam* bent your course.

Inclement fate! *Telemachus* replies,  
Frail is the boasted attribute of wife:

The leader, mingling with the vulgar host,  
Is in the common mass of matter lost!  
But now let sleep the painful waste repair  
Of sad reflection, and corroding care.

He ceas'd: the menial fair that round her wait,  
At *Helen's* beck prepare the room of state;  
Beneath an ample portico, they spread  
The downy fleece to form the slumb'rous bed;  
And o'er soft palls of purple grain unfold  
Rich tapestry, stiff with inwoven gold:  
Then thro' th' illumin'd dome, to balmy rest  
Th' obsequious herald guides each princely guest:  
While to his regal bow'r the king ascends,  
And beauteous *Helen* on her lord attends.

Soon as the morn, in orient purple drest,  
Unbarr'd the portal of the roseate East,  
The monarch rose; magnificent to view,  
Th' imperial mantle o'er his vest he threw;  
The glitt'ring zone athwart his shoulder cast  
A starry faulchion low-depending grac'd,  
Clasp'd on his feet th' embroider'd sandals shine,  
And forth he moves, majestic and divine:  
Instant to young *Telemachus* he press'd,  
And thus benevolent his speech address'd.

Say, royal youth, sincere of soul report  
What cause hath led you to the *Spartan* court?  
Do public or domestic cares constrain

This toilsome voyage o'er the surgy main?

O highly-favour'd delegate of *Jove*!  
(Replies the prince) inflam'd with filial love,  
And anxious hope, to hear my parent's doom,  
A suppliant to your royal court I come.  
Our sov'reign seat a lewd usurping race  
With lawless riot, and mis-rule disgrace;  
To pamper'd insolence devoted fall,  
Primè of the flock, and choicest of the stall:

For

#### NOTES.

mind or body: it being the nature of man not to resent the injuries of a wife so much upon the account of her being corrupted, but of the preference she gives to another person; he looks upon such a preference as the most affecting part of the injury.

\* The judgment of the poet in continuing the story concerning *Ulysses* is not observed by any commentator. *Ulysses* is the chief hero of the poem, every thing should have a reference to him, otherwise the narration stands still without any advance towards the conclusion of it. The poet therefore, to keep *Ulysses* in our minds, dwells upon his sufferings and adventures: he supplies his not appearing in the present scene of action, by setting his character before us, and continually forcing his pru-

#### NOTES.

dence, patience, and valour upon our observation. He uses the same art and judgment with relation to *Achilles* in the *Iliad*: the hero of the poem is absent from the chief scenes of action during much of the time which that poem comprises, but he is continually brought into the mind of the reader, by recounting his exploits and glory.

† These words are very artfully introduced to vindicate *Helen*; they imply that what she acted was by compulsion; and to evidence this more clearly, *Deiphobus* is given her for an attendant as a spy upon her actions, that she might not conceal any thing that should happen, but act her part well, by endeavouring to deceive the *Greeks* in favour of *Troy*.



For wild ambition wings their bold desire,  
And all to mount th' imperial bed aspire.  
But prostrate I implore, O king! relate  
The mournful series of my father's fate:  
Each known disaster of the man disclose,  
Born by his mother to a world of woes!  
Recite them! nor in erring pity fear  
To wound with storied grief the filial ear:  
If e'er *Ulysses*, to reclaim your right,  
Avow'd his zeal in council or in fight,  
If *Phrygian* camps the friendly toils attest,  
To the fire's merit give the son's request.

Deep from his inmost soul *Atrides* sigh'd,  
And thus indignant to the prince reply'd:  
Heav'n's! would a soft, inglorious, dastard train\*  
An absent hero's nuptial joys profane!  
So with her young, amid the woodland shades  
A tim'rous hind the lion's court invades,  
Leaves in the fatal laire the tender fawns,  
Climbs the green cliff, or feeds the flow'ry lawns:  
Meantime return'd, with dire remorseless sway  
The monarch-savage rends the trembling prey.  
With equal fury, and with equal fame,  
*Ulysses* soon shall re-assert his claim.  
O *Jove*, supreme, whom Gods and men revere!  
And thou, † to whom 'tis giv'n to gild the sphere!  
With pow'r congenial join'd, propitious aid  
The chief adopted by the martial maid!  
Such to our wish the warrior soon restore,  
As when contending on the *Lesbian* shore ‡  
His prowess *Philomelides* confess'd,  
And loud-acclaiming *Greeks* the victor blest'd:  
Then soon th' invaders of his bed and throne,  
Their love presumptuous shall with life atone.

## NOTES.

\* *Menelaus* is fired with indignation at the injuries offered his friend by the suitors: he breaks out into an exclamation, and in a just contempt vouchsafes not to mention them: he thinks he fully distinguishes whom he intends, by calling them *those cowards*. The comparison which he introduces is very just, they are the fawns, *Ulysses* is the lion. This is the first simile that *Homer* has inserted in the *Odyssey*; but we cannot think it proceeded from a barrenness of invention, or through phlegm in the declension of his years, as some have imagined. The nature of the poem requires a difference of stile from the *Iliad*; the *Iliad* rushes along like a torrent; the *Odyssey* flows gently on like a deep stream, with a smooth tranquillity; *Achilles* is all fire, *Ulysses* all wisdom.

† *Apollo*,

With patient ear, O royal youth, attend  
The storied labours of thy father's friend:  
Fruitful of deeds, the copious tale is long,  
But truth severe shall dictate to my tongue:  
Learn what I heard the sea-born seer relate,  
Whose eyes can pierce the dark recess of Fate.

Long on th' *Ægyptian* coast by calms confin'd,  
Heav'n to my fleet refus'd a prosp'rous wind:  
No vows had we prefer'd, nor victim slain!  
For this the Gods each fav'ring gale restrain.  
Jealous to see their high behests obey'd,  
Severe, if men th' eternal rights evade!  
High o'er a gulphy sea, the *Pharian* isle  
Fronts the deep roar of disemboguing *Nile*:  
Her distance from the shore, the course begun  
At dawn, and ending with the setting sun,  
A gally measures; when the stiffer gales  
Rise on the poop, and fully stretch the sails.  
There anchor'd vessels safe in harbour lie,  
While limpid springs the failing cask supply.

And now the twentieth sun descending, laves  
His glowing axle in the western waves;  
Still with expanded sails we court in vain  
Propitious winds, to waft us o'er the main:  
And the pale mariner at once deploras  
His drooping vigour, and exhausted stores.  
When lo! a bright carulean form appears,  
The fair *Eidothea*! to dispel my fears;  
*Proteus* her sire divine. With pity press'd,  
Me sole the daughter of the deep address'd;  
What time, with hunger pin'd, my absent mates  
Roam the wild isle in search of rural cates,  
Bait the barb'd steel, and from the fishy flood §  
Appease th' afflictive fierce desire of food.

Whoe'er

## NOTES.

‡ The poet here gives an account of one of *Ulysses*'s adventures. *Philomelides* was king of *Lesbos*, and there was a tradition that *Ulysses* and *Diomedes* slew him, and turned a stately monument he had raised for himself into a public place for the reception of strangers.

§ *Menelaus* says, hunger was so violent among his companions, that they were compelled to eat fish. *Plutarch* in his *Symposiacs* observes, that among the *Ægyptians*, *Syrians*, and *Greeks*, to abstain from fish was esteemed a piece of sanctity; that though the *Greeks* were encamped upon the *Hellepont*, there is not the least intimation that they eat fish, or any sea provision; and that the companion of *Ulysses*, in the 12th book of the *Odyssey*, never sought for fish till all their other provisions were consumed, and that the same necessity compelled them to eat the



Whoe'er thou art, (the azure Goddess cries,) Thy conduct ill deserves the praise of wise: Is death thy choice, or misery thy boast, That here inglorious on a barren coast Thy brave associates droop, a meagre train With famine pale, and ask thy care in vain? Struck with the kind reproach, I strait reply: Whate'er thy title in thy native sky, A Goddess sure! for more than mortal grace Speaks thee descendent of æthereal race: Deem not, that here of choice my fleet remains; Some heav'nly pow'r averse my stay constrains: O, piteous of my fate, vouchsafe to shew, (For what's sequester'd from celestial view?) What pow'r becalms th' innavigable seas? What guilt provokes him, and what vows appease? I ceas'd, when affable the Goddess cry'd; Observe, and in the truths I speak confide: Th' orac'lous seer frequents the *Pharian* coast, From whose high bed my birth divine I boast: *Proteus*, a name tremendous o'er the main,\* The delegate of *Neptune's* wat'ry reign. Watch with insidious care his known abode; There fast in chains constrain the various God: Who bound, obedient to superior force, Unerring will prescribe your destin'd course. If studious of your realms, you then demand Their state, since last you left your natal land;

## NOTES.

the herds of the sun which induced them to taste fish. No fish is ever offered in sacrifice: the *Pythagoreans* in particular command fish not to be eaten more strictly than any other animal: fish afford no excuse at all for their destruction, they live as it were in another world, disturb not our air, consume not our fruits, or injure the waters; and therefore the *Pythagoreans*, who were unwilling to offer violence to any animals, fed very little, or not at all on fishes. We thought it necessary to insert this, because it is a observation that explains other passages in the sequel of the *Odyssey*.

\* There are various opinions concerning *Proteus*; some understand *Proteus* allegorically to signify the first matter which undergoes all changes; others make him an emblem of true friendship, which ought not to be settled till it has been tried in all shapes; others make *Proteus* a picture of a flatterer, who takes up all shapes, and suits himself to all forms, in compliance to the temper of the person whom he courts. The *Greeks* imagined all these metamorphoses of *Proteus* to have been borrowed from the practices of the *Ægyptian* kings, who were accustomed to wear the figures of lions, bulls, or

Instant the God obsequious will disclose Bright tracks of glory, or a cloud of woes.

She ceas'd, and suppliant thus I made reply: O Goddess! on thy aid my hopes rely: Dictate propitious to my duteous ear, What arts can captivate the changeful seer? For perilous th' assay, unheard the toil, T' elude the prescience of a God by guile.

Thus to the Goddess mild my suit I end. Then she. Obedient to my rule, attend: When thro' the zone of heav'n the mounted sun Hath journey'd half, and half remains to run; The seer, while Zephyrs curl the swelling deep, Basks on the breezy shore, in grateful sleep, His oozy limbs. Emerging from the wave, The *Phœæ* swift surround his rocky cave, Frequent and full; the consecrated train Of her, † whose azure trident awes the main: There wallowing warm, th' enormous herd exhales An oily steam, and taints the noon-tide gales. To that recess, commodious for surprize, When purple light shall next suffuse the skies, With me repair; and from thy warrior band Three chosen chiefs of dauntless soul command: Let their auxiliar force befriend the toil, For strong the God, and perfected in guile. Stretch'd on the shelly shore, he first surveys The flouncing herd ascending from the seas;

Their

## NOTES.

dragons in their diadems, as emblems of royalty, and sometimes that of trees, &c. not so much for ornament as terror. Others took *Proteus* to be an enchanter. Some write that *Proteus* was an *Ægyptian* tumbler, who could throw himself into variety of figures and postures; others a stage-player; others, that he was a great general, skilled in all the arts of war. It is certain, that there was in the times of *Menelaus* a king named *Proteus*, who reigned in *Memphis*; that *Ægypt* was always remarkable for those who excelled in magical arts; thus *Jannes* and *Jambres* changed, at least in appearance, a rod into a serpent, and water into blood: it is not therefore improbable but that *Menelaus* hearing of him while he was in *Ægypt*, went to consult him as an enchanter, which kind of men always pretended to foreknow events: this perhaps was the real foundation of the whole story concerning *Proteus*; the rest is the fiction and embellishment of the poet, who ascribes to this *Proteus* whatever the credulity of men usually ascribe to enchanter.

† *Amphitrite*.



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 The scaly charge their guardian God surround:  
 So with his batt'ning flocks the careful swain  
 Abides, pavilion'd on the grassy plain.  
 With pow'rs united, obstinately bold  
 Invade him, couch'd amid the scaly fold:  
 Instant he wears, elusive of the rape,  
 The mimic force of every savage shape:  
 Or glides with liquid lapse a murm'ring stream,  
 Or wrapt in flame, he glows at every limb.  
 Yet still retentive, with redoubled might  
 Thro' each vain passive form constrain his flight.  
 But when, his native shape resum'd, he stands\*  
 Patient to conquest, and your cause demands;  
 'The cause that urg'd the bold attempt declare,  
 And sooth the vanquish'd with a victor's pray'r.  
 The bands relax'd, implore the seer to say  
 What Godhead interdicts the wat'ry way?  
 Who strait propitious, in prophetic strain  
 Will teach you to repass th' unmeasur'd main.  
 She ceas'd, and bounding from the shelvy shore,  
 Round the descending nymph the waves redounding  
 roar.

High wrapt in wonder of the future deed,  
 With joy impetuous, to the port I speed:  
 The wants of nature with repast suffice,  
 Till night with grateful shade involv'd the skies,  
 And shed ambrosial dews. Fast by the deep,  
 Along the tented shore, in balmy sleep,  
 Our cares were lost. When o'er the eastern  
 lawn,

In saffron robes the daughter of the dawn  
 Advanc'd her rosy steps; before the bay,  
 Due ritual honours to the Gods I pay;  
 Then seek the place the sea-born nymph assign'd,  
 With three associates of undaunted mind.  
 Arriv'd, to form along th' appointed strand  
 For each a bed, she scoops the hilly sand:  
 Then from her azure car, the finny spoils  
 Of four vast *Phœæ* takes, to veil her wiles:

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 Hard toil! the prophet's piercing eye to shun;  
 New from the corse, the scaly frauds diffuse  
 Unfavoury stench of oil, and brackish ooze;  
 But the bright sea-maid's gentle pow'r implor'd,  
 With nectar'd drops the sick'ning sense restor'd.

Thus till the sun had travell'd half the skies,  
 Ambush'd we lie, and wait the bold emprise:  
 When thronging thick to bask in open air,  
 The flocks of Ocean to the strand repair:  
 Couch'd on the sunny sand, the monsters sleep:  
 Then *Proteus* mounting from the hoary deep,  
 Surveys his charge, unknowing of deceit:  
 (In order told, we make the sum comp'cat.)  
 Pleas'd with the false review, secure he lies,  
 And leaden slumbers press his drooping eyes.  
 Rushing impetuous forth, we strait prepare  
 A furious onset with the sound of war,  
 And shouting seize the God: our force t' evade†  
 His various arts he soon resumes in aid:  
 A lion now he curls a surgy mane;  
 Sudden, our bands a spotted pard restrain;  
 Then arm'd with tusks, and lightning in his eyes,  
 A boar's obscener shape the God belies:  
 On spiry volumes there a dragon rides;  
 Here, from our strict embrace a stream he glides:  
 And last, sublime his stately growth he rears,  
 A tree, and well dissembled foliage wears.  
 Vain efforts! with superior pow'r compress'd,  
 Me with reluctance thus the seer address'd:  
 Say, son of *Atreus*, say what God inspir'd  
 This daring fraud, and what the boon desir'd?  
 I thus: O thou, whose certain eye foresees  
 The fix'd event of Fate's remote decrees;  
 After long woes, and various toil endur'd,  
 Still on this desert isle my fleet is moor'd;  
 Unfriended of the gales. All knowing! say  
 What Godhead interdicts the wat'ry way?  
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To *Jove*, (with stern regard the God replies, \*  
And all th' offended synod of the skies,  
Just hecatombs with due devotion slain,  
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To the firm sanction of thy fate attend!  
An exile thou, nor cheering face of friend,  
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Shalt yet enjoy, but still art doom'd to roam.  
Once more the *Nile*, who from the secret source †  
Of *Jove's* high seat descends with sweepy force,  
Must view his billows white beneath thy oar,  
And altars blaze along his sanguine shore.  
Then will the Gods, with holy pomp ador'd,  
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He ceas'd: heart-wounded with afflictive pain,  
(Doom'd to repeat the perils of the main,  
A shelfy tract, and long!) O seer, I cry,  
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My prompt obedience bows. But deign to say,  
What fate propitious, or what dire dismay  
Sustain those peers the reliques of our host,  
Whom I with *Nestor* on the *Phrygian* coast  
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To know, what known will violate thy peace;  
Too curious of their doom! with friendly woe  
Thy breast will heave, and tears eternal flow.  
Part live; the rest, a lamentable train!  
Range the dark bounds of *Pluto's* dreary reign.

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On *Gyræ*, safe *Oilean Ajax* sat,  
His ship o'erwhelm'd; but crowning on the floods,  
Impious he roar'd defiance to the Gods;  
To his own prowess all the glory gave,  
The pow'r defrauding who vouchsaf'd to save.  
This heard the raging rulers of the main;  
His spear, indignant for such high disdain,  
He launch'd; dividing with his forky mace  
Th' aerial summit from the marble base:  
The rock rush'd sea-ward, with impetuous roar  
Ingulf'd, and to th' abyss the boaster bore. ‡

By *Juno's* guardian aid, the wat'ry vast,  
Secure of storms, your royal brother past:  
Till coasting nigh the cape, where *Malea* throw'd  
Her spiry cliffs, amid surrounding clouds;  
A whirling gust tumultuous from the shore,  
Across the deep his lab'ring vessel bore,  
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Him thus exulting on the distant strand,  
 A spy distinguish'd from his airy stand;  
 To bribe whose vigilance, *Ægisthus* told  
 A mighty sum of ill persuading gold:  
 There watch'd this guardian of his guilty fear,  
 Till the twelfth moon had wheel'd her pale career;  
 And now admonish'd by his eye, to court  
 With terror wing'd conveys the dread report.  
 Of deathful arts expert, his lord employs  
 The ministers of blood in dark surprize:  
 And twenty youths in radiant mail incas'd,  
 Close ambush'd nigh the spacious hall he plac'd.  
 Then bids prepare the hospitable treat:  
 Vain shews of love to veil his felon hate!  
 To grace the victor's welcome from the wars,  
 A train of couriers, and triumphal cars  
 Magnificent he leads: the royal guest  
 Thoughtless of ill, accepts the fraudulent feast.  
 The troop forth issuing from the dark recess,  
 With homicidal rage the king oppresses!  
 So, whilst he feeds luxurious in the stall,  
 The sov'reign of the herd is doom'd to fall.  
 The partners of his fame and toils at *Troy*,  
 Around their lord, a mighty ruin! lie:  
 Mix'd with the brave, the base invaders bleed;  
*Ægisthus* sole survives to boast the deed.

He said; chill horrors shook my shiv'ring soul,  
 Rack'd with convulsive pangs in dust I roll;  
 And hate, in madness of extreme despair,  
 To view the sun, or breathe the vital air.  
 But when superior to the rage of woe,  
 I stood restor'd, and tears had ceas'd to flow;  
 Lenient of grief the pitying God began—  
 Forget the brother and resume the man:  
 To Fate's supreme dispose the dead resign,  
 That care be Fate's, a speedy passage thine.  
 Still lives the wretch who wrought the death deplor'd,  
 But lives a victim for thy vengeful sword;

Unless with filial rage *Orestes* glow,  
 And swift prevent the meditated blow:  
 You timely will return a welcome guest,  
 With him to share the sad funereal feast.

He said: new thoughts my beating heart employ,  
 My gloomy soul receives a gleam of joy.  
 Fair hope revives; and eager, I address  
 The prescient Godhead to reveal the rest.  
 The doom decreed of those disastrous two  
 I've heard with pain, but oh! the tale pursue;  
 What third brave son of *Mars* the Fates constrain  
 To roam the howling desert of the main:  
 Or in eternal shade if cold he lies,\*  
 Provoke new sorrow from these grateful eyes.

That chief (rejoin'd the God) his race derives  
 From *Ithaca*, and wondrous woes survives;  
*Laertes'* son: girt with circumfluous tides,  
 He still calamitous constraint abides.  
 Him in *Calypso's* cave of late I view'd,  
 When streaming grief his faded cheek bedew'd,  
 But vain his pray'r, his arts are vain to move  
 Th' enamour'd Goddess, or elude her love:  
 His vessel sunk, and dear companions lost,  
 He lives reluctant on a foreign coast.  
 But O belov'd by heav'n! reserv'd to thee  
 A happier lot the smiling Fates decree:  
 Free from that law, beneath whose mortal sway  
 Matter is chang'd, and varying forms decay;  
*Elysium* shall be thine; the blissful plains†  
 Of utmost earth, where *Rhadamanthus* reigns.  
 Joys ever-young, unmix'd with pain or fear,  
 Fill the wide circle of th' eternal year:  
 Stern winter smiles on that auspicious clime:  
 The fields are florid with unfading prime:  
 From the bleak pole no winds inclement blow,  
 Mould the round hail, or flake the fleecy snow;  
 But from the breezy deep, the blest inhale  
 The fragrant murmurs of the western gale.

This

## NOTES.

\* *Proteus* in the beginning of his relation had said, that *one person was alive, and remain'd enclos'd by the ocean*: how then comes *Menelaus* here to say, give me an account of that other person who is alive, or dead? Perhaps the sorrow which *Menelaus* conceived for his friend *Ulysses*, might make him fear the worst; and *Proteus* adding, *enclos'd by the ocean*, might give a suspicion that he was dead, the words being capable of ambiguity. However this be, it sets the friendship of *Menelaus* in a strong light: where friendship is sincere, a state of uncertainty is a state of fears; we dread even possibilities, and give them an imaginary certainty.

## NOTES.

† This is the only place in which the *Elysian* field is mentioned in *Homer*. The conjectures of the ancients are very various about it. It is supposed by *Bochart*, that the fable is of *Phœnician* extraction, that *Alizuth* in *Hebrew* signifies joy or exultation, which word the *Greeks*, adapting to their way of pronunciation, called *Elysium*. If this be true, we should come into an opinion that has much prevailed, that the *Greeks* had heard of *Paradise* from the *Hebrews*; and that the *Hebrews* describing *Paradise* as a place of *Alizuth*, or joy, gave occasion to all the fables of the *Grecian Elysium*.



This grace peculiar will the Gods afford  
To thee the son of *Jove*, and beauteous *Helen's*  
lord.

He ceas'd, and plunging in the vast profound,  
Beneath the God the whirling billows bound.  
Then speeding back, involv'd in various thought,  
My friends attending at the shore I fought.  
Arriv'd, the rage of hunger we control,  
Till night with silent shade invests the pole;  
Then lose the cares of life in pleasing rest.—  
Soon as the morn reveals the roseate east,  
With sails we wing the masts, our anchors weigh,  
Unmoor the fleet, and rush into the sea.  
Rang'd on the banks, beneath our equal oars  
White curl the waves, and the vex'd ocean roars.  
Then steering backward from the *Pharian* isle,  
We gain the stream of *Jove*-descended *Nile*:  
There quit the ships, and on the destin'd shore  
With ritual hecatombs the Gods adore:  
Their wrath aton'd, to *Agamemnon's* name  
A cenotaph I raise of deathless fame.  
These rites to piety and grief discharg'd,  
The friendly Gods a springing gale enlarg'd:  
The fleet swift tilting o'er the surges flew,  
Till *Grecian* cliffs appear'd, a blissful view!

Thy patient ear hath heard me long relate  
A story, fruitful of disastrous fate:  
And now, young prince, indulge my fond request;  
Be *Sparta* honour'd with his royal guest,  
Till from his eastern goal, the joyous fun  
His twelfth diurnal race begins to run.  
Mean-time my train the friendly gifts prepare,  
Three sprightly courfers, and a polish'd car: \*  
With these, a goblet of capacious mould,  
Figur'd with art to dignify the gold,  
(Form'd for libation to the Gods) shall prove  
A pledge and monument of sacred love.

My quick return, young *Ithacus* rejoind,  
Damps the warm wishes of my raptur'd mind:  
Did not my fate my needful haste constrain,  
Charm'd by your speech, so graceful and humane,

Lost in delight the circling year would roll,  
While deep attention fix'd my list'ning soul.  
But now to *Pyle* permit my destin'd way,  
My lov'd associates chide my long delay.  
In dear remembrance of your royal grace,  
I take the present of the promis'd vase;  
The courfers for the champaign sports, retain,  
That gift our barren rocks will render vain:  
Horrid with cliffs, our meagre land allow  
Thin herbage for the mountain goat to browse,  
But neither mead nor plain supplies, to feed  
The sprightly courser, or indulge his speed:  
To sea-surrounded realms the Gods assign  
Small tract of fertile lawn, the least to mine.

His hand the king with tender passion press'd,  
And smiling thus, the royal youth address'd:  
O early worth! a soul so wise, and young,  
Proclaim you from the sage *Ulysses* spring  
Selected from my stores, of matchless price  
An urn shall recompence your prudent choice:  
Not mean the massy mould, of silver grac'd  
By *Vulcan's* art, the verge with gold encas'd:  
A pledge the scepter'd pow'r of *Sidon* gave,  
When to his realm I plow'd the orient wave.

Thus they alternate; while with awful voice  
The menial train the regal feast prepare:  
The firstlings of the flock are doom'd to feed  
Rich fragrant wines the cheering bowl supply;  
A female band the gift of *Ceres* bring,  
And the gilt roofs with genial triumph ring.

Mean while, in *Ithaca*, the suitor powers  
In active games divide their jovial hours:  
In *Arcas* vary'd with mosaic art,  
Some whirl the disk, and some the jav'lin dart:  
Aside, sequester'd from the vast resort,  
*Antinous* sat spectator of the sport;  
With great *Eurymachus*, of worth confest,  
And high descent, superior to the rest;  
Whom young *Noëmon* lowly thus address'd.

My ship equipp'd within the neighb'ring port,  
The prince, departing for the *Pylian* court,

Requested

#### NOTES.

\* How comes it to pass that *Menelaus* proffers three horses to *Telemachus*? This was a compleat set among the ancients, they used one pole horse and two leaders.

† This passage where *Telemachus* refuses the horses has been much observed, and turned to a moral sense, viz. as a lesson to men to desire nothing but what is suitable to their conditions. This is the reason why *Ulysses* leaves the horses of *Rhesus* to the disposal of *Diomedes*; so that the same spirit of wisdom reigned in *Telemachus*, that was so remarkable

#### NOTES.

in *Ulysses*. This is the reason why *Menelaus* smiled; it was not at the frankness or simplicity of *Telemachus*, but it was a smile of joy, to see the young prince inherit his father's wisdom. It is remarkable, that *Telemachus* is far from exalting the nature of his country; he confesses it to be barren, and more barren than the neighbouring islands; yet that natural and laudable affection which all worthy persons have for their country, makes him prefer it to places of a more happy situation.



Requested for his speed ; but courteous, say  
When steers he home, or why this long delay ?  
For *Elis* I should sail with utmost speed,  
I' import twelve mares which there luxurious feed,  
And twelve young mules, a strong laborious race,  
New to the plow, unpractis'd in the trace.

Unknowing of the course to *Pyle* design'd,  
A sudden horror seiz'd on either mind :  
The prince in rural bow'r they fondly thought,  
Numb'ring his flocks and herds, not far remote.  
Relate, *Antinous* cries, devoid of guile,  
When spread the prince his sail for distant *Pyle* ?  
Did chosen chiefs across the gulphy main  
Attend his voyage, or domestic train ?  
Spontaneous did you speed his secret course,  
Or was the vessel seiz'd by fraud or force ?

With willing duty, not reluctant mind,  
(*Noëmon* cry'd) the vessel was resign'd.  
Who in the ballance, with the great affairs  
Of courts presume to weigh their private cares ?  
With him, the peerage next in pow'r to you :  
And *Mentor*, captain of the lordly crew,  
Or some celestial in his rev'rend form,  
Safe from the secret rock and adverse storm,  
Pilot the course : for when the glimm'ring ray  
Of yester dawn disclos'd the tender day,

*Mentor* himself I saw, and much admir'd.—  
Then ceas'd the youth, and from the court retir'd.

Confounded and appall'd, th' unfinish'd game  
The suitors quit, and all to council came :  
*Antinous* first th' assembled peers address,  
Rage sparkling in his eyes, and burning in his breast.

O shame to manhood ! shall one daring boy  
The scheme of all our happiness destroy ?  
Fly unperceiv'd, seducing half the flow'r  
Of nobles, and invite a foreign pow'r ?  
The pond'rous engine rais'd to crush us all,  
Recoiling, on his head is sure to fall.

Instant prepare me, on the neighb'ring strand,  
With twenty chosen mates a vessel mann'd ;  
For ambush'd close beneath the *Samian* shore \*  
His ship returning shall my spies explore :  
He soon his rashness shall with life atone,  
Seek for his father's fate, but find his own.

With vast applause the sentence all approve ;  
Then rise, and to the feastful hall remove :  
Swift to the queen the herald *Medon* ran,  
Who heard the consult of the dire divan :  
Before her dome the royal matron stands,  
And thus the message of his haste demands.

What will the suitors ? must my servant train †  
Th' allotted labours of the day refrain,

For

#### NOTES.

\* We have here another use which the poet makes of the voyage of *Telemachus*. These incidents not only diversify, but enliven the poem. But it may be asked, why the poet makes not use of so fair an opportunity to insert a gallant action of *Telemachus*, and draw him not as eluding, but defeating his adversaries ? The answer is easy : That the suitors failed completely armed, and *Telemachus* unprovided of any weapons : and therefore *Homer* consults credibility, and forbears to paint his young hero in the colours of a knight in romance, who upon all disadvantages engages and defeats his opposers. But then to what purpose is this ambush of the suitors, and what part of the design of the poem is carried on by it ? The very chief aim of it ; to shew the sufferings of *Ulysses* : he is unfortunate in all relations of life, as a king, as an husband, and here very eminently as a father ; these sufferings are laid down in the proposition of the *Odyssy* as essential to the poem, and consequently this ambush laid by the suitors against the life of *Telemachus* is an essential ornament.

† This speech is a true picture of a person that feels various emotions of soul, and is borne by every gust of passion from sentiment to sentiment with

#### NOTES.

sudden and unexpected transitions. There is some obscurity in the *Greek* ; this arises from the warmth with which she speaks, she has not leisure to explain herself fully, a circumstance natural to a person in anger. *Penelope* gives a very beautiful picture of *Ulysses* : the best of princes are allowed to have their favourites, and give a greater share of affection than ordinary to particular persons. But *Ulysses* was a father to all his people alike, and loved them all as his children ; a father, though he bears a more tender affection to one child than to another, yet shews them all an equal treatment ; thus also a good king is not swayed by inclination, but justice towards all his subjects. One circumstance is very remarkable, and gives us a full view of a person in anger ; at the very sight of *Medon*, *Penelope* flies out into passion, she gives him not time to speak one syllable, but speaks herself as if all the suitors were present, and reproaches them in the person of *Medon*, though *Medon* is just to her and *Ulysses* ; but anger is an undistinguishing passion. What she says of ingratitude, recalls to our memory what is to be found in *Laertius* : *Aristotle* being asked what thing upon earth soonest grew old ? replied, *An obligation*.



For them to form some exquisite repast?  
 Heav'n grant this festival may prove their last!  
 Or if they still must live, from me remove  
 The double plague of luxury and love!  
 Forbear, ye sons of insolence! forbear,  
 In riot to consume a wretched heir.  
 In the young soul illustrious thought to raise,  
 Were ye not tutor'd with *Ulysses'* praise?  
 Have not your fathers oft my lord defin'd,  
 Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind?  
 Some kings with arbitrary rage devour,  
 Or in their tyrant-minions vest the pow'r:  
*Ulysses* let no partial favours fall,  
 The people's parent, he protected all:  
 But absent now, perfidious and ingrate!  
 His stores ye ravage, and usurp his state.

He thus; O were the woes you speak the worst!  
 They form a deed more odious and accurst;  
 More dreadful than your boding soul divines:  
 But pitying *Jove* avert the dire designs!  
 The darling object of your royal care  
 Is mark'd to perish in a deathful snare:  
 Before he anchors in his native port,  
 From *Pyle* re-sailing and the *Spartan* court,  
 Horrid to speak! in ambush is decreed  
 The hope and heir of *Ithaca* to bleed!

Sudden she sunk beneath the weighty woes,  
 The vital streams a chilling horror froze:  
 The big round tear stands trembling in her eye,  
 And on her tongue imperfect accents die.  
 At length, in tender language, interwove  
 With sighs, she thus express'd her anxious love.  
 Why rashly would my son his fate explore,  
 Ride the wild waves, and quit the safer shore? \*  
 Did he, with all the greatly wretched, crave  
 A blank oblivion, and untimely grave?  
 'Tis not, reply'd the sage, to *Medon* giv'n  
 To know, if some inhabitant of heav'n  
 In his young breast the daring thought inspir'd;  
 Or if alone with filial duty fir'd,  
 The winds and waves he tempts in early bloom,  
 Stadjous to learn his absent father's doom.

The sage retir'd: unable to controul  
 The mighty griefs that swell her lab'ring soul,  
 Rolling convulsive on the floor, is seen  
 The piteous object of a prostrate queen.

## NOTES.

\* Were this passage to be rendered literally, it would run thus, *climb the swift ships, which are horses to men on the seas*. The allusion is very just, and the only doubt is, whether it be brought in opportunely by *Penelope*? It may be doubted, if the mind could find leisure to introduce such allusions?

No. 23.

Words to her dumb complaint a pause supplies,  
 And breath, to waste in unavailing cries.  
 Around their sov'reign wept the menal fair,  
 To whom she thus address'd her deep despair.

Behold a wretch whom all the Gods consign.  
 To woe! did ever sorrows equal mine?  
 Long to my joys my dearest lord is lost,  
 His country's buckler, and the *Grecian* boast:  
 Now from my fond embrace by tempests torn,  
 Our other column of the state is borne:  
 Nor took a kind adieu, nor sought consent!—  
 Unkind confed'rates in his dire intent!  
 Ill suits it with your shews of duteous zeal,  
 From me the purpos'd voyage to conceal:  
 Tho' at the solemn midnight hour he rose,  
 Why did you fear to trouble my repose?  
 He either had obey'd my fond desire,  
 Or seen his mother pierc'd with grief expire.  
 Bid *Dolius* quick attend, the faithful slave  
 Whom to my nuptial train *Icarius* gave,  
 T' attend the fruit-groves: with incessant speed  
 He shall this violence of death decreed,  
 To good *Laertes* tell. Experienc'd age  
 May timely intercept the ruffian rage,  
 Convene the tribes, the murd'rous plot reveal,  
 And to their pow'r to save his race appeal.

Then *Euryclea* thus. My dearest dread!  
 Tho' to the sword I bow this hoary head,  
 Or if a dungeon be the pain decreed,  
 I own me conscious of th' unpleasing deed:  
 Auxiliar to his flight, my aid implor'd,  
 With wine and viands I the vessel stor'd:  
 A solemn oath impos'd the secret seal'd,  
 Till the twelfth dawn the light of heav'n re-  
 veal'd.

Dreading th' effect of a fond mother's fear,  
 He dar'd not violate your royal ear.  
 But bathe, and in imperial robes array'd,  
 Pay due devotions to the martial maid,†  
 And rest affianc'd in her guardian aid.  
 Send not to good *Laertes*, nor engage  
 In toils of state the miseries of age:  
 'Tis impious to surmise, the pow'rs divine  
 To ruin doom the *Jove*-descending line:  
 Long shall the race of just *Arcefius* reign,  
 And isles remote enlarge his old domain.

The

## NOTES.

But *Penelope* speaks thus through indignation: the grief that she conceives at the hardness of men, in finding out a way to pass the seas as well as land, furnished her with these figures very naturally; for figures are agreeable to passion.

† *Minerva*.

5 H



The queen her speech with calm attention hears,  
Her eyes restrain the silver-streaming tears:  
She bathes, and rob'd, the sacred dome ascends;  
Her pious-speed a female train attends:  
The salted cakes in cannisters are laid,  
And thus the queen invokes *Minerva's* aid.

Daughter divine of *Jove*, whose arm can wield  
Th' avenging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield!  
If e'er *Ulysses* to thy fane prefer'd  
The best and choicest of his flock and herd;  
Hear, Goddess, hear, by those oblations won;  
And for the pious sire preserve the son:  
His wish'd return with happy pow'r befriend,  
And on the suitors let thy wrath descend.

She ceas'd; shrill ecstasies of joy declare  
The fav'ring Goddess present to the pray'r:  
The suitors heard, and deem'd the mirthful voice \*  
A signal of her hymeneal choice:  
Whilst one most jovial thus accosts the board:  
"Too late the queen selects a second lord:  
"In evil hour the nuptial rite intends,  
"When o'er her son disastrous death impends."  
Thus he, unskill'd of what the Fates provide!  
But with severe rebuke *Antinous* cry'd. †

These empty vaunts will make the voyage vain;  
Alarm not with discourse the menial train:

## NOTES.

\* It may be asked whence this conjecture of the suitors arises? *Penelope* is described as weeping grievously, and fainting away, and yet immediately the suitors conclude she is preparing for the nuptials. To this it may be answered, that undoubtedly the suitors understood the queen had purified herself with water, and supplicated the Goddess *Minerva*, though the poet omits the relation of such little particularities. But whence is it that the poet gives a greater share of wisdom to *Euryclea* than to *Penelope*? *Penelope* commands a servant to fly with the news of the absence of *Telemachus* to *Laertes*, which could not at all advantage *Telemachus*, and only grieve *Laertes*: *Euryclea* immediately diverts her from that vain intention, advises her to have recourse to heaven, and not add misery to the already miserable *Laertes*: this is wisdom in *Euryclea*. But it must be confessed that the other is nature in *Penelope*: *Euryclea* is calm, *Penelope* in a passion: and *Homer* would have been a very bad painter of human nature, if he had drawn *Penelope*, thus heated with passion, in the mild temper of *Euryclea*; grief and resentment give *Penelope* no time to deliberate, whereas *Euryclea* is less concerned, and consequently capable of thinking with more tranquillity.

† *Antinous* speaks thus in return to what had

The great event with silent hope attend;  
Our deeds alone our counsel must commend.

His speech thus ending short, he frowning rose,  
And twenty chiefs renown'd for valour chose:  
Down to the strand he speeds with haughty strides,  
Where anchor'd in the bay the vessel rides;  
Replete with mail, and military store,  
In all her tackle trim to quit the shore.  
The desp'rate crew ascend, unfurl the sails;  
(The sea-ward prow invites the tardy gales)  
Then take repast, till *Hesperus* display'd  
His golden circlet in the western shade.

Meantime the queen without reflection due,  
Heart-wounded, to the bed of state withdrew:  
In her sad breast the prince's fortunes roll,  
And hope and doubt alternate seize her soul.  
So when the wood-man's toil her cave surrounds ‡  
And with the hunter's cry the grove resounds:  
With grief and rage the mother-lion stung,  
Fearless herself, yet trembles for her young.

While pensive in the silent slumb'rous shade,  
Sleep's gentle pow'rs her drooping eyes invade;  
*Minerva*, life-like on embody'd air, §  
Impress'd the form of *Iphthima* the fair:  
(*Icarus's* daughter she, whose blooming charms  
Allur'd *Eumelus* to her virgin-arms;

A scep-

## NOTES.

been before said by one of the suitors concerning *Telemachus*, viz. "the queen little imagines that her son's death approaches;" he fears lest *Penelope* should know their intentions, and hinder their measures by raising the subjects of *Ithaca* that still retained their fidelity.

‡ The poet, to shew the majesty and high spirit of *Penelope*, compares her to a lioness: he manages the allusion very artfully: he describes the lioness not as exerting any dreadful acts of violence, (for such a comparison is only proper to be applied to a hero) but inclosed by her enemies; which at once shews both her danger and nobleness of spirit under it: in the *Greek* word it signifies either a circle of toils or nets, or a circle of enemies: the former is perhaps preferable, as corresponding best with the condition of *Penelope*, who was surrounded with the secret ambushes and snares of the suitors.

§ We have here an imaginary being introduced by the poet: the whole is managed with great judgment; it is short, because it has not a direct and immediate relation to the progress of the poem, and because such imaginary intercourses have ever been looked upon as sudden in appearance, and as sudden in vanishing away. The use the poet makes of it, is to relieve *Penelope* from the extremity of despair,



A scepter'd lord, who o'er the fruitful plain  
Of *Theffaly* wide stretch'd his ample reign :)  
As *Pallas* will'd, along the sable skies  
To calm the queen the phantom-sister flies.  
Swift on the regal dome descending right,  
The bolted valves are pervious to her flight.  
Close to her head the pleasing vision stands,  
And thus performs *Minerva's* high commands.

O why, *Penelope*, this causeless fear,  
To render sleep's soft blessing unsincere?  
Alike devote to sorrow's dire extreme  
The day reflection, and the midnight dream!  
Thy son, the Gods propitious will restore,  
And bid thee cease his absence to deplore.

To whom the queen, (whilst yet her pensive mind  
Was in the silent gates of sleep confin'd)  
O sister, to my soul for ever dear,  
Why this first visit to reprove my fear?  
How in a realm so distant should you know  
From what deep source my ceaseless sorrows flow?  
To all my hope my royal lord is lost,  
His country's buckler, and the *Grecian* boast:  
And with consummate woe to weigh me down,  
The heir of all his honours, and his crown.  
My darling son is fled! an easy prey  
To the fierce storms, or men more fierce than they:  
Who in a league of blood associates sworn,  
Will intercept th' unwary youth's return.

Courage resume, the shadowy form reply'd,  
In the protecting care of heav'n confide:

## NOTES.

despair, that she may act her part in the future scenes with courage and constancy. We see it is *Minerva* who sends this phantom to *Penelope* to comfort her: now this is an allegory to express that as soon as the violence of sorrow was over, the mind of *Penelope* returned to some degree of tranquillity: *Minerva* is no more than the result of her own reflection and wisdom, which banished from her breast those melancholy apprehensions. The manner likewise of its introduction is not less judicious; the mind is apt to dwell upon those objects in sleep which make a deep impression when awake: this is the foundation of the poet's fiction; it is no more than a dream which he here describes, but he clothes it with a body, gives it a momentary existence, and by this method exalts a low circumstance into dignity and poetry.

On him attends the blue-ey'd martial Maid;  
What earthly can implore a surer aid?  
Me now the guardian Goddess deigns to send,  
To bid thee patient his return attend.

The queen replies: If in the blest abodes,  
A Goddess thou, hast commerce with the Gods;  
Say, breathes my lord the blissful realm of light,  
Or lies he wrapt in ever-during night?

Inquire not of his doom, the phantom cries,\*  
I speak not all the counsel of the skies:  
Nor must indulge with vain discourse, or long,  
The windy satisfaction of the tongue.

Swift thro' the valves the visionary fair  
Repas'd, and viewless mix'd with common air.  
The queen awakes, deliver'd of her woes:  
With florid joy her heart dilating glows:  
The vision, manifest of future fate,  
Makes her with hope her son's arrival wait.

Meantime the suitors plow the wat'ry plain,  
*Telemachus* in thought already slain!  
When sight of less'ning *Ithaca* was lost,  
Their sail directed for the *Samian* coast,  
A small but verdant isle appear'd in view,  
And *Asteris* th' advancing pilot knew:  
An ample port the rocks projected form,  
To break the rolling waves, and ruffling storm:  
That safe recess they gain with happy speed,  
And in close ambush wait the murd'rous deed.

## NOTES.

\* It may be asked what is the reason of this conduct, and why should the phantom refuse to relate any thing concerning the condition of *Ulysses*? To which we answer, that if the phantom had related the full truth of the story, the poem had been at an end; the very constitution of it requires that *Ulysses* should arrive unknown to all, but chiefly to his wife, as will appear in the prosecution of the story: the question is very natural for an affectionate wife to make concerning an absent husband; but this being an improper place for the discovery, the poet defers the solution of it, till the unravelling of the whole in the conclusion of the poem.

The action of this book takes up the space of two nights and one day, so that from the opening of the poem to the introduction of *Ulysses* are six days completed.



## The FIFTH BOOK of the ODYSSEY.\*

## A R G U M E N T.

## THE DEPARTURE OF ULYSSES FROM CALYPSO.

*Pallas in a council of the Gods complains of the detention of Ulysses in the island of Calypso; whereupon Mercury is sent to command his removal. The feat of Calypso described. She consents with much difficulty, and Ulysses builds a vessel with his own hands, on which he embarks. Neptune overtakes him with a terrible tempest, in which he is ship-wrecked, and in the last danger of death; till Leucothea a sea-goddes assists him, and after innumerable perils he gets ashore on Phæacia.*

THE saffron morn, with early blushes spread,  
Now rose refulgent from *Tithonus'* bed;  
With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,  
And gild the courts of heav'n with sacred light.  
Then met th' eternal synod of the sky,  
Before the God who thunders from on high,  
Supreme in might, sublime in majesty.  
*Pallas*, to these, deplores th' unequal fates  
Of wise *Ulysses*, and his toils relates;  
Her hero's danger touch'd the pitying pow'r,  
The nymph's seducements, and the magic bow'r.  
Thus she began her plaint. Immortal *Jove!*  
And you who fill the blissful seats above!  
Let kings no more with gentle mercy sway,  
Or bless a people willing to obey,  
But crush the nations with an iron rod,  
And ev'ry monarch be the scourge of God:

## NOTES.

\* *Ulysses* makes his first entry in this book. It may be asked where properly is the beginning of the action? It is not necessary that the beginning of the action should be the beginning of the Poem; there is a natural and an artificial order, and *Homer* makes use of the latter. The action of the *Odyssey* pro-

If from your thoughts *Ulysses* you remove,  
Who rul'd his subjects with a father's love..  
Sole in an isle, encircled by the main,  
Abandon'd, banish'd from his native reign;  
Unblest he sighs, detain'd by lawless charms,  
And press'd unwilling in *Calypso's* arms.  
Nor friends are there, nor vessel to convey,  
Nor oars to cut th' immeasurable way.  
And now fierce traitors, studious to destroy  
His only son, their ambush'd fraud employ,  
Who pious, following his great father's fame,  
To sacred *Pylus* and to *Sparta* came.

What words are these (reply'd the pow'r who  
forms  
The clouds of night, and darkens heav'n with storms)  
Is not already in thy soul decreed,  
The chief's return shall make the guilty bleed?

What

## NOTES.

perly begins neither with the poem, nor with the appearance of *Ulysses* here, but with the relation he makes of his departure from *Troy* in the ninth book. This book, as well as the first, opens with an assembly of the Gods. This is done to give an importance to his poem, and to prepare the mind of the





*Mercury, sent by Jupiter, ordering Calypso, Queen of the Island Ogygia, in the Aegean Sea, to let Ulysses proceed in his voyage for Ithaca.*



What cannot Wisdom do? Thou may'st restore  
The son in safety to his native shore;  
While the fell foes who late in ambush lay,  
With fraud defeated measure back their way.

Then thus to *Hermes* the command was giv'n,  
*Hermes*, thou chosen messenger of heav'n!  
Go, to the nymph be those our orders borne:  
'Tis *Jove's* decree *Ulysses* shall return:  
The patient man shall view his old abodes,  
Nor help'd by mortal hand, nor guiding Gods;\*  
In twice ten days shall fertile *Scheria* find,  
Alone, and floating to the wave and wind.

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the reader to expect every thing that is great and noble, when heaven is engaged in the care and protection of his heroes. Both these assemblies are placed very properly, so as not to interrupt the series of action: the first assembly of the Gods is only preparatory to introduce the action, and the second is no more than a bare transition from *Telemachus* to *Ulysses*, from the recital of the transactions in *Ithaca*, to what more immediately regards the person of *Ulysses*. In the former council, both the voyage of *Telemachus* and the return of *Ulysses* were determined at the same time: the day of that assembly is the first day both of the *principal action*, (which is the return of *Ulysses*) and of the *incident*, which is the voyage of *Telemachus*; with this difference that the incident was immediately put in practice, by the descent of *Minerva* to *Ithaca*; and the execution of it takes up the four preceding books; whereas the principal action was then only prepared, and the execution deferred to the present book, where *Mercury* is actually sent to *Calypso*. In the first council, the safety alone of *Ulysses* was proposed; but the means how to bring it about are here under consultation, which makes the necessity of the second council.

\* It may be asked, why should *Jupiter* command *Ulysses* to return without the guidance either of man or God? *Ulysses* had been just declared the care of heaven, why should he be thus suddenly abandoned? We answer, it is spoken solely with respect to the voyage which he immediately undertakes. This indeed shews a reason why this command is given; if he had been under the guidance of a God, the shipwreck (that great incident which brings about the catastrophe of the poem) must have been prevented by his power; and as for men, where were they to be procured in a desolate island? What confirms this opinion is, that during the whole shipwreck of *Ulysses*, there is no interposition of a Deity, not even of *Pallas*, who used to be his constant

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The bold *Phæacians* there, whose haughty line†  
Is mixt with Gods, half human, half divine,  
The chief shall honour as some heav'nly guest,  
And swift transport him to his place of rest.  
His vessels loaded with a plenteous store  
Of brass, of vestures, and resplendent ore;  
(A richer prize than if his joyful isle  
Receiv'd him charg'd with *Ilium's* noble spoil)  
His friends, his country he shall see, tho' late;  
Such is our sovereign will, and such is Fate.

He spoke. The God who mounts the winged winds  
Fast to his feet the golden pinions binds,‡

That

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guardian; the reason is, because this command of *Jupiter* forbids all assistance to *Ulysses*: *Leucsthea* indeed assists him, but it is not till he is shipwrecked. It appears further, that this interdiction respects only the voyage from *Ogygia*, because *Jupiter* orders that there shall be no assistance from man; but *Ulysses* is transported from *Phæacia* to *Ithaca*, by the assistance of the *Phæacians*; and therefore what *Jupiter* here speaks has relation only to the present voyage. It was necessary for the design of *Homer*, that *Ulysses* should not sail directly home; if he had, there had been no room for the relation of his own adventures, and all those surprising narrations he makes to the *Phæacians*: *Homer* therefore, to bring about the shipwreck of *Ulysses*, withdraws the Gods.

† The *Phæacians* were the inhabitants of *Scheria*, sometimes called *Drepanè*, afterwards *Corcyra*, now *Corfu*, in the possession of the *Venetians*. But it may be asked in what these people resemble the Gods? They are described as a most effeminate nation: whence then this God-like quality? We answer, that is either from their undisturbed felicity, or from their divine quality of general benevolence: some prefer the latter; but from the general character of the *Phæacians*, we should prefer the former. *Homer* frequently describes the Gods as living in *endless ease*: this is suitable to the *Phæacians*, as will appear more fully in the sequel of the *Odyssey*. The poet here gives us in a few lines the head of the eight succeeding books; and shew nothing can be a greater instance of *Homer's* art, than his building so noble an edifice upon so small a foundation: the plan is simple and unadorned, but he embellishes it with all the beauties in nature.

‡ This is a noble description of *Mercury*; the verses are lofty and sonorous. What is here said of the rod of *Mercury*, is an allegory: it is intended to shew the force of eloquence, which has a power to calm, or excite, to raise a passion, or compose it; *Mercury* is the God of Eloquence, and he may very properly



That high thro' fields of air his flight sustain  
 O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundless main.  
 He grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly,  
 Or in soft slumber seals the wakeful eye:  
 Then shoots from heav'n to high *Pieria's* sleep,  
 And floops incumbent on the rolling deep.  
 So watry fowl, that seek their fishy food,\*  
 With wings expanded o'er the foaming flood,  
 Now sailing smooth the level surface sweep,  
 Now dip their pinions in the briny deep.  
 Thus o'er the world of waters *Hermes* flew,  
 Till now the distant island rose in view:  
 Then swift ascending from the azure wave,  
 He took the path that winded to the cave.  
 Large was the grot, in which the nymph he  
 found,†  
 (The fair-hair'd nymph with ev'ry beauty crown'd)  
 She sat and sung; the rocks resound her lays:  
 The cave was brighten'd with a rising blaze:  
 Cedar and frankincense, an od'rous pile,  
 Flam'd on the hearth, and wide perfum'd the isle;  
 While she with work and song the time divides,  
 And thro' the loom the golden shuttle guides,

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properly be said to cool or inflame the passions according to the allegorical sense of these expressions.

\* This is a very just allusion; had the poet compared *Mercury* to an eagle, though the comparison had been more noble, yet it had been less proper: a sea-fowl most properly represents the passage of a Deity over the seas; the comparison being adapted to the element.

† *Homer* here introduces an episode of *Calypso*: and as every incident ought to have some relation to the main design of the poem, it may be asked what relation this bears to the other parts of it? A very essential one: the sufferings of *Ulysses* are the subject of the *Odyssey*: here we find him inclosed in an island; all his calamities arise from his absence from his own country: *Calypso* then who detains him is the cause of all his calamities. It is with great judgment that the poet feigns him to be restrained by a Deity, rather than a mortal. It might have appeared somewhat derogatory from the prudence and courage of *Ulysses*, not to have been able by art or strength to have freed himself from the power of a mortal: but by this conduct the poet at once excuses his hero, and aggravates his misfortune: he is detained involuntarily, but it is a Goddess who detains him, and it is no disgrace for a man not to be able to overpower a Deity. The art of disguise is part of the character of *Ulysses*: now this is implied in the name of *Calypso*, which signifies concealment, or

Without the grot, a various sylvan scene‡  
 Appear'd around, and groves of living green;  
 Poplars and alders ever quiv'ring play'd,  
 And nodding cypresses form'd a fragrant shade;  
 On whose high branches, waving with the storm,  
 The birds of broadest wing their mansion form,  
 The chough, the sea-mew, the loquacious crow,  
 And scream aloft, and skim the deeps below.  
 Depending vines the shelving cavern screen,  
 With purple clusters blushing thro' the green.§  
 Four limpid fountains from the cleft distill,  
 And ev'ry fountain pours a sev'ral rill,  
 In mazy windings wand'ring down the hill:  
 Where bloomy meads with vivid greens were crown'd,  
 And glowing violets threw odours round.  
 A scene, where if a God should cast his sight,  
 A God might gaze, and wander with delight?  
 Joy touch'd the messenger of heav'n: he stay'd  
 Entranc'd, and all the blissful haunt survey'd.  
 Him, ent'ring in the cave, *Calypso* knew,  
 For pow'rs celestial to each other's view  
 Stand still confest, tho' distant far they lie,  
 Or habitants of earth, or sea, or sky.

But

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*secret*. The poet makes his hero stay seven whole years with this Goddess; she taught him so well, that he afterwards lost no opportunities of putting her instructions in practice, and does nothing without disguise. *Calypso* was a Goddess, and consequently all human means were insufficient to deliver *Ulysses*. There was therefore a necessity to have recourse to the Gods.

‡ It is impossible for a painter to draw a more admirable rural landscape: the bower of *Calypso* is the principal figure, surrounded with a shade of different trees: green meadows adorned with flowers, beautiful fountains, and vines loaded with clusters of grapes, and birds hovering in the air, are seen in the liveliest colours in *Homer's* poetry. But whoever observes the particular trees, plants, birds, &c. will find another beauty of propriety in this description, every part being adapted, and the whole scene drawn agreeable to a country situate by the sea.

§ The season of the year when *Ulysses* departed from that island is supposed to be the latter end of autumn, or the beginning of winter; for *Calypso* is described as making use of a fire; so is *Arete* in the sixth book, and *Eumæus* and *Ulysses* in other parts of the *Odyssey*. This gives us reason to conclude, that the summer heats were past; and what makes it still more probable is, that a vine is in this place said to be loaded with grapes, which plainly confines the season of the year to the autumn.



But sad *Ulysses* by himself apart,\*  
 Pour'd the big sorrows of his swelling heart;  
 All on the lonely shore he sat to weep,  
 And roll'd his eyes around the restless deep;  
 Tow'rd his lov'd coast he roll'd his eyes in vain,  
 Till dimm'd with rising grief, they stream'd again.

Now graceful seated on her shining throne,  
 To *Hermes* thus the nymph divine begun:

God of the golden wand! on what behest  
 Arriv'st thou here, an unexpected guest?

Lov'd as thou art, thy free injunctions lay;

'Tis mine, with joy and duty to obey.

Till now a stranger, in a happy hour

Approach, and taste the dainties of my bow'r.

Thus having spoke, the nymph the table spread,  
 (Ambrosial cates, with nectar rosie red)

*Hermes* the hospitable rite partook,

Divine refection! then recruited, spoke:

What mov'd this journey from my native sky,

A Goddess asks, nor can a God deny:

Hear then the truth. By mighty *Jove's* command,

Unwilling, have I trod this pleasing land;

For who, self-mov'd, with weary wing would sweep

Such length of ocean and unmeasur'd deep?

A world of waters! far from all the ways

Where men frequent, or sacred altars blaze.

But to *Jove's* will submission we must pay;

What pow'r so great, to dare to disobey?

A man, he says, a man resides with thee,

Of all his kind most worn with misery:

The *Greeks* (whose arms for nine long years employ'd  
 Their force on *Ilion*, in the tenth destroy'd)

At length embarking in a luckless hour,

With conquest proud, incens'd *Minerva's* pow'r:

Hence on the guilty race her vengeance hurl'd

With storms pursu'd them thro' the liquid world.

There all his vessels sunk beneath the wave!

There all his dear companions found their grave!

Sav'd from the jaws of death by heav'n's decree,

The tempest drove him to these shores and thee.

Him, *Jove* now orders to his native lands

Strait to dismiss; so *Destiny* commands:

Impatient Fate his near return attends,

And calls him to his country, and his friends.

Ev'n to her inmost soul the Goddess shook;

Then thus her anguish and her passion broke.

Ungracious Gods! with spite and envy curst!

Still to your own ætherial race the worst!

Ye envy mortal and immortal joy,

And love, the only sweet of life, destroy.

Did ever Goddess by her charms engage

A favour'd mortal, and not feel your rage?

So when *Aurora* fought *Orion's* love,†

Her joys disturb'd your blissful hours above,

Till in *Ortygia*, *Dian's* winged dart

Had pierc'd the hapless hunter to the heart.

So when the covert of the thrice ear'd field

Saw stately *Ceres* to her passion yield,

Scarce could *Iasion* taste her heav'nly charms,‡

But *Jove's* swift lightning scorch'd him in her arms.

And

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\* The poet describes *Ulysses* absent from *Calypso*, to the end that *Calypso* might lay a seeming obligation upon *Ulysses*, by appearing to dismiss him voluntarily: for *Ulysses* being absent, could not know that *Mercury* had commanded his departure; so that this favour appears to proceed from the sole kindness of the Goddess. Or it may be, that decency requires the absence of *Ulysses*; if the poet had described him in the company of *Calypso*, it might have given suspicion of an amorous disposition, and he might seem content with his absence from his country: but the very nature of the poem requires that he should be continually endeavouring to return to it: the poet therefore with great judgment describes him agreeably to his character, his mind is entirely taken up with his misfortunes, and neglecting all the pleasures which a Goddess could confer, he entertains himself with his own melancholy reflections, sitting in solitude upon the sea-shores.

† The love of *Calypso* to *Ulysses* might seem too bold a fiction, and contrary to all credibility, *Ulysses*

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being a mortal, she a Goddess: *Homer* therefore, to soften the relation, brings in instances of the like passion, in *Orion* and *Iasion*; and by this he fully justifies his own conduct, the poet being at liberty to make use of any prevailing story, though it were all fable and fiction. But why should the death of *Orion* be here ascribed to *Diana*; whereas in other places, she is said to exercise her power only over women? The reason is, she slew him for offering violence to her chastity; for though *Homer* be silent about his crime, yet *Horace* relates it. Another reason why *Aurora* is said to be in love with *Orion* is, he was a great hunter, as appears from the eleventh book of the *Odyssey*; and the morning or *Aurora* is most favourable to those diversions.

‡ *Ceres* is here understood allegorically, to signify the earth; *Iasion* was a great husbandman, and consequently *Ceres* may easily be feigned to be in love with him: the thunderbolt with which he is slain, signifies the excess of heat, which frequently disappoints the hopes of the labourer.



And is it now my turn, ye mighty pow'rs!  
 Am I the envy of your blisful bow'rs?  
 A man, an outcast to the storm and wave,\*  
 It was my crime to pity, and to save;  
 When he who thunders rent his bark in twain,  
 And sunk his brave companions in the main.  
 Alone, abandon'd, in mid ocean tost,  
 The sport of winds, and driv'n from ev'ry coast,  
 Hither this man of miseries I led,  
 Receiv'd the friendless, and the hungry fed;  
 Nay promis'd (vainly promis'd!) to bestow  
 Immortal life, exempt from age and woe.  
 'Tis past—and *Jove* decrees he shall remove;  
 Gods as we are, we are but slaves to *Jove*.  
 Go then he may (he must, if he ordain)  
 Try ail those dangers, all those deeps, again.  
 But never, never shall *Calypso* send  
 To toils like these, her husband and her friend.  
 What ships have I, what sailors to convey,  
 What oars to cut the long laborious way?  
 Yet, I'll direct the safest means to go:  
 That last advice is all I can bestow.

To her, the Pow'r who bears the charming  
 rod.

Dismiss the man, nor irritate the God;  
 Prevent the rage of him who reigns above,  
 For what so dreadful as the wrath of *Jove*?  
 Thus having said, he cut the cleaving sky,  
 And in a moment vanish'd from her eye.

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\* *Homer* in this speech of *Calypso* shews very naturally how passion misguides the understanding. She views her own cause in the most advantageous, but false light, and thence concludes, that *Jupiter* offers a piece of injustice in commanding the departure of *Ulysses*: she tells *Mercury*, that it is she who had preserved his life, who had entertained him with affection, and offered him immortality; and would *Jupiter* thus repay her tenderness to *Ulysses*? Would *Jupiter* force him from a place where nothing was wanting to his happiness, and expose him again to the like dangers from which she had preserved him? This was an act of cruelty. But on the contrary, she speaks not one word concerning the truth of the cause, viz. that she offered violence to the inclinations of *Ulysses*; that she made him miserable by detaining him, not only from his wife, but from his whole dominions; and never considers that *Jupiter* is just in delivering him from his captivity. This is a very lively, though unhappy picture of human nature, which is too apt to fall into error, and then endeavours to justify an error by a seeming reason.

† This passage has fallen under the severe cen-

The nymph, obedient to divine command,  
 To seek *Ulysses*, pac'd along the sand.  
 Him pensive on the lonely beach she found,  
 With streaming eyes in briny torrents drown'd,  
 And inly pining for his native shore;  
 For now the soft enchantress pleas'd no more:  
 For now, reluctant, and constrain'd by charms,  
 Absent he lay in her desiring arms, †  
 In slumber wore the heavy night away,  
 On rocks and shores consum'd the tedious day;  
 There sat all desolate, and sigh'd alone,  
 With echoing sorrows made the mountains  
 groan,

And roll'd his eyes o'er all the restless main,  
 Till dim'd with rising grief, they stream'd again.

Here, on his musing mood the Goddess prest,  
 Approaching soft; and thus the chief address.  
 Unhappy man! to wailing woes a prey,  
 No more in sorrows languish life away:  
 Free as the winds I give thee now to rove—  
 Go, fell the timber of yon lofty grove,  
 And form a raft, and build the rising ship,  
 Sublime to bear thee o'er the gloomy deep.  
 To store the vessel let the care be mine,  
 With water from the rock, and rosy wine,  
 And life sustaining bread, and fair array,  
 And prosp'rous gales to waft thee on thy way.  
 These, if the Gods with my desires comply,  
 (The Gods alas more mighty far than I,

And

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sure of the critics, they condemn it as an act of conjugal infidelity, and a breach of morality in *Ulysses*: it would be sufficient to answer, that a poet is not obliged to draw a perfect character in the person of his hero: perfection is not to be found in human life, and consequently ought not to be ascribed to it in poetry: neither *Achilles* nor *Aeneas* are perfect characters: *Aeneas* in particular is as guilty, with respect to *Dido*, in the desertion of her, (for *Virgil* tells us they were married) as *Ulysses* can be imagined to be by the most severe critic, with respect to *Calypso*. But those who have blamed this passage, form their judgments from the morality of these ages, and not from the theology of the ancients: polygamy was then allowed, and even concubinage, without being esteemed any breach of conjugal fidelity: if this be not admitted, the heathen Gods are as guilty as the heathen heroes, and *Jupiter* and *Ulysses* are equally criminals. This very passage shews the sincere affection which *Ulysses* retained for his wife *Penelope*; even a Goddess cannot persuade him to forget her; his person is in the power of *Calypso*, but his heart is with *Penelope*.



And better skill'd in dark events to come)  
In peace shall land thee at thy native home.

With sighs, *Ulysses* heard the words she spoke,  
Then thus his melancholy silence broke. \*  
Some other motive, Goddess! sways thy mind,  
(Some close design, or turn of womankind)  
Nor my return the end, nor this the way,  
On a slight raft to pass the swelling sea  
Huge, horrid, vast! where scarce in safety fails  
The best built ship, tho' *Jove* inspire the gales.  
The bold proposal how shall I fulfil?  
Dark as I am, unconscious of thy will.  
Swear then, thou mean'st not what my soul forebodes;  
Swear, by the solemn oath that binds the Gods.

Him, while he spoke, with smiles *Calypso* ey'd,  
And gently grasp'd his hand, and thus reply'd.  
This shews thee, friend, by old experience taught;  
And learn'd in all the wiles of human thought.  
How prone to doubt, how cautious are the wise?  
But hear, O earth, and hear ye sacred skies! †  
And thou, O *Styx*! whose formidable floods  
Glide thro' the shades, and bind th'attesting Gods!  
No form'd design, no meditated end  
Lurks in the counsel of thy faithful friend;

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\* It may be asked what occasions this conduct in *Ulysses*? he has long been desirous to return to his country, why then is he melancholy at the proposal of it? This proceeds from his apprehensions of insincerity in *Calypso*: he had long been unable to obtain his dismissal with the most urgent intreaties: this voluntary kindness therefore seems suspicious. He is ignorant that *Jupiter* had commanded his departure, and therefore fears lest his obstinate desire of leaving her should have provoked her to destroy him, under a shew of complying with his inclinations. This is an instance that *Ulysses* is not only wise in extricating himself from difficulties, but cautious in guarding against dangers.

† The oath of *Calypso* is introduced with the utmost solemnity, and is allowed to be an instance of true sublimity. The ancients attested all nature in their oaths, that all nature might conspire to punish their perjuries.

‡ The passion of love is no where described in all *Homer*, but in this passage between *Calypso* and *Ulysses*; and we find that the poet is not unsuccessful in drawing the tender, as well as the fiercer passions. This seemingly trifling circumstance is an instance of it; love delights to oblige, and the least offices receive a value from the person who performs them: this is the reason why *Calypso* serves

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Kind the persuasion, and sincere my aim;  
The same my practice, were my fate the same.  
Heav'n has not curst me with a heart of steel,  
But giv'n the sense, to pity and to feel.

Thus having said, the Goddess march'd before:  
He trod her footsteps in the sandy shore.  
At the cool cave arriv'd, they took their state;  
He fill'd the throne where *Mercury* had sat;  
For him, the nymph a rich repast ordains,‡  
Such as the mortal life of man sustains;  
Before herself were plac'd the cates divine,  
Ambrosial banquet, and celestial wine.  
Their hunger satiate, and their thirst repress,  
Thus spoke *Calypso* to her god-like guest.

*Ulysses*! (with a sigh she thus began)  
Oh sprung from Gods! in wisdom more than man!  
Is then thy home the passion of thy heart?  
Thus wilt thou leave me, are we thus to part?  
Farewel! and ever joyful may'st thou be,  
Nor break the transport with one thought of me.  
But ah, *Ulysses*! wert thou given to know §  
What Fate yet dooms thee, yet to undergo;  
Thy heart might settle in this scene of ease,  
And ev'n these slighted charms might learn to please.

A wil-

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*Ulysses* with her own hands: her damsels attend her, but love makes it a pleasure to her to attend *Ulysses*. *Calypso* shews more fondness for *Ulysses*, than *Ulysses* for *Calypso*: indeed *Ulysses* had been no less than seven years in the favour of that Goddess: it was a kind of matrimony, and husbands are not altogether so fond as lovers. But the true reason is, a more tender behaviour had been contrary to the character of *Ulysses*; it is necessary that his stay should be by constraint, that he should continually be endeavouring to return to his own country; and consequently to have discovered too great a degree of satisfaction in any thing during his absence, had outraged his character. His return is the main hinge upon which the whole *Odyssey* turns, and therefore no pleasure, not even a Goddess, ought to divert him from it.

§ This is another instance of the tyranny of the passion of love: *Calypso* had received a command to dismiss *Ulysses*; *Mercury* had laid before her the fatal consequences of her refusal, and she had promised to send him away; but her love here again prevails over her reason; she frames excuses still to detain him, and though she dares not keep him, she knows not how to part with him. This is a true picture of nature; love this moment resolves, the next breaks these resolutions: she had promised to

5 H

6

obey



A willing Goddess and immortal life,  
Might banish from thy mind an absent wife.  
Am I inferior to a mortal dame?  
Less soft my feature, less august my frame?  
Or shall the daughters of mankind compare  
Their earth-born beauties with the heav'nly fair?

Alas! for this (the prudent man replies)  
Against *Ulysses* shall thy anger rise?  
Lov'd and ador'd, oh Goddess as thou art,  
Forgive the weakness of a human heart.  
Tho' well I see thy graces far above \*  
The dear, tho' mortal, object of my love,  
Of youth eternal well the difference know,  
And the short date of fading charms below;  
Yet ev'ry day, while absent thus I roam,  
I languish to return, and die at home.  
Whate'er the Gods shall destine me to bear  
In the black ocean, or the wat'ry war,  
'Tis mine to master with a constant mind;  
Inur'd to perils, to the worst resign'd.  
By seas, by wars, so many dangers run,  
Still I can suffer, their high will be done!

Thus while he spoke, the beamy sun descends,  
And rising Night her friendly shade extends.  
To the close grot the lonely pair remove,  
And slept delighted with the gifts of love.  
When rosy morning call'd them from their rest,  
*Ulysses* rob'd him in the cloak and vest.  
The nymph's fair head a veil transparent grac'd,  
Her swelling loins a radiant zone embrac'd

With flow'rs of gold: an under robe, unbound,  
In snowy waves flow'd glitt'ring on the ground:  
Forth-issuing thus, she gave him first to wield  
A weighty axe, with truest temper steel'd,  
And double-edg'd; the handle smooth and plain,  
Wrought of the clouded olive's easy grain;  
And next, a wedge to drive with sweepy sway:  
Then to the neighb'ring forest led the way.  
On the lone island's utmost verge there stood  
Of poplars, pines, and firs, a lofty wood,  
Whose leafless summits to the skies aspire,  
Scorch'd by the sun, or fear'd by heav'nly fire:  
(Already dry'd.) These pointing out to view,  
The nymph just shew'd him, and with tears withdrew.

Now toils the hero; trees on trees o'erthrown †  
Fall crackling round him, and the forests groan:  
Sudden, full twenty on the plain are strow'd,  
And lopp'd, and lighten'd of their branchy load.  
At equal angles these dispos'd to join,  
He smooth'd, and squar'd 'em, by the rule and line.  
(The wimbles for the work *Calypso* found)  
With those he pierc'd 'em, and with clinchers bound.  
Long and capacious as a shipwright forms  
Some bark's broad bottom to outride the storms,  
So large he built the raft; then ribb'd it strong  
From space to space, and nail'd the planks along;  
These form'd the sides: the deck he fashion'd last;  
Then o'er the vessel rais'd the taper mast;  
With crossing sail-yards dancing in the wind;  
And to the helm the guiding rudder join'd.

(With

#### NOTES.

obey *Jupiter*, in not detaining *Ulysses*; but she endeavours to persuade *Ulysses* not to go away.

\* *Ulysses* shews great address in this answer to *Calypso*; he softens the severity of it, by first asking a favourable acceptance of what he is about to say; he calls her his adored Goddess, and places *Penelope* in every degree below the perfections of *Calypso*. As it is the nature of women not to endure a rival, *Ulysses* assigns the desire of his return to another cause than the love of *Penelope*, and ascribes it solely to the love he bears his country.

† This passage has fallen under censure, as outraging all probability: *Rapine* believes it to be impossible for one man alone to build so complete a vessel in the compass of four days; and perhaps the same opinion might lead *Bosiu* into a mistake, who allows twenty days to *Ulysses* in building it; he applies the word *twenty* to the days, which ought to be applied to the trees; for the poet immediately after declares that the whole was completed in the space of four days; neither is there any thing in-

#### NOTES.

credible in the description. We must observe, that this vessel is but a *float*, or *raft*; it is true, *Ulysses* cuts down twenty trees to build it; this may seem too great a provision of materials for so small an undertaking: but why should we imagine these to be large trees? the description plainly shews the contrary, for it had been impossible to have felled twenty large trees in the space of four days, much more to have built a vessel proportionable to such materials: but the vessel was but small, and consequently such were the trees. *Homer* calls these *dry trees*; this is not inserted without reason, for green wood is unfit for navigation. *Homer* in this passage shews his skill in mechanics; a shipwright could not have described a vessel more exactly; but what is chiefly valuable is the insight it gives us to what degree this art of ship-building was then arrived: we find likewise what use navigators made of astronomy in those ages; so that this passage deserves a double regard, as a fine piece of poetry, and a valuable remain of antiquity.



(With yielding osiers fenc'd, to break the force  
Of surging waves, and steer the steady course)  
Thy loom, *Calypso*! for the future sails\*  
Supply'd the cloth, capacious of the gales.  
With stays and cordage last he rigg'd the ship,  
And roll'd on leavers, launch'd her in the deep.

Four days were past, and now the work compleat  
Shone the fifth morn: when from her sacred seat  
The nymph dismiss'd him, (od'rous garments giv'n,  
And bath'd in fragrant oils that breath'd of heav'n)  
Then fill'd two goat-skins with her hands divine,  
With water one, and one with sable wine:  
Of ev'ry kind provisions heav'd aboard,  
And the full decks with copious viands stor'd;  
The Goddess last a gentle breeze supplies,  
To curl old Ocean, and to warm the skies.

And now rejoicing in the prosp'rous gales,  
With beating heart *Ulysses* spreads his sails; †  
Plac'd at the helm he sat, and mark'd the skies,  
Nor clos'd in sleep his ever-watchful eyes.  
There view'd the *Pleiads*, and the northern team,  
And great *Orion*'s more refulgent beam,

## NOTES.

\* It is remarkable that *Calypso* brings the tools to *Ulysses* at several times: this is another instance of the nature of love; it seeks opportunities to be in the company of the beloved person. *Calypso* is an instance of it: she frequently goes away, and frequently returns: she delays the time, by not bringing all the implements at once to *Ulysses*; so that though she cannot divert him from his resolutions of leaving her, yet she protracts his stay.

† It is observable that the poet passes over the parting of *Calypso* and *Ulysses* in silence; he leaves it to be imagined by the reader, and prosecutes his main action. Nothing but a cold compliment could have proceeded from *Ulysses*, he being overjoyed at the prospect of returning to his country: it was therefore judicious in *Homer* to omit the relation; and not draw *Calypso* in tears, and *Ulysses* in a transport of joy. Besides, it was necessary to shorten the episode: the commands of *Jupiter* were immediately to be obeyed; and the story being now turned to *Ulysses*, it was requisite to put him immediately upon action, and describe him endeavouring to re-establish his own affairs, which is the whole design of the *Odyssey*.

‡ It may seem incredible that one person should be able to manage a vessel seventeen days without any assistance; but we may vindicate *Homer* by an instance that very much resembles this of *Ulysses*. A certain *Pamphylian* being taken prisoner, and carried to *Tamiathis* (afterwards *Damietta*) in *Aegypt*,

To which, around the axle of the sky  
The bear revolving, points his golden eye;  
Who shines exalted on th' etherial plain,  
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.  
Far on the left those radiant fires to keep  
The nymph directed, as he sail'd the deep.

Full sev'nteen nights he cut the foamy way; ‡  
The distant land appear'd the following day:  
Then swell'd to sight *Phæacia*'s dusky coast,  
And woody mountains, half in vapours lost:  
That lay before him, indistinct and vast,  
Like a broad shield amid the wat'ry waste.

But him, thus voyaging the deeps below,  
From far, on *Solymæ*'s aerial brow, §  
The king of Ocean saw, and seeing burn'd,  
(From *Æthiopia*'s happy climes return'd)  
The raging monarch shook his azure head,  
And thus in secret to his soul he said.

Heav'ns! how uncertain are the pow'rs on high!  
Is then revers'd the sentence of the sky,  
In one man's favour? while a distant guest  
I shar'd secure the *Æthiopian* feast.

Behold!

## NOTES.

continued there several years. But being continually desirous to return to his country, he pretends a skill in sea affairs; this succeeds, and he is immediately employed in maritime business, and permitted the liberty to follow it according to his own inclination, without any inspection. He made use of this opportunity, and furnishing himself with a sail, and provisions for a long voyage, committed himself to the sea all alone; he crossed that vast extent of waters that lies between *Aegypt* and *Pamphylia*, and arriv'd safely in his own country. It may not be improper to observe, that this description of *Ulysses* sailing alone is a demonstration of the smallness of his vessel; for it is impossible that a large one could be managed by a single person. It is indeed said that twenty trees were taken down for the vessel, but this does not imply that all the trees were made use of, but only so much of them as was necessary to his purpose.

§ The expression of *Neptune*'s seeing *Ulysses* from the mountains of *Solymæ*, is to be taken in a general sense, and not to denote the *Solymæan* mountains in *Pisidia*, but other eastern mountains that bear the same appellation. In propriety, the *Solymæans* inhabit the summits of mount *Taurus*, from *Lycia* even to *Pisidia*; these were very distant from the passage of *Neptune* from the *Æthiopians*, and consequently could not be the mountains intended by *Homer*.



Behold how near *Phœacia's* land he draws!  
The land, affix'd by Fate's eternal laws  
To end his toils. Is then our anger vain?  
No, if this sceptre yet commands the main.

He spoke, and high the fork'ry trident hurl'd,  
Rolls clouds on clouds, and stirs the wat'ry world,  
At once the face of earth and sea deforms,  
Swells all the winds, and rouses all the storms.  
Down rush'd the night. East, west, together roar,  
And south, and north, roll mountains to the shore;  
Then shook the hero, to despair resign'd,  
And question'd thus his yet unconquer'd mind.

Wretch that I am! what farther Fates attend  
This life of toils, and what my destin'd end?  
Too well alas! the island Goddesses knew,  
On the black sea what perils should ensue.  
New horrors now this destin'd head enclose;  
Unfill'd is yet the measure of my woes.  
With what a cloud the brows of heav'n are  
crown'd?

What raging winds? what roaring waters round?  
'Tis *Jove* himself the swelling tempest rears;  
Death, present death on ev'ry side appears.  
Happy! thrice happy! who in battle slain\*  
Prest in *Atrides'* cause the *Trojan* plain:  
Oh! had I dy'd before that well-fought wall;  
Had some distinguish'd day renown'd my fall;  
(Such as was that, when show'rs of jav'lines fled†  
From conquer'g *Troy* around *Achilles* dead)  
All *Greece* had paid my solemn fun'erals then,  
And spread my glory with the sons of men.

## NOTES.

\* *Plutarch* in his *Symposiacs* relates a memorable story concerning *Memmius*, the *Roman* general: when he had sacked the city *Corinth*, and made slaves of those who survived the ruin of it, he commanded one of the youths of a liberal education to write down some sentence in his presence, according to his own inclinations. The youth immediately wrote this passage from *Homer*.

Happy! thrice happy! who in battle slain,  
Prest in *Atrides'* cause the *Trojan* plain.

*Memmius* immediately burst into tears, and gave the youth and all his relations their liberty.

† These words have relation to an action, now were described in the *Iliad* or *Odyssy*. When *Achilles* was slain by the treachery of *Paris*, the *Trojans* made a sally to gain his body, but *Ulysses* carried it off upon his shoulders, while *Ajax* protected him with his shield. The war of *Troy* is not the subject of the *Iliad*, and therefore relates not the death of *Achilles*; but *Homer* inserts many actions in the *Odyssy*, which are the sequel of the story of the

A shameful fate now hides my hapless head,  
Unwept, un-noted, and for ever dead!

A mighty wave rush'd o'er him as he spoke,  
The raft it cover'd, and the mast it broke;  
Swept from the deck, and from the rudder torn,  
Far on the swelling surge the chief was borne:  
While by the howling tempest rent in twain  
Flew sail and sail-yards rattling o'er the main.  
Long press'd he heav'd beneath the weighty wave,  
Clogg'd by the cumbrous vest *Calypso* gave:  
At length emerging, from his nostrils wide  
And gushing mouth, effus'd the briny tide.  
Ev'n then, not mindless of his last retreat,  
He seiz'd the raft, and leapt into his seat,  
Strong with the fear of death. The rolling flood  
Now here, now there, impell'd the floating wood.  
As when a heap of gather'd thorns is cast  
Now to, now fro, before th' autumnal blast;  
Together clung, it rolls around the field;  
So roll'd the float, and so it's texture held:  
And now the south, and now the north, bear sway,  
And now the east the foamy floods obey,  
And now the west-wind whirls it o'er the sea.

The wand'ring chief, with toils on toils oppress'd,‡  
*Leucothea* saw, and pity touch'd her breast:  
(Herself a mortal once, of *Gadmus'* strain,  
But now an azure sister of the main)  
Swift as a sea-mew springing from the flood,  
All radiant on the raft the Goddess stood:  
Then thus address'd him. Thou, whom heav'n decrees  
To *Neptune's* wrath, stern tyrant of the seas,

(Unequal

## NOTES.

*Iliad*. This conduct has a very happy effect; he aggrandizes the character of *Ulysses* by these short histories, and has found out the way to make him praise himself, without vanity.

‡ It is not probable that *Ulysses* could escape so great a danger by his own strength alone; and therefore the poet introduces *Leucothea*, to assist in his preservation. But it may be asked, if this is not contradictory to the command of *Jupiter* in the beginning of this book? *Ulysses* is there forbid all assistance either from man or Gods: whence then is it that *Leucothea* preserves him? The former passage is to be understood to imply an interdiction only of all assistance till *Ulysses* was shipwrecked; he was to suffer, not to die: thus *Pallas* afterwards calms the storm; she may be imagined to have a power over the winds, as she is the daughter of *Jupiter*, who denotes the air. Here *Leucothea* is very properly introduced to preserve *Ulysses*; she is a Sea-Goddess, and had been a mortal, and therefore interests herself in the cause of a mortal.



(Unequal contest) not his rage and pow'r,  
Great as he is, such virtue shall devour.  
What I suggest thy wisdom will perform;  
Forfake thy float, and leave it to the storm;  
Strip off thy garments; *Neptune's* fury brave  
With naked strength, and plunge into the wave.  
To reach *Phæacia* all thy nerves extend,  
There Fate decrees thy miseries shall end.  
This heav'nly scarf beneath thy bosom bind,\*  
And live; give all thy terrors to the wind.  
Soon as thy arms the happy shore shall gain,  
Return the gift, and cast it in the main;  
Observe my orders, and with heed obey,  
Cast it far off, and turn thy eyes away.

With that, her hand the sacred veil bestows,  
Then down the deeps she div'd from whence she  
rose:

A moment snatch'd the shining form away,  
And all was cover'd with the curling sea.

Struck with amaze, yet still to doubt inclin'd,  
He stands suspended, and explores his mind.  
What shall I do? Unhappy me! who knows  
But other Gods intend me other woes?  
Whoe'er thou art, I shall not blindly join†  
Thy pleaded reason, but consult with mine:  
For scarce in ken appears that distant isle  
Thy voice foretels me shall conclude my toil.  
Thus then I judge; while yet the planks sustain  
The wild waves' fury, here I fix'd remain:  
But when their texture to the tempest yields,  
I launch advent'rous on the liquid fields,

## NOTES.

\* This passage may seem extraordinary, and the poet be thought to preserve *Ulysses* by incredible means. What virtue could there be in this scarf against the violence of storms? It is evident that the belief of the power of amulets or charms prevailed in the times of *Homer*; thus *Moly* is used by *Ulysses* as a preservative against fascination, and some charm may be supposed to be implied in the *Zone* or *Cæstus* of *Venus*. Thus *Ulysses* may be imagined to have worn a scarf, or cincture, as a preservative against the perils of the sea. They consecrated anciently *Votiva*, as tablets, &c. in the temples of their Gods: so *Ulysses*, wearing a zone consecrated to *Leucothea*, may be said to receive it from the hands of that Goddess. *Leucothea* did not appear in the form of a bird, for then how should she speak, or how bring this cincture of scarf? The expression has relation only to the manner of her rising out of the sea, and descending into it; the action, not the person, is intended to be represented. Thus *Minerva* is said

No. 24.

Join to the help of Gods the strength of man,  
And take this method, since the best I can.

While thus his thoughts an anxious council hold,  
The raging God a wat'ry mountain roll'd;  
Like a black sheet the whelming billows spread,  
Burst o'er the float, and thunder'd on his head.  
Planks, beams, dis-parted fly: the scatter'd wood  
Rolls diverse, and in fragments strows the flood.  
So the rude *Boreas*, o'er the field new shorn,  
Tosses and drives the scatter'd heaps of corn.  
And now a single beam the chief bestrides;  
There, pois'd a while above the bounding tides,  
His limbs discomburs of the clinging vest,  
And binds the sacred cincture round his breast:  
Then prone on Ocean in a moment flung,  
Stretch'd wide his eager arms, and shot the seas along,  
All naked now, on heaving billows laid,  
Stern *Neptune* ey'd him, and contemptuous said:

Go, learn'd in woes, and other woes essay!  
Go, wander helpless on the wat'ry way:  
Thus, thus find out the destin'd shore, and then  
(If *Jove* ordains it) mix with happier men.  
Whate'er thy Fate, the ills our wrath could raise  
Shall last remember'd in thy best of days.

This said, his sea-green steeds divide the foam,  
And reach high *Ægæ* and the tow'ry dome.

Now, scarce withdrawn the fierce earth-shaking  
Pow'r,  
*Jove's* daughter *Pallas* watch'd the sav'ring hour,  
Back to their caves she bade the winds to fly,  
And hush'd the blust'ring brethren of the sky.

The

## NOTES.

in the *Odyssey*, to fly away, not in the form, but with the swiftness of an eagle.

† This passage is a lesson to instruct us, that second reflections are preferable to our first thoughts; and the poet maintains the character of *Ulysses* by describing him thus doubtful and cautious. But is not *Ulysses* too incredulous, who will not believe a Goddess? and disobedient to her, by not committing himself to the seas? *Leucothea* does not confine *Ulysses* to an immediate compliance with her injunctions: she commands him to forsake the raft, but leaves the time to his own discretion: and *Ulysses* might very justly be somewhat incredulous, when he knew that *Neptune* was his enemy, and contriving his destruction. The doubts therefore of *Ulysses* are the doubts of a wise man: but then, is not *Ulysses* described with a greater degree of prudence, than the Goddess? she commands him to leave the raft, he chuses to make use of it till he arrives nearer the shores. The command of *Leucothea* was general,

5 I

and



The drier blasts alone of *Boreas* sway,  
 And bear him soft on broken waves away;  
 With gentle force impelling to that shore,  
 Where Fate has destin'd he shall toil no more.  
 And now two nights, and now two days were past,\*  
 Since wide he wander'd on the wat'ry waste;  
 Heav'd on the surge with intermitting breath,  
 And hourly panting in the arms of death.  
 The third fair morn now blaz'd upon the main;  
 Then glassy smooth lay all the liquid plain,  
 The winds were hush, the billows scarcely curl'd,  
 And a dead silence fill'd the wat'ry world.  
 When list'd on a ridgy wave, he spies  
 The land at distance, and with sharpen'd eyes.  
 As pious children joy with vast delight †  
 When a lov'd fire revives before their sight,  
 (Who ling'ring long has call'd on death in vain,  
 Fix'd by some Dæmon to his bed of pain, ‡  
 Till heav'n by miracle his life restore)  
 So joys *Ulysses* at th' appearing shore;

## NOTES.

and left the manner of the execution of it to his own prudence.

\* It may be thought incredible that any person should be able to contend so long with a violent storm, and at last survive it: it is allowed that this could scarce be done by the natural strength of *Ulysses*; but the poet has softened the narration, by ascribing his preservation to the cincture of *Leucothea*. The poet likewise very judiciously removes *Neptune*, that *Ulysses* may not appear to be preserved against the power of that God; and to reconcile it intirely to credibility, he introduces *Pallas* who calms the winds and composes the waves, to make way for his preservation.

† This is a very beautiful comparison, and well adapted to the occasion. We mistake the intention of it, if we imagine that *Homer* intended to compare the person of *Ulysses* to these children: it is introduced solely to express the joy which he conceives at the sight of land. If we look upon it in any other view, the resemblance is lost; for the children suffer not themselves, but *Ulysses* is in the utmost distress. These images drawn from common life are particularly affecting; they have relation to every man, as every man may possibly be in such circumstances: other images may be more noble, and yet less pleasing; they may raise our admiration, but those engage our affections.

‡ It was a prevailing opinion among the ancients, that the Gods were the authors of all diseases incident to mankind. *Hippocrates* himself confesses that he had found some distempers, in which the

And sees (and labours onward as he sees)  
 The rising forests, and the tufted trees.  
 And now, as near approaching as the sound  
 Of human voice the list'ning ear may wound,  
 Amidst the rocks he hears a hollow roar  
 Of murm'ring surges breaking on the shore:  
 Nor peaceful port was there, nor winding bay,  
 To shield the vessel from the rolling sea,  
 But cliffs, and shaggy shores, a dreadful sight!  
 All rough with rocks, with foamy billows white.  
 Fear seiz'd his slacken'd limbs and beating heart;  
 As thus he commun'd with his soul apart:  
 Ah me! when o'er a length of waters tost; §  
 These eyes at last behold th' unhop'd-for coast,  
 No port receives me from the angry main,  
 But the loud deeps demand me back again.  
 Above, sharp rocks forbid access; around  
 Roar the wild waves; beneath, is sea profound!  
 No footing sure affords the faithless sand,  
 To stem too rapid, and too deep to stand.

If

## NOTES.

hand of the Gods was manifest. In this place this assertion has a peculiar beauty; it shews that the malady was not contracted by any vice of the father, but inflicted by an evil Dæmon. Nothing is more evident, than that every person was supposed by the ancients to have a good and a bad Dæmon attending him; what the *Greeks* called a Dæmon, the *Romans* named a *Genius*. In the second book of the *Iliad* the word is used both in a good and bad sense; when *Ulysses* addresses himself to the generals of the army, he mentions it in the better sense; and immediately afterwards he uses it to denote a coward. This is a strong evidence, that the notion of a good and bad Dæmon was believed in the days of *Homer*.

§ *Ulysses* in this place calls as it were a council in his own breast; considers his danger, and how to free himself from it. But it may be asked if it be probable that he should have leisure for such a consultation, in the time of such imminent danger? The answer is, that nothing could be more happily imagined, to exalt his character: he is drawn with a great presence of mind, in the most desperate circumstances: fear does not prevail over his reason: his wisdom dictates the means of his preservation; and his bravery of spirit supports him in the accomplishment of it. The poet is also very judicious in the management of the speech: it is concise, and therefore proper to the occasion, there being no leisure for prolixity; every image is drawn from the situation of the place, and his present condition; he follows nature, and nature is the foundation of true poetry.



If here I enter, my efforts are vain,  
 Dash'd on the cliffs, or heav'd into the main;  
 Or round the island if my course I bend,  
 Where the ports open, or the shores descend,  
 Back to the seas the rolling surge may sweep,  
 And bury all my hopes beneath the deep.  
 Or some enormous whale the God may send,  
 (For many such on *Amphitrite* attend)  
 Too well the turns of mortal chance I know,  
 And hate relentless of my heav'nly foe.

While thus he thought, a monstrous wave up-bore  
 The chief, and dash'd him on the craggy shore:  
 Torn was his skin, nor had the ribs been whole,  
 But instant *Pallas* enter'd in his soul.  
 Close to the cliff with both his hands he clung,  
 And stuck adherent; and suspended hung:  
 Till the huge surge roll'd off. Then backward sweep  
 The reflux tides, and plunge him in the deep.  
 As when the *Polypus* from forth his cave\*  
 Torn with full force, reluctant beats the wave,  
 His ragged claws are stuck with stones and sands;  
 So the rough rock had shagg'd *Ulysses'* hands.  
 And now had perish'd, whelm'd beneath the main,  
 Th' unhappy man; ev'n Fate had been in vain:  
 But all subduing *Pallas* lent her pow'r,  
 And prudence sav'd him in the needful hour,  
 Beyond the beating surge his course he bore,  
 (A wider circle, but in sight of shore)  
 With longing eyes, observing, to survey  
 Some smooth ascent, or safe-sequester'd bay.

## NOTES.

\* It is very surprizing to see the prodigious variety with which *Homer* enlivens his poetry: he rises or falls as his subject leads him, and finds allusions proper to represent an hero in battle, or a person in calamity. We have here an instance of it; he compares *Ulysses* to a *Polypus*; the similitude is suited to the element, and to the conditions of the person. It is observable, that this is the only full description of a person shipwrecked in all his poems: he therefore gives a loose to his imagination, and enlarges upon it very copiously. There appears a surprizing fertility of invention through the whole of it: in what a variety of attitudes is *Ulysses* drawn, during the storm, and at his escape from it? His soliloquies in the turns of his condition, while he is sometimes almost out of danger, and then again involved in new difficulties, engage our hopes and fears. He ennobles the whole by his machinery, and *Neptune*, *Pallas*, and *Leucothea* interest themselves in his safety or destruction. He has likewise chosen the most proper occasion for a copious description; there is leisure for it. The proposition of the

Between the parting rocks at length he spy'd  
 A falling stream with gentler waters glide;  
 Where to the seas the shelving shore declin'd,  
 And form'd a bay, impervious to the wind.  
 To this calm port the glad *Ulysses* prest,  
 And hail'd the river, and it's God addrest.

Whoe'er thou art, before whose streams unknown  
 I bend, a suppliant at thy wat'ry throne,  
 Hear, azure king! nor let me fly in vain  
 To thee from *Neptune* and the raging main.  
 Heav'n hears and pities hapless men like me,  
 For sacred ev'n to Gods is misery: †  
 Let then thy waters give the weary rest,  
 And save a suppliant, and a man distressed.

He pray'd, and strait the gentle stream subsides,  
 Detains the rushing current of his tides,  
 Before the wand'rer smooths the wat'ry way, ‡  
 And soft-receives him from the rolling sea.  
 That moment, fainting as he touch'd the shore,  
 He dropt his sinewy arms: his knees no more  
 Perform'd their office, or his weight upheld:  
 His swollen heart heav'd; his bloated body swell'd;  
 From mouth and nose the briny torrent ran;  
 And lost in lassitude lay all the man,  
 Depriv'd of voice, of motion, and of breath;  
 The soul scarce waking, in the arms of death.  
 Soon as warm life it's wonted office found,  
 The mindful chief *Leucothea's* scarf unbound;  
 Observant of her word, he turn'd aside  
 His head, and cast it on the rolling tide.

Behind

## NOTES.

poem requires him to describe a man of sufferings in the person of *Ulysses*: he therefore no sooner introduces him, but he throws him into the utmost calamities, and describes them largely, to shew at once the greatness of his distress, and his wisdom and patience under it.

† This expression is bold, yet reconcilable to truth: heaven in reality has regard to the misery and affliction of good men, and at last delivers them from it. Misery is not always a punishment, but sometimes a trial: this is agreeable to true theology.

‡ Such passages as these are bold yet beautiful. Poetry animates every thing, and turns rivers into Gods. But what occasion is there for the intervention of this River-God to smooth the waters, when *Pallas* had already composed both the seas and the storms? The words in the original solve the objection, *he smoothed the way before him*, that is, his own current; the actions therefore are different; *Pallas* gives a general calmness to the sea, the River-God to his own current.



Behind him far, upon the purple waves  
The waters waft it, and the nymph receives.

Now parting from the stream, *Ulysses* found  
A mossy bank with pliant rushes crown'd;  
The bank he press'd, and gently kiss'd the ground;  
Where on the flow'ry herb as soft he lay,  
Thus to his soul the sage began to say:

What will ye next ordain, ye pow'rs on high!  
And yet, ah yet, what fates are we to try?  
Here by the stream, if I the night out-wear,  
Thus spent already, how shall nature bear  
The dews descending, and nocturnal air?  
Or chilly vapours breathing from the flood  
When morning rises? If I take the wood,  
And in thick shelter of innum'rous boughs  
Enjoy the comfort gentle sleep allows;  
Tho' fenc'd from cold, and tho' my toil be past,  
What savage beasts may wander in the waste?  
Perhaps I yet may fall a bloody prey  
To prowling bears, or lions in their way.

Thus long debating in himself he stood:  
At length he took the passage to the wood,  
Whose shady horrors on a rising brow  
Wav'd high, and frown'd upon the stream below.

## NOTES.

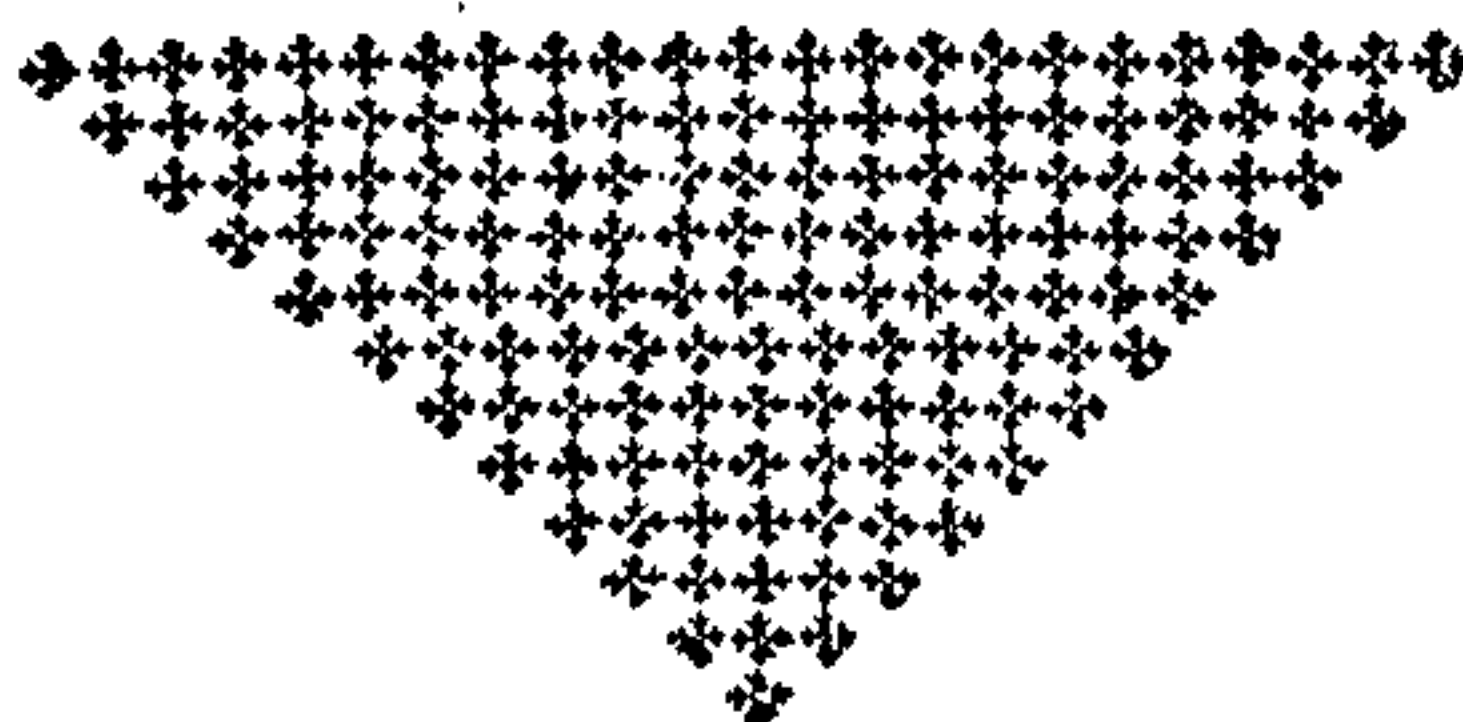
\* *Homer* is very happy in giving dignity to low images. What can be more unpromising than this comparison, and what more successfully executed? *Ulysses*, in whom remains as it were but a spark of life, the vital heat being extinguished by the shipwreck, is very justly compared to a brand, that retains only some small remains of fire; the leaves that cover *Ulysses*, are represented by the embers, and the preservation of the fire all night, paints the revival of his spirits by the repose of the night. There is an air of credibility to the allusion, as if it had really been drawn from some particular ob-

There grew two olives, closest of the grove,  
With roots intwin'd, and branches interwove;  
Alike their leaves, but not alike they smil'd  
With sister-fruits; one fertile, one was wild.  
Nor here the sun's meridian ray had pow'r,  
Nor wind sharp-piercing, nor the rushing show'r;  
The verdant arch so close it's texture kept:  
Beneath this covert, great *Ulysses* crept.  
Of gather'd leaves an ample bed he made,  
(Thick strown by tempest thro' the bow'ry shade)  
Where three at least might winter's cold defy,  
Tho' *Boreas* rag'd along th' inclement sky:  
This store, with joy the patient hero found,  
And sunk amidst 'em, heap'd the leaves around.  
As some poor peasant, fated to reside \*  
Remote from neighbours in a forest wide,  
Studious to save what human wants require,  
In embers heap'd, preserves the seeds of fire:  
Hid in dry foliage thus *Ulysses* lies,  
Till *Pallas* pour'd soft slumbers on his eyes;  
And golden dreams (the gift of sweet repose)  
Lull'd all his cares, and banish'd all his woes.

## NOTES.

servation; a person that lives in a desert being obliged to such circumstantial cares where it is impossible to have a supply, for want of neighbours.

This book begins with the seventh day, and comprehends the space of twenty-five days; the first of which is taken up in the message of *Mercury*, and interview between *Calypso* and *Ulysses*; the four following in the building of the vessel; eighteen before the storm and two after it. So that one and thirty days are compleated, since the opening of the poem.





## The SIXTH BOOK of the ODYSSEY.

## A R G U M E N T.

*Pallas appearing in a dream to Nausicaa, (the daughter of Alcinous, king of Phæacia) commands her to descend to the river, and wash the robes of state, in preparation to her nuptials. Nausicaa goes with her handmaids to the river; where, while the garments are spread on the bank, they divert themselves in sports. Their voices awake Ulysses, who addressing himself to the princess, is by her relieved and clothed, and receives directions in what manner to apply to the king and queen of the island.*

WHILE thus the weary wand'rer sunk to rest,  
And peaceful slumbers calm'd his anxious  
breast;  
The martial Maid from heav'n's ærial height  
Swift to *Phæacia* wing'd her rapid flight.  
In elder times the soft *Phæacian* train  
In ease posselt the wide *Hyperian* plain;  
Till the *Cyclopean* race in arms arose,  
A lawless nation of gigantic foes:  
Then great *Nausthous* from *Hyperia* far  
Thro' seas retreating from the sound of war,

The recreant nation to fair *Scheria* led,  
Where never science rear'd her laurel'd head: \*  
There round his tribes a strength of wall he rais'd,  
To heav'n the glitt'ring domes and temples blaz'd;  
Just to his realms, he parted grounds from grounds,  
And shar'd the lands, and gave the lands their  
bounds.  
Now in the silent grave the monarch lay,  
And wife *Alcinous* held the regal sway.  
To his high palace thro' the fields of air  
The Goddess shot; *Ulysses* was her care.

There

## NOTES.

\* The *Phæacians* having a great share in the succeeding parts of the *Odyssey*, it may not be improper to enlarge upon their character. *Homer* has here described them very distinctly: he is to make use of the *Phæacians* to convey *Ulysses* to his country, he therefore by this short character, gives the reader such an image of them, that he is not surprized at their credulity and simplicity, in believing all those fabulous recitals which *Ulysses* makes in the progress of the poem. The place likewise in which he describes them is well chosen; it is before they enter upon action, and by this method we know what to

No. 24.

## NOTES.

expect from them, and see how every action is naturally suited to their character. The poet has inserted this verse with great judgment: *Ulysses* knew that the *Phæacians* were simple and credulous; and that they had all the qualities of a lazy people, who admire nothing so much as romantic adventures: he therefore pleases them by recitals suited to their own humour: but even here the poet is not unmindful of his more understanding readers, and the truth intended to be taught by way of moral is, that a soft and effeminate life breaks the spirit, and renders it incapable of manly sentiments or actions.

5 K



There as the night in silence roll'd away,  
 A heav'n of charms divine *Nausicaa* lay :  
 Thro' the thick gloom the shining portals blaze;  
 Two nymphs the portals guard, each nymph a Grace.\*  
 Light as the viewless air, the warrior Maid  
 Glides thro' the valves, and hovers round her head ;  
 A fav'rite virgin's blooming form she took,  
 From *Dymas* sprung, and thus the vision spoke :

Oh indolent ! to waste thy hours away !  
 And sleep'st thou, careless of the bridal day ?  
 Thy spousal ornament neglected lies ;  
 Arise, prepare the bridal train, arise ! †  
 A just applause the cares of dress impart, ‡  
 And give soft transport to a parent's heart.  
 Haste, to the limpid stream direct thy way,  
 When the gay morn unveils her smiling ray : §  
 Haste to the stream ! companion of thy care,  
 Lo I thy steps attend, thy labours share.  
 Virgin awake ! the marriage-hour is nigh,  
 See ! from their thrones thy kindred monarchs sigh !  
 The royal car at early dawn obtain,  
 And order mules obedient to the rein ;

## NOTES.

\* The poet celebrates the beauty of these two attending virgins to raise their characters, that they may not be esteemed common servants, or the poet thought extravagant when he compares *Nausicaa* and her damsels to *Diana* and her nymphs. The judgment with which he introduces the vision is remarkable : in the *Iliad*, when he is to give an air of importance to his vision, he clothes it in the likeness of *Nestor*, the wisest person of the army ; a man of less consideration had been unsuitable to the greatness of the occasion, which was to persuade kings and heroes. Here the poet sends a vision to a young lady, under the resemblance of a young lady : he adapts the circumstances to the person, and describes the whole with an agreeable propriety.

† Here is a remarkable custom of antiquity. It was usual for the bride to give changes of dress to the friends of the bridegroom at the celebration of the marriage, and *Homer* directly affirms it.

‡ What we would chiefly observe here is the propriety with which this commendation of dress is introduced ; it is put into the mouth of a young lady, (for so *Pallas* appears to be) to whose character it is suitable to delight in ornament. It likewise agrees very well with the description of the *Phæacians*, whose chief happiness consisted in dancing, dressing, singing, &c. Such a commendation of ornament would have been improper in the mouth of a philosopher, but beautiful when spoken by a young lady to *Alcinous*.

For rough the way, and distant rolls the wave  
 Where their fair vests *Phæacian* virgins lave.  
 In pomp ride forth ; for pomp becomes the great,  
 And majesty derives a grace from state.

Then to the palaces of heav'n she sails,  
 Incumbent on the wings of wafting gales :  
 The seat of Gods, the regions mild of peace,  
 Full joy, and calm eternity of ease.  
 There no rude winds presume to shake the skies,  
 No rains descend, no snowy vapours rise ;  
 But on immortal thrones the blest repose :  
 The firmament with living splendors glows.  
 Hither the Goddess wing'd th' aerial way,  
 Thro' heav'n's eternal gates that blaz'd with  
 day.

Now from her rosy car *Aurora* shed  
 The dawn, and all the orient flam'd with red.  
 Uprose the virgin with the morning light,  
 Obedient to the vision of the night.  
 The queen she sought : the queen her hours be-  
 stow'd  
 In curious works ; the whirling spindle glow'd  
 With

## NOTES.

§ This passage has not escaped the raillery of the critics ; *Homer*, say they, brings the Goddess of Wisdom down from heaven, only to advise *Nausicaa* to make haste to wash her cloaths against her wedding : what necessity is there for a conduct so extraordinary upon so trivial an occasion ? This objection is sufficiently answered by observing, that the poet very naturally brings about the safety of *Ulysses* by it ; the action of the washing is the means, the protection of *Ulysses* the end of the descent of that Goddess ; so that she is not introduced lightly, or without contributing to an important action : and it must be allowed, that the means made use of are very natural ; they grow out of the occasion, and at once give the fable a poetical turn, and an air of probability. It has been further objected, that the poet gives an unworthy employment to *Nausicaa*, the daughter of a king ; but such critics form their idea of ancient, from modern greatness : it would be now a meanness to describe a person of quality thus employed, because custom has made it the work of persons of low condition : it would be now thought dishonourable for a lady of high station to attend the flocks ; yet we find in the most ancient history extant, that the daughters of *Laban* and *Jethro*, persons of power and distinction, were so employed, without any dishonour to their quality. In short, these passages are to be looked upon as exact pictures of the old world, and consequently as valuable remains of antiquity.



With crimson threads, while busy damsels cull \*  
The snowy fleece, or twist the purpled wool.  
Meanwhile *Phæacia's* peers in council sat;  
From his high dome the king descends in state,  
Then with a filial awe the royal maid  
Approach'd him passing, and submissive said :

Will my dread sire his ear regardful deign,  
And may his child the royal car obtain ?  
Say, with thy garments shall I bend my way  
Where thro' the vales the mazy waters stray ?  
A dignity of dress adorns the great,  
And kings draw lustre from the robe of state.  
Five sons thou hast ; three wait the bridal day,  
And spotless robes become the young and gay :  
So when with praise amid the dance they shine,  
By these my cares adorn'd, that praise is mine.

Thus she : but blushes ill restrain'd betray  
Her thoughts intentive on the bridal day :  
The conscious fire the dawning blush survey'd,  
And smiling, thus bespoke the blooming maid.  
My child, my darling joy, the car receive ;  
That, and whate'er our daughter asks, we give.

Swift at the royal nod th' attending train  
The car prepare, the mules incessant rein.  
The blooming virgin with dispatchful cares  
Tunics, and stoles, and robes imperial bears. †  
The queen, assiduous, to her train assigns  
The sumptuous viands, and the flav'rous wines.  
The train prepare a cruise of curious mould,  
A cruise of fragrance, form'd of burnish'd gold ;  
Odour divine ! whose soft refreshing streams  
Sleek the smooth skin, and scent the snowy limbs.

## NOTES.

\* This is another image of ancient life: we see a queen amidst her attendants at work at the dawn of day. This is a practice as contrary to the manners of our ages, as the other of washing the robes: it is the more remarkable in this queen, because she lived amongst an idle effeminate people, that loved nothing but pleasures.

† It is not without reason that the poet describes *Nauficaa* carrying the whole wardrobe of the family to the river: he inserts these circumstances so particularly, that she may be able to clothe *Ulysses* in the sequel of the story: he further observes the modesty and simplicity of those early times, when the whole dress of a king and his family (who reigned over a people that delighted in dress) is without gold: for we see *Nauficaa* carries with her all the habits that were used at the greatest solemnities; which, had they been wrought with gold, could not have been washed.

‡ This image of *Nauficaa* riding in her car to

Now mounting the gay feat, the silken reins ‡  
Shine in her hand: along the sounding plains  
Swift fly the mules: nor rode the nymph alone,  
Around, a bevy of bright damsels shone.  
They seek the cisterns where *Phæacian* dames  
Wash their fair garments in the limpid streams;  
Where gath'ring into depth from falling rills, §  
The lucid wave a spacious basin fills.  
The mules unharnes'd range beside the main,  
Or crop the verdant herbage of the plain.

Then emulous the royal robes they lave,  
And plunge the vestures in the cleansing wave:  
(The vestures cleans'd o'erspread the shelly sand,  
Their snowy lustre whitens all the strand)  
Then with a short repast relieve their toil,  
And o'er their limbs diffuse ambrosial oil:  
And while the robes imbibe the solar ray,  
O'er the green mead the sporting virgins play:  
(Their shining veils unbound.) Along the skies  
Toft, and re-toft, the ball incessant flies.  
They sport, they feast; *Nauficaa* lifts her voice,  
And warbling sweet, makes earth and heav'n rejoice.

As when o'er *Erymanth* *Dianna* roves,  
Or wide *Taygetus'* resounding groves;  
A sylvan train the huntress queen surrounds,  
Her rattling quiver from her shoulder sounds:  
Fierce in the sport, along the mountain brow  
They bay the boar, or chace the bounding roe:  
High o'er the lawn, with more majestic pace,  
Above the nymphs she treads with stately grace;  
Distinguish'd excellence the Goddess proves;  
Exults *Latona* as the virgin moves.

With

## NOTES.

the river, has exercised the pencils of excellent painters. *Pausanias*, in his fifth book, speaks of a picture of two virgins drawn by mules, of which the one guides the reins, the other has her head covered with a veil: it is believed that it represents *Nauficaa*, the daughter of *Alcinous*, going with one of her virgins to the river. The words of *Pausanias* have caused some doubt with relation to the picture; he says, upon mules, but *Homer* describes her upon a car; how then can *Nauficaa* be intended by the painter? But *Romulus Amasæus*, who comments upon *Pausanias*, solves the difficulty, by observing that the original expression does not signify upon mules, but a car drawn by mules, by a figure frequent in all authors.

§ It is evident, that the ancients had basins, or cisterns, continually supplied by the rivers for this business of washing. The manner of washing was different from what is now in use: they trod them with their feet.



With equal grace *Nausicaa* trod the plain,  
 And thence transcendant o'er the beauteous train.  
 Mean time (the care and fav'rite of the skies)  
 Wrapt in embow'ring shade, *Ulysses* lies,  
 His woes forgot! But *Pallas* now addrest  
 To break the bands of all-composing rest.  
 Forth from her snowy hand *Nausicaa* threw\*  
 The various ball; the ball crocous flew  
 And swam the stream: loud shrieks the virgin  
 train,  
 And the loud shriek redoubles from the main.  
 Wak'd by the thrilling sound, *Ulysses* rose,  
 And to the deaf woods wailing, breath'd his woes.  
 Ah me! on what inhospitable coast,  
 On what new region is *Ulysses* tost?

## NOTES.

\* The nature of this play with the ball was as follows: The ball was thrown to some one of the players unexpectedly, and he as unexpectedly threw it to some other of the company to catch, from which surprize upon one another, it took it's particular name. It was a sport much in use amongst the ancients, both men and women; it caused a variety of motions in throwing and running, and was therefore a very healthful exercise. What we would further observe is, the art of the poet in carrying on the story: he proceeds from incident to incident very naturally, and makes the sports of these virgins contribute to the principal design of the poem, and promote the re-establishment of *Ulysses*, by discovering him advantageously to the *Phæacians*. He so judiciously interweaves these sports into the texture of the story, that there would be a chasm if they were taken away; and the sports of the virgins are as much of a piece with the whole, as any of the labours of *Ulysses*. The poet reaps a further advantage from this conduct: it beautifies and enlivens the poem with a pleasant and entertaining scene, and relieves the reader's mind by taking it off from a continual representation of horror and sufferings in the story of *Ulysses*: he himself seems here to take breath, and indulging his fancy, lets it run out into several beautiful comparisons, to prepare the reader to hear with a better relish the long detail of the calamities of his hero, through the sequel of the *Odyssey*.

† This passage has given great offence to the critics. The interview between *Ulysses* and *Nausicaa*, say they, outrages all the rule of decency: she forgets her modesty, and betrays her virtue, by giving too long an audience: she yields too much to his complaints, and indulges her curiosity too far at the sight of a person in such circumstances. But

Possess'd by wild barbarians fierce in arms,  
 Or men, whose bosom tender pity warms?  
 What sounds are these that gather from the shores?  
 The voice of nymphs that haunt the sylvan bow'r?  
 The fair-hair'd *Dryade* of the shady wood,  
 Or azure daughters of the silver flood?  
 Or human voice? but issuing from the shades  
 Why cease I strait to learn what sound invades?

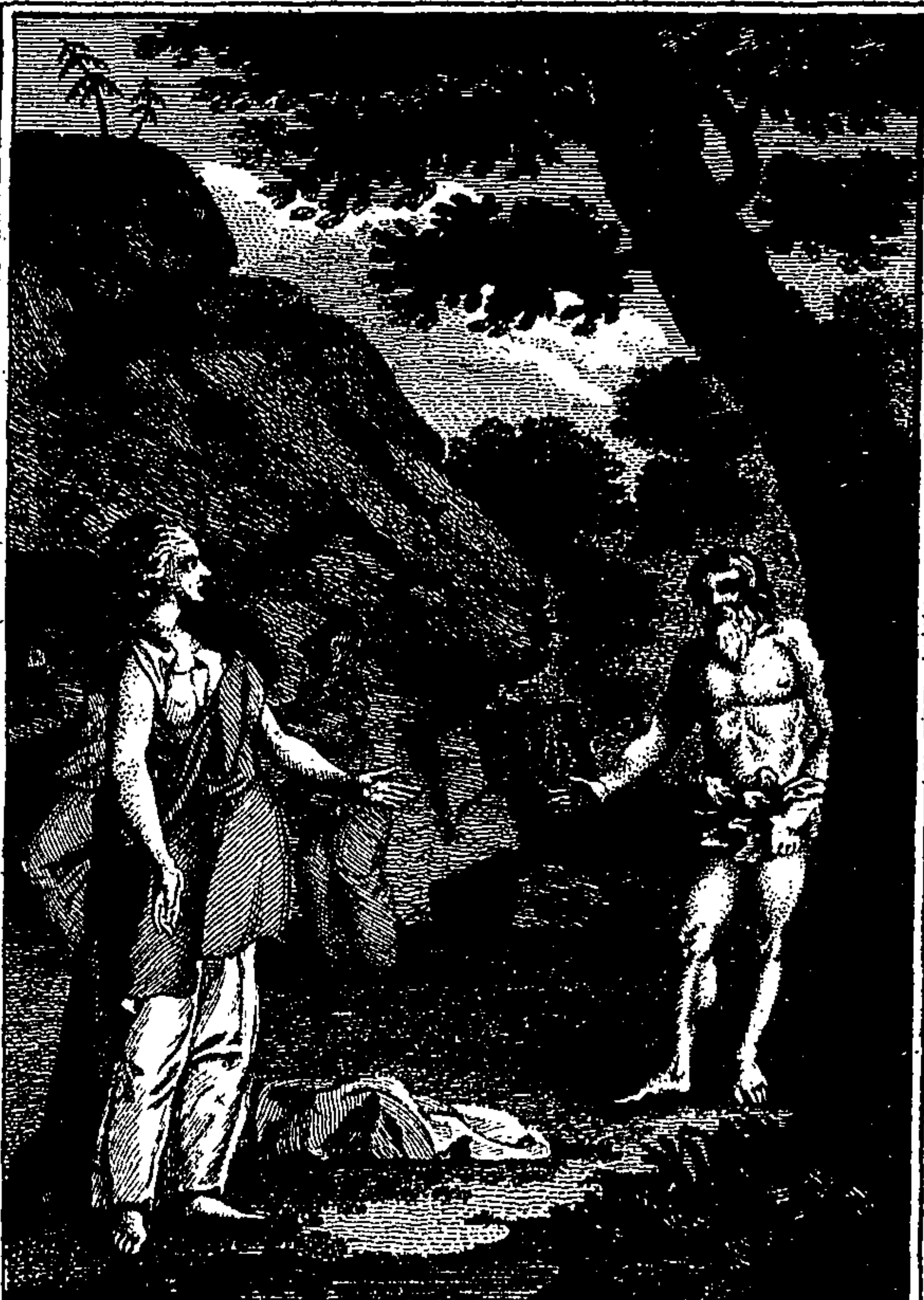
Then, where the grove with leaves umbrageous  
 bends,  
 With forceful strength a branch the hero rends;  
 Around his loins the verdant cincture spreads†  
 A wreathy foliage, and concealing shades.  
 As when a lion in the midnight hour‡  
 Beat by rude blasts, and wet with wintry show'rs,  
 Descends

## NOTES.

they are too severe; *Homer* has guarded every circumstance with as much caution as if he had been aware of the objection: he covers his loins with a broad foliage, he makes *Ulysses* speak at a proper distance, and introduces *Minerva* to encourage her virgin modesty. Is there here any outrage of decency? Besides, what takes off this objection of immodesty in *Nausicaa*, is, that the sight of a naked man was not unusual in those ages; it was customary for virgins of the highest quality to attend heroes to the bath, and even to assist in bathing them, without any breach of modesty; as is evident from the conduct of *Polycaste* in the conclusion of the third book of the *Odyssey*, who bathes and perfumes *Telemachus*. If this be true, the other objections of *Rapine* about her yielding too much to his complaints, &c. are of no weight; but so many testimonies of her virtuous and compassionate disposition, which induces her to pity and relieve calamity. Yet it may seem that the other damsels had a different opinion of this interview, and that through modesty they ran away, while *Nausicaa* alone talks with *Ulysses*: but this only shews, not that she had less modesty, but more prudence, than her retinue. The damsels fled not out of modesty, but fear of an enemy: whereas *Nausicaa* wisely reflects that no such person could arrive there, the country being an island; and from his appearance, she rightly concluded him to be a man in calamity. This wisdom is the *Pallas* in the allegory, which makes her to stay when the other damsels fly for want of equal reflection. *Adam* and *Eve* covered themselves after the same manner as *Ulysses*.

‡ This is a very noble comparison, yet it has been objected that it is improper for the occasion, as bearing images of too much terror, only to fright a few timorous virgins, and that the poet is unreasonably





*Nausicaea Daughter of Alcinous, King of Phaeacia, now called Corfu, attended by her handmaids, having repaired to the River to wash her Nuptial Robes of State, Ulysses awakes, & discovers himself to the Princess.*

*Taylor sculp.*

*Published by Alex.<sup>r</sup> Hogg, at the Kings Arms, N<sup>o</sup> 16, Paternoster Row.*



Descends terrific from the mountain's brow,  
 With living flames his rolling eye-balls glow :  
 With conscious strength elate, he bends his way  
 Majestically fierce, to seize his prey ;  
 (The steer or stag :) or with keen hunger bold  
 Springs o'er the fence, and dissipates the fold.  
 No less a terror, from the neighb'ring groves  
 Rough from the tossing surge *Ulysses* moves ;  
 Urg'd on by want, and recent from the storms ;  
 The brackish ooze his manly grace deforms.  
 Wide o'er the shore with many a piercing cry  
 To rocks, to caves the frightened virgins fly ;  
 All but the nymph : the nymph stood fix'd alone,  
 By *Pallas* arm'd with boldness not her own.  
 Mean-time in dubious thought the king awaits,  
 And self-confid'ring, as he stands, debates ;  
 Distant his mournful story to declare,  
 Or prostrate at her knee address the pray'r.  
 But fearful to offend, by wisdom sway'd,  
 At awful distance he accosts the maid.

If from the skies a Goddess, or if earth\*  
 (Imperial virgin) boast thy glorious birth,  
 To thee I bend ! if in that bright disguise  
 Thou visit earth, a daughter of the skies,

## NOTES.

sonably sublime. This is only true in burlesque poetry, where the most noble images are most frequently assembled to disgrace the subject, and to shew a ridiculous disproportion between the allusion and the principal subject: but the same reason will not hold in epic poetry, where the poet rises a low circumstance into dignity by a sublime comparison. The simile is not introduced merely to shew the impression it made upon the virgins, but paints *Ulysses* himself in very strong colours: *Ulysses* is fatigued with the tempests and waves; the lion with winds and storms; it is hunger that drives the lion upon his prey; an equal necessity compels *Ulysses* to go down to the virgins: the lion is described in all his terrors, *Ulysses* arms himself as going upon an unknown adventure; so that the comparison is very noble and very proper.

\* There never was a more agreeable and insinuating piece of flattery, than this address of *Ulysses*; and yet nothing mean appears in it, as is usual in almost all flattery. The only part that seems liable to any imputation, is that exaggeration at the beginning, of calling her a Goddess; yet this is proposed with modesty and doubt, and hypothetically. There are two reasons why he resembles her to *Diana*, rather than to any other Deity; either because he found her and her damsels in a solitary

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Hail, *Dian*, hail ! the huntress of the groves  
 So shines majestic, and so stately moves,  
 So breathes an air divine ! But if thy race  
 Be mortal, and this earth thy native place,  
 Blest is the father from whose loins you sprung,  
 Blest is the mother at whose breast you hung,  
 Blest are the brethren who thy blood divide,  
 To such a miracle of charms ally'd :  
 Joyful they see applauding princes gaze,  
 When stately in the dance you swim th' harmonious  
 maze.

But blest o'er all, the youth with heav'nly charms,  
 Who clasps the bright perfection in his arms !  
 Never, I never view'd till this blest hour  
 Such finish'd grace ! I gaze and I adore !  
 Thus seems the palm with stately honours crown'd†  
 By *Phæbus*' altars; thus o'erlooks the ground ;†  
 The pride of *Delos*. (By the *Delian* coast  
 I voyag'd, leader of a warrior host ;  
 But ah how chang'd ! from thence my sorrow  
 flows ;

O fatal voyage, source of all my woes !) ‡  
 Raptur'd I stood, and as this hour amaz'd,  
 With rev'rence at the lofty wonder gaz'd :

Raptur'd

## NOTES.

place, such as *Diana* is supposed to frequent with her rural nymphs; or perhaps *Ulysses* might have seen some statue or picture of that Goddess, to which *Nausicaa* bore a likeness.

† This allusion is introduced to image the stateliness, and exactness of shape in *Nausicaa*, to the mind of the reader. The story of the palm is this : When *Latona* was in travail of *Apollo* in *Delos*, the earth that instant produced a large palm, against which she rested in her labour. This allusion is after the oriental manner. Thus in the *Psalms*, how frequently are persons compared to cedars and in the same author, children are resembled to olive branches. This palm was much celebrated by the ancients, the superstition of the age had given it a religious veneration, and even in the time of *Tully* the natives esteemed it immortal. This gives weight and beauty to the address of *Ulysses*; and it could not but be very acceptable to a young lady, to hear herself compared to the greatest wonder in the creation.

‡ *Ulysses* here speaks in general, and does not specify what voyage he means. *Homer* passes over the voyage in this transient manner without a further explanation : *Ulysses* had no leisure to enlarge upon that story, but reserves it more advantageously for a future discovery before *Alcinous* and the

5 L

*Phæacian*



Raptur'd I stand! for earth ne'er knew to bear  
 A plant so stately, or a nymph so fair.  
 Aw'd from access, I lift my suppliant hands;  
 For misery, O queen, before thee stands!  
 Twice ten tempestuous nights I roll'd, resign'd  
 To roaring billows, and the warring wind;  
 Heav'n bade the deep to spare! but heav'n my foe  
 Spares only to inflict some mighty woe!  
 Inur'd to cares, to death in all its forms,  
 Outcast I rove, familiar with the storms!  
 Once more I view the face of human kind:  
 O let soft pity touch thy gen'rous mind!  
 Unconscious of what air I breathe, I stand  
 Naked, defenceless on a foreign land.  
 Propitious to my wants, a vest supply  
 To guard the wretched from th' inclement sky:  
 So may the Gods who heav'n and earth controul,  
 Crown the chaste wishes of thy virtuous soul,  
 On thy soft hours their choicest blessings shed,  
 Blest with a husband be thy bridal bed,  
 Blest be thy husband with a blooming race,  
 And lasting union crown your blissful days.  
 The Gods, when they supremely bless, bestow  
 Firm union on their favourites below;  
 Then envy grieves, with inly-pining hate;  
 The good exult, and heav'n is in our state.

To whom the nymph: O stranger, cease thy care.  
 Wise is thy soul, but man is born to bear:  
*Jove* weighs affairs of earth in dubious scales,\*  
 And the good suffers, while the bad prevails:  
 Bear, with a soul resign'd, the will of *Jove*;  
 Who breathes, must mourn: thy woes are from  
 above.

## NOTES.

*Phæacian* rulers. By this conduct he avoids a repetition, which must have been tedious to the reader, who would have found little appetite afterwards, if he had already been satisfied by a full discovery made to *Nausicaa*.

\* The morality of this passage is excellent and very well adapted to the present occasion. *Nausicaa* makes use of this expression to pay her address to *Ulysses*, and at the same time teaches conformably to truth, that the afflicted are not always the objects of divine hate: the Gods (adds she) bestow good and evil indifferently, and therefore we must not judge of men from their conditions, for good men are frequently wretched and bad men happy. Nay sometimes affliction distinguishes a man of goodness, when he bears it with a greatness of spirit.

† It may be asked how this character of valour in destroying their enemies, can agree with the *Phæa-*

But since thou tread'st our hospitable shore,  
 'Tis mine to bid the wretched grieve no more,  
 To clothe the naked, and thy way to guide——  
 Know, the *Phæacian* tribes this land divide;  
 From great *Alcinous*' royal loins I spring,  
 A happy nation, and an happy king.

Then to her maids——Why, why, ye coward train,

These fears, this flight? ye fear, and fly in vain.  
 Dread ye a foe? dismiss that idle dread,  
 'Tis death with hostile step these shores to tread:†  
 Safe in the love of heav'n, an ocean flows  
 Around our realm, a barrier from the foes;  
 'Tis our's this son of sorrow to relieve,  
 Chear the sad heart, nor let affliction grieve.  
 By *Jove* the stranger and the poor are sent,  
 And what to those we give, to *Jove* is lent.  
 Then food supply, and bathe his fainting limbs  
 Where waving shades obscure the mazy streams.

Obedient to the call, the chief they guide  
 To the calm current of the secret tide;  
 Close by the stream a royal dress they lay,  
 A vest and robe, with rich embroid'ry gay:  
 Then unguents in a vase of gold supply,  
 That breath'd a fragrance thro' the balmy sky.

To them the king. No longer I detain  
 Your friendly care: retire, ye virgin train!  
 Retire, while from my weary'd limbs I lave  
 The foul pollution of the briny wave:  
 Ye Gods! since this worn frame reflection knew,  
 What scenes have I survey'd of dreadful view!  
 But, nymphs, recede! sage chastity denies‡  
 To raise the blush, or pain the modest eyes.

The

## NOTES.

*cians*, an effeminate, unwarlike nation? The answer is, that the protection of the Gods is the best defence, and upon this *Nausicaa* replies. But then it is necessary that man should co-operate with the Gods; for it is in vain to rely upon the Gods for safety, if we ourselves make not use of means proper for it: whereas the *Phæacians* were a people wholly given up to luxury and pleasure. The true reason then of *Nausicaa*'s praise of the *Phæacians* may perhaps be drawn from that honourable partiality, and innate love, which every person feels for his country. She knew no people greater than *Phæacians*, and having ever lived in full security from enemies, she concludes that it is not in the power of enemies to disturb that security.

‡ This place seems contradictory to the practice of antiquity, and other passages in the *Odyssey*: nothing is more frequent than for heroes to make use of the ministry of damsels in bathing, as appears from



The nymphs withdrawn, at once into the tide  
Active he bounds ; the flashing waves divide : \*  
O'er all his limbs his hands the wave diffuse,  
And from his locks compress the weedy ooze ;  
The balmy oil, a fragrant show'r, he sheds,  
Then drest in pomp magnificently treads.  
The warrior Goddess gives his frame to shine †  
With majesty enlarg'd, and air divine ;  
Back from his brows a length of hair unfurls,  
His hyacinthine locks descend in wavy curls.  
As by some artist to whom *Vulcan* gives  
His skill divine, a breathing statue lives ;  
By *Pallas* taught, he frames the wond'rous mould,  
And o'er the silver pours the fusile gold.  
So *Pallas* his heroic frame improves  
With heavenly bloom, and like a God he moves.

## NOTES.

from *Polycaste* and *Telemachus*, &c. Whence is it then that *Ulysses* commands the attendants of *Nausicaa* to withdraw while he bathes ? The poet perhaps intended to condemn an indecent custom of those ages solemnly by the mouth of so wise a person as *Ulysses* : but there is no other instance in all his works to confirm that conjecture. We are at a loss to give a better reason, unless the difference of the places might make an alteration in the action. It is possible that in baths prepared for public use, there might be some convenience to defend the person who bathed in some degree from observation, which might be wanting in an open river, so that the action might be more indecent in the one instance than in the other, and consequently occasion these words of *Ulysses*.

\* It may be asked why *Ulysses* prefers the river-waters in washing, to the waters of the sea, in the *Odyssey* ; whereas in the tenth book of the *Iliad*, after the death of *Dolon*, *Diomed* and *Ulysses* prefer the sea-waters to those of the river ? There is a different reason for this different regimen : in the *Iliad*, *Ulysses* was fatigued, and sweated with the labours of the night, and in such a case the sea-waters being more rough are more purifying and corroborating : but here *Ulysses* comes from the seas, and the more subtle and light particles exhale by the heat of the sun, but the rough and the saline stick to the body, till washed away by fresh waters.

† Poetry delights in the marvellous, and ennobles the most ordinary subjects by dressing them with poetical ornaments, and giving them an adventitious dignity. The foundation of this fiction, of *Ulysses* receiving beauty from *Pallas*, is only this : The shipwreck and sufferings of *Ulysses* had changed his face and features, and his long fasting given him

A fragrance breathes around : majestic grace  
Attends his steps : th' astonish'd virgins gaze.  
Soft he reclines along the murmur'ing seas, ‡  
Inhaling freshness from the fanning breeze.

The wond'ring nymph his glorious port survey'd,  
And to her damsels, with amazement, said.

Not without care divine the stranger treads  
This land of joy : his steps some Godhead leads :  
Would *Jove* destroy him, sure he had been driv'n  
Far from this realm, the fav'rite isle of heav'n.  
Late a sad spectacle of woe, he trod

The desert sands, and now he looks a God.

Oh heav'n ! in my connubial hour decree

This man my spouse, or such a spouse as he ! §

But haste, the viands and the bowl provide——

The maids the viand, and the bowl supply'd :

Eager

## NOTES.

a pale and sorrowful aspect ; but being bathed, persued, and dressed in robes, he appears another man, full of life and beauty. This sudden change gave *Homer* the hint to improve it into a miracle ; and he ascribes it to *Minerva*, to give a dignity to his poetry.

‡ This little circumstance is not without it's effect ; the poet withdraws *Ulysses*, to give *Nausicaa* an opportunity to speak freely in his praise without a breach of modesty : she speaks apart to her damsels, and by this conduct, *Ulysses* neither hears his own commendation, which is a pain to all worthy spirits, nor does *Nausicaa* betray an indecent sensibility, because she speaks only to her own sex and attendants.

§ This passage has been censured as an outrage against modesty and credibility : Is it probable that a young princess should fall in love with a stranger at the first sight ? and if she really falls in love, is it not an indecent passion ? In answer to this we may observe, that if *Nausicaa*, upon casting her eyes upon this stranger, and feeling such a passion for him as *Calypso* felt, talks thus out of wantonness, her conduct is blameable : but if perceiving his wisdom by his prudent address, she wishes for such an husband, rather than a person of her own country who had no better qualifications than singing, dancing, and dressing, she is to be commended. This discovers no weakness, but prudence, and a true judgment. She deserves to be imitated by the fair sex, who ought to prefer a good understanding before a fine coat, and a man of worth before a good dancer. Besides, it may be offered in vindication of *Nausicaa*, that she had in the morning been assured by a vision from heaven, that her nuptials were at hand ; this might induce her to believe that *Ulysses*

was



Eager he fed, for keen his hunger rag'd,  
And with the gen'rous vintage thirst asswag'd.

Now on return her care *Nausicaa* bends,  
The robes resumes, the glitt'ring car ascends,  
Far blooming o'er the field: and as she press'd  
The splendid feat, the list'ning chief address'd.

Stranger arise! the sun rolls down the day,  
Lo, to the palace I direct thy way:  
Where in high state the nobles of the land  
Attend my royal fire, a radiant band.  
But hear, tho' wisdom in thy soul presides,  
Speaks from thy tongue, and ev'ry action guides;  
Advance at distance, while I pass the plain  
Where o'er the furrows waves the golden grain:  
Alone I re-ascend.—With airy mounds  
A strength of wall the guarded city bounds:  
The jutting land two ample bays divides;  
Full thro' the narrow mouths descend the tides:  
The spacious basons arching rocks inclose,  
A sure defence from every storm that blows.

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was the person intended by the vision for her husband; and his good sense and prudent behaviour might make her wish it, without any imputation of immodesty.

\* It is very judicious in the poet to let us thus fully into the character of the *Phæacians*, before he comes to shew what relation they have to the story of the *Odyssey*: he describes *Alcinous*, and the people of better rank, as persons of great hospitality and humanity; this gives an air of probability to the free and benevolent reception which *Ulysses* found: he describes the vulgar as excellent navigators; and he does this not only because they are islanders, but to prepare the way for the return of *Ulysses*, who was to be restored by their conduct to his country, even against the inclination of *Neptune*, the God of the ocean. But it may be asked, is not *Homer* inconsistent with himself, when he paints the *Phæacians* as men of the utmost humanity, and immediately after calls them a proud unpolished race, and given up to censoriousness? It is easy to reconcile the seeming contradiction, by applying the character of humanity to the higher rank of the nation, and the other to the vulgar and the mariners. We believe the same character holds good to this day amongst any people who are much addicted to sea affairs; they contract a roughness, by being secluded from the more general converse of mankind, and consequently are strangers to that affability, which is the effect of a more enlarged conversation. But what is it that inclines the *Phæacians* to be censorious? It is to be remembered, that

Close to the bay great *Neptune's* fane adjoins;  
And near, a forum flank'd with marble flintes,  
Where the bold youth, the num'rous fleets to store,  
Shape the broad sail, or smooth the taper oar;  
For not the bow they bend, nor boast the skill  
To give the feather'd arrow wings to kill,  
But the tall mast above the vessel rear,  
Or teach the flutt'ring sail to float in air;  
They rush into the deep with eager joy,\*  
Climb the steep surge, and thro' the tempest fly;  
A proud, unpolish'd race——To me belongs  
The care to shun the blast of slanderous tongues;  
Lest malice, prone the virtuous to defame,  
Thus with vile censure taint my spotless name.

“What stranger this, whom thus *Nausicaa* leads?†  
“Heav'ns! with what graceful majesty he treads?  
“Perhaps a native of some distant shore,  
“The future consort of her bridal hour;  
“Or rather, some descendant of the skies;‡  
“Won by her pray'r, th' ærial bridegroom flies.

“Heav'n

## NOTES.

they are every where described as a people abandoned to idleness; to idleness therefore that part of their character is to be imputed. When the thoughts are not employed upon *things*, it is usual to turn them upon *persons*: a good man has not the inclination, an industrious man not the leisure, to be censorious, so that censure is the property of idleness. This we take to be the moral, intended to be drawn from the character of the *Phæacians*.

† This is an instance of the great art of *Homer*, in saying every thing properly. *Nausicaa* had conceived a great esteem for *Ulysses*, and she had an inclination to let him know it; but modesty forbade her to reveal it openly: how then shall *Ulysses* know the value she has for his person, consistently with the modesty of *Nausicaa*? *Homer* with great address puts her compliments into the mouth of the *Phæacians*, and by this method she speaks her own sentiments, as the sentiments of the *Phæacians*: *Nausicaa*, as it were, is withdrawn, and a whole nation introduced for a more general praise of *Ulysses*.

‡ The compliments of *Nausicaa* answer the compliments made to her by *Ulysses*: he resembled her to *Diana*, she him to the Gods. But it may be asked, are not both these extravagancies? and is it not beyond all credibility that *Nausicaa* should be thought a Goddess, or *Ulysses* a God? In these ages it would be judged extravagant; but it is to be remembered, that in the days of *Homer* every grove, river, fountain, and oak tree, were thought to have their peculiar Deities; this makes such relations as these more reconcilable, if not to truth, at least to the



“Heav’n on that hour it’s choicest influence shed,  
 “That gave a foreign spouse to crown her bed!  
 “All, all the god-like worthies that adorn  
 “This realm, she flies: *Phæacia* is her scorn.”

And just the blame: for female innocence  
 Not only flies the guilt, but shuns th’ offence:  
 Th’ unguarded virgin as unchaste I blame,  
 And the least freedom with the sex is shame,  
 Till our consenting fires a spouse provide,  
 And public nuptials justify the bride.

But would’st thou soon review thy native plain?  
 Attend, and speedy thou shalt pass the main:  
 Nigh where a grove, with verdant poplars crown’d,  
 To *Pallas* sacred, shades the holy ground,  
 We bend our way: a bubbling fount distils  
 A lucid lake, and thence descends in rills;  
 Around the grove a mead with lively green  
 Falls by degrees, and forms a beauteous scene;  
 Here a rich juice the royal vineyard pours;  
 And there the garden yields a waste of flow’rs.  
 Hence lies the town as far, as to the ear  
 Floats a strong shout along the waves of air.  
 There wait embow’r’d, while I ascend alone  
 To great *Alcinous* on his royal throne.

Arriv’d, advance impatient of delay,  
 And to the lofty palace bend thy way:  
 The lofty palace overlooks the town,  
 From ev’ry dome by pomp superior known;  
 A child may point the way. With earnest gait  
 Seek thou the queen along the rooms of state;

Her royal hand a wond’rous work designs,  
 Around, a circle of bright damsels shines,  
 Part twist the threads, and part the wool dispose,  
 While with the purple orb the spindle glows.  
 High on a throne, amid the *Scherian* pow’rs,  
 My royal father shares the genial hours;  
 But to the queen thy mournful tale disclose;  
 With the prevailing eloquence of woes:  
 So shalt thou view with joy thy natal shore,  
 Tho’ mountains rise between, and oceans roar.

She added not, but waving as she wheel’d  
 The silver scourge, it glitter’d o’er the field:  
 With skill the virgin guides th’ embroider’d rein,  
 Slow rolls the car before th’ attending train.  
 Now whirling down the heav’ns, the golden day  
 Shot thro’ the western clouds a dewy ray;  
 The grove they reach, where from the sacred shade  
 To *Pallas* thus the pensive hero pray’d.

Daughter of *Jove*! whose arms in thunder wield  
 Th’ avenging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield;  
 Forsook by thee, in vain I sought thy aid  
 When booming billows clos’d above my head:  
 Attend, unconquer’d maid! accord my vows,  
 Bid the Great hear, and pitying heal my woes.

This heard *Minerva*, but forbore to fly  
 (By *Neptune* aw’d) apparent from the sky:  
 Stern God! who rag’d with vengeance unrestrain’d,  
 Till great *Ulysses* hail’d his native land.

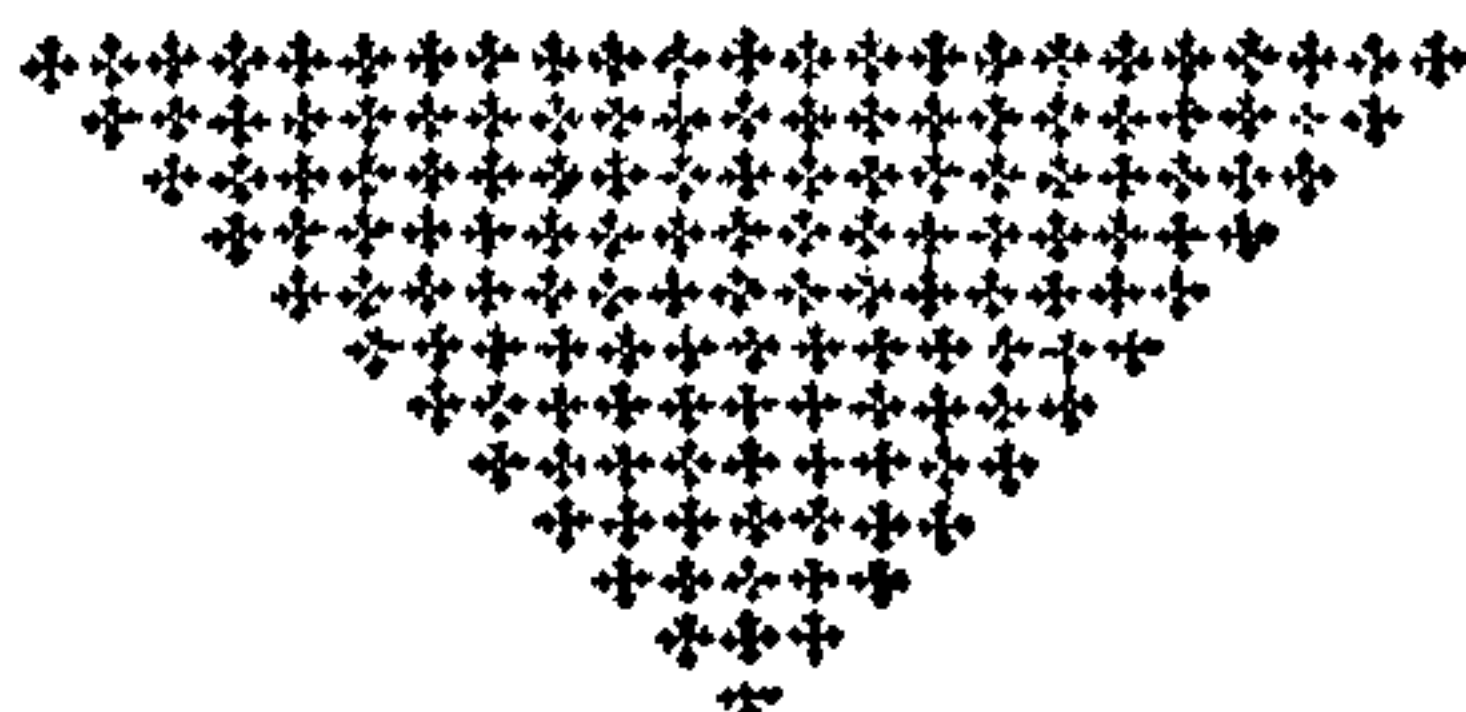
## NOTES.

the opinions of antiquity, which is sufficient for poetry.

This book takes up part of the night, and the whole thirty-second day; the vision of *Nausicaa* is related in the preceding night, and *Ulysses* enters the city a little after the sun sets in the following evening. So that thirty-two days are completed since

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the opening of the poem. This book in general is full of life and variety: it is true, the subject of it is simple and unadorned, but improved by the poet, and rendered entertaining and noble. The muse of *Homer* is like his *Minerva*, with respect to *Ulysses*, who from an object of commiseration improves his majesty, and gives a grace to every feature.





## The SEVENTH BOOK of the ODYSSEY.\*

## A R G U M E N T.

## THE COURT OF ALCINOUS.

*The princess Nausicaa returns to the city, and Ulysses soon after follows thither. He is met by Pallas in the form of a young virgin, who guides him to the palace, and directs him in what manner to address the queen Arete. She then involves him in a mist, which causes him to pass invisible. The palace and gardens of Alcinous described. Ulysses falling at the feet of the queen, the mist disperses, the Phæacians admire, and receive him with respect. The queen inquiring by what means he had the garments he then wore, he relates to her and Alcinous his departure from Calypso, and his arrival on their dominions.*

*The same day continues, and the book ends with the night.*

THE patient, heav'nly man thus suppliant pray'd;  
While the slow mules draw on th' imperial maid:  
Thro' the proud street she moves, the public gaze:  
The turning wheel before the palace stays.

With ready love her brothers gath'ring round,  
Receiv'd the vestures, and the mules unbound.  
She seeks the bridal bow'r: a matron there  
The rising fire supplies with busy care,

Whose

## NOTES.

\* This book opens with the introduction of *Ulysses* to *Alcinous*; every step the poet takes carries on the main design of the poem, with a progress so natural, that each incident seems really to have happened, and not to be invention. Thus *Nausicaa* accidentally meets *Ulysses*, and introduces him to *Alcinous* her father, who lands him in *Ithaca*: it is possible this might be true history; the poet might build upon a real foundation, and only adorn the truth with the ornaments of poetry. It is to be wished, that a faithful history of the *Trojan* war, and the voyages of *Ulysses* had been transmitted to posterity: it would have been the best comment upon the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. We are not to look upon the poems of *Homer* as meer romances, but as true stories, heightened and beautified by poetry: thus the *Iliad* is built upon a real dissention, that happened in a real war between *Greece* and *Troy*; and

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the *Odyssey* upon the real voyages of *Ulysses*, and the disorders that happened through his absence in his own country. Nay, it is not impossible but that many of those incidents that seem most extravagant in *Homer*, might have an appearing truth, and be justified by the opinions, and mistaken credulity of those ages. What is there in all *Homer* more seemingly extravagant, than the story of the race of the *Cyclops*, with one broad eye in their forehead? and yet, as *Sir Walter Raleigh* very judiciously conjectures, this may be built upon a seeming truth: they were a people of *Sicily* remarkable for savageness and cruelty, and perhaps might in their wars make use of a head-piece, or vizor, which had but one sight in it, and this might give occasion to sailors who coasted those shores to mistake the single sight of the vizor, for a broad eye in the forehead, especially when they before looked upon them as monsters



Whose charms in youth her father's heart inflam'd,

Now worn with age, *Eurymedusa* nam'd: \*  
The captive dame *Phæacian* rovers bore,  
Snatch'd from *Epirus*, her sweet native shore,  
(A grateful prize) and in her bloom bestow'd  
On good *Alcinous*, honour'd as a God:  
Nurse of *Nausicaa* from her infant years,  
And tender second to a mother's cares.

Now from the sacred thicket where he lay,  
To town *Ulysses* took the winding way.  
Propitious *Pallas* to secure her care,  
Around him spread a veil of thicken'd air; †  
To shun th' encounter of the vulgar croud,  
Insulting still, inquisitive, and loud.

When near the fam'd *Phæacian* walls he drew,  
The beauteous city opening to his view,  
His step a virgin met, and stood before: ‡  
A polish'd urn the seeming virgin bore,  
And youthful smil'd; but in the low disguise  
Lay hid the Goddess with the azure eyes.

Shew me, fair daughter, (thus the chief demands)

The house of him who rules these happy lands.  
Thro' many woes and wand'rings, lo! I come  
To good *Alcinous*' hospitable dome.

Far from my native coast, I rove alone,  
A wretched stranger, and of all unknown!

## NOTES.

monsters for their barbarity. We thought it necessary to make this observation, as a general vindication of *Homer*; especially in this place, immediately before he enters upon the relation of those stories which have been thought most to outrage credibility: if then we look upon the *Odyssey* as all fiction, we consider it unworthily; it ought to be read as a story founded upon truth, but adorned with the embellishments of poetry, to convey instruction with pleasure the more effectually.

\* We must remark, that the *Phæacians* were people of great commerce, and that it was customary in those ages to exchange slaves in traffic; or perhaps *Eurymedusa* might be a captive, piracy then being honourable, and such seizures of cattle or slaves frequent. The passage concerning the brothers of *Nausicaa* has not escaped the censure of the critics; *Homer* in the original calls them *like Gods*, and yet in the same breath gives them the employment of slaves, they unyoke the mules, and carry into the palace the burthens they brought. A two-fold answer may be given to this objection; this conduct might proceed from the general custom of the age, which made such actions reputable; or

The Goddess answer'd. Father, I obey,  
And point the wand'ring traveller his way:  
Well known to me the palace you inquire,  
For fast beside it dwells my honour'd fire;  
But silent march, nor greet the common train  
With question needless, or inquiry vain.

A race of rugged mariners are these;  
Unpolish'd men, and boist'rous as their seas:  
The native islanders alone their care,  
And hateful he that breathes a foreign air.  
These did the ruler of the deep ordain  
To build proud navies, and command the main;  
On canvas wings to cut the wat'ry way; §  
No bird so light, no thought so swift as they.

Thus having spoke, th' unknown celestial leads:  
The footsteps of the Deity he treads,  
And secret moves along the crowded space,  
Unseen of all the rude *Phæacian* race.

(So *Pallas* order'd, *Pallas* to their eyes  
The mist objected, and condens'd the skies).  
The chief with wonder sees th' extended streets,  
The spreading harbours, and the riding fleets;  
He next their princes lofty domes admires,  
In sep'rate islands crown'd with rising spires;  
And deep intrenchments, and high walls of stone,  
That girt the city like a marble zone.

At length the kingly palace gates he view'd:  
There stopp'd the Goddess, and her speech renew'd.  
My

## NOTES.

from the particular love the brothers bore their sister, which might induce them to act thus, as an instance of it.

† It may be asked what occasion there is to make *Ulysses* invisible? We answer, not only to preserve him from insults as he was a stranger, but that he might raise a greater surprize in *Alcinous* by his sudden appearance. But the whole is an allegory; and *Ulysses* wisely chusing the evening to enter unobserved, gave occasion to the poet to bring in the Goddess of Wisdom to make him invisible.

‡ It may be asked why *Minerva* does not appear as a Goddess, but in a borrowed form? The poet has already told us, that she dreaded the wrath of *Neptune*; one Deity could not openly oppose another Deity, and therefore she acts thus invisibly.

§ This circumstance is not inserted without a good effect: it could not but greatly encourage *Ulysses* to understand that he was arrived amongst a people that excelled in navigation; this gave him a prospect of being speedily conveyed to his own country, by the assistance of a nation so expert in maritime affairs.



My task is done; the mansion you inquire\*  
 Appears before you: enter, and admire.  
 High-thron'd, and feasting, there thou shalt behold  
 The scepter'd rulers. Fear not, but be bold:  
 A decent boldness ever meets with friends,  
 Succeeds, and ev'n a stranger recommends.  
 First to the queen prefer a suppliant's claim,  
*Alcinous*' queen, *Arete* is her name,  
 The same her parents, and her pow'r the same. }  
 For know, from Ocean's God *Nausithous* sprung,  
 And *Peribœa*, beautiful and young:  
 (*Eurymedon*'s last hope, who rul'd of old †  
 The race of giants, impious, proud and bold;  
 Perish'd the nation in unrighteous war,  
 Perish'd the prince, and left this only heir.)  
 Who now by *Neptune*'s am'rous pow'r compress'd,  
 Produc'd a monarch that his people blest,  
 Father and prince of the *Phæacian* name;  
 From him *Rhexenor* and *Alcinous* came.  
 The first by *Phæbus*' burning arrows fir'd,  
 New from his nuptials, hapless youth! expir'd.  
 No son surviv'd: *Arete* heir'd his state, ‡  
 And her, *Alcinous* chose his royal mate.

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\* As Deities ought not to be introduced without a necessity, so, when introduced, they ought to be employed in acts of importance, and worthy of their divinity: it may be asked if *Homer* observes this rule in this episode, where a Goddess seems to appear only to direct *Ulysses* to the palace of *Alcinous*, which, as he himself tells us, a child could have done? But the chief design of *Minerva* was to advise *Ulysses* in his present exigencies: and she opens her speech to him with great and noble sentiments. She informs him how to win the favour of *Alcinous*, upon which depends the whole happiness of her hero; and by which she brings about his re-establishment in his kingdom, the aim of the whole *Odyssæy*.

† This passage is worthy observation, as it discovers to us the time when the race of the ancient giants perished; this *Eurymedon* was grandfather to *Nausithous*, the father of *Alcinous*; so that the giants were extirpated forty or fifty years before the war of *Troy*. This exactly agrees with ancient story, which informs us, that *Hercules* and *Theseus* purged the earth from those monsters.

‡ It is observable that this *Arete* was both wife and niece to *Alcinous*, an instance that the *Grecians* married with such near relations: the same appears from *Demosthenes* and other *Greek* orators. But what then is the notion of incest amongst the ancients? The collateral branch was not thought incestuous, for *Juno* was the wife and sister of *Jupiter*.

With honours yet to womankind unknown,  
 This queen he graces, and divides the throne:  
 In equal tenderness her sons conspire:  
 And all the children emulate their fire.  
 When thro' the street she gracious deigns to  
 move,

(The public wonder and the public love)  
 The tongues of all with transport sound her praise,  
 The eyes of all, as on a Goddess, gaze.  
 She feels the triumph of a gen'rous breast;  
 To heal divisions, to relieve th' oppress'd; §  
 In virtue rich; in blessing others, blest. }  
 Go then secure, thy humble suit prefer,  
 And owe thy country and thy friends to her.

With that the Goddess deign'd no longer stay,  
 But o'er the world of waters wing'd her way:  
 Forfaking *Scheria*'s ever-pleasing shore,  
 The winds to *Marathon* the virgin bore;  
 Thence, where proud *Athens* rears her tow'ry  
 head,

With opening streets, and shining structures spread,  
 She pass'd, delighted with the well known seats;  
 And to *Erectheus*' sacred dome retreats.

Mean

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Brothers likewise married their brother's wives, as *Deiphobus Helen*, after the death of *Paris*: the same was practised among the *Jews*, and consequently being permitted by *Moses* was not incestuous. So that the only incest was in the ascending, not collateral or descending branch; as when parents and children married; thus when *Myrrha* lay with her father, and *Lot* with his daughters, this was accounted incest. The reason is very evident, a child cannot pay the duty of a child to a parent, and at the same time of a wife or husband; nor can a father act with the authority of a father towards a person who is at once his wife and daughter. The relations interfere, and introduce confusion, where the law of nature and reason requires regularity.

§ This office of *Arete* has been looked upon as somewhat extraordinary, that she should decide the quarrels of the subjects, a province more proper for *Alcinous*; and therefore the ancients endeavoured to soften it by different readings. But it is probable, that the poet intended to set the character of *Arete* in a fair point of light, she bearing the chief part in this book, and a great share in the sequel of the *Odyssæy*; by this method he introduces her to the best advantage, and makes her a person of importance, and worthy to have a place in heroic poetry: and indeed he has given her a very amiable character.



Mean-while *Ulysses* at the palace waits,  
 There stops, and anxious with his soul debates,  
 Fix'd in amaze before the royal-gates.\*  
 The front appear'd with radiant splendors gay,  
 Bright as the lamp of night, or orb of day,  
 The walls were massy brass: the cornice high  
 Blue metals crown'd, in colours of the sky:  
 Rich plates of gold the folding doors incase;  
 The pillars silver, on a brazen base;  
 Silver the lintals deep-projecting o'er,  
 And gold, the ringlets that command the door.  
 Two rows of stately dogs, on either hand, †  
 In sculptur'd gold and labour'd silver stand.  
 These *Vulcan* form'd with art divine, to wait  
 Immortal guardians at *Alcinous'* gate;

## NOTES.

\* The poet here opens a very agreeable scene, and describes the beauty of the palace and gardens of *Alcinous*. *Homer* suits his poetry to the things he relates, for in the whole *Iliad* there is not a description of this nature, nor an opportunity to introduce it in a poem that represents nothing but objects of terror and blood. The poet himself seems to go a little out of the way to bring it into the *Odyssey*; for it has no necessary connection with the poem, nor would it be less perfect if it had been omitted: but as *Mercury*, when he surveyed the bower of *Calypso*, ravished with the beauty of it, stood awhile in a still admiration; so *Homer*, delighted with the scenes he draws, stands still a few moments, and suspends the story of the poem, to enjoy the beauties of these gardens of *Alcinous*. But even here he shows his judgment, in not letting his fancy run out into a long description: he concludes the whole in the compass of twenty verses, and resumes the thread of his story. It is necessary to relieve the mind of the reader sometimes with gayer scenes, that it may proceed with a fresh appetite to the succeeding entertainment. The admiration of the gold and silver is no blemish to *Ulysses*; for it proceeds not out of avarice, but from the beauty of the work, and usefulness and magnificence of the buildings. The whole description suits the character of the *Phæacians*, a proud, luxurious people, delighted with show and ostentation.

† We have already seen that dogs were kept as a piece of state, from the instance of those that attended *Telemachus*: here *Alcinous* has images of dogs in gold, for the ornament of his palace; *Homer* animates them in his poetry; but to soften the description, he introduces *Vulcan*, and ascribes the wonder to the power of a God. If we take the poetical dress away, the truth is, that these dogs

No. 25.

Alive each animated frame appears,  
 And still to live, beyond the pow'r of years.  
 Fair thrones within from space to space were  
 rais'd, ‡  
 Where various carpets with embroid'ry blaz'd,  
 The work of matrons: these the princes prest,  
 Day following day, a long continu'd feast.  
 Refulgent pedestals the walls surround, §  
 Which boys of gold with flaming torches crown'd;  
 The polish'd ore, reflecting ev'ry ray,  
 Blaz'd on the banquets with a double day.  
 Full fifty handmaids from the household train;  
 Some turn the mill, or sift the golden grain,  
 Some ply the loom; their busy fingers move  
 Like poplar-leaves when *Zephyr* fans the grove. ||

Not

## NOTES.

were formed with such excellent art, that they seemed to be alive, and *Homer*, by a liberty allowable to poetry, describes them as really having that life, which they only have in appearance.

‡ The poet does not say of what materials these thrones were made, whether of gold or silver, to avoid the imputation of being thought fabulous in his description; it being almost incredible, that such quantities of gold and silver could be in the possession of such a king as *Alcinous*; though, if we consider that his people were greatly given to navigation, the relation may come within the bounds of credibility.

§ This is a remarkable piece of grandeur: lamps, as appears from the 18th book of the *Odyssey*, were not at this time known to the *Grecians*, but only torches: these were held by images in the shape of beautiful youths, and those images were of gold. It is admirable to observe with what propriety *Homer* adapts his poetry to the characters of his persons: *Nestor* is a wise man; when he is first seen in the *Odyssey*, it is at sacrifice, and there is not the least appearance of pomp or luxury in his palace or entertainments. The *Phæacians* are of an opposite character, and the poet describes them consistently with it; they are all along a proud, idle, effeminate people; though such a pompous description would have ill suited the wise *Nestor*, it excellently agrees with the vain *Alcinous*.

|| There is some obscurity in this short allusion, and some refer it to the work, others to the damsels employed in work: we are of the opinion that it alludes to the damsels, and expresses the quick and continued motion of their hands, by comparing them to the branches of a poplar agitated by wind, all at once in motion, some bending this, some that way. The other interpretations are more forced, and less intelligible.

5 N



Nor more renown'd the men of *Scheria's* isle,  
 For sailing arts and all the naval toil, \*  
 Than works of female skill their women's pride, †  
 The flying shuttle thro' the threads to guide :  
*Pallas* to these her double gifts imparts,  
 Inventive genius, and industrious arts.

Close to the gates a spacious garden lies, ‡  
 From storms defended and inclement skies :  
 Four acres was th' allotted space of ground,  
 Fenc'd with a green enclosure all around.  
 Tall thriving trees confess'd the fruitful mould ;  
 The red'ning apple ripens here to gold.  
 Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'erflows,  
 With deeper red the full pomegranate glows,  
 The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,  
 And verdant olives flourish round the year.  
 The balmy spirit of the western gale  
 Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail :  
 Each dropping pear a following pear supplies,  
 On apples apples, figs on figs arise :  
 The same mild season gives the blooms to blow,  
 The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow.

Here order'd vines in equal ranks appear,  
 With all th' united labours of the year ;  
 Some to unload the fertile branches run,  
 Some dry the black'ning clusters in the sun,  
 Others to tread the liquid harvest join,  
 The groaning presses foam with floods of wine.  
 Here are the vines in early flow'r describ'd,  
 Here grapes discolour'd on the sunny side,  
 And there in autumn's riches purple dy'd.

Beds of all various herbs, for ever green,  
 In beauteous order terminate the scene.

Two plenteous fountains the whole prospect  
 crown'd ;

This thro' the gardens leads it's streams around,  
 Visits each plant, and waters all the ground :  
 While that in pipes beneath the palace flows,  
 And thence it's current on the town bestows ;  
 To various use their various streams they bring,  
 The people one, and one supplies the king.

Such were the glories which the Gods ordain'd

To grace *Alcinous*, and his happy land.  
 Ev'n from the chief, who men and nations knew,  
 Th' unwonted scene surprize and rapture drew ;  
 In pleasing thought he ran the prospect o'er,  
 Then hasty enter'd at the lofty door.

Night now approaching, in the palace stand,  
 With goblets crown'd, the rulers of the land ;  
 Prepar'd for rest, and off'ring to the God §  
 Who bears the virtue of the sleepy rod.

Unseen he glided thro' the joyous crowd,  
 With darkness circled, and an ambient cloud.  
 Direct to great *Alcinous'* throne he came,  
 And prostrate fell before th' imperial dame.

Then from around him dropp'd the veil of night : ||  
 Sudden he shines, and manifest to sight.

The nobles gaze, with awful fear oppress ;  
 Silent they gaze, and eye the god-like guest.

Daughter of great *Rhexenor!* (thus began,  
 Low at her knees, the much-enduring man)  
 To thee, thy consort, and this royal train, ¶  
 To all that share the blessings of your reign,  
 A suppliant bends : O pity human woe !  
 'Tis what the happy to th' unhappy owe.

A wretched

#### NOTES.

\* This passage is not without difficulty; some of the ancients understood it to signify the thickness and closeness of the texture, which was so compactly wrought that oil could not penetrate it; others thought it expressed the smoothness and softness of it, as if oil seemed to flow from it; or lastly, that it shone with such a glossy colour as looked like oil.

† We may gather from what *Homer* here relates concerning the skill of these *Phæacian* damsels, that they were famed for these works of curiosity: the *Cæcypians* were much given to traffic, and perhaps they might bring slaves from the *Sidenians*, who instructed them in these manufactures.

‡ This famous garden of *Alcinous* contains no more than four acres of ground, which in those times of simplicity was thought a large one even for a prince. It is laid out into three parts: a grove for fruits and shade, a vineyard, and an allotment for

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olives and herbs. It is watered with two fountains, the one supplies the palace and town, the other the garden and the flowers.

§ *Mercury*.

|| If this whole story of the veil of air had been told simply and nakedly, it would imply no more than that *Ulysses* arrived without being discovered; and the breaking of the veil denotes his first coming into sight, in the presence of the queen. But *Homer* steps out of the vulgar road of an historian, and cloaths it with a sublimity worthy of heroic poetry.

¶ *Minerva* commanded *Ulysses* to supplicate the queen: why then does he exceed the directions of the Goddess, and not only address himself to *Alcinous*, but to the rest of the assembly? The answer is, that *Ulysses* adapts himself to the present circumstances, and seeing the king and other peers in the same assembly, he thought it improper not to take notice



A wretched exile to his country send,\*  
Long worn with griefs, and long without a  
friend.

So may the Gods your better days increase,  
And all your joys descend on all your race,  
So reign for ever on your country's breast,  
Your people blessing, by your people blest!

Then to the genial hearth he bow'd his face,  
And humbled in the ashes took his place.

Silence ensu'd. The eldest first began,  
*Echeneus* sage, a venerable man!†  
Whose well taught mind the present age surpass,  
And join'd to that th' experience of the last.  
Fit words attended on his weighty sense,  
And mild persuasion flow'd in eloquence.

Oh fight (he cry'd) dishonest and unjust!  
A guest, a stranger, seated in the dust!  
To raise the lowly suppliant from the ground  
Befits a monarch. Lo! the peers around  
But wait thy word, the gentle guest to grace,  
And seat him fair in some distinguish'd place.  
Let first the herald due libation pay  
To *Jove*, who guides the wand'rer on his way;  
Then set the genial banquet in his view,  
And give the stranger-guest a stranger's due.

His sage advice the list'ning king obeys,  
He stretch'd his hand the prudent chief to raise,  
And from his seat *Laodamas* remov'd,‡  
(The monarch's offspring, and his best lov'd)  
There next his side the god-like hero sat;  
With stars of silver shone the bed of state.  
The golden ew'r a beauteous handmaid brings,  
Replenish'd from the cool translucent springs,

Whose polish'd vase with copious streams supplies  
A silver laver, of capacious size.

The table next in regal order spread,  
The glitt'ring cannisters are heap'd with bread:  
Viands of various kinds invite the taste,  
Of choicest sort and flavour, rich repast!  
Thus feasting high, *Alcinous* gave the sign,  
And bade the herald pour the rosy wine.  
Let all around the due libation pay  
To *Jove*, who guides the wand'rer on his way.

He said. *Pontonous* heard the king's command;  
The circling goblet moves from hand to hand:  
Each drinks the juice that glads the heart of man.  
*Alcinous* then, with aspect mild, began.

Princes and peers, attend! while we impart  
To you the thoughts of no inhuman heart.  
Now pleas'd and satiate from the social rite  
Repair we to the blessings of the night:  
But with the rising day, assembled here,  
Let all the elders of the land appear,  
Pious observe our hospitable laws,  
And heav'n propitiate in the stranger's cause:  
Then join'd in council, proper means explore  
Safe to transport him to the wish'd-for shore:  
(How distant that, imports not us to know,  
Nor weigh the labour, but relieve the woe)  
Mean-time, nor harm nor anguish let him bear;  
This interval, heav'n trusts him to our care,  
But to his native land our charge resign'd,  
Heav'n is his life to come, and all the woes behind.  
Then must he suffer what the Fates ordain;  
For Fate has wove the thread of life with pain,  
And twins ev'n from the birth, are misery and man!

But

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notice of them: he therefore addresses himself to all, that he may make all his friends. But then does not *Minerva* give improper directions? and is not *Ulysses* more wise than the Goddesses of Wisdom? The true reason therefore may perhaps be, that *Ulysses* really complies with the injunctions of the Goddess: she commands him to address himself to the queen: and he does so: this we take to mean chieflly or primarily, but not exclusively of the king: if the passage be thus understood, it solves the objection.

\* *Ulysses* here speaks very concisely: and he may seem to break abruptly into the subject of his petition, without letting the audience either into the knowledge of his condition or person. Was this a proper method to prevail over an assembly of strangers? But his gesture spoke for him, he threw himself into the posture of a suppliant, and the persons of all suppliants were esteemed sacred: he de-

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clared himself to be a man in calamity, and reserves his story to be told more at large, when the surprise of the *Phæacians* at the sudden appearance of a stranger was over; this conciseness therefore is not blamable, but rather an instance of *Homer's* judgment, who knows when to be short, and when to be copious.

† The expression in the original is remarkable: *Echeneus an old man, who knew many ancient, and great variety of things*; he was wise by long experience, and by being conversant in ancient story.

‡ *Plutarch* discusses a question, whether the master of the feast should place his guests, or let them seat themselves promiscuously: he there commends this conduct of *Alcinous*, as an instance of a courteous disposition and great humanity, who gave a place of dignity to a stranger and suppliant.



But if descended from th' *Olympian* bow'r,  
 Gracious approach us some immortal pow'r;  
 If in that form thou com'st a guest divine:  
 Some high event the conscious Gods design.  
 As yet, unbid they never grac'd our feast,  
 The solemn sacrifice call'd down the guest;  
 Then manifest of heav'n the vision stood,  
 And to our eyes familiar was the God.  
 Oft with some favour'd traveller they stray,  
 And shine before him all the desert way:  
 With social intercourse, and face to face,  
 The friends and guardians of our pious race.  
 So near approach we their celestial kind,\*  
 By justice, truth, and probity of mind;  
 As our dire neighbours of *Cyclopean* birth  
 Match in fierce wrong, the giant-sons of earth.

Let no such thought (with modest grace rejoin'd  
 The prudent *Greek*) possess the royal mind.  
 Alas! a mortal, like thyself, am I;  
 No glorious native of yon azure sky:  
 In form, ah how unlike their heav'nly kind!  
 How more inferior in the gifts of mind!  
 Alas, a mortal! most oppress'd of those  
 Whom Fate has loaded with a weight of woes;  
 By a sad train of miseries alone  
 Distinguish'd long, and second now to none!  
 By heav'n's high will compell'd from shore to shore;  
 With heav'n's high will prepar'd to suffer more.

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\* There is some intricacy in this passage, and much labour has been used to explain it. Some would have it to imply, that we are as nearly allied to the Gods, as the *Cyclops* and *Giants*, who are descended from them; and if the Gods frequently appear to these *Giants* who defy them, how much more may it be expected by the *Phæacians* to enjoy that favour, who reverence and adore them? Others explain it after another method: *Alcinous* had conceived a fixed hatred against the race of the *Cyclops*, who had expelled the *Phæacians* from their country, and forced them to seek a new habitation; he here expresses that hatred, and says, that the *Phæacians* resemble the Gods as much in goodness, as the *Cyclops* and *Giants* one the other in impiety: he illustrates it, by shewing that the expression has the same import as if we should say that *Socrates* comes as near to *Plato* in virtue, as *Anytus* and *Melitus* to one another in wickedness. We have already spoken of the presence of the Gods at the sacrifices, in a former note. This frequent intercourse of the Gods was agreeable to the theology of the ancients; but why then is *Alcinous* surprized at the appearance of *Ulysses*, whom he looks upon as a God, if such favours were frequent? To this we reply, that it is

What histories of toil could I declare!  
 But still long-weary'd nature wants repair;  
 Spent with fatigue, and shrunk with pining fast,  
 My craving bowels still require repast.  
 Howe'er the noble, suffer'd mind may grieve  
 It's load of anguish, and disdain to live;  
 Necessity demands our daily bread;  
 Hunger is insolent, and will be fed.  
 But finish, O ye peers! what you propose,  
 And let the morrow's dawn conclude my woes.  
 Pleas'd will I suffer all the Gods ordain,  
 To see my foil, my son, my friends, again.  
 That view vouchsaf'd, let instant death surprize †  
 With ever-during shade these happy eyes!  
 Th' assembled peers with gen'ral praise approv'd  
 His pleaded reason, and the suit he mov'd.  
 Each drinks a full oblivion of his cares,  
 And to the gifts of balmy sleep repairs...  
*Ulysses* in the regal walls alone  
 Remain'd: beside him, on a splendid throne,  
 Divine *Arcte* and *Alcinous* shone.  
 The queen, on nearer view, the guest survey'd  
 Rob'd in the garments her own hands had made;  
 Not without wonder seen. Then thus began,  
 Her words addressing to the god-like man.

Can'st thou not hither, wond'rous stranger!  
 say,  
 From lands remote, and o'er a length of sea?

Tell

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the unusualness of the time, not the appearance, that surprizes *Alcinous*; the Gods appeared either at their sacrifices, or in their journeys, and therefore he looks upon this visit as a thing extraordinary.

† It is very necessary to recall frequently to the reader's mind the desire *Ulysses* has to reach his own country; and to shew that he is absent not by choice, but necessity; all the disorders in his kingdoms happen by reason of his absence: it is therefore necessary to set the desire of his return in the strongest point of light, that he may not seem accessary to those disorders, by being absent when it was in his power to return. It is observable that *Ulysses* does not here make any mention of *Penelope*, whom he scarce ever omits in other places, as one of the chief inducements to wish for his country; the reason of his silence is, because he is unwilling to abate the favour of *Alcinous*, by a discovery that would shew it was impossible for him to marry his daughter; such a discovery might make the king proceed more coolly towards his transportation; whereas it would afterwards be less dangerous, when he has had an opportunity fully to engage him in his favour.



Tell then whence art thou? whence that princely  
air?

And robes like these, so recent and so fair?

Hard is the task, O princess, you impose:

(Thus sighing spoke the man of many woes)

The long, the mournful series to relate

Of all my sorrows, sent by heav'n and fate!

Yet what you ask, attend. An island lies\*

Beyond these tracts, and under other skies,

*Ogygia* nam'd, in *Ocean's* wat'ry arms:

Where dwells *Calypso*, dreadful in her charms!

Remote from Gods or men she holds her reign,†

Amid the terrors of the rolling main.

Me, only me, the hand of fortune bore

Unblest! to tread that interdicted shore:

When *Jove* tremendous in the sable deeps

Launch'd his red light'ning at our scatter'd ships:

Then, all my fleet, and all my foll'wers lost,

Sole on a plank, on boiling surges tost,

Heav'n drove my wreck th' *Ogygian* isle to find,

Full nine days floating to the wave and wind.

Met by the Goddess there with open arms,

She brib'd my stay with more than human charms:

Nay promis'd, vainly promis'd, to bestow

Immortal life, exempt from age and woe.

But all her blandishments successless prove,

To banish from my breast my country's love.

I stay reluctant sev'n continu'd years,

And water her ambrosial couch with tears.

The eighth, she voluntary moves to part,

Or urg'd by *Jove*, or her own changeful heart.

A raft was form'd to cross the surging sea;

Herself supply'd the stores and rich array;

And gave the gales to waft me on the way.

In sev'nteen days appear'd your pleasing coast,

And woody mountains half in vapours lost.

Joy touch'd my soul: my soul was joy'd in vain,

For angry *Neptune* rous'd the raging main;

The wild winds whistle, and the billows roar;

The splitting raft the furious tempest tore;

And storms vindictive intercept the shore.

Soon as their rage subsides, the seas I brave

With naked force, and shoot along the wave,

To reach this isle: but there my hopes were lost,

The surge impell'd me on a craggy coast.

I chose the safer sea, and chanc'd to find

A river's mouth, impervious to the wind,

And clear of rocks. I fainted by the flood;

Then took the shelter of the neighb'ring wood.

'Twas night; and cover'd in the foliage deep,

*Jove* plung'd my senses in the death of sleep.

All night I slept, oblivious of my pain:

*Aurora* dawn'd, and *Phæbus* shin'd in vain,

Nor till oblique he stop'd his ev'ning ray,

Had *Somnus* dry'd the balmy dew away.

Then female voices from the shore I heard;

A maid amidst them, Goddess-like, appear'd:

To her I su'd, she pity'd my distress;

Like thee in beauty, nor in virtue less.

Who from such youth could hope confid'rate care?

In youth and beauty wisdom is but rare!‡

She gave me life, reliev'd with just supplies

My wants, and lent these robes that strike your eyes.

This is the truth: and oh ye pow'rs on high!

Forbid that want should sink me to a lie.

To this the king. Our daughter but express

Her cares imperfect to our god-like guest.

Suppliant to her, since first he chose to pray,

Why not herself did she conduct the way,

And with her handmaids to our court convey?

Hero and king! (*Ulysses* thus reply'd)

Nor blame her faultless, nor suspect of pride:

She

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\* *Homer* here gives a summary of the subject of the two preceding books: this recapitulation cannot indeed be avoided, because it is necessary to let *Alcinous* into his story, and this cannot be done without a repetition.

† *Homer* has the secret art of introducing the best instructions, in the midst of the plainest narrations. He has described the unworthy passion of the Goddess *Calypso*, and the indecent advances she made to detain him from his country. It is possible this relation might make some impressions upon the mind of the reader, inconsistent with exact morality: what antidote then does *Homer* administer to expel this poison? He does not content himself with setting the chastity of *Penelope* in opposition to the loose desires of *Calypso*, and shewing the great ad-

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vantage the mortal has over the Goddess; but he here discovers the fountain from whence this weakness rises, by saying, that neither man nor Gods frequented this island; on one hand the absence of the Gods, and on the other the infrequency of objects made her yield at the sight of the first that appears. Every object is dangerous in solitude, especially, as *Homer* expresses it, if we have no commerce with the Gods.

‡ In the preceding line *Ulysses* speaks of *Nausicaa*, yet immediately changes the words into the masculine gender. *Homer* makes this alteration to pay the greater compliment to *Nausicaa*, and he intends to express by it, that neither woman nor man of her years could be expected to have such remarkable discretion.

5 O



She bad me follow in th' attendant train;  
But fear and rev'rence did my steps detain,  
Lest rash suspicion might alarm thy mind:  
Man's of a jealous and mistaking kind.

Far from my soul (he cry'd) the Gods efface  
All wrath ill-grounded, and suspicion base!  
Whate'er is honest, stranger, I approve,  
And would to *Phæbus*, *Pallas*, and to *Jove*,  
Such as thou art, thy thought and mine were one,  
Nor thou unwilling to be call'd my son.\*  
In such alliance could'st thou wish to join,  
A palace stor'd with treasures should be thine.  
But if reluctant, who shall force thy stay?  
*Jove* bids to set the stranger on his way,  
And ships shall wait thee with the morning ray.  
Till then let slumber close thy careful eyes;  
The wakeful mariners shall watch the skies,  
And seize the moment when the breezes rise:  
Then gently waft thee to the pleasing shore,  
Where thy soul rests, and labour is no more.  
Far as *Eubœa* tho' thy country lay,  
Our ships with ease transport thee in a day.  
Thither of old, earth's †giant-son to view,  
On wings of winds with *Rhadamanth* they flew:

This land, from whence their morning course begun,  
Saw them returning with the setting sun. ‡  
Your eyes shall witness and confirm my tale,  
Our youth how dext'rous, and how fleet our sail,  
When justly tim'd with equal sweep they row,  
And Ocean whitens in long tracts below.

Thus he. No word th' experienc'd man replies,  
But thus to heav'n (and heav'n-ward lifts his eyes)  
O *Jove*! O father! what the king accords  
Do thou make perfect! sacred be his words!  
Wide o'er the world *Alcinous*' glory shine!  
Let fame be his, and ah! my country mine!

Mean-time *Arete*, for the hour of rest  
Ordains the fleecy couch, and cov'ring vest:  
Bids her fair train the purple quilts prepare,  
And the thick carpets spread with busy care.  
With torches blazing in their hands they pass,  
And finish'd all their queen's command with haste:  
Then gave the signal to the willing guest:  
He rose with pleasure, and retir'd to rest.  
There soft extended, to the murmur'ing sound  
Of the high porch, *Ulysses* sleeps profound!  
Within, releas'd from cares *Alcinous* lies;  
And fast beside, were clos'd *Arete*'s eyes.

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\* The ancients observe, that *Alcinous* very artfully inserts this proposition to *Ulysses*, to prove his veracity. If he had embraced it without hesitation, he would have concluded him an impostor; for it is not conceivable that he should reject all the temptation to marriage made him by *Calypso* a Goddess, and yet immediately embrace this offer of *Alcinous* to marry his daughter. But if we take the passage in another sense, and believe that *Alcinous* spoke sincerely without any secret suspicions, yet his conduct is justifiable. It has, we confess, appeared shocking, that *Alcinous*, a king, should at the very first interview offer his daughter to a stranger, who might be a vagrant and impostor: but examples are frequent in antiquity of marriages thus concluded between strangers, and with as little hesitation: thus *Bellerophon*, *Tydeus*, and *Peleus* were married. Great personages regarded not riches, but were only solicitous to procure worthy husbands for their daughters, and birth and virtue were the best recommendations.

† *Tityus*.

‡ If *Homer* had given the true situation of *Coryra* as it really lies opposite to *Epirus*, yet the hyperbole of sailing thence to *Eubœa* and returning in the same day, had been utterly an impossibility; for in sailing thither they must pass the *Ionian* and *Levarian* seas, and double the *Ileponesus*. But the fiction is yet

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bolder, by the poet's placing it still more distant, near the *Fortunate Islands*. But then is the poet justifiable for relating such incredible amplifications? It may be answered, if he had put these extravagancies into the mouth of *Ulysses* he had been unpardonable, but they suit well with the character of *Alcinous*: they let *Ulysses* into his disposition, and he appears to be ignorant, credulous, and ostentatious. This was necessary, that *Ulysses* might know how to adapt himself to his humour, and engage his assistance; and this he actually brings about by raising his wonder and esteem by stories, that could not fail to please such an ignorant and credulous person as *Alcinous*. Besides, the *Phæacians* were so puffed up with their constant felicity and the protection of the Gods, that they thought nothing impossible; upon this opinion all these hyperboles are founded: and this agrees too well with human nature; the more happy men are, the more high and extravagantly they talk, and are too apt to entertain themselves with wild chimeras which have no existence but in the imagination. The moral then to these fables of *Alcinous* is, that a constant series of happiness intoxicates the mind, and that moderation is often learned in the school of adversity.

This book takes up no longer time than the evening of the thirty-second day.



## The EIGHTH BOOK of the ODYSSEY.\*

## A R G U M E N T.

Alcinous calls a council, in which it is resolved to transport Ulysses into his country. After which, splendid entertainments are made, where the celebrated musician and poet Demodocus plays and sings to the guests. They next proceed to the games; the race, the wrestling, discus, &c. where Ulysses casts a prodigious length, to the admiration of all the spectators. They return again to the banquet, and Demodocus sings the loves of Mars and Venus. Ulysses, after a compliment to the poet, desires him to sing the introduction of the wooden horse into Troy; which subject provoking his tears, Alcinous inquires of his guest his name, parentage, and fortunes.

NOW fair *Aurora* lifts her golden ray,  
And all the ruddy orient flames with day:  
*Alcinous*, and the chief, with dawning light,  
Rose instant from the slumbers of the night;

Then to the council seat they bend their way,  
And fill the shining thrones along the bay.†  
Meanwhile *Minerva* in her guardian care  
Shoots from the starry vault thro' fields of air;

In

## NOTES.

\* This book has been severely censured by some false critics. *Demodocus*, they say, sings the lust of the Gods at the feast of *Alcinous*; and they take offence at the adultery of *Mars* and *Venus*. But to know whether a thing be well, or ill spoken, we must not only examine the thing whether it be good or ill, but we must also have regard to him that speaks or acts, and to the person to whom the poet addresses; for the character of the person who speaks, and of him to whom he speaks, makes that to be good, which would not come well from the mouth of any other person. It is on this account we vindicate *Homer* with respect to the immorality that is found in the fable of the adultery of *Mars* and *Venus*: we must consider that it is neither the poet, nor his hero, that recites that story; but a *Phæacian* sings it to *Phæacians*, a soft effeminate people, at a festival. Besides, it is allowable even in grave and moral writings to introduce vicious persons, who

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despise the Gods; and is not the poet obliged to adapt his poetry to the character of such persons? And had it not been an absurdity in him to have given us a philosophical or moral song before a people who would be pleased with nothing but gaiety and effeminacy? The moral that we are to draw from this story is, that an idle and soft course of life is the source of all criminal pleasures; and that those persons who lead such lives, are generally pleased to hear such stories, as make their betters partakers in the same vices. This relation of *Homer* is a useful lesson to them who desire to live virtuously; and it teaches, that if we would not be guilty of such vices, we must avoid such a method of life as inevitably leads to the practice of them.

† This place of council was between the two ports, where the temple of *Neptune* stood; probably, like that in the second book, open to the air.



In form a herald of the king she flies \*

From peer to peer, and thus incessant cries.

Nobles and chiefs who rule *Phæacia's* states,  
The king in council your attendance waits:  
A prince of grace divine your aid implores, †  
O'er unknown seas arriv'd from unknown shores.

She spoke, and sudden with tumultuous sounds  
Of thronging multitudes the shore rebounds:

At once the seats they fill: and every eye  
Gaz'd, as before some brother of the sky.

*Pallas* with grace divine his form improves, ‡  
More high he treads, and more enlarg'd he moves:

She sheds celestial bloom, regard to draw,

And gives a dignity of mien, to awe,

With strength the future prize of fame to play,

And gather all the honours of the day.

Then from his glitt'ring throne *Alcinous* rose: §

Attend, he cry'd, while we our will disclose,

Your present aid this god-like stranger craves,

Tost by rude tempest thro' a war of waves:

Perhaps from realms that view the rising day,

Or nations subject to the western ray.

Then grant, what here all sons of woe obtain,

(For here affliction never pleads in vain:)

Be chosen youths prepar'd, expert to try

The vast profound, and bid the vessel fly:

Launch the tall bark, and order ev'ry oar,

Then in our court indulge the genial hour;

Instant you sailors to this task attend,

Swift to the palace, all ye peers ascend;

Let none to strangers honours due disclaim?

Be there *Demodocus*, the bard of fame,

Taught

#### NOTES.

\* It may be asked what occasion there is to introduce a Goddess, to perform an action that might have been as well executed by a real herald? We answer, that this *Minerva* is either Fame, which informs the *Phæacians* that a stranger of uncommon figure is arrived, and upon this report they assemble; or it implies, that this assembly was made by the wisdom of the peers, and consequently a poet may ascribe it to the Goddess of Wisdom, it being the effect of her inspiration. The poet by the introduction of a Deity warns us, that something of importance is to succeed; this is to be ushered in with solemnity, and consequently the appearance of *Minerva* in this place is not unnecessary: the action of importance to be described is no less than the change of the fortunes of *Ulysses*; it is from this assembly that his affairs take a new turn, and hasten to a happy re-establishment.

† *Minerva* speaks thus in favour of *Ulysses*, to excite the curiosity of the *Phæacians*: and indeed the short speech is excellently adapted to this purpose. They were fond of strangers: the Goddess therefore tells them, that a stranger is arrived of a God-like appearance. They admired outward shew, he is therefore described as a man of extraordinary beauty, and *Minerva* for this reason immediately improves it.

‡ This circumstance has been repeated several times almost in the same words, since the beginning of the *Odyssey*. In any other poet they might have been thought to proceed from a poverty of invention, though certainly not in *Homer*, in whom there is rather a superfluity than barrenness. Perhaps having once said a thing well, he despaired of improving it, and so repeated it; or perhaps he intended to inculcate this truth, that all our accomplishments, as beauty, strength, &c. are the gifts

#### NOTES.

of the Gods; and being willing to fix it upon the mind, he dwells upon it, and inserts it in many places. Here indeed it has a particular propriety, as it is a circumstance that first engages the *Phæacians* in the favour of *Ulysses*: his beauty was his first recommendation, and consequently the poet with great judgment sets his hero off to the best advantage, it being an incident from which he dates all his future happiness; and therefore to be insisted upon with a particular solemnity.

§ It might be expected that *Ulysses*, upon whose account alone *Alcinous* calls this assembly, should have made his condition known, and spoken himself to the *Phæacians*; whereas he appears upon the stage as a mute person, and the multitude departs intirely ignorant of his name and fortunes. It may be answered, that this was not a proper time for a fuller discovery, the poet defers it till *Ulysses* had distinguished himself in the games, and fully raised their curiosity. It is for the same reason that *Ulysses* is silent; if he had spoken he could not have avoided to let them into the knowledge of his condition, but the contrary method is greatly for his advantage, and assures him of success from the recommendation of a king. But there is another, and perhaps a better reason, to be given for this silence of *Ulysses*: the poet reserves the whole story of his sufferings for an entire and uninterrupted narration; if he had now made any discovery, he must afterwards either have fallen into tautology, or broken the thread of the relation, so that it would not have been of a piece, but wanted continuity. Besides, it comes with more weight at once, than if it had been made at several times, and consequently makes a deeper impression upon the memory and passion of the auditors.



Taught by the Gods to please, when high he sings\*  
The vocal lay responsive to the strings.

Thus spoke the prince: th' attending peers obey,  
In state they move; *Alcinous* leads the way:  
Swift to *Demodocus* the herald flies,  
At once the sailors to their charge arise:  
They launch the vessel, and unfurl the sails,  
And stretch the swelling canvas to the gales;  
Then to the palace move: a gath'ring throng,  
Youth, and white age, tumultuous pour along:  
Now all access to the dome are fill'd;  
Eight boars, the choicest of the herd, are kill'd:  
Two beeves, twelve fatlings from the flock they bring  
To crown the feast; so wills the bounteous king.  
The herald now arrives, and guides along  
The sacred master of celestial song:  
Dear to the Muse! who gave his days to flow †  
With mighty blessings, mix'd with mighty woe:

## NOTES.

\* *Homer* here insinuates that all good and great qualities are the gifts of God. He shews us likewise, that music was constantly made use of in the courts of all the oriental princes; we have seen *Phe-mius* in *Ithaca*, a second in *Lacedæmon* with *Menelaus*, and *Demodocus* here with *Alcinous*. The *Hebrews* were likewise of remarkable skill in music; every one knows what effect the harp of *David* had upon the spirit of *Saul*. *Solomon* tells us, that he sought out singing men and singing women to entertain him, like these in *Homer*, at the time of feasting: thus another oriental writer compares music at feasts to an emerald inclosed in gold; *as a signet of an emerald set in a work of gold, so is the melody of music with pleasant wine.* Eccles. xxxii. 6.

† It has been generally thought that *Homer* represents himself in the person of *Demodocus*; and some imagine that this passage gave occasion to the ancients to believe that *Homer* was blind. But that he really was blind, is testified by himself in his hymn to *Apollo*, which *Thucydides* asserts to be the genuine production of *Homer*, and quotes it as such in his history, as follows: "O virgins, if any person asks you who is he, the most pleasing of all poets, who frequents this place, and who is he who most delights you? reply, he is a blind man, &c." It is true, there are many features in the two poets that bear a great resemblance; *Demodocus* sings divinely, the same is true of *Homer*; *Demodocus* sings the adventures of the *Greeks* before *Troy*, so does *Homer* in his *Iliad*. If this be true, it must be allowed that *Homer* has found out a way of commending himself very artfully: had he spoken plainly, he had been extravagantly vain; but by this indirect

No. 25.

With clouds of darkness quench'd his visual ray,  
But gave him skill to raise the lofty lay.  
High on a radiant throne sublime in state,  
Encircled by huge multitudes, he sat:  
With silver shone the throne; his lyre well strung  
To rapt'rous sounds, at hand *Pantonous* hung:  
Before his feat a polish'd table shines,  
And a full goblet foams with gen'rous wines;  
His food a herald bore: and now they fed;  
And now the rage of craving hunger fled.  
Then fir'd by all the Muse, aloud he sings  
The mighty deeds of demi-gods and kings:  
From that fierce wrath the noble song arose,  
That made *Ulysses* and *Achilles* foes:  
How o'er the feast they doom the fall of *Troy*;  
The stern debate *Atrides* hears with joy: ‡  
For heav'n foretold the contest, when he trod  
The marble threshold of the *Delphic* God,

Curious

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way of praise, the reader is at liberty to apply it either solely to *Demodocus*, or obliquely to *Homer*. It is remarkable, that *Homer* takes a very extraordinary care of *Demodocus* his brother poet, and introduces him as a person of great distinction. He calls him in this book the hero *Demodocus*: he places him on a throne studded with silver, and gives him an herald for his attendant; nor is he less careful to provide for his entertainment, he has a particular table, and a capacious bowl set before him to drink as often as he had a mind, as the original expresses it. Some merry wits have turned the last circumstance into raillery, and insinuate that *Homer* in this place as well as in the former means himself in the person of *Demodocus*, an intimation that he would not be displeased to meet with the like hospitality.

‡ This passage needs an explanation. In the *Iliad* the generals sup with *Agamemnon* with sobriety and moderation; and if in the *Odyssey* we see *Achilles* and *Ulysses* in contention to the great satisfaction of *Agamemnon*, it is because these contentions are of use to his affairs; they contend whether force or stratagem is to be employed to take *Troy*; *Achilles*, after the death of *Hector*, persuaded to assault it by storm, *Ulysses* by stratagem. There is a further reason given for the satisfaction which *Agamemnon* expresses at the contest of these two heroes; before the opening of the war of *Troy* he consulted the oracle concerning the issue of it; *Apollo* answered, that *Troy* should be taken when two princes most renowned for wisdom and valour should contend at a sacrifice of the Gods; *Agamemnon* rejoices to see the prediction fulfilled, knowing that the destruc-

5 P

tion:



Curious to learn the counsels of the sky,  
Ere yet he loos'd the rage of war on *Troy*.

Touch'd at the song, *Ulysses* strait resign'd \*  
To soft affliction all his manly mind :  
Before his eyes the purple vest he drew,  
Industrious to conceal the falling dew :  
But when the music paus'd, he ceas'd to shed  
The flowing tear, and rais'd his drooping head :  
And lifting to the Gods a goblet crown'd,  
He pour'd a pure libation to the ground.

Transported with the song, the list'ning train  
Again with loud applause demand the strain :  
Again *Ulysses* veil'd his pensive head,  
Again unmann'd, a show'r of sorrow shed :  
Conceal'd he wept: the king observ'd alone  
The silent tear, and heard the secret groan :  
Then to the bard aloud : O cease to sing,  
Dumb be thy voice, and mute th' harmonious string ;  
Enough the feast has pleas'd, enough the pow'r  
Of heav'nly song has crown'd the genial hour!

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tion of *Troy* was at hand, the oracle being accomplished by the contest of *Ulysses* and *Achilles*.

\* Many objections may be made against this relation: it may seem to offend against probability, and appears somewhat incredible, that *Demodocus* should thus luckily pitch upon the war of *Troy* for the subject of his song, and still more happily upon the deeds of *Ulysses*; for instance, a man may die of an apoplexy, this is probable; but that this should happen just when the poet has occasion for it, is in some degree incredible. But this objection will cease, if we consider not only that the war of *Troy* was the greatest event of those ages, and consequently might be the common subject of entertainment; but also that it is not *Homer* or *Demodocus* who relates the story, but the Muse who inspires it: *Homer* several times in this book ascribes the song to immediate inspiration; and this supernatural assistance reconciles it to human probability, and the story becomes credible when it is supposed to be related by a Deity. It may be objected, that a sufficient cause for this violence of tears is not apparent; for why should *Ulysses* weep to hear his own brave achievements, especially when nothing calamitous is recited? This indeed would be improbable, if that were the whole of what the poet sung: but *Homer* only gives us the heads of the song, a few sketches of a larger draught, and leaves something to be filled up by the imagination of the reader. Thus for instance, the words of *Demodocus* called to the mind of *Ulysses* all the hardships he had undergone during a ten years war, all the scenes

Incessant in the games your strength display,  
Contest, ye brave, the honours of the day!  
That pleas'd th' admiring stranger may proclaim  
In distant regions the *Phæacian* fame :  
None wield the gauntlet with so dire a sway, †  
Or swifter in the race devour the way :  
None in the leap spring with so strong a bound,  
Or firmer, in the wrestling, press the ground.

Thus spoke the king; th' attending peers obey :  
In state they move, *Alcinous* leads the way :  
His golden lyre *Demodocus* unstrung,  
High on a column in the palace hung :  
And guided by a herald's guardian cares,  
Majestic to the lists of Fame repairs.

Now swarms the populace; a countless throng,  
Youth and hoar age; and man drives man along :  
The games begin; ambitious of the prize, ‡  
*Acronus*, *Thoön*, and *Eretmeus* rise ;  
The prize *Ocyalus* and *Prymneus* claim,  
*Anchialus* and *Ponteus*, chiefs of fame :

There

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of horror he had beheld, and the loss and sufferings of all his friends. And no doubt he might weep even for the calamities he brought upon *Troy*, an ingenuous nature cannot be insensible when any of it's own species suffers. The *Trojans* were his enemies, but still they were men, and compassion is due even to unfortunate enemies. We doubt not but it will be allowed, that there is here sufficient cause to draw tears from a hero, unless a hero must be supposed to be divested of humanity.

† It may be asked how *Alcinous* could make such an assertion, and give the preference to his people before all nations, when he neither knew, nor was known to, any heroes out of his own island? We answer that he speaks like a *Phæacian*, with ostentation and vanity. Besides it is natural for all people to form, not illaudably, too favourable a judgment of their own country: and this agrees with the character of the *Phæacians* in a more particular manner, who called themselves the favourites of the Gods.

‡ *Homer* very judiciously passes over these games in a few lines, having in the *Iliad* exhausted that subject; he there enlarged upon them, because they were essential ornaments, it being necessary that *Patroclus* should be honoured by his friend with the utmost solemnity. Here they are only introduced occasionally, and therefore the poet hastens to things more requisite, and carries on the thread of his story. But then it may be asked, why are they mentioned at all, and what do they contribute to the re-establishment of *Ulysses*? It is evident that they are



There *Prorœus*, *Nautes*, *Eratreus* appear,  
And fain'd *Amphialus*, *Polyneus*' heir:  
*Euryalus*, like *Mars* terrific, rose,\*  
When clad in wrath he withers hosts of foes:  
*Naubolides* with grace unequall'd shone,  
Or equall'd by *Laodamas* alone.

With these came forth *Ambasineus* the strong;  
And three brave sons, from great *Alcinous* sprung.

Rang'd in a line the ready racers stand,  
Start from the goal, and vanish o'er the strand:  
Swift as on wings of wind upborne they fly,  
And drifts of rising dust involve the sky:  
Before the rest, what space the hinds allow †  
Between the mule and ox, from plow to plow;  
*Clytoneus* sprung: he wing'd the rapid way,  
And bore th' unrival'd honours of the day.  
With fierce embrace the brawny wrestlers join;  
The conquest, great *Euryalus*, is thine.  
*Amphialus* sprung forward with a bound,  
Superior in the leap, a length of ground:  
From *Elatreus*' strong arm the discus flies,  
And sings with unmatch'd force along the skies.  
And *Laodame* whirls high, with dreadful sway,  
The gloves of death, victorious in the fray.

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are not without an happy effect, they give *Ulysses* an opportunity to signalize his character, to engage the king and the peers in his favour, and this induces them to convey him to his own country, which is one of the most material incidents in the whole *Odyssey*.

\* The reason why this figure of terror was introduced amongst an unwarlike nation, upon an occasion contrary to the general description in the midst of games and diversions, is, that the poet might distinguish the character of *Euryalus*, to force it upon our observation; he being the person who uses *Ulysses* with roughness and inhumanity, and is the only peer that is described with a sword, which he gives to *Ulysses* to repair his injury.

† This image drawn from rural affairs is now become obsolete, and gives us no distinct idea of the distance between *Clytoneus* and the other racers; but this obscurity arises not from *Homer*'s want of perspicuity, but from the change which has happened in the method of tillage, and from a length of time which has effaced the distinct image which was originally stamped upon it; so that what was understood universally in the days of *Homer* is grown almost unintelligible to posterity. The teams of mules were placed at some distance from the teams of oxen; the mule being more swift in his labour than the ox, and consequently more ground was allowed to

While thus the peerage in the games contends,  
In act to speak, *Laodamas* ascends:

O friend, he cries, the stranger seems well skill'd  
To try th' illustrious labours of the field:  
I deem him brave; then grant the brave man's  
claim,

Invite the hero to his share of fame.  
What nervous arms he boasts! how firm his tread!  
His limbs how turn'd! how broad his shoulders  
spread!

By age unbroke!—but all consuming care ‡  
Destroys perhaps the strength that time would spare:  
Dire is the ocean, dread in all its forms!  
Man must decay, when man contends with storms.

Well hast thou spoke, (*Euryalus* replies)  
Thine is the guest, invite him thou to rise.  
Swift at the word advancing from the croud  
He made obeisance, and thus spoke aloud.

Vouchsafes the rev'rend stranger to display  
His manly worth, and share the glorious day?  
Father, arise! for thee thy port proclaims  
Expert to conquer in the solemn games.  
To fame arise! for what more fame can yield  
Than the swift race, or conflict of the field?

Steal

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the mule than the ox by the husbandman. This gives us an idea that *Clytoneus* was the foremost of the racers, but how much is not to be discovered with any certainty. The same description occurs in the tenth book of the *Iliad*.

‡ It is in the original literally, *he wants not youth*; this is spoken according to appearance only, for *Ulysses* must be supposed to be above forty, having spent twenty years in the wars of *Troy*, and in his return to his country. It is true *Hesiod* calls a person a youth, who was forty years of age, but this must be understood with some allowance, unless we suppose that the life of man was longer in the times of *Hesiod*, than in these later ages; the contrary of which appears from many places in *Homer*, where the shortness of man's life is compared to the leaves of trees, &c. But what the poet here relates is very justifiable, for the youth which *Ulysses* appears to have, proceeds from *Minerva*; it is not a natural quality, but conferred by the immediate operations of a Goddess. This speech concludes with an address of great beauty; *Laodamas* invites *Ulysses* to act in the games, yet at the same time furnishes him with a decent excuse, to decline the invitation if it be against his inclinations; should he refuse, he imputes the refusal to his calamities, not to any want of skill, or personal inability.



Steal from corroding care one transient day,  
To glory give the space thou hast to stay;  
Short is the time, and lo! ev'n now the gales  
Call thee aboard, and stretch the swelling sails.

To whom with sighs *Ulysses* gave reply: \*  
Ah why th' ill-suiting pastime must I try?  
To gloomy care my thoughts alone are free;  
Ill the gay sports with troubled hearts agree:  
Sad from my natal hour my days have ran,  
A much-afflicted, much-induring man!  
Who suppliant to the king and peers, implores  
A speedy voyage to his native shores.

Wide wanders *Laodame*, thy erring tongue,  
The sports of glory to the brave belong,  
(Retorts *Euryalus* :) he boasts no claim  
Among the great, unlike the sons of fame.  
A wand'ring merchant he frequents the main,  
Some mean sea-farer in pursuit of gain;  
Studious of freight, in naval trade well skill'd,  
But dreads th' athletic labours of the field.

Incens'd *Ulysses* with a frown replies,  
O forward to proclaim thy soul unwise!  
With partial hands the Gods their gifts dispense;  
Some greatly think, some speak with manly sense;  
Here heav'n an elegance of form denies,  
But wisdom the defect of form supplies:  
This man with energy of thought controuls,  
And steals with modest violence our souls,  
He speaks reserv'dly, but he speaks with force,  
Nor can one word be chang'd but for a worse;  
In public more than mortal he appears,  
And as he moves the gazing croud reveres.  
While others beauteous as th' ætherial kind,  
The nobler portion want, a knowing mind.  
In outward show heav'n gives thee to excel,  
But heav'n denies the praise of thinking well.

## NOTES.

\* These are the first words spoken by *Ulysses* before the *Phæacians*; and we cannot but be curious to know how he makes his address to engage a people, in whom he has no personal interest, in his favour. His speech is excellently adapted to this purpose: he represents himself as a suppliant to the king and all the assembly; and all suppliants being esteemed sacred, he at once makes it a duty in all the assembly to protect him; if they refuse to assist him, they become guilty of no less a crime, than a violation of the laws of hospitality.

+ It may be thought that *Ulysses*, both here and in his subsequent speech, is too ostentatious, and that he dwells more than modestly allows upon his own accomplishments: but self-praise is sometimes no fault. What *Ulysses* here speaks is not a boast, but a justification. Persons in distress may speak of

Ill bear the brave a rude ungovern'd tongue,  
And, youth, my gen'rous soul resents the wrong:  
Skill'd in heroic exercise, I claim +  
A post of honour with the sons of fame:  
Such was my boast, while vigour crown'd my days,  
Now care surrounds me, and my force decays;  
Inur'd a melancholy part to bear,  
In scenes of death, by tempest and by war.  
Yet thus by woes impair'd, no more I wave  
To prove the hero.—Slander stings the brave.

Then striding forward with a furious bound,  
He wrench'd a rocky fragment from the ground.  
By far more pond'rous, and more huge by far,  
Than what *Phæacia's* sons discharg'd in air.  
Fierce from his arm th' enormous load he flings;  
Sonorous thro' the shaded air it sings;  
Couch'd to the earth, tempestuous as it flies,  
The crowd gaze upwards while it cleaves the skies.  
Beyond all marks, with many a giddy round  
Down rushing, it up-turns a hill of ground.

That instant *Pallas*, bursting from a cloud,  
Fix'd a distinguish'd mark, and cry'd aloud:

Ev'n he who sightless wants his visual ray,  
May by his touch alone award the day:  
Thy signal throw transcends the utmost bound  
Of ev'ry champion, by a length of ground:  
Securely bid the strongest of the train  
Arise to throw: the strongest throws in vain.

She spoke; and momentary mounts the sky:  
The friendly voice *Ulysses* hears with joy;  
Then thus aloud, (clate with decent pride)  
Rise ye *Phæacians*, try your force, he cry'd;  
If with this throw the strongest cast'er vye,  
Still, further still, I bid the discus fly.  
Stand forth, ye champions, who the gauntlet wield,  
Or you, the swiftest rac'rs of the field!

Stand

## NOTES.

themselves with dignity: it shews a greatness of soul, and that they bear up against the storms of fortune with bravery: they have too much courage to fly to pity and commiseration, which betray despair and an hopeless condition: such a man struggling with ill fortune shews himself a champion, and if by a bravery of speech he transforms himself from miserable and abject, into bold and noble, he is not to be censured as vain or obstinate, but great and invincible. Besides, it was necessary to shew himself a person of figure and distinction, to recommend his condition to the *Phæacians*: he was a stranger to the whole nation, and he therefore takes a probable method to engage their assistance by acquainting them with his worth; he describes himself as unfortunate, but yet as a hero in adversity.



Stand forth, ye wrestlers, who these pastimes grace!  
I wield the gauntlet, and I run the race.  
In such heroic games I yield to none,  
Or yield to brave *Laodamas* alone:  
Shall I with brave *Laodamas* contend? \*  
A friend is sacred, and I stile him friend.  
Ungen'rous were the man, and base of heart,  
Who takes the kind, and pays th' ungrateful  
part;

Chiefly the man, in foreign realms confin'd,  
Base to his friend, to his own interest blind:  
All, all your heroes I this day defy,  
Give me a man that we our might may try!  
Expert in ev'ry art, I boast the skill  
To give the feather'd arrows wings to kill;  
Should a whole host at once discharge the bow, †  
My well-aim'd shaft with death prevents the foe:  
Alone superior in the field of *Troy*,  
Great *Philoctetes* taught the shaft to fly.  
From all the sons of earth unrival'd praise  
I justly claim; but yield to better days,

## NOTES.

\* Nothing can be more artful than this address of *Ulysses*; he finds a way, in the middle of a bold challenge, to secure himself of a powerful advocate, by paying an ingenious and laudable deference to his friend.

† There is an ambiguity in the original, and it may imply either, that if *Ulysses* and his friends were at the same time to aim their arrows against an enemy, his arrows would fly with more certainty and expedition than that of his companions: or that if his enemies had bent all their bows at once against him, yet his shaft would reach his adversary before they could discharge their arrows. The latter argues the greater intrepidity and presence of mind: it shews *Ulysses* in the extremity of danger capable of acting with calmness and serenity, and shooting with the same certainty and steadiness, though multitudes of enemies indanger his life. We have followed this explication as it is nobler, and shews *Ulysses* to be a consummate hero.

‡ This *Eurytus* was king of *Oechalia*, famous for his skill in archery; he proposed his daughter *Idole* in marriage to any person that could conquer him at the exercise of the bow. Later writers differ from *Homer* concerning *Eurytus*. They write that *Hercules* overcame him, and he denying his daughter, was slain, and his daughter made captive by *Hercules*: whereas *Homer* writes that he was killed by *Apollo*, that is, died a sudden death, according to the import of that expression. The ancients differ much about *Oechalia*; some place it in *Eubœa*,

No. 26.

To those fam'd days when great *Alcides* rose,  
And *Eurytus*, who bad the Gods be foes:  
(Vain *Eurytus*, whose art became his crime, ‡  
Swept from the earth he perish'd in his prime;  
Sudden th' irremeable way he trod,  
Who boldly durst defy the bowyer God.)  
In fighting fields as far the spear I throw,  
As flies an arrow from the well-drawn bow.  
Sole in the race the contest I decline, §  
Stiff are my weary joints, and I resign,  
By storms and hunger worn: age well may fail, ||  
When storms and hunger both at once assail.  
Abash'd, the numbers hear the god-like man,  
Till great *Alcinous* mildly thus began.  
Well hast thou spoke, and well thy gen'rous tongue  
With decent pride refutes a public wrong:  
Warm are thy words, but warm without offence;  
Fear only fools, secure in men of sense:  
Thy worth is known. Then hear our country's  
claim,  
And bear to heroes our heroic fame;

In

## NOTES.

and some in *Messenia*; but *Homer* in the *Iliad* places it in *Thessaly*, for he mentions with it *Tricca* and *Ithomè*, which were cities of *Thessaly*.

§ This is directly contrary to his challenge in the beginning of the speech; where he mentions the race amongst the other games. How then is this difference to be reconciled? Very naturally. *Ulysses* speaks with a generous warmth, and is transported with anger in the beginning of his oration: here the heat of it is cooled, and consequently reason takes place, and he has time to reflect, that a man so disabled by calamities is not an equal match for a younger and less fatigued antagonist. This is an exact representation of human nature; when our passions remit, the vehemence of our speech remits; at first he speaks like a man in anger, here like the wise *Ulysses*. It is observable, that *Ulysses* all along maintains a decency and reverence towards the Gods; even while his anger seems to be master over his reason; he gives *Eurytus* as an example of the just vengeance of heaven, and shews himself in a very opposite light: he is so far from contending with the Gods, that he allows himself to be inferior to some other heroes: an instance of modesty.

|| This passage appears to refer to the late storms and shipwreck; and the long abstinence *Ulysses* suffered in sailing from *Calypso* to the *Phœacian* island; for when *Nausicaa* found him, he was almost dead with hunger, as appears from the sixth book of the *Odyssey*.

5 Q.



In distant realms our glorious deeds display, \*  
Repeat them frequent in the genial day;  
When blest with ease thy woes and wand'ring end,  
Teach them thy comfort, bid thy sons attend;  
How lov'd of *Jove* he crown'd our fires with praise,  
How we their offspring dignify our race.  
Let other realms the deathful gauntlet wield,  
Or boast the glories of th' athletic field;  
We in the course unrival'd speed display,  
Or thro' ærulean billows plow the way,  
To dress, to dance, to sing our sole delight,  
The feast or bath by day, and love by night:  
Rise then ye skill'd in measures; let him bear  
Your fame to men that breathe a distant air:  
And faithful say, to you the pow'rs belong  
To race, to sail, to dance, to chaunt the song.

But, herald, to the palace swift repair,  
And the soft lyre to grace our pastimes bear.

Swift at the word, obedient to the king  
The herald flies the tuneful lyre to bring.  
Up rose nine seniors, chosen to survey  
The future games, the judges of the day:  
With instant care they mark a spacious round,  
And level for the dance th' allotted ground;  
The herald bears the lyre: intent to play,  
The bard advancing meditates the lay,  
Skill'd in the dance, till youths, a blooming band,†  
Graceful before the heav'nly minstrel stand;

## NOTES.

\* From this extravagant preface, it might be imagined that *Alcinus* was king of a nation of heroes: whereas when he comes to explain the excellence of his subjects, he has scarce any thing to boast of that is manly; they spend an idle life in singing, dancing, and feasting. Thus the poet all along writes consistently: we may know the *Phæacians* by their character, which is always to be voluptuous. The poet does not teach that we ought to live such lives, but only relates historically what lives were led by the *Phæacians*; he describes them as a contemptible people, and consequently proposes them as objects of our scorn, not imitation.

† Madam *Dacier* has a singular annotation upon this passage. This description, says that lady, is remarkable, not because the dancers moved to the sound of the harp and the song; for in this there is nothing extraordinary; but in that they danced, if I may so express it, an history; that is, by their gestures and movements they expressed what the music of the harp and voice described, and the dance was a representation of what was the subject of the poet's song. *Homer* only says they danced

Light bounding from the earth, at once they rise,  
Their feet half-viewless quiver in the skies:

*Ulysses* gaz'd, astonish'd to survey  
The glancing splendors as their sandals play.  
Mean time the bard alternate to the strings  
The loves of *Mars* and *Cytherea* sings;  
How the stern God enamour'd with her charms  
Clasp'd the gay panting Goddess in his arms, ‡  
By bribe seduc'd: and how the sun, whose eye  
Views the broad heav'ns, disclos'd the lawless joy.  
Stung to the soul, indignant thro' the skies  
To his black forge vindictive *Vulcan* flies;  
Arriv'd, his sinewy arms incessant place  
Th' eternal anvil on the massy base.

A wond'rous net he labours, to betray  
The wanton lovers, as entwin'd they lay,  
Indissolubly strong! then instant bears  
To his immortal dome the finish'd snares.  
Above, below, around, with art dispread,  
The sure inclosure folds the genial bed;  
Whose texture ev'n the search of Gods deceives,  
Thin as the filmy threads the spider weaves.  
Then as withdrawing from the starry bow'rs,  
He feigns a journey to the *Lemnian* shores:  
His fav'rite isle! observant *Mars* descries  
His wish'd recess, and to the Goddess flies;  
He glows, he burns: the fair-hair'd queen of love  
Descends smooth-gliding from the courts of *Jove*,

Gay

## NOTES.

divinely, according to the obvious meaning of the words. We fancy Madam *Dacier* would have forborn her observation, if she had reflected upon the nature of the song to which the *Phæacians* danced: it was an intrigue between *Mars* and *Venus*; and they being taken in some very odd postures, she must allow that these dancers represented some very odd gestures, (or movements, as she expresses it) if they were now dancing an history, that is, acting in their motions what was the subject of the song. But we submit to the judgment of the ladies, and shall only add, that this is an instance how a critical eye can see some things in an author, that were never intended by him.

‡ Some understand this story of *Mars* and *Venus* as an allegory: when *Venus* is in conjunction with the star called *Mars*, they have an adulterous influence, but time or the sun reveals it. But the poet himself far better explains the meaning of his fable, for he teaches that light music and wanton songs debauch the manners, and incline men to an unmanly way of living in luxury and wantonness.



Gay blooming in full charms : her hand he prest  
With eager joy, and with a sigh addrest.

Come, my belov'd ! and taste the soft delights :  
Come, to repose the genial bed invites :  
Thy absent spouse neglectful of thy charms  
Prefers his barb'rous *Sintians* to thy arms ! \*

Then, nothing loth, th' enamour'd fair he led,  
And sunk transported on the conscious bed.  
Down rush'd the toils, inwrapping as they lay  
The careless lovers in their wanton play :  
In vain they strive, th' intangling snares deny  
(Inextricably firm) the pow'r to fly :  
Warn'd by the God who sheds the golden day,  
Stern *Vulcan* homeward treads the starry way :  
Arriv'd, he sees, he grieves, with rage he burns ;  
Full horribly he roars, his voice all heav'n returns.

O *Jove*, he cry'd, oh all ye pow'rs above,  
See the lewd dalliance of the Queen of Love !  
Me, aukward me she scorns, and yields her charms  
To that fair letcher, the strong God of arms.  
If I am lame, that stain my natal hour  
By fate impos'd ; such me my parent bore :  
Why was I born ? see how the wanton lies !  
O sight tormenting to an husband's eyes !  
But yet I trust, this once ev'n *Mars* would fly  
His fair one's arms,---he thinks her, once, too nigh.

## NOTES.

\* The *Sintians* were the inhabitants of *Lemnos*, by origin *Thracians* : *Homer* calls them barbarous of speech, because their language was a corruption of the *Greek*, *Asiatic*, and *Thracian*. But there is a concealed raillery in the expression, and *Mars* ridicules the ill taste of *Vulcan* for leaving so beautiful a Goddess to visit his rude and barbarous *Sintians*. The poet calls *Lemnos* the favourite isle of *Vulcan* ; this alludes to the subterraneous fires frequent in that island, and he is feigned to have his forge there, as the God of fire. This is likewise the reason why he is said to fall into the island *Lemnos* when *Jupiter* threw him from heaven.

† We doubt not but this was the usage of antiquity : it has been observed that the bridegroom made presents to the father of the bride, and if she was afterwards false to his bed, this dower was restored by the father to the husband. Besides this restitution, there seems a pecuniary mulct to have been paid, as appears evident from what follows :

—The God of arms,

Must pay the penalty for lawless charms.

*Homer* in this, as in many other places, seems to allude to the laws of *Athens*, where death was the punishment of adultery. *Pausanias* relates, that *Draco* the *Athenian* lawgiver granted impunity to

But there remain, ye guilty, in my pow'r,  
Till *Jove* refunds his shameless daughter's dow'r. †  
Too dear I priz'd a fair enchanting face :  
Beauty unchaste is beauty in disgrace.

Meanwhile the Gods the dome of *Vulcan* throng,  
*Apollo* comes, and *Neptune* comes along,  
With these gay *Hermes* trod the starry plain ;  
But modesty with-held the Goddesses-train.  
All heav'n beholds, imprison'd as they lie,  
And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the sky.

Then mutual, thus they spoke : behold on wrong ‡  
Swift vengeance waits ; and Art subdues the strong !  
Dwells there a God on all th' *Olympian* brow  
More swift than *Mars*, and more than *Vulcan* slow ?  
Yet *Vulcan* conquers, and the God of arms  
Must pay the penalty for lawless charms.

Thus serious they : but he who gilds the skies,  
The gay *Apollo* thus to *Hermes* cries.  
Would'st thou enchain'd like *Mars*, O *Hermes*, lie,  
And bear the shame like *Mars*, to share the joy ?

O envy'd shame ! (the smiling youth rejoin'd,)  
Add thrice the chains, and thrice more firmly bind ;  
Gaze all ye Gods, and ev'ry Goddess gaze,  
Yet eager would I bless the sweet disgrace.

Loud laugh the rest, ev'n *Neptune* laughs aloud,  
Yet sues importunate to loose the God : §

And

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any person that took revenge upon an adulterer. Such also was the institution of *Solon* ; “ If any one seize an adulterer, let him use him as he pleases.” And thus *Erato* answered a person who begged his life after he had injured his bed, “ It is not I who slay thee, but the law of thy country.” But still it was in the power of the injured person to take a pecuniary mulct by way of atonement.

‡ This passage is an instance of *Homer*'s judgment, in closing a ludicrous scene with decency and instruction. He artfully inserts a sentence by which he discovers his own judgment, and lets the reader into the moral of his fables ; by this conduct he makes even the representation of evil actions useful ; by shewing the shame and detriment they draw upon those who are guilty of them.

§ It may be asked why *Neptune* in particular interests himself in the deliverance of *Mars*, rather than the other Gods ? Probably *Homer* ascribes it to that God out of decency, and deference to his superior majesty and eminence among the other Deities : it is suitable to the character of that most ancient, and consequently honourable God, to interrupt such an indecent scene of mirth, which is not so becoming his personage, as those more youthful



And free, he cries, O *Vulcan*! free from shame  
Thy captives; I insure the penal claim.

Will *Neptune* (*Vulcan* then) the faithless trust?  
He suffers who gives surety for th' unjust :\*  
But say, if that lewd scandal of the sky,  
To liberty restor'd, perfidious fly,  
Say wilt thou bear the mulct? He instant cries,  
The mulct I bear, if *Mars* perfidious flies.

To whom appeas'd: No more I urge delay;  
When *Neptune* sues, my part is to obey.

Then to the snares his force the God applies;  
They burst; and *Mars* to *Thrace* indignant flies: †  
To the soft *Cyprian* shores the Goddess moves,  
To visit *Paphos* and her blooming groves,  
Where to the Pow'r an hundred altars rise,  
And breathing odours scent the balmy skies:  
Conceal'd she bathes in consecrated bow'rs,  
The Graces unguents shed, ambrosial show'rs,  
Unguents that charm the Gods! she last assumes  
Her wond'rous robes; and full the Goddess blooms.

Thus sung the bard: *Ulysses* hears with joy,  
And loud applauses rend the vaulted sky.

Then to the sports his sons the king commands,  
Each blooming youth before the monarch stands:  
In dance unmatched! a wond'rous ball is brought,  
(The work of *Polybus*, divinely wrought)  
This youth with strength enormous bids it fly,  
And bending backward whirls it to the sky;  
His brother springing with an active bound,  
At distance intercepts it from the ground:  
The ball dismiss'd, in dance they skim the strand,  
Turn and return, and scarce imprint the sand.

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youthful Deities *Apollo* and *Mercury*. Besides, it agrees well with *Neptune's* gravity to be the first who is mindful of friendship; so that what is here said of *Neptune* is not accidental, but spoken judiciously by the poet in honour of that Deity.

\* This verse is rather obscure. Some think it implies, that it is wicked to be surety for a wicked person; and therefore *Neptune* should not give his promise for *Mars* thus taken in adultery. Some take it generally; suretyship is detrimental, and it is the lot of unhappy men to be sureties. Others understand it very differently, viz. to imply that the sureties of men of inferior condition should be to men of inferior condition; then the sentence will bear this import; if *Mars*, says *Vulcan*, refuses to discharge the penalty, how shall I compel *Neptune* to pay it, who is so greatly my superior? and therefore adds by way of sentence, that the sponsor ought to be of the same station with the person to whom he becomes surety.

Th' assembly gazes with astonish'd eyes,  
And sends in shouts applauses to the skies.

Then thus *Ulysses*: Happy king, whose name  
The brightest shines in all the rolls of fame:  
In subjects happy! with surprize I gaze;  
Thy praise was just; their skill transcends thy praise. ‡

Pleas'd with his people's fame the monarch hears,  
And thus benevolent accosts the peers.

Since wisdom's sacred guidance he pursues,  
Give to the stranger-guest a stranger's dues:  
Twelve princes in our realm dominion share,  
O'er whom supreme, imperial pow'r I bear:  
Bring gold, a pledge of love, a talent bring,  
A vest, a robe, and imitate your king:  
Be swift to give; that he this night may share  
The social feast of joy, with joy sincere.  
And thou, *Eryalus*, redeem thy wrong:  
A gen'rous heart repairs a stand'rous tongue.

Th' assenting peers, obedient to the king,  
In haste their heralds send the gifts to bring,  
Then thus *Euryalus*: O prince, whose sway  
Rules this blest realm, repentant I obey!  
Be his this sword, whose blade of brass displays  
A ruddy gleam; whose hilt, a silver blaze;  
Whose ivory sheath inwrought with curious pride,  
Adds graceful terror to the wearer's side.

He said, and to his hand the sword consign'd;  
And if, he cry'd, my words affect thy mind,  
Far from thy mind those words, ye whirlwinds bear,  
And scatter them, ye storms, in empty air!  
Crown, O ye heav'ns, with joy his peaceful hours,  
And grant him to his spouse and native shores!

And

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† There is a reason for this particularly: the *Thracians* were a warlike people: the poet therefore sends the God of War thither: and the people of *Cyprus* being effeminate, and addicted to love and pleasures, he feigns the recess of the Goddess of *Love* to have been in that island. It is further observable, that he barely mentions the retreat of *Mars*, but dwells more largely upon the story of *Venus*. The reason is, the *Phæacians* had no delight in the God of War, but the soft description of *Venus* better suited with their inclinations.

‡ The original says, you promised that your subjects were excellent dancers. The address of *Ulysses* is very artful, he calls it a seasonable flattery: in reality to excel in dancing, is but to excel in trifles, but in the opinion of *Alcinous* it was a most noble qualification: *Ulysses* therefore pleases his vanity by adapting his praise to his notions; and that which would have been an affront in some nations, is esteemed as the highest compliment by *Alcinous*.



And blest be thou, my friend, *Ulysses* cries,  
Crown him with ev'ry joy, ye fav'ring skies;  
To thy calm hours continu'd peace afford,  
And never, never may'st thou want this sword!

He said, and o'er his shoulder flung the blade.  
Now o'er the earth ascends the ev'ning shade:  
The precious gifts th' illustrious heralds bear,  
And to the court th' embody'd peers repair.  
Before the queen *Alcinous'* sons unfold  
The vests, the robes, and heaps of shining gold;  
Then to the radiant thrones they move in state:  
Aloft, the king in pomp imperial sat.

Thence to the queen. O partner of our reign,  
O sole belov'd! command thy menial train  
A polish'd chest and stately robes to bear,  
And healing waters for the bath prepare:  
That bath'd, our guest may bid his sorrows cease,  
Hear the sweet song, and taste the feast in peace.  
A bowl that flames with gold, of wond'rous frame,  
Ourself we give, memorial of our name;  
To raise in off'rings to almighty *Jove*,  
And every God that treads the courts above.

Instant the queen, observant of the king,  
Commands her train a spacious vase to bring,  
The spacious vase with ample streams suffice,  
Heap high the wood, and bid the flame arise.  
The flames climb round it with a fierce embrace,  
The fuming waters bubble o'er the blaze.  
Herself the chest prepares: in order roll'd  
The robes, the vests are rang'd, and heaps of gold:  
And adding a rich dress inwrought with art,  
A gift expressive of her bounteous heart,

## NOTES.

\* Such passages as these have more of nature than art, and are too narrative, and different from modern ways of speaking, to be capable of much ornament in poetry. Keys were not in use in these ages, but were afterwards invented by the *Lacedæmonians*; but they used to bind their carriages with intricate knots. Thus the *Gordian* knot was famous in antiquity. And this knot of *Ulysses* became a proverb, to express any insolvable difficulty. This is the reason why he is said to have learned it from *Circe*; it was of great esteem among the ancients, and not being capable to be untied by human art, the invention of it is ascribed, not to a man, but to a Goddess.—A poet would now appear ridiculous if he should introduce a Goddess only to teach his hero such an art, as to tie a knot with intricacy: but we must not judge of what has been, from what now is; customs and arts are never at a stay, and consequently the ideas of customs and arts are as changeable as those arts and customs: this knot in  
No. 26.

Thus spoke to *Ithacus*: To guard with bands  
Insoluble these gifts, thy care demands:  
Lest, in thy slumbers on the watry main,  
The hand of rapine make our bounty vain.

Then bending with full force, around he roll'd  
A labyrinth of bands in fold on fold,  
Clos'd with *Circean* art. A train attends\*  
Around the bath: the bath the king ascends:  
(Untasted joy, since that disastrous hour,  
He sail'd ill fated from *Calypso's* bow'r)  
Where happy as the Gods that range the sky,  
He feasted ev'ry sense, with ev'ry joy.  
He bathes: the damsels with officious toil,  
Shed sweets, shed unguents, in a show'r of oil:  
Then o'er his limbs a gorgeous robe he spreads,  
And to the feast magnificently treads.  
Full where the dome it's shining valves expands,  
*Nausicaa* blooming as a Goddess stands,  
With wond'ring eyes the hero she survey'd,  
And graceful thus began the royal maid.

Hail god-like stranger! and when heav'n restores  
To thy fond wish thy long-expected shores,  
This ever grateful in remembrance bear,  
To me thou ow'st, to me, the vital air.

O royal maid, *Ulysses* strait returns,  
Whose worth the splendors of thy race adorns,  
So may dread *Jove* (whose arm in vengeance forms  
The writhen bolt, and blackens heav'n with storms,)  
Restore me safe, thro' weary wand'rings tost,  
To my dear country's ever-pleasing coast,  
As while the spirit in this bosom glows,  
To thee, my Goddess, I address my vows;†

My

## NOTES.

all probability was in as high estimation formerly, as the finest watch-work or machines are at this day; and were a person famed for an uncommon skill in such works, it would be no absurdity in the language of poetry, to ascribe his knowledge in them to the assistance of a Deity.

† This may seem an extravagant compliment, especially in the mouth of the wife *Ulysses*, and rather prophane than polite. But *Ulysses* only speaks comparatively, and with relation to that one action of her saving his life: "As therefore, says he, I owe my thanks to the heavens for giving me life originally, so I ought to pay my thanks to thee for preserving it; thou hast been to me as a Deity. To preserve a life is in one sense to give it." If this appears not to soften the expression sufficiently, it may be ascribed to an overflow of gratitude in the generous disposition of *Ulysses*; he is so touched with the memory of her benevolence and protection, that his soul labours for an expression great enough to re-  
5 R present



My life, thy gift I boast! He said, and sat  
 Fast by *Alcinous* on a throne of state.  
 Now each partakes the feast, the wine prepares,  
 Portions the food, and each his portion shares.  
 The bard an herald guides: the gazing throng  
 Pay low obeisance as he moves along:  
 Beneath a sculptur'd arch he sits enthron'd,  
 The peers encircling form an awful round.  
 Then from the chine, *Ulysses* carves with art\*  
 Delicious food, an honorary part;  
 This, let the master of the lyre receive,  
 A pledge of love! 'tis all a wretch can give.  
 Lives there a man beneath the spacious skies,  
 Who sacred honours to the bard denies?  
 The muse the bard inspires, exalts his mind;  
 The muse indulgent loves th' harmonious kind.  
 The herald to his hand the charge conveys,  
 Not fond of flattery, nor unpleas'd with praise.  
 When now the rage of hunger was allay'd,  
 Thus to the lyrist wife *Ulysses* said:  
 O more than man! thy soul the muse inspires,†  
 Or *Phæbus* animates with all his fires:  
 For who, by *Phæbus* uninform'd, could know  
 The woe of *Greece*, and sing so well the woe?  
 Just to the tale, as present at the fray,  
 Or taught the labours of the dreadful day:

## NOTES.

present it, and no wonder if in this struggle of thought, his words fly out into an excessive but laudable boldness.

\* Were this literally to be translated, it would be, that *Ulysses* cut a piece from the chine of the white-toothed boar, round which there was much fat. This looks like burlesque to a person unacquainted with the usages of antiquity: but it was the highest honour that could be paid to *Demodocus*. The greatest heroes in the *Iliad* are thus rewarded after victory, and it was esteemed an equivalent for all dangers. So that what *Ulysses* here offers to the poet, is offered out of a particular regard and honour to his poetry.

† *Ulysses* here ascribes the songs of *Demodocus* to immediate inspiration; and *Apollo* is made the patron of the poets, because he is the God of prophecy. *Homer* here again represents himself in the person of *Demodocus*: it is he who wrote the war of *Troy* with as much faithfulness, as if he had been present at it; it is he who had little or no assistance from former relations of that story, and consequently receives it from *Apollo* and the muses. This is a secret but artful insinuation that we are not to look upon the *Iliad* as all fiction and fable, but in general as a real history, related with as much certainty as if the poet had been present at those memorable actions.

The song recalls past horrors to my eyes,  
 And bids proud *Ilion* from her ashes rise.  
 Once more harmonious strike the sounding string,  
 Th' *Epæan* fabric, fram'd by *Pallas*, sing:  
 How stern *Ulysses*, furious to destroy,  
 With latent heroes sack'd imperial *Troy*.  
 If faithful thou record the tale of fame,  
 The God himself inspires thy breast with flame:  
 And mine shall be the task, henceforth to raise  
 In ev'ry land, thy monument of praise.

Full of the God he rais'd his lofty strain,  
 How the *Greeks* rush'd tumultuous to the main:  
 How blazing tents illumin'd half the skies,  
 While from the shores the winged navy flies:  
 How ev'n in *Ilion's* walls, in deathful bands,  
 Came the stern *Greeks* by *Troy's* assisting hands:  
 All *Troy* up-heav'd the steed; of diff'ring mind,  
 Various the *Trojans* counsell'd; part consign'd‡  
 The monster to the sword, part sentence gave  
 To plunge it headlong in the whelming wave;  
 Th' unwise award to lodge it in the tow'rs,  
 An off'ring sacred to th' immortal pow'rs:  
 Th' unwise prevail, they lodge it in the walls,  
 And by the Gods decree proud *Ilion* falls:  
 Destruction enters in the treach'rous wood,  
 And vengeful slaughter, fierce for human blood.

He

## NOTES.

The conduct of *Homer*, with relation to *Ulysses* is admirable: he diverts *Demodocus* from idle fables, and gives him a noble theme, the destruction of *Troy*. Such subjects suit well with the sage character of *Ulysses*. It is for the same reason that he here passes over in silence the amour of *Mars* and *Venus*, and commends the song at the beginning of this book, concerning the contention of the worthies before *Troy*: an instruction, what songs a wise man ought to hear, and that poets should recite nothing but what may be heard by a wise man.

‡ It is observable that the poet gives us only the heads of this song, and though he had an opportunity to expatiate and introduce a variety of noble images, by painting the fall of *Troy*, yet this being foreign to his story, he judiciously restrains his fancy, and passes on to the more immediate actions of the *Odyssey*. We may observe the great art of *Homer*, in naturally bringing about the discovery of *Ulysses* to *Alcinous* by this song. He calls this a remembrance, that is, when a present object stirs up a past image in the memory, as a picture recalls the figure of an absent friend: thus *Ulysses* hearing *Demodocus* sing to the harp his former hardships, breaks out into tears, and these tears bring about his discovery.



He sung the *Greeks* stern-issuing from the steed,  
How *Ilium* burns, how all her fathers bleed:  
How to thy dome, *Deiphobus*! ascends  
The *Spartan* king; how *Ithacus* attends,  
(Horrid as *Mars*) and how with dire alarms  
He sighs, subdues: for *Pallas* strings his arms.

Thus while he sung, *Ulysses*' griefs renew,  
Tears bathe his cheeks, and tears the ground bedew:  
As some fond matron views in mortal fight\*  
Her husband falling in his country's right:  
Frantic thro' clashing swords she runs, she flies,  
As ghastly pale he groans, and faints, and dies;  
Close to his breast she grovels on the ground,  
And bathes with floods of tears the gaping wound;  
She cries, she shrieks: the fierce insulting foe  
Relentless mocks her violence of woe,  
To chains condemn'd as wildly she deplores,  
A widow, and a slave, on foreign shores!

So from the sluices of *Ulysses*' eyes  
Fast fell the tears, and sighs succeeded sighs:  
Conceal'd he griev'd: the king observ'd alone  
The silent tear, and heard the sacred groan:  
Then to the bard aloud: O cease to sing,  
Dumb be thy voice, and mute the tuneful string:  
To ev'ry note his tears responsive flow,  
And his great heart heaves with tumultuous woe;  
Thy lay too deeply moves: then cease the lay,  
And o'er the banquet every heart be gay:

## NOTES.

\* This is undoubtedly a very moving and beautiful comparison; but it may be asked if it be proper to compare so great a hero as *Ulysses* to a woman, the weakness of whose sex justifies her tears? Besides she appears to have a sufficient cause for her sorrows, as being under the greatest calamities; but why should *Ulysses* weep? Nothing-but his valour and success is recorded, and why should this be an occasion of sorrow? We reply, that they who think that *Ulysses* is compared to the matron, mistake the point of the comparison: whereas the tears alone of *Ulysses* are intended to be compared to the tears of the matron. It is the sorrow of the two persons, not the persons themselves, that is represented in the comparison. But there appears no sufficient cause for the tears of *Ulysses*; this objection would not have been made, if the subject of the song had been considered; it sets before his eyes all the calamities of a long war, all the scenes of slaughter of friends and enemies that he had beheld in it: it is also to be remembered, that we have only the abridgment of the song, and yet we see spectacles of horror, blood, and commiseration. Tears discover a tender, not an abject spirit. *Achilles* is not less a

This social right demands: for him the sails  
Floating in air, invite th' impelling gales:  
His are the gifts of love: the wife and good  
Receive the stranger as a brother's blood.

But, friend, discover faithful what I crave,  
Artful concealment ill becomes the brave:  
Say what thy birth, and what the name you bore,  
Impos'd by parents in the natal hour?  
(For from the natal hour, distinctive names,  
One common right, the great and lowly claims:)  
Say from what city, from what regions tost,  
And what inhabitants those regions boast?  
So shalt thou instant reach the realm assign'd,  
In wond'rous ships self-mov'd, instinct with mind;  
No helm secures their course, no pilot guides,  
Like men intelligent, they plow the tides,  
Conscious of every coast, and every bay,  
That lies beneath the sun's all seeing-ray;  
Tho' clouds and darkness veil th' incumber'd sky,  
Fearless thro' darkness, and thro' clouds they fly;  
Tho' tempests rage, tho' rolls the swelling main,  
The seas may roll, the tempests rage in vain,  
Ev'n the stern God that o'er the waves presides,  
Safe as they pass, and safe repass the tides,  
With fury burns; while careless they convey  
Promiscuous every guest to every bay.  
These ears have heard my royal sire disclose  
A dreadful story big with future woes,†

How.

## NOTES.

hero for weeping over the ashes of *Patroclus*, nor *Ulysses* for lamenting the calamities and deaths of thousands of his friends.

† The ancients mark these verses with an obelisk and asterism. The obelisk shewed that they judged what relates to the oracles was misplaced, the asterism denoted that they thought the verses very beautiful. For they thought it not probable that *Alcinous* would have called to memory this prediction and the menace of *Neptune*, and yet persisted to conduct to his own country the enemy of that Deity: whereas if this oracle be supposed to be forgotten by *Alcinous*, (as it will, if these verses be taken away) then there will be an appearance of truth, that he who was a friend to all strangers, should be persuaded to land so great and worthy a hero, as *Ulysses* in his own dominions, and therefore they reject them to the 13th of the *Odyssey*. But the verses are very proper in this book, for *Alcinous* believes that the Gods might be prevailed upon not to fulfil this denunciation. It has been likewise remarked that the conduct of *Alcinous* is very justifiable: the *Phæacians* had been warned by an oracle, that an evil threatened them for the care they



How *Neptune* rag'd, and how by his command  
 Firm rooted in the surge a ship should stand  
 A monument of wrath: how mound on mound\*  
 Should bury these proud tow'rs beneath the ground.  
 But this the Gods may frustrate or fulfil,  
 As suits the purpose of th' eternal will.  
 But say thro' what waste regions hast thou stray'd,  
 What customs noted, and what coasts survey'd?  
 Possess'd by wild barbarians fierce in arms,  
 Or men, whose bosom tender pity warms?

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they should shew to a stranger: yet they forbear not to perform an act of piety to *Ulysses*, being persuaded that men ought to do their duty, and trust the issue to the goodness of the Gods. This will seem to be more probable, if we remember *Alcinous* is ignorant that *Ulysses* is the person intended by the prediction, so that he is not guilty of a voluntary opposition to the Gods, but really acts with piety in assisting his guest, and only complies with the common laws of hospitality.

\* The *Greek* word does not necessarily imply that the city should be buried actually, but that a mountain should surround it, or cover it round; and in the 13th book we find that when the ship was transformed into a rock, the city continues out of danger. Perhaps the city was threatened to be overwhelmed by a mountain; the poet therefore invents this fiction to prevent posterity from searching after this isle of the *Phæacians*, and to preserve his story from detection of falsification; after the same manner as he introduces *Neptune* and the rivers of *Troy*, bearing away the wall which the *Greeks* had raised as a fortification before their navy.

† This excellent sentence of *Homer* at once guides us in the choice, and instructs us in the regard, that is to be paid to the person of a friend. If it be lawful to judge of a man from his writ-

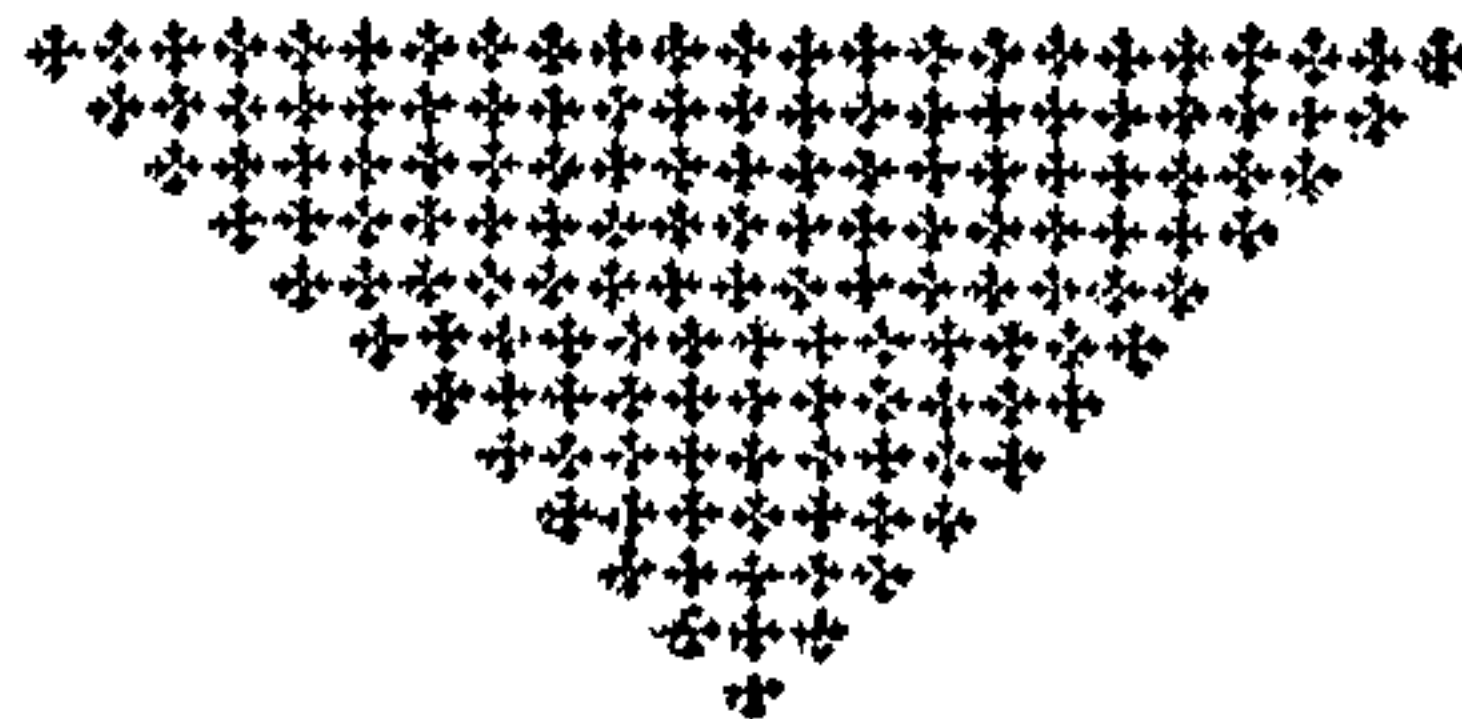
Say why the fate of *Troy* awak'd thy cares,  
 Why heav'd thy bosom, and why flow'd thy tears?  
 Just are the ways of heav'n: from heav'n proceed  
 The woes of man; heav'n doom'd the *Greeks* to  
 bleed,

A theme of future song! Say then if slain  
 Some dear-lov'd brother press'd the *Phrygian* plain?  
 Or bled some friend? who bore a brother's part,†  
 And claim'd by merit, not by blood, the heart.

## NOTES.

ings, *Homer* had a soul susceptible of real friendship, and was a lover of sincerity. It would be endless to take notice of every casual instruction inserted in the *Odyssey*; but such sentences shew *Homer* to have been a man of an amiable character as well as excellent in poetry: the great abhorrence he had of lies cannot be more strongly express'd than in those two passages in the ninth book of the *Iliad*, and in the 14th of the *Odyssey*: in the first of which he makes the man of the greatest soul, *Achilles*, bear testimony to his averion of them; and in the latter declares, that "the poorest man, though compelled by the utmost necessity, ought not to stoop to such a practice." In this place he shews that worth creates a kind of relation, and that we are to look upon a worthy friend as a brother.

This book takes up the whole thirty-third day, and part of the evening: for the council opens in the morning, and at sun-setting the *Phæacians* return to the palace from the games; after which *Ulysses* bathes and sups, and spends some time of the evening in discoursing, and hearing the songs of *Demodocus*. Then *Alcinous* requests him to relate his own story, which he begins in the next book, and continues it through the four subsequent books of the *Odyssey*.





## The NINTH BOOK of the ODYSSEY.\*

## A R G U M E N T.

## THE ADVENTURES OF THE CICONI, LOTOPHAGI, AND CYCLOPS.

*Ulysses begins the relation of his adventures; how after the destruction of Troy, he made an incursion on the Ciconi, by whom they were repulsed; and meeting with a storm, were driven to the coast of the Lotophagi. From thence they sailed to the land of the Cyclops, whose manners and situation are particularly characterised. The giant Polyphemus and his cave described; the usage Ulysses and his companions met there; and lastly, the method and artifice by which he escaped.*

THEN thus *Ulysses*. Thou, whom first in sway,  
As first in virtue, these thy realms obey!  
How sweet the products of a peaceful reign!  
The heav'n taught poet, and enchanting strain:

The well-fill'd palace, the perpetual feast,  
A land rejoicing, and a people blest!  
How goodly seems it, ever to employ  
Man's social days in union and in joy!

The

## NOTES.

\* As we are now come to the episödical part of the *Odyssey*, it may be thought necessary to speak something of the nature of episodes. As the action of the epic is always one entire, and great action; so the most trivial episodes must be so interwoven with it, as to be necessary parts, or convenient to carry on the main design; either so necessary, as without them the poem must be imperfect, or so convenient, that no others can be imagined more suitable to the place in which they stand: there is nothing to be left void in a firm building, even the cavities ought not to be filled up with rubbish destructive to the strength of it, but with materials of the same kind, though of less pieces, and fitted to the main fabric. The ground work of the poem is, a prince absent from his country several years, *Neptune* hinders his return, yet at last he breaks through all obstacles, and returns, where he finds

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great disorders, the authors of which he punishes, and restores peace to his kingdoms. This is all that is essential to the model; this the poet is not at liberty to change; this is so necessary, that any alteration destroys the design, spoils the fable, and makes another poem of it. But episodes are changeable; for instance, though it was necessary that *Ulysses* being absent should spend several years with foreign princes, yet it was not necessary that one of these princes should be *Antiphates*, another *Alcinous*, or that *Circe* or *Calypso* should be the person who entertained him: it was in the poet's choice to have changed these persons and states, without changing his design or fable. Thus though these adventures are episodes become parts of the subject after they are chosen, yet they are not originally essential to the subject. But in what sense then are they necessary? The reply is, since the absence of

5 S



The plenteous board high heap'd with cares di-  
vine,

And o'er the foaming bowl the laughing wine!

Amid these joys, why seeks thy mind to know

Th' unhappy series of a wand'rer's woe?

Remembrance sad, whose image to review

Alas! must open all my wounds anew.

And oh, what first, what last shall I relate,

Of woes unnumber'd sent by heav'n and Fate?

Know first the man (tho' now a wretch distress'd)

Who hopes thee, monarch! for his future guest.

Behold *Ulysses*! no ignoble name,\*

Earth sounds my wisdom, and high heav'n my  
fame.

My native soil is *Ithaca* the fair,

Where high *Neritus* waves his woods in air:

*Dulichium*, *Samiè*, and *Zacynthus* crown'd

With shady mountains, spread their isles around.

#### NOTES.

of *Ulysses* was absolutely necessary, it follows that not being at home, he must be in some other country; and therefore though the poet was at liberty to make use of none of those particular adventures, yet it was not in his choice to make use of none at all; if these had been omitted, he must have substituted others, or else he would have omitted part of the matter contained in his model, viz. the adventures of a person long absent from his country; and the poem would have been defective. So that episodes are not actions, but parts of an action. It is in poetry as in painting; a painter puts many actions into one piece, but they all conspire to form one entire and perfect action: a poet likewise uses many episodes, but all those episodes taken separately finish nothing, they are but imperfect members, which all together make one and the same action, like the parts of a human body, they all conspire to constitute the whole man.

\* The poet begins with declaring the name of *Ulysses*; the *Phæacians* had already been acquainted with it by the song of *Demodocus*, and therefore it could not fail of raising the utmost attention and curiosity of the whole assembly, to hear the story of so great an hero. Perhaps it may be thought that *Ulysses* is ostentatious, and speaks of himself too favourably; but the necessity of it will appear, if we consider that *Ulysses* had nothing but his personal qualifications to engage the *Phæacians* in his favour. It was therefore requisite to make those qualifications known, and this was not possible to be done but by his own relation, he being a stranger among strangers. Besides, he speaks before a vain-glorious people, who thought even boasting no fault.

(These to the north and night's dark regions run,  
Those to *Aurora* and the rising sun.)

Low lies our isle, yet blest in fruitful stores;

Strong are her sons, tho' rocky are her shores;

And none, ah none so lovely to my sight,

Of all the lands that heav'n o'erspreads with light!

In vain *Calypso* long constrain'd my stay,†

With sweet, reluctant, amorous delay;

With all her charms as vainly *Circe* strove,

And added magic, to secure my love.

In pomps or joy, the palace or the grot,

My country's image never was forgot,

My absent parents rose before my sight,

And distant lay contentment and delight.

Hear then the woes, which mighty *Jove* ordain'd

To wait my passage from the *Trojan* land.

The winds from *Ilion* to the *Cicons'* shore,‡

Beneath cold *Ismarus*, our vessels bore.

We

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† *Ulysses* repeats his refusal of the Goddess *Calypso* and *Circe* in the same words, to shew *Alcinous*, by a secret denial, that he could not be induced to stay from his country, or marry his daughter. He describes *Ithaca* with all its inconveniencies, to convince *Alcinous* of his veracity, and that he will not deceive him in other circumstances, when he gives so disadvantageous a character of a country for which he expresses so great a fondness.

‡ Here is the natural and true beginning of the *Odyssy*, which comprehends all the sufferings of *Ulysses*, and these sufferings take their date immediately after his leaving the shores of *Troy*; from that moment he endeavours to return to his own country, and all the difficulties he meets with in returning, enter into the subject of the poem. But it may then be asked, if the *Odyssy* does not take up the space of ten years, since *Ulysses* wastes so many in his return; and is not this contrary to the nature of Epic poetry, which is agreed must not at the longest exceed the duration of one year, or rather campaign? The answer is, the poet lets all the time pass which exceeds the bounds of Epic action, before he opens the poem; thus *Ulysses* spends some time before he arrives at the island of *Circe*, with her he continues one year, and seven with *Calypso*; he begins artificially at the conclusion of the action, and finds an opportunity to repeat the most considerable and necessary incidents which preceded the opening of the *Odyssy*; by this method he reduces the duration of it into less compass than the space of two months. This conduct is absolutely necessary, for from the time that the poet introduces his hero upon the stage, he ought to continue his  
action



We boldly landed on the hostile place,  
 And sack'd the city, and destroy'd the race,\*  
 Their wives made captive, their possessions shar'd,  
 And ev'ry soldier found a like reward.  
 I then advis'd to fly; not so the rest,  
 Who stay'd to revel, and prolong the feast:  
 The fatted sheep and fable bulls they slay,  
 And bowls fly round, and riot wastes the day.  
 Mean time the *Cicons*, to their holds retir'd,  
 Call on the *Cicons*, with new fury fir'd;  
 With early morn the gather'd country swarms,  
 And all the continent is bright with arms:  
 Thick as the budding leaves or rising flow'rs  
 O'erspread the land, when spring descends in show'rs:  
 All expert soldiers, skill'd on foot to dare,  
 Or from the bounding courser urge the war.  
 Now fortune changes, (so the Fates ordain)  
 Our hour was come, to taste our share of pain.  
 Close at the ships the bloody fight began,  
 Wounded they wound, and man expires on man.  
 Long as the morning sun increasing bright  
 O'er heav'n's pure azure spread the growing light,  
 Promiscuous death the form of war confounds,  
 Each adverse battle gor'd with equal wound:  
 But when his evening wheels o'erhung the main,  
 Then conquest crown'd the fierce *Ciconian* train.  
 Six brave companions from each ship we lost,†  
 The rest escape in haste, and quit the coast.

## NOTES.

action to the very end of it, that he may never afterwards appear idle or out of motion: this is verified in *Ulysses*; from the moment he leaves the island *Ogygia* to the death of the suitors, he is never out of view, never idle; he is always either in action, or preparing for it, till he is re-established in his dominions. If the poet had followed the natural order of the action, he would not have written an Epic poem, but an history in verse.

\* The poet assigns no reason why *Ulysses* destroys this city of the *Ciconians*, but we may learn from the second book of the *Iliad*, that they were auxiliaries of *Troy*, and therefore *Ulysses* assaults them as enemies.

† This is one of the passages which fell under the censure of *Zoilus*; it is very improbable, says that critic, that each vessel should lose six men exactly, this seems a too equal distribution to be true considering the chance of battle. But it has been answered, that *Ulysses* had twelve vessels, and that in this engagement he lost seventy-two soldiers; so that the meaning is, that taking the total of his loss, and dividing it equally through the whole fleet, he found it amounted exactly to six men in

With sails outspread we fly th' unequal strife,  
 Sad for their loss, but joyful of our life.  
 Yet as we fled, our fellow rites we pay'd,  
 And thrice we call'd on each unhappy shade.‡  
 Mean while the God whose hand the thunder forms,  
 Drives clouds on clouds, and blackens heav'n with forms:

Wide o'er the waste the rage of *Boreas* sweeps,  
 And Night rush'd headlong on the shaded deeps.  
 Now here, now there, the giddy ships are borne,  
 And all the rattling shrouds in fragments torn.  
 We furl'd the sail, we ply'd the lab'ring oar,  
 Took down our masts, and row'd our ships to shore,

Two tedious days and two long nights we lay,  
 O'er watch'd and batter'd in the naked bay.  
 But the third morning when *Aurora* brings,  
 We rear the masts, we spread the canvas wings;  
 Refresh'd, and careless on the deck reclin'd,  
 We sit, and trust the pilot and the wind.  
 Then to my native country had I sail'd;  
 But, the cape doubled, adverse winds prevail'd.  
 Strong was the tide, which by the northern blast  
 Impell'd, our vessels on *Cythera* cast.  
 Nine days our fleet th' uncertain tempest bore  
 Far in wide ocean, and from sight of shore:  
 The tenth we touch'd, by various errors tost,§  
 The land of *Lotos*, and the flow'ry coast.

We

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every vessel. This will appear to be a true solution, if we remember that there was a necessity to supply the loss of any one ship out of the others that had suffered less: so that though one vessel lost more than the rest, yet being recruited equally from the rest of the fleet, there would be exactly six men wanting in every vessel.

‡ This passage preserves a piece of antiquity: it was the custom of the *Grecians*, when their friends died upon foreign shores, to use this ceremony of recalling their souls, though they obtained not their bodies, believing by this method that they transported them to their own country. Thus the *Athenians*, when they lost any men at sea, went to the shores, and calling thrice on their names, rais'd a cenotaph or empty monument to their memories; by performing which solemnity, they invited the shades of the departed to return, and performed all rites as if the bodies of the dead had really been buried by them in their sepulchres.

§ This passage has given occasion for much controversy; for since the *Lotophagi* in reality are distant from the *Malean* cape twenty-two thousand five hundred stades, *Ulysses* must sail above two thousand every



We climb'd the beach, and springs of water found,  
Then spread our hasty banquet on the ground.  
Three men were sent; deputed from the crew,  
(An herald one) the dubious coast to view,\*  
And learn what habitants possess the place.  
They went, and found a hospitable race;  
Not prone to ill, nor strange to foreign guest,  
They eat, they drank, and nature gives the feast;  
The trees around them all their food produce,  
*Lotos* the name, divine, nectarious juice!†  
(Thence call'd *Lotophagi*) which who so tastes,  
Insatiate riots in the sweet repasts,  
Nor other home nor other care intends,  
But quits his house, his country, and his friends:

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every day, if in nine days he failed to the *Lotophagi*. This objection would be unanswerable, if we place that nation in the *Atlantic* ocean; but *Homer* has not placed the *Lotophagi* in the *Atlantic* ocean, as he does the islands of *Circe* and *Calypso*, because it was improbable that in the compass of ten days the most favourable winds could have carried *Ulysses* from the *Malea* cape into that ocean; it therefore follows, that the poet has given us the true situation of this nation, conformably to geography, and placed it as it really lies, in the *Mediterranean*; now in ten days a good wind will carry a vessel from *Malea* into the *Mediterranean*, as *Homer* relates.

\* The reason why the poet mentions the herald in particular, is because his office was sacred; and by the common law of nations his person inviolable: *Ulysses* therefore joins an herald in this commission, for the greater security of those whom he sends to search the country.

† The *Lotos* is a tree of no great height, rough and thorny: it bears a green leaf, somewhat thicker and broader than that of the bramble or briar; its fruit at first is like the ripe berries of the myrtle, both in size and colour, but when it ripens it turns to purple; it is then about the bigness of an olive, it is round, and contains a very small kernel; when it is ripe they gather it, and bruising it among bread-corn, they put it up into a vessel, and keep it as food for their slaves; they dress it after the same manner for their other domestics, but first take out the kernel from it: it has the taste of a fig, or dates, but is of a far better smell: they likewise make a wine of it, by steeping and bruising it in water; it has a very agreeable taste, like wine tempered with honey. They drink it without mixing it with water, but it will not keep above ten days; they therefore make it only in small quantities for immediate use.

The three we sent, from off th' enchanting ground  
We dragg'd reluctant, and by force we bound:  
The rest in haste forsook the pleasing shore,  
Or, the charm tasted, had return'd no more. ‡  
Now plac'd in order, on their banks they sweep  
The sea's smooth face, and cleave the hoary deep;  
With heavy hearts we labour thro' the tide,  
To coasts unknown, and oceans yet untry'd.

The land of *Cyclops* first; a savage kind, §  
Nor tam'd by manners, nor by laws confin'd:  
Untaught to plant, to turn the glebe and sow,  
They all their products to free nature owe.  
The soil untill'd a ready harvest yields, ||  
With wheat and barley wave the golden fields,

Spontaneous

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‡ It must be confessed, that the effects of this *Lotos* are extraordinary, and seem fabulous; how then shall we reconcile the relation to credibility? The foundation of it might perhaps be no more than this: the companions of *Ulysses* might be willing to settle among these *Lotophagi*, being won by the pleasure of the place, and tired with a life of danger and the perils of seas. Or perhaps it is only an allegory, to teach us that those who indulge themselves in pleasures, are with difficulty withdrawn from them, and want an *Ulysses* to lead them by a kind of violence into the paths of glory.

§ *Homer* here confines himself to the true geography of *Sicily*: for, in reality, a ship may easily sail in one day from the land of the *Lotophagi* to *Sicily*: these *Cyclops* inhabited the western part of that island, about *Drepane* and *Lilybaeum*. They derive their name from the place of their habitation; for the *Phæacians* called them *Chek-lub*, by contraction for *Chek-lalub*; that is, the gulph of *Lilybaeum*, or the men who dwell about the *Lilybaean* gulph. The *Greeks* (who understood not the *Phæacian* language) formed the word *Cyclops*, from *Chek-lub*, from the affinity of sound; which word in the *Greek* language, signifying a circular eye, might give occasion to fable that they had but one large round eye in the middle of their foreheads. Or perhaps the eye of *Cyclops* is an allegory, to represent that in anger, or any other violent passion, men see but one single object, as that passion directs, or see but with one eye: and that passion transforms us into a kind of savages, and makes us brutal and sanguinary, like this *Polypheme*; and he that by reason extinguishes such a passion, may like *Ulysses* be said to put out that eye that made him see but one single object.

|| What *Homer* speaks of the fertility of *Sicily*, is agreeable to history: *Diodorus Siculus* relates in his history what *Homer* speaks in poetry, that the fields



Spontaneous wines from weighty clusters pour,  
And *Jove* descends in each prolific show'r,  
By these no statues and no rights are known,\*  
No council held, no monarch fills the throne,  
But high on hills or airy cliffs they dwell,†  
Or deep in caves whose entrance leads to hell.  
Each rules his race, his neighbour not his care,  
Heedless of others, to his own severe.

Oppos'd to the *Cyclopean* coasts; there lay  
An isle, whose hills their subject fields survey;‡  
It's name *Lachæa*, crown'd with many a grove,  
Where savage goats thro' pathless thickets rove:  
No needy mortals here, with hunger bold;  
Or wretched hunters thro' the wintry cold  
Pursue their flight, but leave them safe to bound  
From hill to hill, o'er all the desert ground.  
Nor knows the soil to feed the fleecy care,  
Or feels the labours of the crooked share,  
But uninhabited, untill'd, unsown  
It lies, and breeds the bleating goat alone.  
For there no vessel with vermilion prore;  
Or bark of traffic, glides from shore to shore;  
The rugged race of savages, unskill'd  
The seas to traverse, or the ships to build;  
Gaze on the coast, nor cultivate the soil,  
Unlearn'd in all th' industrious arts of toil.  
Yet here all products and all plants abound,  
Sprung from the fruitful genius of the ground;  
Fields, waving high with heavy crops are seen,  
And vines that flourish in eternal green,  
Refreshing meads along the murm'ring main,  
And fountains streaming down the fruitful plain:  
A port there is, inclos'd on either side,  
Where ships may rest, unanchor'd and unty'd;

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of *Leontium* yield wheat without the culture of the husbandman: he was an eye-witness, being a native of the island. From hence in general it may be observed, that where-ever we can trace *Homer*, we find, if not historic truth, yet the resemblance of it; that is, as plain truth as can be related without converting his poem into a history.

\* Government as practised in the first ages of the world, was in this manner: mankind was originally independent, every master of a family was a kind of king of his family, and reigned over his wife and children like the *Cyclopeans*.

† This is said to give an air of probability to the revenge which *Ulysses* takes upon this giant, and indeed to the whole story. He describes his solitary life, to shew that he was utterly destitute of assistance; and it is for the same reason, that the poet

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Till the glad mariners incline to sail,  
And the sea whitens with the rising gale.  
High at it's head, from out the cavern'd rock  
In living rills a gushing fountain broke:  
Around it, and above, for ever green  
The bushing alders form'd a shady scene.  
Hither some fav'ring God, beyond our thought, §  
Thro' all-surrounding shade our navy brought;  
For gloomy night descended on the main,  
Nor glimmer'd *Phæbe* in th' ethereal plain:  
But all unseen the clouded island lay,  
And all unseen the surge and rolling sea,  
Till safe we anchor'd in the shelter'd bay:  
Our sails we gather'd, cast our cables o'er,  
And slept secure along the sandy shore.  
Soon as again the rosy morning shone,  
Reveal'd the landscape and the scene unknown,  
With wonder seiz'd we view the pleasing ground;  
And walk delighted, and expatiate round.  
Rows'd by the woodland nymphs, at early dawn,  
The mountain goats came bounding o'er the lawn:

In haste our fellows to the ships repair,  
For arms and weapons of the sylvan war;  
Strait in three squadrons all our crew we part,  
And bend the bow, or wing the missile dart;  
The bounteous Gods afford a copious prey,  
And nine fat goats each vessel bears away:  
The royal bark had ten. Our ships compleat  
We thus supply'd, (for twelve were all the fleet.)  
Here, till the setting sun roll'd down the light,  
We sat indulging in the genial rite:  
Nor wines were wanting: those from ample jars  
We drain'd, the prize of our *Ciconian* wars.

The

## NOTES.

relates that he left his fleet under a desert neighbouring island, namely, to make it probable that the *Cyclops* could not seize it, or pursue *Ulysses*, having no shipping.

‡ This little isle is now called *Ægusa*, which signifies the isle of goats.

§ This circumstance is inserted with great judgment: *Ulysses* otherwise might have landed in *Sicily*, and fallen into the hands of the *Cyclopeans*, and consequently been lost inevitably: he therefore piously ascribes his safety, by being driven upon this desolate island, to the guidance of the Gods; he uses it as a retreat, leaves his navy there, and passes over into *Sicily* in one single vessel, undiscover'd by these gigantic savages; this reconciles the relation to probability, and renders his escape practicable.



The land of *Cyclops* lay in prospect near;  
 The voice of goats and bleating flocks we hear,  
 And from their mountains rising smokes appear.  
 Now sunk the sun, and darkness cover'd o'er  
 The face of things: along the sea-beat shore  
 Satiated we slept: but when the sacred dawn  
 Arising glitter'd o'er the dewy lawn,  
 I call'd my fellows, and these words address'd.  
 My dear associates, here indulge your rest:  
 While, with my single ship, advent'rous I\*  
 Go forth, the manners of yon men to try;  
 Whether a race unjust, of barb'rous might,  
 Rude, and unconscious of a stranger's right;  
 Or such who harbour pity in their breast,  
 Revere the Gods, and succour the distress?  
 This said, I climb'd my vessel's lofty side;  
 My train obey'd me, and the ship untied.  
 In order seated on their banks, they sweep  
 Neptune's smooth face, and cleave the yielding deep.  
 When to the nearest verge of land we drew,  
 Fast by the sea a lonely cave we view,  
 High, and with dark'ning laurels cover'd o'er;  
 Where sheep and goats lay flum'ring round the  
 shore.  
 Near this, a fence of marble from the rock,  
 Brown with o'er-arching pine, and spreading oak.  
 A giant-shepherd here his flocks maintains  
 Far from the rest, and solitary reigns,

In shelter thick of horrid shade reclin'd;  
 And gloomy mischiefs labour in his mind.  
 A form enormous! far unlike the race†  
 Of human birth, in stature, or in face;  
 As some lone mountain's monstrous growth he  
 stood,  
 Crown'd with rough thickets, and a nodding wood.  
 I left my vessel at the point of land,  
 And close to guard it, gave our crew command:  
 With only twelve, the boldest and the best,  
 I seek th' adventure, and forsake the rest.  
 Then took a goatskin fill'd with precious wine,  
 The gift of *Maron*, of *Evantheus*' line,  
 (The priest of *Phœbus* at th' *Ismarian* shrine)  
 In sacred shade his honour'd mansion stood  
 Amidst *Apollō's* consecrated wood;  
 Him, and his house, heav'n mov'd my mind to save,  
 And costly presents in return he gave;  
 Seven golden talents to perfection wrought,  
 A silver bowl that held a copious draught,  
 And twelve large vessels of unmingled wine,  
 Mellifluous, undecaying, and divine!  
 Which now some ages from his race conceal'd,  
 The hoary fire in gratitude reveal'd,  
 Such was the wine: to quench whose fervent steam,  
 Scarce twenty measures from the living stream‡  
 To cool one cup suffic'd: the goblet crown'd  
 Breath'd aromatic fragrances around.

## NOTES.

\* The reader may be pleased to observe, that the poet has here given the reins to his fancy, and run out into a luxuriant description of *Ægusa* and *Sicily*; he refreshes the mind of the reader with a pleasing and beautiful scene, before he enters upon a story of so much horror, as this of the *Cyclops*. A very sufficient reason may be assigned, why *Ulysses* here goes in person to search this land: he dares not trust his companions; their disobedience among the *Ciconians*, and their unworthy conduct among the *Lotophagi*, have convinced him that no confidence is to be reposed in them: this seems probable, and upon this probability *Homer* proceeds to bring about the punishment of *Polypheme*, which the wisdom of *Ulysses* effects, and it is an action of importance, and consequently ought to be performed by the hero of the poem.

† *Gorspius Becanus*, an *Antwerpian*, has written a large discourse to prove, that there never were any such men as giants; contrary to the testimony both of sacred and profane history. Thus *Moses* speaks of the *Rephaims* of *Asterath*, the *Zamzummims* of *Ham*, the *Emims* of *Moab*, and *Anakims* of *Hebron*. Thus *Goliath* must be allowed to be a giant, for he

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was six cubits and a span, that is, nine feet and a span in height; his coat of mail weighed five thousand shekels of brass, about one hundred and fifty pounds: (but some understand the lesser shekel:) the head of his spear alone weighed six hundred shekels of iron, that is, about eighteen or nineteen pounds. We find the like relations in prophane history. *Herodotus* affirms that the body of *Orestes* was dug up, and appeared to be seven cubits long. *Josephus* writes, that *Vitellius* sent a *Jew* named *Eleazar*, seven cubits in height, as a present from *Artabanus*, king of the *Parthians*, to *Tiberius Cæsar*; this man was ten feet and a half high. *Pliny* speaks of a man that was nine feet nine inches high; and in another place, of one that was twelve feet high. Thus it is evident, that there have been men of very extraordinary stature in former ages: though perhaps such instances were not frequent in any age of any nation. So that *Homer* only amplifies, not invents; as there was really a people called *Cyclopeans*, so they might be men of great stature, or giants.

‡ There is no wine of so strong a body as to bear such a disproportionable quantity; but *Homer* amplifies



Of this an ample vase we heav'd aboard,  
 And brought another with provisions stor'd.  
 My soul foreboded I should find the bow'r  
 Of some fell monster, fierce with barb'rous pow'r,  
 Some rustic wretch, who liv'd in heav'n's despight,\*  
 Contemning laws, and trampling on the right.  
 The cave we found, but vacant all within,  
 (His flock the giant tended on the green)  
 But round the grotts we gaze, and all we view  
 In order rang'd, our admiration drew:  
 The bending shelves with loads of cheeses prest,  
 The folded flocks each sep'rate from the rest,  
 (The larger here, and there the lesser lambs,  
 The new fall'n young here bleating for their dams;  
 The kid distinguish'd from the lambkin lies:)  
 The cavern echoes with responsive cries.  
 Capacious chargers all around were lay'd,  
 Full pails; and vessels of the milking trade.  
 With fresh provision hence our fleet to store  
 My friends advise me, and to quit the shore;  
 Or drive a flock of sheep and goats away,  
 Consult our safety, and put off to sea.  
 Their wholesome counsel rashly I declin'd,  
 Curious to view the man of monstrous kind,  
 And try what social rites a savage lends:  
 Dire rites alas! and fatal to my friends!  
 Then first a fire we kindle, and prepare  
 For his return with sacrifice and prayer.  
 The loaded shelves afford us full repast;  
 We sit expecting. Lo! he comes at last.  
 Near half a forest on his back he bore,  
 And cast the pond'rous burden at the door.  
 It thunder'd as it fell. We trembled then,  
 And sought the deep recesses of the den.  
 Now driv'n before him, thro' the arching rock,  
 Came tumbling, heaps on heaps, th' unnumber'd  
 flock:

## NOTES.

amplifies the strength of it to prepare the reader for it's surprizing effects immediately upon *Polypheme*.

\* This whole passage must be considered as told by a person long after the adventure was past, otherwise how should *Ulysses* know that this cave was the habitation of a savage monster before he had seen him? and when he tells us that himself and twelve companions went to search, what people were inhabitants of this island? But if, on the other hand, we suppose that *Ulysses* was under apprehensions from the savageness of the place, of finding a savage race of people, it will be natural enough that his mind should forebode as much; and it appears from other passages, that this sort of instinctive presage was a favourite opinion of *Homer's*.

Big-udder'd ewes, and goats of female kind,  
 (The males were penn'd in outward courts behind)  
 Then, heav'd on high, a rock's enormous weight  
 To the cave's mouth he roll'd, and clos'd the gate.  
 (Scarce twenty four-wheel'd cars, compact and  
 strong,

The massy load could bear, or roll along)  
 He next betakes him to his evening cares,  
 And sitting down, to milk his flocks prepares;  
 Of half their udders eases first the dams,  
 Then to the mother's teat submits the lambs,  
 Half the white stream to hard'ning cheese he prest,  
 And high in wicker baskets heap'd: the rest  
 Reserv'd in bowls, supply'd his nightly feast.  
 His labour done, he fir'd the pile that gave  
 A sudden blaze, and lighted all the cave.

We stand discover'd by the rising fires;  
 Askance the giant glares, and thus inquires:

What are ye, guests; on what adventure, say,  
 Thus far ye wander thro' the wat'ry way?  
 Pirates perhaps, who seek thro' seas unknown  
 The lives of others, and expose your own?

His voice like thunder thro' the cavern sounds:  
 My bold companions thrilling fear confounds,  
 Appall'd at sight of more than mortal man!  
 At length, with heart recover'd I began.

From *Troy's* fam'd fields, sad wand'ers o'er the  
 main,†

Behold the relics of the *Grecian* train!  
 Thro' various seas by various perils tost,  
 And forc'd by storms, unwilling, on your coast;  
 Far from our destin'd course, and native land,  
 Such was our fate, and such high *Jove's* command!  
 Nor what we are befits us to disclaim,  
*Atrides'* friends, (in arms a mighty name)  
 Who taught proud *Troy* and all her sons to bow;  
 Victors of late, but humble suppliants now!

Low

## NOTES.

† This speech is very well adapted to make an impression upon *Polypheme*. *Ulysses* applies to move either his fears or his compassion; he tells him he is an unfortunate person, and comes as a suppliant; and if this prevails nothing, he adds, he is a subject of the great *Agamemnon*, who had lately destroyed a mighty kingdom: which is spoken to make him afraid to offer violence to the subject of a king who had power to revenge any injuries offered his people: to intimidate him further, he concludes with the mention of the Gods, and in particular of *Jupiter*, as avengers of any breach of the laws of hospitality: these are arguments well chosen to move any person, but an inhuman *Polypheme*.



Low at thy knee thy succour we implore;  
Respect us, human, and relieve us, poor.  
At least some hospitable gift bestow;  
'Tis what the happy to th' unhappy owe:  
'Tis what the Gods require: those gods revere,  
The poor and stranger are their constant care;  
To *Jove* their cause, and their revenge belongs,  
He wanders with them, and he feels their wrongs.

Fools that ye are! (the savage thus replies,  
His inward fury blazing at his eyes)  
Or strangers, distant far from our abodes,  
To bid me reverence or regard the Gods.  
Know then we *Cyclops* are, a race above.  
Those air-bred people, and their goat-nurs'd *Jove*:  
And learn, our pow'r proceeds with thee and thine,  
Not as He will, but as ourselves incline.  
But answer, the good ship that brought ye o'er,  
Where lies she anchor'd? near or off the shore?

Thus he. His meditated fraud I find,  
(Vers'd in the turns of various human-kind)  
And cautious, thus. Against a dreadful rock,  
Fast by your shore the gallant vessel broke,  
Scarce with these few I escap'd; of all my train,  
Whom angry *Neptune* whelm'd beneath the main;  
The scatter'd wreck the winds blew back again.

He answer'd with his deed. His bloody hand  
Snatch'd two, unhappy! of my martial band;  
And dash'd like dogs against the stony floor;  
The pavement swims with brains and mingled  
gore,

Torn limb from limb, he spreads his horrid feast,  
And fierce devours it like a mountain beast:  
He sucks the marrow, and the blood he drains,  
Nor entrails, flesh, nor solid bone remains.  
We see the death from which we cannot move,  
And humbled groan beneath the hand of *Jove*.  
His ample maw with human carnage fill'd,  
A milky deluge next the giant swill'd;  
Then stretch'd in length o'er half the cavern'd rock,  
Lay senseless, and supine, amidst the flock,  
To seize the time, and with a sudden wound  
To fix the slumb'ring monster to the ground,  
My soul impels me; and in act I stand  
To draw the sword; but wisdom held my hand.

## NOTES.

\* *Ulysses* bids his friends to cast lots; this is done to shew that he would not voluntarily expose them to so imminent danger. If he had made the choice himself, they whom he had chosen might have thought he had given them up to destruction, and they whom he had rejected might have judged it a stain upon them as a want of merit, and so have

A deed so rash had finish'd all our fate,  
No mortal forces from the lofty gate  
Could roll the rock. In hopeless grief we lay,  
And sigh, expecting the return of day.  
Now did the rosy finger'd morn arise,  
And shed her sacred light along the skies,  
He wakes, he lights the fire, he milks the dams,  
And to the mother's teat submits the lambs.  
The task thus finish'd of his morning hours,  
Two more he snatches, murders, and devours.  
Then pleas'd and whistling, drives his flock before;  
Removes the rocky mountain from the door,  
And shuts again; with equal ease dispos'd,  
As a light quiver's lid is op'd and clos'd.  
His giant voice the echoing region fills:  
His flocks, obedient, spread o'er all the hills.

Thus left behind, e'en in the last despair  
I thought, devis'd, and *Pallas* heard my prayer.  
Revenge, and doubt, and caution work'd my breast;  
But this of many counsels seem'd the best:  
The monster's club within the cave I spy'd,  
A tree of stateliest growth, and yet undry'd,  
Green from the wood; of height and bulk so vast,  
The largest ship might claim it for a mast.  
This shorten'd of it's top, I gave my train  
A fathom's length, to shape it and to plain;  
The narrow'r end I sharpen'd to a spire;  
Whose point we harden'd with the force of fire,  
And hid it in the dust that strow'd the cave.  
Then to my few companions, bold and brave,  
Propos'd, who first the vent'rous deed should try?  
In the broad orbit of his monstrous eye  
To plunge the brand, and twirl the pointed wood,  
When slumber next should tame the man of blood.  
Just as I wish'd, the lots were cast on four: \*  
Myself the fifth. We stand and wait the hour.  
He comes with evening: all his fleecy flock  
Before him march, and pour into the rock:  
Not one, or male or female, stay'd behind;  
(So fortune chanc'd, or so some God design'd) †  
Then heaving high the stone's unwieldy weight,  
He roll'd it on the cave, and clos'd the gate.  
First down he sits, to milk the woolly dams,  
And then permits their udder to the lambs.

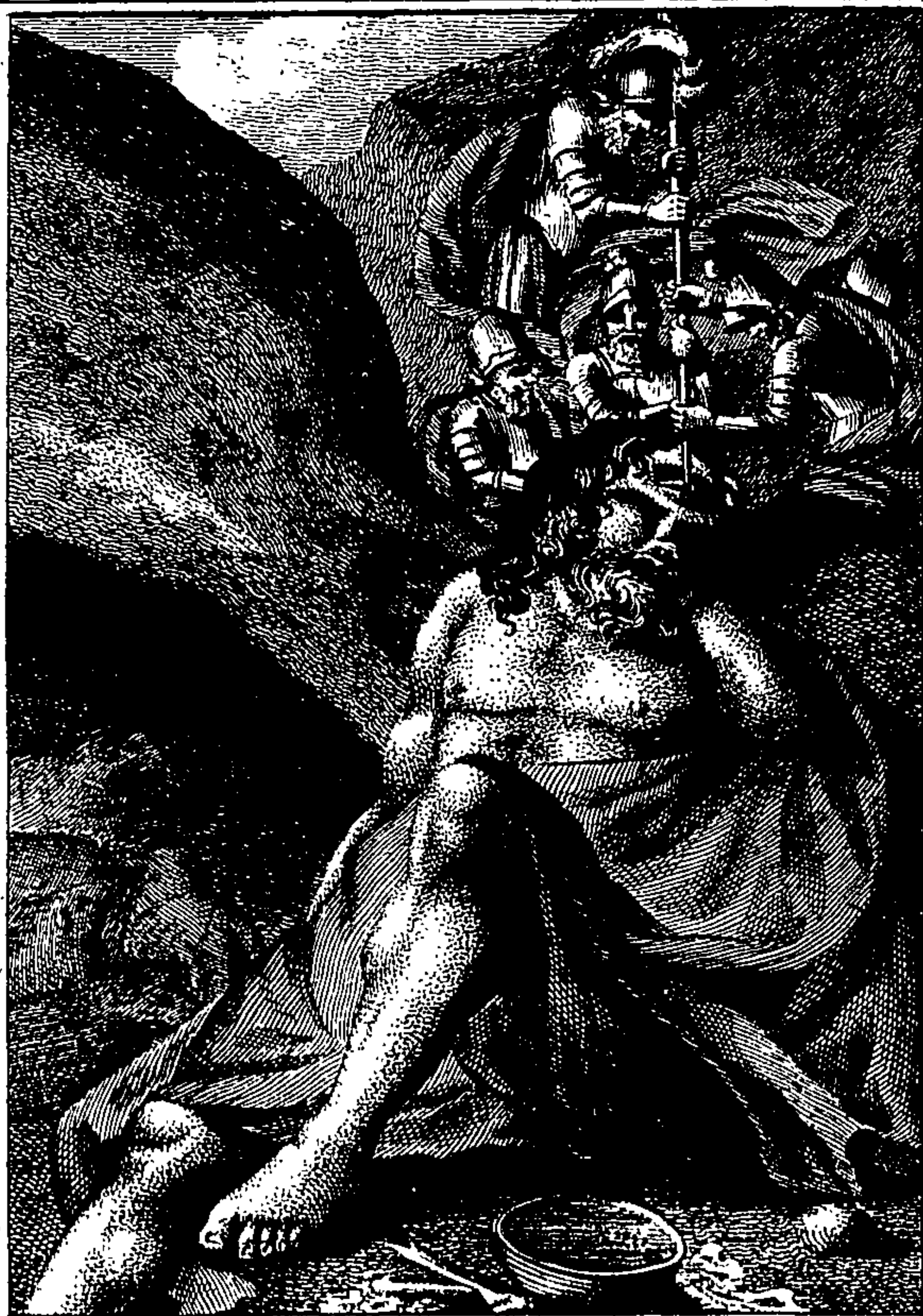
Next

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complained of injustice; but by this method he avoids these inconveniencies.

† *Ulysses* ascribes it to the influence of the Gods that *Polypheme* drives the whole flock into his den, and does not separate the females from the males as he had before done; for by this accident *Ulysses* makes his escape, as appears from the following part of the story.





*Ulysses & his Companions, being Cast on the Land of the Cyclops, in Italy, are putting out the Eye of the monstrous Giant Polyphemus, — whom they attacked by Artifice to preserve their own lives.*

*Taylor sculp!*



Next seiz'd two wretches more, and headlong cast,  
Brain'd on the rock : his second dire repast.  
I then approach'd him reeking with their gore,  
And held the brimming goblet foaming o'er:  
*Cyclop* ! since human flesh has been thy feast,  
Now drain this goblet, potent to digest :  
Know hence what treasures in our ship we lost,  
And what rich liquors other climates boast.  
We to thy shore the precious freight shall bear,  
If home thou send us, and vouchsafe to spare.  
But oh ! thus furious, thirsting thus for gore,  
The sons of men shall ne'er approach thy shore,  
And never shalt thou taste this nectar more.

He heard, he took, and pouring down his throat  
Delighted swill'd the large luxurious draught.  
More ! give me more, he cry'd : the boon be thine,  
Whoe'er thou art that bear'st celestial wine !  
Declare thy name ; not mortal is this juice,  
Such as th' unblest *Cyclopean* climes produce,  
(Tho' sure our vine the largest cluster yields,  
And *Jove's* scorn'd thunder serves to drench our fields)

But this descended from the blest abodes,  
A rill of nectar, streaming from the Gods.

He said, and greedy grasp'd the heady bowl,  
Thrice drain'd, and pour'd the deluge on his soul.  
His sense lay cover'd with the dozy fume ;  
While thus my fraudulent speech I reassume.  
Thy promis'd boon, O *Cyclop* ! now I claim,  
And plead my title : *Noman* is my name.\*  
By that distinguish'd from my tender years,  
'Tis what my parents call me, and my peers.

The giant then. Our promis'd grace receive,  
The hospitable boon we mean to give:  
When all thy wretched crew have felt my pow'r,  
*Noman* shall be the last I will devour.

He said: then nodding with the fumes of wine  
Dropt his huge head, and snoring lay supine.  
His neck obliquely o'er his shoulder hung,  
Prest with the weight of sleep that tames the strong!  
There belch'd the mingled streams of wine and blood,  
And human flesh, his indigested food.  
Sudden I stir the embers, and inspire  
With animating breath the seeds of fire ;  
Each drooping spirit with bold words repair,  
And urge my train the dreadful deed to dare.  
The stake now glow'd beneath the burning bed,  
(Green as it was) and sparkled fiery red.

Then forth the vengeful instrument I bring ;  
With beating hearts my fellows form a ring.  
Urg'd by some present God, they swift let fall  
The pointed torment on his visual ball.  
Myself above them from a rising ground  
Guide the sharp stake, and twirl'd it round and round.

As when a shipwright stands his workmen o'er,  
Who ply the wimble, some huge beam to bore ;  
Urg'd on all hands it nimbly spins about,  
The grain deep piercing till it scoops it out :  
In his broad eye so whirls the fiery wood ;  
From the pierc'd pupil spouts the boiling blood ;  
Sing'd are his brows ; the scorching lids grow black ;  
The gelly bubbles, and the fibres crack.  
And as when arm'ers temper in the ford  
The keen-edg'd pole-axe, or the shining sword,  
The red-hot metal hisses in the lake,  
Thus in his eye-ball his'd the plunging stake.  
He sends a dreadful groan : the rocks around  
Thro' all their inmost winding caves resound.  
Scar'd we receded. Forth with frantic hand  
He tore, and dash'd on earth the goary brand :  
Then calls the *Cyclops*, all that round him dwell,  
With voice like thunder, and a direful yell.  
From all their dens the one-ey'd race repair,  
From rifted rocks, and mountains bleak in air.  
All haste assembled, at his well-known roar,  
Inquire the cause, and croud the cavern door.

What hurts thee, *Polypheme* ? what strange affright  
Thus breaks our slumbers, and disturbs the night ?  
Does any mortal in th' unguarded hour  
Of sleep, oppress thee, or by fraud or pow'r ?  
Or thieves insidious the fair flock surprize ?  
Thus they: the *Cyclop* from his den replies:

Friends, *Noman* kills me ; *Noman* in the hour  
Of sleep, oppresses me with fraudulent pow'r.

" If no man hurt thee, but the hand divine

" Inflict disease, it fits thee to resign :

" To *Jove* or to thy father *Neptune* pray,"

The brethren cry'd, and instant strode away.

Joy touch'd my secret soul, and conscious heart,  
Pleas'd with th' effect of conduct and of art.  
Mean-time the *Cyclop*, raging with his wound,  
Spreads his wide arms, and searches round and round :

At last, the stone removing from the gate,  
With hands extended in the midst he sat ;

And

## NOTES.

\* This is a singular piece of pleasantry, and a very happy imagination. The whole wit or jest lies in the ambiguity of the Greek word *Outis*, No. 27.

## NOTES.

which *Ulysses* imposes upon *Polypheme* as his own name, which in reality signifies *No Man*.



And search'd each passing sheep, and felt it o'er,  
Secure to seize us ere we reach'd the door.  
(Such as his shallow wit, he deem'd was mine)  
But secret I revolv'd the deep design:  
'Twas for our lives my lab'ring bosom wrought;  
Each scheme I turn'd, and sharpen'd ev'ry  
thought;

This way and that, I cast to save my friends,  
Till one resolve my varying counsel ends.

Strong were the rams, with native purple fair,  
Well fed, and largest of the fleecy care.  
These three and three, with osier bands we ty'd,  
(The twining bands the *Cyclop's* bed supply'd)  
The midmost bore a man; the outward two  
Secur'd each side; so bound we all the crew.  
One ram remain'd, the leader of the flock;\*  
In his deep fleece my grasping hands I lock,  
And fast beneath, in woolly curls invove,  
There cling implicit, and confide in *Jove*.  
When rosy morning glimmer'd o'er the dales,  
He drove to pasture all the lusty males:  
The ewes still folded, with distended thighs†  
Unmilk'd, lay bleating in distressful cries.  
But heedless of those cares, with anguish stung,  
He felt their fleeces as they pass'd along;  
(Fool that he was) and let them safely go,  
All unsuspecting of their freight below.

The master ram at last approach'd the gate,  
Charg'd with his wool, and with *Ulysses'* fate.  
Him while he past the monster blind bespoke:  
What makes my ram the lag of all the flock?  
First thou wert wont to crop the flow'ry mead,  
First to the field and river's bank to lead,  
And first with stately step at ev'ning hour  
Thy fleecy fellows usher to their bow'r.

## NOTES.

\* This passage has been misunderstood, to imply that *Ulysses* took more care of himself than of his companions, in chusing the largest ram for his own convenience; an imputation unworthy of the character of an hero. But there is no ground for it, he takes more care of his friends than of his own person, for he allots them three sheep, and lets them escape before him. Besides, this conduct was necessary; for all his friends were bound, and, by chusing this ram, he keeps himself at liberty to unbind the rest after their escape. Neither was there any other method practicable; for, he being the last, there was no person to bind him. But it may seem improbable that a ram should be able to carry so great a burthen as *Ulysses*; the generation of sheep, as well as men, may appear to have de-

Now far the last, with pensive peace and slow  
Thou mov'st, as conscious of thy master's woe!  
Seest thou these lids that now unfold in vain?  
(The deed of *Noman* and his wicked train)  
Oh! didst thou feel for thy afflicted lord,  
And would but Fate the pow'r of speech afford;  
Soon might'st thou tell me, where in secret here  
The dastard lurks, all trembling with his fear:  
Swung round and round, and dash'd from rock to  
rock,

His batter'd brains should on the pavement smoke.  
No ease, no pleasure my sad heart receives,  
While such a monster as vile *Noman* lives.

The giant spoke, and thro' the hollow rock  
Dismiss'd the ram, the father of the flock.  
No sooner freed, and thro' th' enclosure past,  
First I release myself, my fellows last:  
Fat sheep and goats in throngs we drive before,  
And reach our vessel on the winding shore.  
With joy the sailors view their friends return'd,  
And hail us living whom as dead they mourn'd.  
Big tears of transport stand in ev'ry eye:  
I check their fondness, and command to fly.  
Aboard in haste they heave the wealthy sheep,  
And snatch their oars, and rush into the deep.

Now off at sea, and from the shallows clear,  
As far as human voice could reach the ear;  
With taunts the distant giant I accost,  
Hear me, oh *Cyclop*! hear ungracious host!  
'Twas on no coward, no ignoble slave,  
Thou meditat'st thy meal in yonder cave;  
But one, the vengeance fated from above  
Doom'd to inflict; the instrument of *Jove*.  
Thy barb'rous breach of hospitable bands,  
The God, the God revenges by my hands.

These

## NOTES.

creased since the days of *Ulysses*. *Homer* himself seems to have guarded against this objection, he describes these sheep as very large. History informs us of sheep of a very large size in other countries, and a poet is at liberty to chuse the largest, if by that method he gives his story a greater appearance of probability.

† This particularly may seem of no importance, and consequently unnecessary; but it is in poetry as in painting; they both with very good effect use circumstances that are not absolutely necessary to the subject, but only appendages and embellishments. This particular has that effect, it represents nature, and therefore gives an air of truth and probability to the story.



These words the *Cyclop*'s burning rage provoke :  
 From the tall hill he rends a pointed rock ;  
 High o'er the billows flew the massy load,  
 And near the ship came thund'ring on the flood.  
 It almost brush'd the helm, and fell before :  
 The whole sea shook, and reflux'd beat the shore.  
 The strong concussion on the heaving tide  
 Roll'd back the vessel to the island's side :  
 Again I shov'd her off ; our fate to fly,  
 Each nerve we stretch, and ev'ry oar we ply.  
 Just 'scap'd impending death, when now again  
 We twice as far had furrow'd back the main,  
 Once more I raise my voice ; my friends afraid  
 With mild intreaties my design dissuade.  
 What boots the god-less giant to provoke,  
 Whose arm may sink us at a single stroke ?  
 Already, when the dreadful rock he threw,  
 Old Ocean shook, and back his surges flew.  
 The sounding voice directs his aim again ;  
 The rock o'erwhelms us, and we 'scap'd in vain.

But I, of mind elate, and scorning fear,  
 Thus with new taunts insult the monster's ear.  
*Cyclop* ! if any, pitying thy disgrace,  
 Ask who disfigur'd thus that eye-less face ?  
 Say 'twas *Ulysses* ; 'twas his deed, declare,  
*Laertes*' son, of *Ithaca* the fair ;  
*Ulysses*, far in fighting fields renown'd,  
 Before whose arm *Troy* tumbled to the ground.

## NOTES.

\* This incident sufficiently shews the use of that dissimulation which enters into the character of *Ulysses* : if he had discovered his name, the *Cyclops* had destroyed him as his most dangerous enemy. The fidelity of the companions of *Ulysses* is highly commendable, who when they were dragged by this giant and dashed against the rock, confessed not a word concerning their lord, and scorned to purchase their lives at the expence of their honesty. *Ulysses* himself was the most *eloquent* and most *silent* of men ; he knew that a word spoken never wrought so much good, as a word concealed ; men teach us to speak, but the Gods teach us silence ; for silence is the first thing that is taught us at our initiation into sacred mysteries : and we find these companions had profited under so great a master in silence as *Ulysses*.

† This is spoken in compliance with the character of a giant, the *Phæacians* wondered at the manly stature of *Ulysses* ; *Polypheme* speaks of him as a dwarf ; his rage undoubtedly made him treat him with so much contempt. Nothing in nature can be better imagined than this story of the *Cyclops*, if we consider the assembly before which it was

Th' astonish'd savage with a roar replies :  
 Oh heav'ns ! oh faith of ancient prophecies !  
 This, *Telemus Eurymedes* foretold ;\*  
 (The mighty seer who on these hills grew old ;  
 Skill'd the dark fates of mortals to declare,  
 And learn'd in all wing'd omens of the air)  
 Long since he menac'd, such was Fate's command ;  
 And nam'd *Ulysses* as the destin'd hand.  
 I deem'd some godlike giant to behold,  
 Or lefty hero, haughty, brave, and bold ;  
 Not this weak pigmy-wretch, of mean design, †  
 Who not by strength subdu'd me, but by wine.  
 But come, accept our gifts, and join to pray  
 Great *Neptune*'s blessing on the wat'ry way :  
 For his I am, and I the lineage own ;  
 Th' immortal father no less boasts the son.  
 His pow'r can heal me, and re-light my eye ;  
 And only his, of all the Gods on high.

Oh ! could this arm (I thus aloud rejoin'd)  
 From that vast bulk dislodge thy bloody mind,  
 And send thee howling to the realms of night !  
 As sure, as *Neptune* cannot give thee fight.

Thus I : while raging he repeats his cries,  
 With hands uplifted to the starry skies.  
 Hear me, oh *Neptune* ! thou whose arms are hurl'd ‡  
 From shore to shore, and gird the solid world.  
 If thine I am, nor thou my birth disown,  
 And if th' unhappy *Cyclop* be thy son ;

Let

## NOTES.

spoken, we mean the *Phæacians*, who had been driven from their habitation by the *Cyclopeans*, as appears from the sixth of the *Odyssy*, and compelled to make a new settlement in their present country ; *Ulysses* gratifies them by shewing what revenge he took upon one of their ancient enemies, and they could not decently refuse assistance to a person who had punished those who had insulted their forefathers.

‡ This is a master-piece of art in *Ulysses* ; he shews *Neptune* to be his enemy, which might deter the *Phæacians* from assisting in his transportation, yet brings this very circumstance as an argument to induce them to it. O *Neptune*, says the *Cyclops*, destroy *Ulysses*, or if he be fated to return, may it be in a vessel not his own ! Here he plainly tells the *Phæacians* that the prayer of the *Cyclops* was almost accomplished, for his own ships were destroyed by *Neptune*, and now he was ready to sail in a foreign vessel ; by which the whole prayer would be completed. By this he persuades them, that they were the people ordained by the Fates to land him in his own country.



Let not *Ulysses* breathe his native air,  
*Laertes'* son, of *Ithaca* the fair.  
 If to review his country be his fate,  
 Be it thro' toils and suff'rings, long and late,  
 His lost companions let him first deplore;  
 Some vessel, not his own, transport him o'er;  
 And when at home from foreign suff'rings freed,  
 More near and deep, domestic woes succeed!

With imprecations thus he fill'd the air,  
 And angry *Neptune* heard th' unrighteous pray'r.  
 A larger rock then heaving from the plain,  
 He whirl'd it round: it sung across the main:  
 It fell and brush'd the stern: the billows roar,  
 Shake at the weight, and reflux beat the shore.  
 With all our force we kept aloof to sea,  
 And gain'd the island where our vessels lay.  
 Our sight the whole collected navy cheer'd,  
 Who waiting long, by turns had hop'd and fear'd.  
 There disembarking on the green sea-side,  
 We land our cattle, and the spoil divide:

## NOTES.

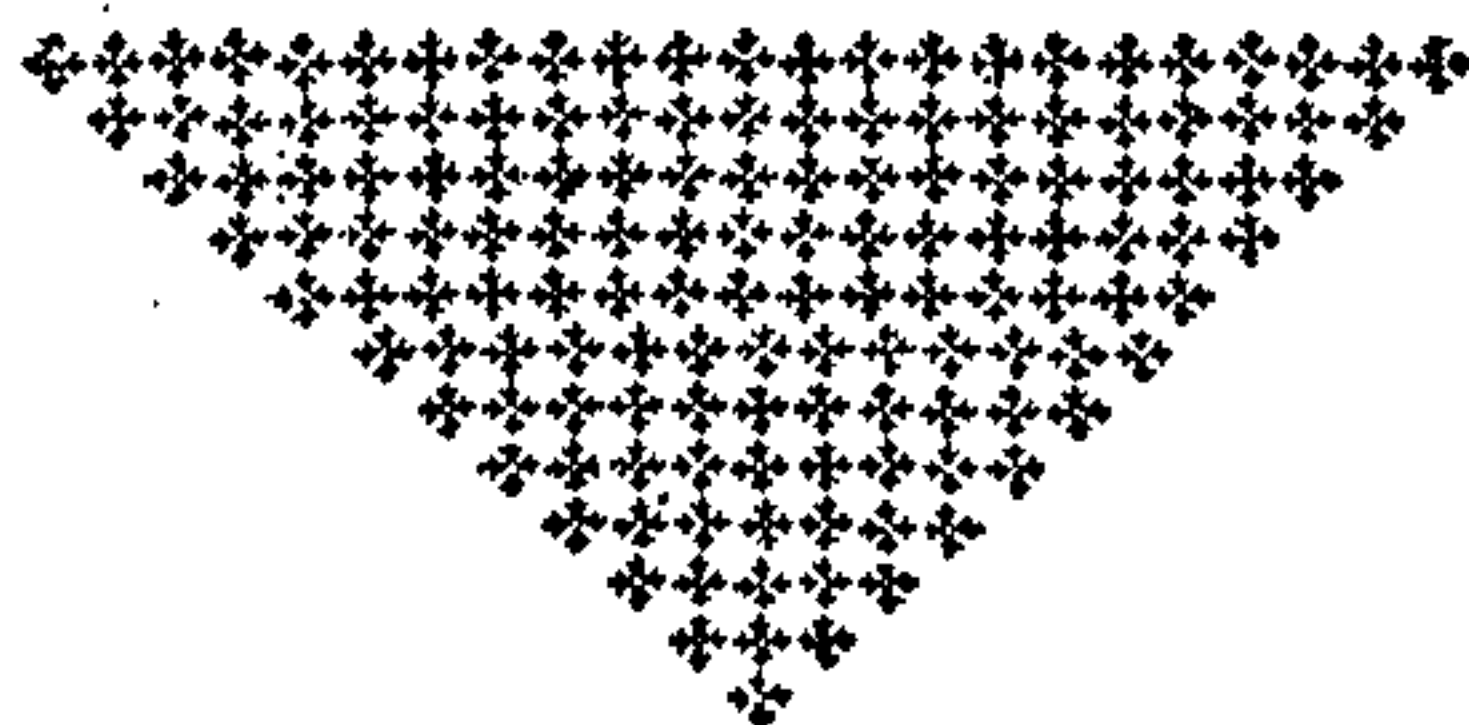
\* This perhaps might be a present of honour and distinction: but we should rather take it to be the ram which brought *Ulysses* out of the den of *Polypheme*. That hero immediately offers it in sacrifice to *Jupiter*, in gratitude for his deliverance; an instance of piety to be imitated in more enlightened ages.

Of these due shares to ev'ry sailor fall;  
 The master ram was voted mine by all: \*  
 And him (the guardian of *Ulysses'* fate)  
 With pious mind to heav'n I consecrate.  
 But the great God, whose thunder rends the skies,  
 Averse, beholds the smoking sacrifice;  
 And sees me wand'ring still from coast to coast;  
 And all my vessels, all my people, lost!

While thoughtless we indulge the genial rite,  
 As plenteous cates and flowing bowls invite;  
 Till evening *Phæbus* roll'd away the light:  
 Stretch'd on the shore in careless ease we rest,  
 Till ruddy morning purpled o'er the east.  
 Then from their anchors all our ships unbind,  
 And mounts the decks, and call the willing wind.  
 Now rang'd in order on our banks, we sweep  
 With hasty strokes the hoarse-resounding deep;  
 Blind to the future, pensive with our fears,  
 Glad for the living, for the dead in tears.

## NOTES.

The book concludes with a testimony of this hero's humanity; in the midst of the joy for his own safety his generous heart finds room for a tender sentiment for the loss of his companions; both his joy and his sorrows are commendable and virtuous.





## The TENTH BOOK of the ODYSSEY.

## A R G U M E N T.

## ADVENTURES WITH ÆOLUS, THE LESTRIGONS, AND CIRCE.

*Ulysses arrives at the island of Æolus, who gives him prosperous winds, and incloses the adverse ones in a bag; which his companions untying, they are driven back again, and rejected. Then they sail to the Lestrigons, where they lose eleven ships, and with one only remaining, proceed to the island of Circe. Eurylochus is sent first with some companions, all which, except Eurylochus, are transformed into swine. Ulysses then undertakes the adventure, and by the help of Mercury, who gives him the herb Moly, overcomes the enchantress, and procures the restoration of his men. After a year's stay with her, he prepares at her instigation for his voyage to the infernal shades.*

At length we reach'd Æolia's sea-girt shore,\*  
Where great *Hippotades* the sceptre bore,  
A floating isle! high rais'd by toil divine,  
Strong walls of brass the rocky coast confine:

Six blooming youths, in private grandeur bred,  
And six fair daughters, grac'd the royal bed:  
These sons their sisters wed, and all remain.  
Their parents pride, and pleasure of their reign.

All

## NOTES.

\* It is difficult to distinguish what is truth from what is fiction in this relation: *Diodorus*, who was a *Sicilian*, speaks of *Æolus*, and refers to this passage: "This is that *Æolus*, says he, who entertained *Ulysses* in his voyages: he is reported to have been a pious and just prince, and given to hospitality." But whence has the fable of his being the governor of the winds taken its foundation? Some tell us, that he was a very wise man, and one who from long observation could foretell what weather was like to follow: others say he was an astronomer, and studied chiefly the nature of the winds: and as *Atlas* from his knowledge in astrology was said to sustain the heavens; so *Æolus*, from his experience and observation, was fabled to be the ruler or disposer of the winds. But what explication can be given of this bag, in which he is said to bind the winds?

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## NOTES.

The reason of the fiction is supposed to be this: *Æolus* taught the use and management of sails, and having foretold *Ulysses* from what quarter the winds would blow, he may be said to have gathered them into a kind of enclosure, and retained them as use should require. *Diodorus* explains it a little differently, by saying, He taught the use of sails, and having learned from observing the bearing of the smoke and fires (of those *Vulcanian* islands) what winds would blow, he usually foretold them with exactness, and from hence he is fabled to be the disposer of the winds. There may another reason be given for the fiction of binding up the winds in a bag: they who practised the art of incantation or charms, made use of the skin of a dolphin, and pretended by certain ceremonies to bind or loose the winds as they pleased; and this practice is a sufficient.

5 X



All day they feast, all day the bowls flow round,\*  
And joy and music thro' the isle resound:  
At night each pair on splendid carpets lay,  
And crown'd with love the pleasures of the day.

This happy port affords our wand'ring fleet  
A month's reception, and a safe retreat.  
Full oft the monarch urg'd me to relate  
The fall of *Ilium*, and the *Grecian* fate;  
Full oft I told: at length for parting mov'd;  
The king with mighty gifts my suit approv'd.  
The adverse winds in leathern bags he brac'd,  
Compress'd their force, and lock'd each struggling  
blast:

For him the mighty Sire of Gods assign'd  
The tempest's lord, the tyrant of the wind;  
His word alone the list'ning storms obey,  
To smooth the deep, or swell the foamy sea.  
These in my hollow ship the monarch hung,  
Securely fetter'd by a silver thong,  
But *Zephyrus* exempt, with friendly gales  
He charg'd to fill, and guide the swelling sails:  
Rare gift! but oh, what gift to fools avails!

Nine prosp'rous days we ply'd the lab'ring oar:  
The tenth presents our welcome native shore:

## NOTES.

sufficient ground to build upon in poetry. There is another solution also worth our notice: *Homer* borrowed the word *Æolus* from the *Phœnician Aol*, which signifies a whirlwind or tempest. The *Phœnicians* observing the king of this island to be very expert in foretelling the winds, called him king *Aolin*, or king of the winds and storms; from hence *Homer* formed a proper name, and called him *Æolus*. It must be confessed, that this solution is ingenious, and not without an appearance of probability.

\* *Homer* was not unacquainted with the wonders related of this island *Lipara*. In this island, a monument is reported to be, of which they tell miracles: they assure us that they hear issuing from it the sound of timbrels or cymbals, plainly and distinctly. It is easy to perceive that this is founded upon the noise the fire makes which are enclosed in the caverns in this island, and that *Homer* alludes to the ancient name of it, which in the *Phœnician* language signifies the land of those who play upon instruments.

† These fires were a kind of beacons kept continually burning to direct navigators; the smoke gave notice by day, the light of the flame by night. *Ithaca* was environed with rocks, and consequently there was a necessity for this care, to guide sea-faring men to avoid those rocks, and to point out the places of landing with security. But is it not an

The hills display the beacon's friendly light, †  
And rising mountains gain upon our sight.  
Then first my eyes, by watchful toils oppress'd,  
Comply'd to take the balmy gifts of rest;  
Then first my hands did from the rudder part,  
(So much the love of home possess'd my heart)  
When lo! on board a fond debate arose;  
What rare device those vessels might enclose?  
What sum, what prize from *Æolus* I brought?  
Whilst to his neighbour each express'd his thought.  
Say, whence, ye Gods, contending nations  
strive

Who most shall please, who most our hero give?  
Long have his coffers groan'd with *Trojan* spoils;  
Whilst we, the wretched part'ners of his toils,  
Reproach'd by want, our fruitless labours mourn,  
And only rich in barren fame return.  
Now *Æolus*, ye see, augments his store:  
But come my friends, these mystic gifts explore.  
They said: and (oh curs'd fate!) the thongs un-  
bound! ‡

The gushing tempest sweeps the ocean round;  
Snatch'd in the whirl, the hurried navy flew,  
The ocean widen'd, and the shores withdrew.

Rowz'd

## NOTES.

imputation to the wisdom of *Ulysses* to suffer himself to be surprized with sleep, when he was almost ready to enter the ports of his own country? And is it not probable that the joy he must be supposed to receive at the sight of it, should not induce him to a few hours watchfulness? The poet very judiciously tells us, that *Ulysses* for nine days together almost continually waked and took charge of the vessel, that nature was wearied out, and that he fell into an involuntary repose; it can therefore be no diminution to his character to be forced to yield to the calls of nature, any more than it is to be hungry: his prudence and love of his country sufficiently appear from the care he took through the space of nine days to arrive at it; so that this circumstance must be imputed to the infirmity of human nature, and not to a defect of care or wisdom in *Ulysses*.

‡ By the winds enclosed in the bag, into which the companions of *Ulysses* were so unwise as to pry, may be understood, that we ought not to intrude into those mysteries of government which the prince intends to keep secret: the tempests and confusions raised by the loosing the winds, represent the mischiefs and disorders that arise from such a vain curiosity in the subject: a wise people permit the winds to rest without molestation, and satisfy themselves with those that the prince is pleased to re-  
lease



Rowz'd from my fatal sleep, I long debate  
If still to live, or desp'rate plunge to Fate: \*  
Thus doubting, prostrate on the deck I lay,  
Till all the coward thoughts of death gave way.

Mean while our vessels plough the liquid plain, }  
And soon the known *Æolian* coast regain, }  
Our groans the rocks re-murmur'd to the main. }  
We leap'd on shore, and with a scanty feast  
Our thirst and hunger hastily repress'd;  
That done, two chosen heralds strait attend  
Our second progress to my royal friend;  
And him amidst his jovial sons we found;  
The banquet streaming, and the goblets crown'd:  
There humbly stopp'd with conscious shame and  
awe,

Nor nearer than the gate presum'd to draw.  
But soon his sons their well-known guest defery'd,  
And starting from their couches loudly cry'd,  
*Ulysses* here! what dæmon couldst thou meet  
To thwart thy passage and repel thy fleet?  
Wast thou not furnish'd by our choicest care  
For *Greece*, for home, and all thy soul held dear?  
Thus they; in silence long my fate I mourn'd.  
At length these words with accent low return'd.  
Me lock'd in sleep, my faithless crew bereft  
Of all the blessings of your god-like gift!

## NOTES.

lease, and believe them to be the most proper and useful. But whatever judgment is passed upon this explication, it is certainly an instance of the ill consequences of avarice, and unseasonable curiosity.

\* We ought not to infer from this passage, that *Homer* thought a person might lawfully take away his own life to avoid the greatest dangers; what *Ulysses* here speaks arises from the violence of a sudden passion, and gives us a true picture of human nature: the wisest of men are not free from the infirmity of passion, but reason corrects and subdues it. This is the case in the instance before us; *Ulysses* has so much of the man in him as to be liable to the passion of man; but so much virtue and wisdom as to restrain and govern it.

† This unhospitable character of *Æolus* may seem contrary to the humane disposition which *Homer* before ascribed to him; he therefore tells us, that *Ulysses* appeared to him to be an object of divine vengeance, and that to give him assistance would be to act against the will of the Gods. But is not this an ill chosen relation to be made to the *Phæacians*, and might it not deter them from assisting a man whom *Æolus* had rejected as an enemy to the Gods? We answer, that it was evident to the *Phæacians*,

But grant, oh grant our loss we may retrieve:  
A favour you, and you alone can give.

Thus I with art to move their pity try'd,  
And touch'd the youths; but their stern fire reply'd,  
Vile wretch, begone! this instant I command †  
Thy fleet accurs'd to leave our hallow'd land.  
His baneful suit pollutes these bless'd abodes,  
Whose fate proclaims him hateful to the Gods.

Thus fierce he said: we sighing went our way,  
And with desponding hearts put off to sea.  
The sailors spent with toils their folly mourn,  
But mourn in vain; no prospect of return.  
Six days and nights a doubtful course we steer,  
The next proud *Lamus*' stately tow'rs appear,  
And *Lastrigonia*'s gates arise distinct in air.  
The shepherd quitting here at night the plain, ‡  
Calls, to succeed his cares, the watchful swain;  
But he that scorns the chains of sleep to wear,  
And adds the herdsman's to the shepherd's care,  
So near the pastures, and so short the way,  
His double toils may claim a double pay,  
And join the labours of the night and day.

Within a long recess a bay there lies,  
Edg'd round with cliffs, high pointing to the skies;  
The jutting shores that swell on either side  
Contract it's mouth, and break the rushing tide.

Our

## NOTES.

that *Ulysses* was no longer under the displeasure of heaven, that the imprecations of *Polypheme* were fulfilled; he being to be transported to his own country by strangers, according to his prayer in the ninth of the *Odyssey*, and consequently the *Phæacians* have nothing to fear from the assistance which they lend *Ulysses*.

‡ This passage has been thought to be very difficult; but the following solution makes it intelligible: the land of the *Lastrigons* was fruitful, and fit for pasture; it was the practice to tend the sheep by day, and the oxen by night; for it was infested by a kind of fly that was very grievous to the oxen by day, whereas the wool of the sheep defended them from it: and therefore the shepherds drove their oxen to pasture by night. If the same shepherd who watched the sheep by day, could pass the night without sleep, and attend the oxen, he performed a double duty, and consequently merited a double reward. *Homer* says, that the ways of the night and day were near to each other, that is, the pastures of the sheep and oxen, and the ways that led to them were adjacent: for the shepherd that drove his flock home, could call to the herdsman, who drove his herds to pasture and be heard with ease, and therefore the road must be adjoining.



Our eager sailors seize the fair retreat,  
And bound within the port their crowded fleet:  
For here retir'd the sinking billows sleep,  
And smiling calmness silver'd o'er the deep.  
I only in the bay refus'd to moor,\*  
And fix'd, without, my haulsers to the shore.

From thence we climb'd a point, whose airy brow  
Commands the prospect of the plains below:  
No tracks of beasts, or signs of men we found,  
But smoaky volumes rolling from the ground.  
Two with our herald thither we command,  
With speed to learn what men possess'd the land.  
They went, and kept the wheel's smooth beaten  
road

Which to the city drew the mountain wood;  
When lo! they met, beside a crystal spring,  
The daughter of *Antiphates* the king;†  
She to *Artacia's* silver streams came down,  
(*Artacia's* streams alone supply the town:)  
The damsel they approach, and ask what race  
The people were? who monarch of the place?  
With joy the maid, th' unwary strangers heard,  
And shew'd them where the royal dome appear'd.  
They went; but as they ent'ring saw the queen  
Of size enormous, and terrific mien,  
(Not yielding to some bulky mountain's height)  
A sudden horror struck their aking sight.  
Swift at her call her husband scour'd away  
To wreak his hunger on the destin'd prey;  
One for his food the raging glutton slew,  
But two rush'd out, and to the navy flew.

Baulk'd of his prey, the yelling monster flies,  
And fills the city with his hideous cries;  
A ghastly band of giants hear the roar,  
And pouring down the mountains, croud the shore.

## NOTES.

\* It may appear at the first view, that *Ulysses* took more care of himself than of his companions; and it may be asked, why did he not restrain them from entering the bay, when his caution plainly shews that he was apprehensive of danger? had he more fear than the rest of the company? No; but a greater foresight; a wise man provides as far as lies within his power against all contingencies, and the event shews, that his companions were rash, and he wise to act with so much circumspection; they staid not for command, and therefore were justly punished for acting precipitately without the direction of their general and king.

† It is not evident from whence *Ulysses* had the knowledge of these particulars; the persons whom he sent to search the land perished in the attempt; or were destroyed with the fleet by the *Læstrigons*:

Fragments they rend from off the craggy brow,  
And dash the ruins on the ships below:  
The crackling vessels burst; hoarse groans arise,  
And mingled horrors echo to the skies;  
The men, like fish, they stuck upon the flood,  
And cram'd their filthy throats with human food.  
Whilst thus their fury rages at the bay,  
My sword our cables cut, I call'd to weigh;  
And charg'd my men, as they from fate would fly,  
Each nerve to strain, each bending oar to ply.  
The sailors catch the word, their oars they seize,  
And sweep with equal strokes the smoaky seas;  
Clear of the rocks th' impatient vessel flies;  
Whilst in the port each wretch encumber'd dies.  
With earnest haste my frightened sailors press,  
While kindling transports glow'd at our success;  
But the sad fate that did our friends destroy  
Cool'd ev'ry breast, and damp'd the rising joy.

Now dropp'd our anchors in th' *Ææan* bay,  
Where *Circe* dwelt, the daughter of the day;  
Her mother *Persè*, of old Ocean's strain,  
Thus from the Sun descended, and the Main;  
(From the same lineage stern *Æetes* came,  
The far-fam'd brother of th' enchantress dame)  
Goddeßs, and queen, to whom the pow'rs belong.  
Of dreadful magic, and commanding song.  
Some God directing, to this peaceful bay  
Silent we came, and melancholy lay,  
Spent and o'erwatch'd. Two days and nights roll'd  
on,

And now the third succeeding morning shone,  
I climb'd a cliff, with spear and sword in hand,‡  
Whose ridge o'erlook'd a shady length of land;  
To learn if aught of mortal works appear,  
Or chearful voice of mortal strike the ear?

From

## NOTES.

how then could this relation be made to *Ulysses*? It is probable that he had his information from *Circe* or *Calypso*, for *Circe* in the sequel of the *Odyssey* tells *Ulysses*, that she was acquainted with all the sufferings that he had undergone by sea; and if she, as a Goddess, knew his adventures, why might she not relate to him these particulars? *Homer* a little lower tells us, that the *Læstrigons* transfix'd the companions of *Ulysses*, and then carried them away on their weapons like so many fishes; others prefer the idea of connecting them together like a range of fishes; both which very well express the prodigious strength of these giants.

‡ *Ulysses* himself here takes a general view of the island, but sends his companions for a more particular information; this was necessary to introduce the following story, and give it an air of probability; if



From the high point I mark'd, in distant view,  
A stream of curling smoke, ascending blue,  
And spiry tops, the tufted trees above,  
Of *Circe's* palace bosom'd in the grove.

Thither to haste, the region to explore,  
Was first my thought: but speeding back to shore  
I deem'd it best to visit first my crew,  
And send out spies the dubious coast to view.  
As down the hill I solitary go,  
Some pow'r divine who pities human woe  
Sent a tall stag, descending from the wood,  
To cool his fervour in the crystal flood;  
Luxuriant on the wave-worn bank he lay,  
Stretch'd forth, and panting in the sunny ray.  
I lanc'd my spear, and with a sudden wound  
Transpierc'd his back, and fix'd him to the ground.  
He falls, and mourns his fate with human cries:  
'Thro' the wide wound the vital spirit flies.  
I drew, and casting on the river side  
The bloody spear, his gather'd feet I ty'd  
With twining osiers which the bank supply'd.  
An ell in length the pliant wisp I weav'd,  
And the huge body on my shoulders heav'd:  
Then leaning on the spear with both my hands,  
Up-bore my load, and press'd the sinking sands  
With weighty steps, till at the ship I threw  
The welcome burthen, and bespoke my crew.

## NOTES.

if he had made the experiment in his own person, his virtue would have been proof against the forgeries of *Circe*, and consequently there could not have been room for a description of her enchantments.

\* The interpretations of this passage are various; some judge these words not to proceed from the ignorance of *Ulysses*, but that they are the language of despair suggested by his continual calamities: for how could *Ulysses* be ignorant of the east or west, when he saw the sun rise and set every day? Others understand it to signify, that he was ignorant of the clime of the world in which this island lay. Some again are of opinion, that the appearance of the heavenly bodies, as the stars, &c. were different in this island from the position which he had ever before observed in any country, and therefore he might well confess his ignorance, and express his concern for his almost desperate condition. And indeed the mind of man is apt to dwell long upon any object, by which it is deeply affected, as *Ulysses* must here be supposed to be, and therefore he might enlarge upon the sentiment advanced in the former line. The meaning then will be this: I know

No. 27.

Cheer up, my friends! it is not yet our fate  
To glide with ghosts thro' *Pluto's* gloomy gate.  
Food in the desert land, behold! is giv'n,  
Live, and enjoy the providence of heav'n.

The joyful crew survey his mighty size,  
And on the future banquet feast their eyes,  
As huge in length extended lay the beast;  
Then wash their hands, and hasten to the feast.  
There, till the setting sun roll'd down the light,  
They sat indulging in the genial rite.

When evening rose, and darkness cover'd o'er  
The face of things, we slept along the shore.  
But when the rosy morning warm'd the east,  
My men I summon'd, and these words address'd.

Followers and friends, attend what I propose:  
Ye sad companions of *Ulysses's* woes!

We know not here what land before us lies,  
Or to what quarter now we turn our eyes,  
Or where the sun shall set, or where shall rise.\*  
Here let us think (if thinking be not vain)  
If any counsel, any hope remain.†

Alas! from yonder promontory's brow,  
I view'd the coast, a region flat and low;  
An isle incircled with the boundless flood;  
A length of thickets, and entangled wood.  
Some smoke I saw amid the forest rise,  
And all around it only seas and skies!

With

## NOTES.

not, says that hero, where this island lies, whether east or west, where the sun rises, or where he sets. We should therefore understand *Ulysses* to mean, that he knows not how this island lies with respect to the rest of the world, and especially to *Ithaca* his own country. This is evident from his conduct when he sailed from *Formiæ*, the land of the *Læstrigons*; for instead of making towards the east where *Ithaca* lay, he bore to this island of *Circe*, which lies on the west of *Formiæ*.

† This expression may be thought unworthy of the mouth of an hero, and serve only to cause his companions to despair; but in reality it has a double effect; it gives us a lively picture of human nature, which in the greatest men will shew some degrees of sensibility, and at the same time it arms his friends against surprize, and sets the danger they are in full before their eyes, that they may proceed with due circumspection. We do not find that *Ulysses* abandons himself to despair, he still acts like a brave man, but joins wisdom with bravery, and proceeds at once with the caution of a philosopher, and the spirit of an hero.

5 Y



With broken hearts my sad companions stood, }  
 Mindful of *Cyclops* and his human food,  
 And horrid *Lestrygons*, the men of blood.  
 Prefaging tears apace began to rain;  
 But tears in mortal miseries are vain.  
 In equal parts I strait divide my band,  
 And name a chief each party to command;  
 I led the one, and of the other side  
 Appointed brave *Eurylochus* the guide.  
 Then in the brazen helm the lots we throw,\*  
 And fortune casts *Eurylochus* to go:  
 He march'd with twice eleven in his train:  
 Pensive they march, and pensive we remain.  
 The palace in a woody vale they found,  
 High rais'd of stone; a shaded space around:  
 Where mountain wolves and brindled lions  
 roam, †  
 (By magic tam'd) familiar to the dome.  
 With gentle blandishment our men they meet,  
 And wag their tails, and fawning lick their feet.  
 As from some feast a man returning late,  
 His faithful dogs all meet him at the gate,  
 Rejoicing round, some morsel to receive,  
 (Such as the good man ever us'd to give.)

## NOTES.

\* This expedition appeared very hazardous, and if *Ulysses* had directly commanded a select number of his men to attempt it, they might have thought he had exposed them to almost certain destruction; but the contrary conduct takes away this apprehension, and at the same time shews the bravery of *Ulysses*, who puts himself upon a level with the meanest of his soldiers, and is ready to expose his person to an equality of danger.

† There is a beautiful moral couched under this fable or allegory: *Homer* intended to teach, that pleasure and sensuality debase men into beasts. Perhaps by the fawning wolves and lions that guard the portals of *Circe's* palace, the poet means to represent the attendants of such houses of debauchery, which appear gentle and courteous, but are in reality of a brutal disposition, and more dangerous than lions. But upon what foundation is this fable built? Many writers inform us, that *Circe* was a famous courtesan, and that her beauty drew her admirers as it were by enchantment.

‡ It is an undoubted truth, that *Homer* ascribes more power to these magical drugs and incantations than they have in reality; but we are to remember that he is speaking before a credulous audience, who readily believed these improbabilities, and at the same time he very judiciously provides for

Domestic thus the grisly beasts drew near;  
 They gaze with wonder, not immix'd with fear.  
 Now on the threshold of the dome they stood,  
 And heard a voice resounding thro' the wood:  
 Plac'd at her loom within, the Goddess sung;  
 The vaulted roofs and solid pavement rung.  
 O'er the fair web the rising figures shine,  
 Immortal labour! worthy hands divine:  
 Polite to the rest the question mov'd,  
 (A gallant leader, and a man I lov'd.)

What voice celestial, chaunting to the loom,  
 (Or nymph, or Goddess) echoes from the room?  
 Say shall we seek access? With that they call;  
 And wide unfold the portals of the hall.

The Goddess rising, asks her guests to stay,  
 Who blindly follow where she leads the way.  
*Eurylochus* alone of all the band,  
 Suspecting fraud, more prudently remain'd.  
 On thrones around, with downy coverings grac'd,  
 With semblance fair th' unhappy men she plac'd.  
 Milk newly prest, the sacred flow'r of wheat,  
 And honey fresh, and *Pramnian* wines the treat:  
 But venom'd was the bread, and mix'd the bowl, ‡  
 With drugs of force to darken all the soul:

Soon

## NOTES.

the satisfaction of his more understanding readers, by couching an excellent moral under his fables; viz. that by indulging our appetites we sink below the dignity of human nature, and degenerate into brutality. We are not in the number of those who believe that there never were any magicians who performed things of an uncommon nature: the story of *Jannes* and *Jambres*, of the witch of *Endor*, and *Simon Magus*, are undeniable instances of the contrary. Magic is supposed to have been first practised in *Aegypt*, and to have spread afterwards among the *Chaldeans*: it is very evident that *Homer* had been in *Aegypt*, where he might hear an account of the wonders performed by it. But if any person thinks that magic is mere fable, and never had any existence, yet established fame and common opinion justify a poet for using it. What has been more ridiculed than the winds being inclosed in a bag by *Aeolus*, and committed to *Ulysses*? but as absurd as this appears, more countries than *Lapland* pretend to the power of selling a storm or a fair wind at this day, as is notorious from travellers of credit; and perhaps a poet would not even in these ages be thought ridiculous, if speaking of *Lapland*, he should introduce one of these *Venefica's*, and describe the ceremonies she used in the performance of her pretended incantations.



Soon in the luscious feast themselves they lost,  
And drank oblivion of their native coast.  
Instant her circling wand the Goddess waves,  
To hogs transforms 'em, and the sty receives.  
No more was seen the human form divine,\*  
Head, face, and members bristle into swine:  
Still curst with sense, their minds remain alone,  
And their own voice affrights them when they groan.

Mean-while the Goddess in disdain bestows  
The mast and acorn, brutal food! and strows  
The fruits of cornel, as their feast, around;  
Now prone and groveling on unfav'ry ground.

*Eurylochus* with pensive steps and flow,  
Aghast returns; the messenger of woe,  
And bitter fate. To speak he made essay,  
In vain essay'd, nor would his tongue obey,  
His swelling heart deny'd the words their way:  
But speaking tears the want of words supply,  
And the full soul bursts copious from his eye.  
Affrighted, anxious for our fellows fates,  
We press to hear what sadly he relates.

We went, *Ulysses*! (such was thy command)†  
Thro' the lone thicket, and the desert land.

A palace in a woody vale we found  
Brown with dark forests, and with shades around.  
A voice celestial echo'd from the dome,  
Or nymph, or Goddess, chanting to the loom.  
Access we sought, nor was access deny'd:  
Radiant she came; the portals open'd wide:  
The Goddess mild invites the guests to stay:  
They blindly follow where she leads the way  
I only wait behind, of all the train;  
I waited long, and ey'd the doors in vain:  
The rest are vanish'd, none repass'd the gate;  
And not a man appears to tell their fate.

I heard, and instant o'er my shoulders flung  
The belt in which my weighty faulchion hung;  
(A beamy blade) then seiz'd the bended bow,  
And bade him guide the way, resolv'd to go.  
He, prostrate falling, with both hands embrac'd‡  
My knees, and weeping, thus his suit address'd.

O King belov'd of *Jove*! thy servant spare,  
And ah, thyself the rash attempt forbear!  
Never, alas! thou never shalt return,  
Or see the wretched for whose loss we mourn.  
With what remains, from certain ruin fly,  
And save the few not fated yet to die.

I answer'd

#### NOTES.

\* *Longinus* reports a criticism of *Zoilus*; he is very pleasant upon this transformation of the companions of *Ulysses*, and calls them, *the squeaking pigs of Homer*; we may gather from this instance the nature of his criticisms, and conjecture that they tended to turn the finest incidents of *Homer* into ridicule. Burlesque was his talent, and instead of informing the reader by pointing out the errors of the poem, his only aim was to make his readers laugh; but he drew upon himself the indignation of all the learned world: he was known by the name of the vile *Thracian* slave, and lived in great want and poverty; and posterity prosecutes his memory with the same animosity. The man was really very learned, as *Dionysius Halicarn.* informs us: his morals were never reproached, and yet, as *Vitruvius* relates, he was crucified by *Ptolemy*, or as others write, stoned to death, or burnt alive at *Smyrna*; so that his only crime was his defamation of *Homer*: a tragical instance of the great value which was set upon his poetry by antiquity, and of the danger of attacking a celebrated author with malice and envy.

† We have here a very lively picture of a person in a great fright, which was admired by the ancients. There is not only a remarkable harmony in the flowing of the poetry, but the very manner of speaking represents the disorder of the speaker; he is in too great an emotion to introduce his speech

#### NOTES.

by any preface, he breaks at once into it, without preparation, as if he could not soon enough deliver his thoughts. These lines are an instance of the great judgment of *Homer*: there is nothing which gives more life to a discourse, than the taking away the connections and conjunctions; when the discourse is not bound together and embarrassed, it walks and slides along of itself, and will want very little oftentimes of going faster even than the thought of the orator.

‡ The character of *Eurylochus*, who had married *Climene* the sister of *Ulysses*, is the character of a brave man, who being witness to the dreadful fate of his companions is dissident of himself, and judges that the only way to conquer the danger is to fly from it. To fear upon such an occasion is not cowardice, but wisdom. But what is more remarkable in this description, is the art of *Homer* in inserting the character of a brave man under so great a consternation to set off the character of *Ulysses*, who knows how at once to be bold and wise; for the more terrible and desperate the adventure is represented by *Eurylochus*, the greater appears the intrepidity of *Ulysses*, who trusting to his own wisdom, and the assistance of the Gods, has the courage to attempt it. What adds to the merit of the action is, that he undertakes it solely for his companions.



I answer'd stern. Inglorious then remain,  
Here feast and loiter, and desert thy train:  
Alone, unfriended, will I tempt my way;  
The laws of Fate compel, and I obey.

This said, and scornful turning from the shore  
My haughty step, I stalk'd the valley o'er.  
Till now approaching nigh the magic bow'r,  
Where dwelt th' enchantress skill'd in herbs of pow'r;  
A form divine forth illu'd from the wood,  
(Immortal *Hermes* with the golden rod)  
In human semblance. On his bloomy face  
Youth smil'd celestial, with each opening grace.  
He seiz'd my hand, and gracious thus began.  
Ah whither roam'st thou? much-enduring man!  
O blind to fate! what led thy steps to rove  
The horrid mazes of this magic grove?  
Each friend you seek in yon enclosure lies,  
All lost their form, and habitants of flies.  
Think'st thou by wit to model their escape?  
Sooner shalt thou, a stranger to thy shape,  
Fall prone their equal: First thy danger know,  
Then take the antidote the Gods bestow.  
The plant I give thro' all the direful bow'r  
Shall guard thee, and avert the evil hour.  
Now hear her wicked arts. Before thy eyes  
The bowl shall sparkle, and the banquet rise;  
Take this, nor from the faithless feast abstain,  
For temper'd drugs and poisons shall be vain.  
Soon as she strikes her wand, and gives the word,  
Draw forth and brandish thy refulgent sword,  
And menace death: those menaces shall move  
Her alter'd mind to blandishment and love.  
Nor shun the blessing proffer'd to thy arms,  
Ascend her bed, and taste celestial charms:  
So shall thy tedious toils a respite find,  
And thy lost friends return to human kind.

But swear her first by those dread oaths that tie  
The pow'rs below, the blessed in the sky;  
Lest to the naked secret fraud be meant,  
Or magic bind thee, cold and impotent.

Thus while he spoke, the sov'reign plant he  
drew,\*

Where on th' all-bearing earth unmark'd it grew,  
And shew'd it's nature and it's wond'rous pow'r:  
Black was the root, but milky white the flow'r;  
*Moly* the name, to mortals hard to find,  
But all is easy to th' ethereal kind.  
This *Hermes* gave, then gliding off the glade,  
Shot to *Olympus* from the woodland shade.

While full of thought, revolving Fates to come,  
I speed my passage to th' enchanted dome:  
Arriv'd, before the lofty gates I stay'd;  
The lofty gates the Goddess wide display'd;  
She leads before, and to the feast invites;  
I follow sadly to the magic rites.  
Radiant with starry studs, a silver seat  
Receiv'd my limbs; a footstool eas'd my feet.  
She mix'd the potion, fraudulent of soul;  
The poison mantled in the golden bowl.  
I took, and quaff'd it, confident in heav'n:†  
Then wav'd the wand, and then the word was giv'n.  
Hence, to thy fellows! (dreadful she began)  
Go, be a beast! — I heard, and yet was man.

Then sudden whirling like a waving flame  
My beamy falchion, I assault the dame.  
Struck with unusual fear, she trembling cries,  
She faints, she falls; she lifts her weeping eyes.

What art thou? say! from whence, from whom you  
came?

O more than human! tell thy race, thy name.  
Amazing strength, these poisons to sustain!  
Not mortal thou, nor mortal is thy brain.

Or

#### NOTES.

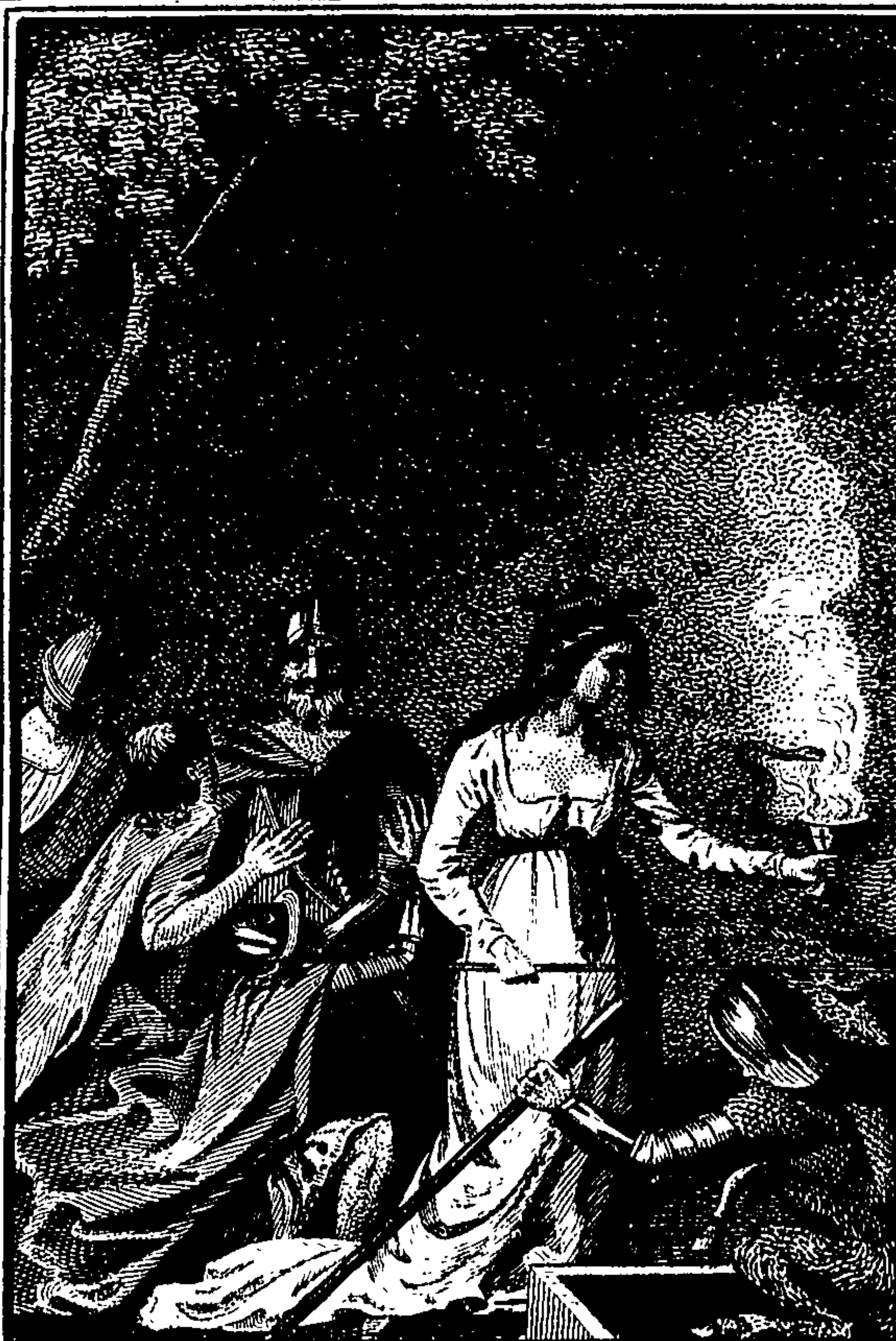
\* This whole passage is to be understood allegorically. *Mercury* is Reason, he being the God of Science: the plant which he gives as a preservative against incantation is instruction; the root of it is black, the flower white and sweet; the root denotes that the foundation or principles of instruction appear obscure and bitter, and are distasteful at first, according to that saying of *Plato*, *The beginnings of instruction are always accompanied with reluctance and pain*. The flower of *Moly* is white and sweet; this denotes that the fruits of instruction are sweet, agreeable, and nourishing. *Mercury* gives this plant; this intimates, that all instruction is the gift of Heaven: *Mercury* brings it not with him, but gathers it from the place where he stands, to shew that wisdom is not confined to places, but that every where it may

#### NOTES.

be found, if Heaven vouchsafes to discover it, and we are disposed to receive and follow it.

† It may be asked if *Ulysses* is not as culpable as his companions, in drinking this potion? Where lies the difference? And how is the allegory carried on, when *Ulysses* yields to the solicitation of *Circe*, that is Pleasure, and indulges, not resists his appetites? The moral of the fable is, that all pleasure is not unlawful, but the excess of it: We may enjoy, provided it be with moderation. *Ulysses* does not taste till he is fortified against it; whereas his companions yielded without any care or circumspection; they indulged their appetites only, *Ulysses* takes merely out of a desire to deliver his associates: he makes himself master of *Circe*, or Pleasure, and is not in the power of it, and enjoys it upon his own terms; they





*Circe a famed Enchantress, after having changed the  
Companions of Ulysses into the forms of Wolves, Bears, Swine, &c.  
in order to keep him on her Island, — restores them to their  
former Shapes.*

*Barclay sculp.*



Or art thou he? the man to come (foretold  
By *Hermes* pow'rful with the wand of gold)  
The man from *Troy*, who wander'd ocean round?  
The man for Wisdom's various arts renown'd,  
*Ulysses*? Oh! thy threat'ning fury cease,  
Sheathe thy bright sword, and join our hands in peace:  
Let mutual joys our mutual trust combine,  
And love and love-born confidence be thine.

And how, dread *Circe*! (furious I rejoin)  
Can love and love-born confidence be mine?  
Beneath thy charms when my companions groan,  
Transform'd to beasts, with accents not their own?  
O thou of fraudulent heart! shall I be led\*  
To share thy feast-rites, or ascend thy bed;  
That, all unarm'd, thy vengeance may have vent,  
And magic bind me, cold and impotent?  
Celestial as thou art, yet stand deny'd;  
Or swear that oath by which the Gods are ty'd,  
Swear, in thy soul no latent frauds remain,  
Swear, by the vow which never can be vain.

The Goddess swore: then seiz'd my hand, and led  
To the sweet transports of the genial bed.  
Ministrant to their Queen, with busy care  
Four faithful handmaids the soft rites prepare;†  
Nymphs sprung from fountains, or from shady woods,  
Or the fair offspring of the sacred floods.  
One o'er the couches painted carpets threw,  
Whose purple lustre glow'd against the view:  
White linen lay beneath. Another plac'd  
The silver stands with golden flasks grac'd:  
With dulcet bev'rage this the beaker crown'd,  
Fair in the midst, with gilded cups around:  
That in the tripod o'er the kindled pile  
The water pours; the bubbling waters boil:  
An ample vase receives the smoking wave,  
And in the bath prepar'd my limbs I lave;  
Reviving sweets repair the mind's decay,  
And take the painful sense of toil away.  
A vest and tunick o'er me next she threw,  
Fresh from the bath and dropping balmy dew;

## NOTES

they are slaves to it, and out of a capacity ever to regain their freedom but by the assistance of *Ulysses*. The general moral of the whole fable of *Circe* is, that pleasure is as dreadful an enemy as danger, and a *Circe* as hard to be conquered as a *Polypheme*.

\* We have here the picture of a man truly wise, who when pleasure courts him to indulge his appetites, not only knows how to abstain, but suspects it to be a bait to draw him into some inconveniences: A man should never think himself in security in the house of a *Circe*. It may be added, that these apprehensions of *Ulysses* are not without foundation.

No. 27.

Then led and plac'd me on the sov'reign seat,  
With carpets spread; a footstool at my feet.  
The golden ew'r a nymph obsequious brings,  
Replenish'd from the cool, translucent springs;  
With copious water the bright vase supplies  
A silver laver of capacious size.  
I wash'd. The table in fair order spread,  
They heap the glittering canisters with bread;  
Viands of various kinds allure the taste,  
Of choicest sort and flavour, rich repast!  
*Circe* in vain invites the feast to share;  
Absent I ponder, and absorpt in care:  
While scenes of woe rose anxious in my breast,  
The Queen beheld me, and these words address'd.

Why sits *Ulysses* silent and apart?  
Some hoard of grief close harbour'd at his heart.  
Untouch'd before thee stand the cates divine,  
And unregarded laughs the rosy wine.  
Can yet a doubt, or any dread remain,  
When sworn that oath which never can be vain?

I answer'd, Goddess! human is thy breast,  
By justice sway'd, by tender pity prest:  
Ill fits it me, whose friends are sunk to beasts,  
To quaff thy bowls, or riot in thy feasts.  
Me would'st thou please? for them thy cares employ,  
And them to me restore, and me to joy.

With that, she parted: in her potent hand  
She bore the virtue of the magic wand.  
Then hast'ning to the styces set wide the door,  
Urg'd forth, and drove the bristly herd before;  
Unwieldly, out they rush'd, with gen'ral cry,  
Enormous beasts dishonest to the eye.  
Now touch'd by counter-charms, they change again,  
And stand majestic, and recall'd to men.  
Those hairs of late that bristled ev'ry part,  
Fall off, miraculous effect of art:  
Till all the form in full proportion rise,  
More young, more large, more graceful to my eyes.‡  
They saw, they knew me, and with eager pace  
Clung to their master in a long embrace:

Sad,

## NOTES

dation; from this intercourse with that Goddess, *Telegonus* sprung, who accidentally slew his father *Ulysses*.

† This large description of the entertainment in the palace of *Circe* is particularly judicious; *Ulysses* is in an house of pleasure, and the poet dwells upon it, and shews how every circumstance contributes to promote and advance it. The attendants are all nymphs, and the bath and perfumes usher in the feast and wines.

‡ *Homer* excellently carries on his allegory: he intends by this expression of the enlargement of the

5 Z



Sad, pleasing sight! with tears each eye ran o'er,  
And sobbings of joy re-echo'd thro' the bow'r:  
Ev'n *Circe* wept, her adamant heart  
Felt pity enter, and sustain'd her part.

Son of *Laertes*! (then the Queen began)  
O much-enduring, much-experienc'd man!  
Haste to thy vessel on the sea-beat shore,  
Unload thy treasures, and thy gally moor;  
Then bring thy friends, secure from future harms,  
And in our grottos stow thy spoils and arms.

She said. Obedient to her high command  
I quit the place, and hasten to the strand.  
My sad companions on the beach I found,  
Their wistful eyes in floods of sorrow drown'd.  
As from fresh pastures and the dewy field\*  
(When loaded cribs their evening banquet yield)  
The lowing herds return; around them throng  
With leaps and bounds their late imprison'd young,  
Rush to their mothers with unruly joy,  
And echoing hills return the tender cry:  
So round me press'd exulting at my sight,  
With cries and agonies of wild delight,  
The weeping failors; nor less fierce their joy  
Than if return'd to *Ithaca* from *Troy*.  
Ah master! ever honour'd, ever dear,  
(These tender words on ev'ry side I hear)  
What other joy can equal thy return?  
Not that lov'd country for whose sight we mourn,  
The soil that nurs'd us, and that gave us breath:  
But ah! relate our lost companions' death.  
I answer'd chearful. Haste, your gally moor,  
And bring our treasures and our arms ashore:  
Those in yon hollow caverns let us lay;  
Then rise and follow where I lead the way.

## NOTES.

beauty of *Ulysses's* companions, to teach that men who turn from an evil course, into the paths of virtue, excel even themselves; having learned the value of virtue from the miseries they suffered in pursuit of vice, they become new men, and as it were enjoy a second life.

\* If this simile were to be rendered literally, it would run thus; "as calves seeing the droves of cows returning at night when they are filled with their pasturage, run skipping out to meet them; the stalls no longer detain them, but running round their dams they fill the plain with their lowings, &c." If a similitude of this nature were to be introduced into modern poetry, we are of opinion it would fall under ridicule for a want of delicacy: but in reality, images drawn from nature, and a rural life, have always a very good effect; in particular, this before us enlivens a melancholy description of sorrows, and so

Your fellows live: believe your eyes, and come  
To take the joys of *Circe's* sacred dome.

With ready speed the joyful crew obey:

Alone *Eurylochus* persuades their stay.  
Whither (he cry'd) ah whither will ye run?  
Seek ye to meet those evils ye should shun?  
Will you the terrors of the dome explore,  
In swine to grovel, or in lions roar,  
Or wolf-like howl away the midnight hour.  
In dreadful watch around the magic bow'r?  
Remember *Cyclops*, and his bloody deed;  
The leader's rashness made the soldiers bleed.

I heard incens'd, and first resolv'd to speed  
My flying faulchion at the rebel's head.  
Dear as he was, by ties of kindred bound,  
This hand had stretch'd him breathless on the ground;  
But all at once my interposing train  
For mercy pleaded, nor could plead in vain.  
Leave here the man who dares his prince desert,  
Leave to repentance and his own sad heart,  
To guard the ship. Seek we the sacred shades  
Of *Circe's* palace, where *Ulysses* leads.

This with one voice declar'd, the rising train  
Left the black vessel by the murmur'ing main.  
Shame touch'd *Eurylochus* his alter'd breast,  
He fear'd my threats, and follow'd with the rest.

Mean-while the Goddess, with indulgent cares  
And social joys, the late-transform'd repairs;  
The bath, the feast, their fainting souls renews;  
Rich in refulgent robes, and dropping balmy dews:  
Bright'ning with joy their eager eyes behold  
Each other's face, and each his story told;  
Then gushing tears the narrative confound,  
And with their sobbings the vaulted roofs resound.

When

## NOTES.

exactly expresses in every point the joy of *Ulysses's* companions; we see them in the very description. To judge rightly of comparison, we are not to examine if the subject from whence they are derived be great or little, noble or familiar, but we are principally to consider if the image produced be clear and lively, if the poet have skill to dignify it by poetical words, and if it perfectly paints the thing it is intended to represent. This rule fully vindicates *Homer*; though he frequently paints low life, yet he never uses terms which are not noble; or if he uses humble words or phrases, it is with so much art, that they become noble and harmonious. In short, things that have an intrinsic greatness need only to be barely represented to fill the soul with admiration; but it shews the skill of a poet to raise a low subject, and exalt common appearances into dignity.



When hush'd their passion, thus the Goddess cries: }  
*Ulysses*, taught by labours to be wise,  
 Let this short memory of grief suffice.

To me are known the various woes ye bore,  
 In storms by sea, in perils on the shore;  
 Forget whatever was in Fortune's pow'r,  
 And share the pleasures of this genial hour.  
 Such be your minds as ere ye left your coast,  
 Or learn'd to sorrow for a country lost.  
 Exiles and wand'ers now, where-e'er ye go,  
 Too faithful memory renews your woe;  
 The cause remov'd, habitual griefs remain,  
 And the soul saddens by the use of pain.

Her kind intreaty mov'd the general breast;  
 Tir'd with long toil, we willing sunk to rest.  
 We ply'd the banquet and the bowl we crown'd,  
 Till the full circle of the year came round.  
 But when the seasons, following in their train,  
 Brought back the months, the days, and hours  
 again;

As from a lethargy at once they rise,  
 And urge their chief with animating cries.

Is this, *Ulysses*, our inglorious lot?  
 And is the name of *Ithaca* forgot?  
 Shall never the dear land in prospect rise,  
 Or the lov'd palace glitter in our eyes?

Melting I heard; yet till the sun's decline  
 Prolong'd the feast, and quaff'd the rosy wine:  
 But when the shades came on at evening hour,  
 And all lay slumb'ring in the dusky bow'r;  
 I came a suppliant to fair *Circe's* bed,  
 The tender moment seiz'd, and thus I said.

Be mindful, Goddess, of thy promise made;  
 Must sad *Ulysses* ever be delay'd?  
 Around their lord my sad companions mourn,  
 Each breast beats homeward, anxious to return:  
 If but a moment parted from thy eyes,  
 Their tears flow round me, and my heart complies.

Go then, (the cry'd) ah go! yet think, not I,  
 Not *Circe*, but the Fates your wish deny.

Ah hope not yet to breathe thy native air!  
 Far other journey first demands thy care;  
 To tread th'uncomfortable paths beneath,  
 And view the realms of darkness and of death.  
 There seek the *Theban* bard, depriv'd of sight,  
 Within, irradiate with prophetic light;  
 To whom *Persephone*, entire and whole,  
 Gave to retain th'unseparated soul: \*  
 The rest are forms of empty *Æther* made,  
 Impassive semblance, and a fitting shade.

Struck at the word, my very heart was dead:  
 Pensive I sat; my tears bedew'd the bed;  
 To hate the light and life my soul begun,  
 And saw that all was grief beneath the sun.  
 Compos'd at length, the gushing tears suppress'd,  
 And my tost limbs now weary'd into rest,  
 How shall I tread, (I cry'd) ah *Circe*! say,  
 The dark descent, and who shall guide the way?  
 Can living eyes behold the realms below?  
 What bark to waft me, and what wind to blow?

Thy fated road, (the magic pow'r reply'd).  
 Divine *Ulysses*! asks no mortal guide.  
 Rear but the mast, the spacious sail display,  
 The northern winds shall wing thee on thy way.  
 Soon shalt thou reach old ocean's utmost ends,  
 Where to the main the shelving shore descends;  
 The barren trees of *Proserpine's* black woods,  
 Poplars and willows trembling o'er the floods:  
 There fix thy vessel in the lonely bay,  
 And enter there the kingdoms void of day:  
 Where *Phlegeton's* loud torrents rushing down,  
 Hiss in the flaming gulph of *Acheron*;  
 And where, slow rolling from the *Stygian* bed,  
*Cocytus'* lamentable waters spread:  
 Where the dark rock o'erhangs th'infernal lake,  
 And mingling streams eternal murmurs make.  
 First draw thy faulchion, and on ev'ry side  
 Trench the black earth a cubit long and wide:  
 To all the shades around libations pour,  
 And o'er th'ingredients strow the hollow'd flour:

New

#### NOTES.

\* The notion of the soul after death, which prevailed among the ancients, is set in a clear light, in the 23d book of the *Iliad*, to which we refer the reader. But whence had *Tiresias* this privilege above the rest of the dead? *Callimachus* ascribes it to *Minerva*. Perhaps the whole fiction may arise from his great reputation among the ancients for prophecy; and in honour to his memory they might imagine that his soul after death retained the same superiority. But we ought not to suppress what *Diodorus Siculus* relates concerning *Tiresias*: he tells

#### NOTES.

us, that he had a daughter named *Daphne*, a priestess at *Delphi*, from whom it is said, that the poet *Homer* received many (of the *Sibyls*) verses, and adorned his own poetry with them. If this be true, there lay a debt of gratitude upon *Homer*, and he pays it honourably, by this distinguishing character, which he gives to the father. An instance of a worthy disposition in the poet, and it remains at once an honour to *Tiresias*, and a monument of his own gratitude.



New wine and milk, with honey temper'd bring;  
 And living waters from the crystal spring.  
 Then the wan shades and feeble ghosts implore,  
 With promis'd off'rings on thy native shore;  
 A barren cow, the stateliest of the isle,  
 And, heap'd with various wealth, a blazing pile:  
 These to the rest; but to the *Seer* must bleed  
 A fable ram, the pride of all thy breed.  
 These solemn vows and holy off'rings paid  
 To all the phantom-nations of the dead;  
 Be next thy care the fable sheep to place  
 Full o'er the pit, and hell-ward turn their face:  
 But from th' infernal rite thine eye withdraw,  
 And back to Ocean glance with rev'rend awe.  
 Sudden shall skim along the dusky glades  
 Thin airy shoals, and visionary shades.  
 Then give command the sacrifice to haste,  
 Let the flea'd victims in the flames be cast,  
 And sacred vows, and mystic song, apply'd  
 To grisly *Pluto*, and his gloomy bride  
 Wide o'er the pool thy falchion wav'd around  
 Shall drive the spectres from forbidden ground:  
 The sacred draught shall all the dead forbear,  
 Till awful from the shades arise the *Seer*;  
 Let him, oraculous, the end, the way,  
 The turns of all thy future fate, display,  
 Thy pilgrimage to come, and remnant of thy  
 day.

So speaking, from the ruddy orient shone  
 The morn conspicuous on her golden throne.  
 The Goddess with a radiant tunic drest  
 My limbs, and o'er me cast a silken vest.  
 Long flowing robes of purest white array  
 The nymph, that added lustre to the day:  
 A tiar wreath'd her head with many a fold;  
 Her waist was circled with a zone of gold.  
 Forth issuing then, from place to place I flew;  
 Rouse man by man, and animate my crew.

## NOTES.

\* *Homer* dismisses not the description of this house of pleasure and debauch, without shewing the moral of his fable, which is the ill consequences that attend those who indulge themselves in sensuality; this is set forth in the punishment of *Elpenor*. He describes him as a person of no worth, to shew that debauchery enervates our faculties, and renders

Rise, rise my mates! 'tis *Circe* gives command:  
 Our journey calls us; haste, and quit the land.  
 All rise and follow, yet depart not all,  
 For fate decreed one wretched man to fall.

A youth there was, *Elpenor* was he nam'd,\*  
 Nor much for sense, nor much for courage fam'd;  
 The youngest of our band, a vulgar soul  
 Born but to banquet, and to drain the bowl.  
 He, hot and careless, on a turret's height  
 With sleep repair'd the long debauch of night:  
 The sudden tumult stirr'd him where he lay,  
 And down he hasten'd, but forgot the way;  
 Full endlong from the roof the sleeper fell,  
 And snap'd the spinal joint, and wak'd in hell.

The rest croud round me with an eager look;  
 I met them with a sigh, and thus bespoke:  
 Already, friends! ye think your toils are o'er,  
 Your hopes already touch your native shore:  
 Alas! far otherwise the nymph declares,  
 Far other journey first demands our cares;  
 To tread th' uncomfortable paths beneath,  
 The dreary realms of darkness and of death:  
 To seek *Tiresias'* awful shades below,  
 And thence our fortunes and our fates to know.

My sad companions heard in deep despair;  
 Frantic they tore their manly growth of hair;  
 To earth they fell; the tears began to rain;  
 But tears in mortal miseries are vain.  
 Sadly they far'd along the sea-beat shore;  
 Still heav'd their hearts, and still their eyes ran o'er.  
 The ready victims at our bark we found,  
 The fable ewe, and ram, together bound.  
 For swift as thought, the Goddess had been there,  
 And thence had glided, viewless as the air:  
 The paths of Gods what mortal can survey?  
 Who eyes their motion, who shall trace their way?

## NOTES.

both the mind and body incapable of thinking, or acting with greatness and bravery. At the same time these circumstantial relations are not without a good effect: for they render the story probable, as if it were spoken with the veracity of an history, not the liberty of poetry.



## The ELEVENTH BOOK of the ODYSSEY.\*

## A R G U M E N T.

## THE DESCENT OF ULYSSES INTO HELL.

*Ulysses continues his narration, how he arrived at the land of the Cimmerians, and what ceremonies he performed to invoke the dead. The manner of his descent, and the apparition of the shades: his conversation with Elpenor, and with Tiresias, who informs him in a prophetic manner of his fortunes to come. He meets his mother Anticlea, from whom he learns the state of his family. He sees the shades of the ancient Heroines, afterwards of the Heroes, and converses in particular with Agamemnon and Achilles. Ajax keeps at a sullen distance, and disdains to answer him. He then beholds Tityus, Tantalus, Syphus, Hercules: till he is deterred from further curiosity by the apparition of horrid spectres, and the cries of the wicked in torments.*

**N**OW to the shores we bend, a mournful train,  
Climb the tall bark, and launch into the  
main:

At once the mast we rear, at once unbind  
The spacious sheet, and stretch it to the wind:  
Then pale and pensive stand, with cares oppress'd,  
And solemn horror saddens every breast.

A freshing breeze the Magic Pow'r† supply'd,  
While the wing'd vessel flew along the tide;

Our oars we shipp'd: all day the swelling sails  
Full from the guiding pilot catch'd the gales.

Now sunk the Sun from his aerial height,  
And o'er the shaded billows rush'd the night:  
When lo! we reach'd old Ocean's utmost bounds,  
Where rocks controul his waves with ever-during  
mounds.

There in a lonely land, and gloomy cells,‡  
The dusky nation of *Cimmeria* dwells;

The

## NOTES.

\* The ancients called this book the book of necromancy, because it contains an interview between *Ulysses* and the shades of the dead. This book is an evidence of the antiquity of the opinion of the soul's immortality. It is upon this that the most ancient of all divinations was founded, we mean that which was performed by the evocation of the dead. There is a very remarkable instance of this in the holy scriptures, in an age not very distant from that of *Homer*. *Saul* consults one of these infernal agents to call up *Samuel*, who appears, or some evil spirit in his form, and predicts his impending death and calamities. This is a pregnant instance of the antiquity of Necromancy.  
No. 28.

## NOTES.

cromancy, and that it was not of *Homer's* invention; it prevailed long before his days among the *Chaldeans*, and spread over all the oriental world. *Aeschylus* has a tragedy intitled *Perse*, in which the shade of *Darius* is called up, like that of *Samuel*, and foretells queen *Atossa* all her misfortunes. Thus it appears that there was a foundation for what *Homer* writes; he only embellishes the opinions of antiquity with the ornaments of poetry.

† *Circe*.

‡ It is the opinion of many commentators, that *Homer* constantly in these voyages of *Ulysses* makes use of a fabulous geography; but perhaps the contrary



The Sun ne'er views th' uncomfortable seats,  
When radiant he advances, or retreats:  
Unhappy race! whom endless night invades,  
Clouds the dull air, and wraps them round in shades.

The ship we moor on these obscure abodes;  
Dis-bark the sheep, an offering to the Gods;  
And hellward bending, o'er the beach descry  
The doleful passage to th' infernal sky.  
The victims, vow'd to each *Tartarcan* pow'r,  
*Eurylochus* and *Perimedes* bore.

Here open'd hell, all hell I here implor'd,  
And from the scabbard drew the shining sword;  
And trenching the black earth on ev'ry side,  
A cavern form'd, a cubit long and wide.  
New wine, with honey-temper'd milk, we bring,\*  
Then living waters from the crystal spring;  
O'er these was strow'd the consecrated flour,  
And on the surface shone the holy store.

Now the wan shades we hail, th' infernal Gods,  
To speed our course, and waft us o'er the floods:  
So shall a barren heifer from the stall  
Beneath the knife upon your altars fall;  
So in our palace, at our safe return  
Rich with unnumber'd gifts the pile shall burn;  
So shall a ram, the largest of the breed,  
Black as these regions, to *Tiresias* bleed.

Thus solemn rites and holy vows we paid  
To all the phantom nations of the dead.  
Then dy'd the sheep; a purple torrent flow'd,  
And all the cavern smok'd with streaming blood.

## NOTES.

trary opinion in many places may be true. In this passage, *Ulysses* in the space of one day sails from the island of *Circe* to the *Cimmerians*: now it is very evident from *Herodotus* and *Strabo*, that they inhabited the regions near the *Bosphorus*, and consequently *Ulysses* could not sail thither in the compass of a day; and therefore, the poet removes not only the *Cimmerians*, but their climate and darkness, from the northern *Bosphorus* into *Campania* in *Italy*. It must be allowed, that this horrid region is well chosen for the descent into hell: it is described as a land of obscurity and horrors, and happily imagined to introduce a relation concerning the realms of death and darkness.

\* This libation is made to all the departed shades; but to what purpose (it may be said) should these rites be paid to the dead, when it is evident from the subsequent relation that they were ignorant of these ceremonies till they had tasted the libation? We answer, that they were merely honorary to the regents of the dead, *Pluto* and *Proserpina*; and used to obtain their leave to have an interview with the shades in their dominions.

When lo! appear'd along the dusky coasts,  
Thin, airy shoals of visionary ghosts;  
Fair, pensive youths, and soft-enamour'd maids,  
And wither'd elders, pale and wrinkled shades;  
Ghastly with wounds the forms of warriors slain  
Stalk'd with majestic port, a martial train:  
These, and a thousand more swarm'd o'er the ground,  
And all the dire assembly shriek'd around.  
Astonish'd at the sight, aghast I stood,  
And a cold fear ran thiv'ring through my blood;  
Strait I command the sacrifice to haste,  
Strait the flea'd victims to the flames are cast,  
And mutter'd vows, and mystic song apply'd  
To grisly *Pluto*, and his gloomy bride.

Now swift I wav'd my faulchion o'er the blood;  
Back started the pale throngs, and trembling stood.  
Round the black trench the gore untasted flows,  
Till awful from the shades *Tiresias* rose.

There, wand'ring thro' the gloom I first survey'd,  
New to the realms of death, *Elpenor's* shade:  
His cold remains all naked to the sky  
On distant shores unwept, unburied lie.  
Sad at the sight I stand, deep fix'd in woe,  
And ere I spoke the tears began to flow.

O say what angry pow'r *Elpenor* led  
To glide in shades, and wander with the dead?  
How could thy soul, by realms and seas disjoin'd,†  
Out-fly the nimble sail, and leave the lagging wind?

The ghost reply'd: To hell my doom I owe,  
Dæmons accurst, dire ministers of woe!

My

## NOTES.

† Some are of opinion, that *Ulysses* speaks pleasantly to *Elpenor*, for were his words to be literally translated they would be, *Elpenor, thou art come hither on foot, sooner than I in a ship*. We suppose it is the worthless character of *Elpenor* that led such critics into this opinion; but we should rather take the sentence to be spoken seriously, not only because such raileries are an insult upon the unfortunate, and levities perhaps unworthy of Epic Poetry, but also from the general conduct of *Ulysses*, who at the sight of *Elpenor* bursts into tears, and compassionates the fate of his friend. Is there any thing in this that looks like raillery? if there be, we must confess that *Ulysses* makes a very quick transition from sorrow to pleasantry. The other is a more noble sense, and therefore we have followed it, and it excellently paints the surprize of *Ulysses* at the unexpected sight of *Elpenor*, and expresses his wonder that the soul, the moment it leaves the body, should reach the receptacle of departed shades. But it may be asked what connection this story of *Elpenor* has to the subject of the poem, and what it contributes to



My feet thro' wine unfaithful to their weight,  
 Betray'd me tumbling from a tow'ry height,  
 Stagg'ring I reel'd, and as I reel'd I fell,  
 Lux'd the neck joint——my soul descends to hell.  
 But lend me aid, I now conjure thee lend,  
 By the soft tie and sacred name of friend!  
 By thy fond comfort! by thy father's cares!  
 By lov'd *Telemachus* his blooming years!  
 For well I know that soon the heav'nly pow'rs  
 Will give thee back to day, and *Circe's* shores:  
 There pious on my cold remains attend,  
 There call to mind thy poor departed friend,  
 The tribute of a tear is all I crave,  
 And the possession of a peaceful grave.  
 But if unheard, in vain compassion plead,  
 Revere the Gods, the Gods avenge the dead!  
 A tomb along the wat'ry margin raise,  
 The tomb with manly arms and trophies grace,  
 To shew posterity *Elpenor* was.

There high in air, memorial of my name

Fix the smooth oar, and bid me live to fame.

To whom with tears: These rites, oh mournful  
 shade,

Due to thy ghost, shall to thy ghost be paid.

Still as I spoke the phantom seem'd to moan,  
 Tear follow'd tear, and groan succeeded groan.

But as my waving sword the blood surrounds,  
 The shade withdrew, and mutter'd empty sounds.

There as the wond'rous visions I survey'd,  
 All pale ascends my royal mother's shade: \*  
 A queen, to *Troy* she saw our legions pass;  
 Now a thin-form is all *Anticlea* was!  
 Struck at the sight I melt with filial woe,  
 And down my cheek the pious sorrows flow;  
 Yet as I shook my falchion o'er the blood,  
 Regardless of her son the parent flood.

When lo! the mighty *Theban* I behold;  
 To guide his steps he bore a staff of gold;  
 Awful he trod! majestic was his look!  
 And from his holy lips these accents broke.

Why, mortal, wand'rest thou from chearful day,  
 To tread the downward, melancholy way?  
 What angry Gods to these dark regions led  
 Thee yet alive, companion of the dead?  
 But sheath thy poniard, while my tongue relates†  
 Heav'n's steadfast purpose, and thy future fates.

While yet he spoke, the prophet I obey'd,  
 And in the scabbard plung'd the glitt'ring blade:  
 Eager he quaff'd the gore, and then express'd  
 Dark things to come, the counsels of his breast.

Weary of light, *Ulysses* here explores,  
 A prosp'rous voyage to his native shores;

But

#### NOTES.

to the end of it? We answer, that the poet may insert some incidents that make no part of the fable or action; especially if they be short, and break not the thread of it: this before us is only a small part of a large episode, which the poet was at liberty to insert or omit, as contributed most to the beauty of his poetry: besides, it contains an excellent moral, and shews us the ill effects of drunkenness and debauchery. The poet represents *Elpenor* as a person of a mean character, and punishes his crime with sudden death, and dishonour.

\* The behaviour of *Ulysses* with respect to his mother may appear not sufficiently tender and affectionate; he refrains all manner of address to her, a conduct which may be censured as inconsistent with filial piety: but it is a remarkable instance of the prudence of *Ulysses*, who descending into the regions of the dead, refused all conference even with his mother, till he had obtained an answer from *Tiresias*, concerning the business which induced him to undertake that infernal journey. A wise man is not inquisitive about things impertinent; accordingly *Ulysses* first shews himself a wise man, and then a dutiful son. Besides, it is very judicious in *Homer* thus to describe *Ulysses*: the whole design of the *Odyssey* is the return of *Ulysses* to his country; this is the mark at which the hero should continually

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aim, and therefore it is necessary that all other incidents should be subordinate to this; and the poet had been blameable if he had shewed *Ulysses* entertaining himself with amusements, and postponing the considerations of the chief design of the *Odyssey*.

† The terror which the shades of the departed express at the sight of the sword of *Ulysses* has been frequently censured as absurd and ridiculous: What have the dead to fear from a sword, who are beyond the power of it, by being reduced to an incorporeal shadow? But this description is consistent with the notions of the ancients concerning the dead. We have already remarked, that the shades retained a vehicle, which resembled the body, and was liable to pain as well as the corporeal substance; if not, to what purpose are the Furies described with iron scourges, or the vulture tearing the liver of *Tityus*? *Tiresias* is here described consistently with the character before given him by the poet, we mean with a preeminence above the other shades; for he knows *Ulysses* before he tastes the ingredients; a privilege not claimed by any other of the infernal inhabitants. *Elpenor* indeed did the same, but for another reason; because he was not yet buried, nor entered the regions of the dead, and therefore his soul was yet intire.



But know—— by me unerring Fates disclose  
 New trains of dangers, and new scenes of woes ;  
 I see ! I see, thy bark by *Neptune* tost,  
 For injur'd *Cyclops*, and his eye-ball lost !  
 Yet to thy woes the Gods decree an end,  
 If heav'n thou please ; and how to please attend !  
 Where on *Trinacrian* rocks the ocean roars,  
 Graze num'rous herds along the verdant shores ;  
 Tho' hunger press, yet fly the dang'rous prey,  
 The herds are sacred to the God of day,  
 Who all surveys with his extensive eye  
 Above, below, on earth, and in the sky !  
 Rob not the God, and so propitious gales  
 Attend thy voyage, and impel thy sails :  
 But if his herds ye seize, beneath the waves  
 I see thy friends o'erwhelm'd in liquid graves !  
 The direful wreck *Ulysses* scarce survives !  
*Ulysses* at his country scarce arrives !\*  
 Strangers thy guides ! nor there thy labours end,  
 New foes arise, domestic ills attend !

## NOTES.

\* The poet conducts this interview with admirable judgment. The whole design of *Ulysses* is to engage the *Phæacians* in his favour, in order to his transportation to his own country. How does he bring this about ? By shewing that it was decreed by the Gods that he should be conducted thither by strangers ; so that the *Phæacians* immediately conclude, that they are the people destined by Heaven to conduct him home ; to give this greater weight, he puts the speech into the mouth of the prophet *Tiresias*, and exalts his character in an extraordinary manner, to strengthen the credit of the prediction. By this method likewise the poet interweaves his episode into the texture and essence of the poem, he makes this journey into Hell contribute to the restoration of his herpe, and unites the subordinate parts very happily with the main action.

† It is certain that *Tiresias* speaks very obscurely, after the manner of the oracles ; but the ancients generally understood this people to be the *Epirots*, who were ignorant of the sea, and the use of salt, as *Homer* testifies in his *Odyssy*. So that they who were ignorant of the sea, were likewise ignorant of the use of salt, according to *Homer* : whence it may be conjectured, that the poet knew of no salt but what was made of sea-water. The other token of their ignorance of the sea was, that they should not know an oar, but called it a corn-van.

‡ The wings of the ship signify the sails. The poet intended to express the wonder of a person upon his first sight of a ship, who observing it to move swiftly along the seas, might mistake the sails

There foul adult'ers to thy bride resort,  
 And lordly gluttons riot in thy court.  
 But vengeance hastes amain ! These eyes behold  
 The deathful scene, princes on princes roll'd !  
 That done, a people far from sea explore, †  
 Who ne'er knew salt, or heard the billows roar,  
 Or saw gay vessel stem the wat'ry plain,  
 A painted wonder flying on the main!‡  
 Bear on thy back an oar : with strange amaze  
 A shepherd meeting thee, the oar surveys,  
 And names a *Van* : there fix it on the plain,  
 To calm the God that holds the wat'ry reign ;  
 A threefold off'ring to his altar bring,  
 A bull, a ram, a boar ; and hail the Ocean-king.  
 But home return'd, to each ætherial pow'r  
 Slay the due victim in the genial hour :  
 So peaceful shalt thou end thy blissful days,  
 And steal thyself from life, by slow decays :  
 Unknown to pain, in age resign thy breath,  
 When late stern *Neptune* points the shaft with death :||  
 To

## NOTES.

for wings, according to that beautiful description of Mr. *Dryden* upon a like occasion in his *Indian Emperor*.

*The object I could first distinctly view ;  
 Were tall straight trees which on the waters flew ;  
 Wings on their sides instead of leaves did grow,  
 Which gather'd all the breath the winds could blow ;  
 And at their roots grew floating palaces, &c.*

|| The death of *Ulysses* is related variously, but the following account is chiefly credited : *Ulysses* had a son by *Circe* named *Telegonus*, who being grown to years of maturity, sailed to *Ithaca* in search of his father ; where seizing some sheep for the use of his attendants, the shepherds put themselves into a posture to rescue them ; *Ulysses* being advertised of it, went with his son *Telemachus* to repel *Telegonus*, who in defending himself wounded *Ulysses*, not knowing him to be his father. Many poets have brought this upon the stage, and *Aristotle* criticizing upon one of these tragedies gives us the title of it, which was, *Ulysses wounded*. But if *Ulysses* thus died, how can *Neptune* be said to point the shaft with death ? We are informed that the spear with which *Telegonus* gave the wound was pointed with the bone of a sea-turtle ; so that literally his death came from the sea, and *Neptune* being the God of the Ocean, his death may without violence be ascribed to the Deity. The reason why *Ulysses* is enjoined to offer a bull, a ram, and a boar to *Neptune* is this ; the bull represents the roaring of the sea in storms ; the ram the milder appearance of it when in tranquillity ; the boar was used by the ancients as an emblem.



To the dark grove retiring as to rest,  
Thy people blessing, by thy people blest!

Unerring truths, oh man, my lips relate;  
This is thy life to come, and this is fate.

To whom unmov'd: If this the Gods prepare,  
What heav'n ordains the wise with courage bear.

But say, why yonder on the lonely strands,  
Unmindful of her son, *Anticlea* stands?

Why to the ground she bends her downcast eye?  
Why is she silent, while her son is nigh?

The latent cause, oh sacred Seer, reveal!

Nor this, replies the Seer, will I conceal.  
Know; to the spectres, that thy bev'rage taste,

The scenes of life recur, and actions past;

They, seal'd with truth return the sure reply,

The rest repell'd, a train oblivious fly.

The phantom prophet ceas'd, and sunk from sight  
To the black palace of eternal night.

Still in the dark abodes of death I stood,  
When near *Anticlea* mov'd, and drank the blood.

Strait all the mother in her soul awakes,  
And owning her *Ulysses*, thus she speaks.

Com'st thou, my son, alive, to realms beneath,

The doleful realms of darkness and of death?

Com'st thou alive from pure, ætherial day?

Dire is the region, dismal is the way!

Here lakes profound, there floods oppose their waves,

There the wide sea with all his billows raves!\*

Or (since to dust proud *Troy* submits her tow'rs)

Com'st thou a wand'rer from the *Phrygian* shores?

Or say, since honour call'd thee to the field,  
Hast thou thy *Ithaca*, thy bride, beheld?

Source of my life, I cry'd, from earth I fly,

To seek *Tiresias* in the nether sky,

To learn my doom: for tost from woe to woe,

In every land *Ulysses* finds a foe:

Nor have these eyes beheld my native shores,

Since in the dust proud *Troy* submits her tow'rs.

But, when the soul from her sweet mansion fled,

Say what distemper gave thee to the dead?

Has life's fair lamp declin'd by slow decays,

Or swift expir'd it in a sudden blaze?

Say, if my sire, good old *Laertes*, lives?

If yet *Telemachus*, my son, survives?

Say by his rule is my dominion aw'd,

Or crush'd by traitors with an iron rod?

Say, if my spouse maintains her royal trust,

Tho' tempted chaste, and obstinately just?

Or if no more her absent lord she wails,

But the false woman o'er the wife prevails?

Thus I, and thus the parent shade returns.†

Thee, ever thee, thy faithful consort mourns:

Whether the night descends, or day prevails,

Thee she by night, and thee by day bewails,

Thee in *Telemachus* thy realm obeys;

In sacred groves celestial rites he pays,

And shares the banquet in superior state,‡

Grac'd with such honours as became the great,

Thy fire in solitude foment his care:

The court is joyless, for thou art not there!

No

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blem of fecundity, to represent the fruitfulness of the ocean.

\* *Homer* judiciously places the descent into hell at the extremity of the ocean: for it is natural to imagine that to be the only passage to it, by which the sun and the stars themselves appear to descend, and sink into the realms of darkness.

† The questions which *Ulysses* asks could not fail of having a very good effect upon his *Phæacian* audience: by them he very artfully (and as it seems undesignedly) lets them into the knowledge of his dignity, and shews the importance of his person; to induce them to a greater care to conduct him to his country. The process of the whole story is so artfully carried on, that *Ulysses* seems only to relate an accidental interview, while he tacitly recommends himself, and lets them know the person who asks their assistance is a king. It is observable that *Anticlea* inverts the order in her answer, and replies last to the first question. Orators always reserve the strongest argument for the conclusion, to leave it

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## NOTES.

fresh upon the memory of their auditors; or rather, the poet uses this method to introduce the sorrow of *Ulysses* for the death of his mother more naturally: he steals away the mind of the reader from attending the main action, to enliven it with a scene of tenderness and affection in these regions of horror.

‡ It was an ancient custom to invite kings and legislators to all public feasts; this was to do them honour: and the chief seat was always reserved for the chief magistrate. Without this observation, the lines are unintelligible. It is evident that the words are not spoken of sacrifices or feasts made to the Gods, but social entertainments, for they are general, "all the people of the realm invite *Telemachus* to their feasts;" and this seems to have been a right due to the chief magistrate. It gives a very happy image of those ages of the world, when we observe such an intercourse between the king and the subject, the idea of power carries no terror in it, but the ruler himself makes a part of the public joy.

6 B



No costly carpets raise his hoary head,  
 No rich embroid'ry shines to grace his bed:  
 Ev'n when keen winter freezes in the skies,  
 Rank'd with his slaves, on earth the monarch lies:  
 Deep are his sighs, his visage pale, his dress  
 The garb of woe and habit of distress,  
 And when the autumn takes his annual round,  
 The leafy honours scatt'ring on the ground;  
 Regardless of his years, abroad he lies,  
 His bed the leaves, his canopy the skies.  
 Thus cares on cares his painful days consume;  
 And bow his age with sorrow to the tomb!

For thee, my son, I wept my life away;  
 For thee thro' hell's eternal dungeons stray:  
 Nor came my fate by ling'ring pains and flow,  
 Nor bent the silver shafted queen her bow;  
 No dire disease bereav'd me of my breath;  
 Thou, thou my son, wert my disease and death;  
 Unkindly with my love my son conspir'd,  
 For thee I liv'd, for absent thee expir'd.

Thrice in my arms I strove her shade to bind,\*  
 Thrice thro' my arms she slipt like empty wind,  
 Or dreams, the vain illusion of the mind.  
 Wild with despair, I shed a copious tide  
 Of flowing tears, and thus with sighs reply'd.

Fly'st thou, lov'd shade, while I thus fondly  
 mourn?

Turn to my arms, to my embraces turn!  
 Is it, ye pow'rs that smile at human harms!  
 Too great a bliss to weep within her arms? †

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\* This passage plainly shews that the vehicles of the departed were believed by the ancients to be of an aerial substance, and retain nothing of corporeal grossness.

† This is almost a literal translation; the words in the *Greek* literally signify, *that we may delight ourselves with sorrow*, which some explain by saying, *there is a pleasure in weeping*: we should rather understand the words to signify, that in the instant while he is rejoicing at the sight of his mother, he is compelled to turn his joy into tears, to find the whole scene a delusion.

‡ Nothing can better shew the invention of *Homer*, then his capacity of furnishing out a scene of such great variety in this infernal region: he calls up the heroes of former ages from a state of inexistence to adorn and diversify his poetry. If it be asked what relation this journey into hell has to the main action of the *Odyssey*? the answer is, it has an episodic affinity with it, and shews the sufferings of *Ulysses* more than any of his voyages upon the ocean, as it is more horrible and full of terrors.

Or has hell's queen an empty image sent,  
 That wretched I might ev'n my joys lament?

O son of woe! the pensive shade rejoin'd,  
 O most inur'd to grief of all mankind!

'Tis not the queen of hell who thee deceives:  
 All, all are such, when life the body leaves;  
 No more the substance of the man remains,  
 Nor bounds the blood along the purple veins;  
 These the funereal flames in atoms bear,  
 To wander with the wind in empty air,  
 While the impassive soul reluctant flies  
 Like a vain dream to these infernal skies.

But from the dark dominions speed thy way,  
 And climb the steep ascent to upper day;  
 To thy chaste bride the wond'rous story tell,  
 The woes, the horrors, and the laws of hell.

Thus while she spoke in swarms hell's empress brings  
 Daughters and wives of heroes and of kings;  
 Thick, and more thick they gather round the blood,  
 Ghost throng'd on ghost (a dire assembly) stood!  
 Dauntless my sword I seize: the airy crew,  
 Swift as it flash'd along the gloom, withdrew;  
 Then shade to shade in mutual forms succeeds, ‡  
 Her race recounts, and their illustrious deeds.

*Tyro* began: whom great *Salmonæus* bred;  
 The royal partner of fam'd *Cretheus*' bed.  
 For fair *Enipeus*, as from fruitful urns §  
 He pours his wat'ry store, the virgin burns;  
 Smooth flows the gentle stream with wanton pride,  
 And in soft mazes rolls a silver tide:

As

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What a treasury of ancient history and fables has he opened by this descent? he lets us into a variety of different characters of the most famous personages recorded in ancient story; and at the same time lays before us a supplement to the *Iliad*. If *Virgil* paid a happy piece of flattery to the *Romans*, by introducing the greatest persons of the best families in *Rome*, in his descent in the *Æneid*; *Homer* no less happily interests the *Grecians* in his story, by honouring the ancestors of the noblest families who still flourished in *Greece*, in the *Odyssey*; a circumstance that could not fail of being very acceptable to a *Grecian* or *Roman* reader, but perhaps less entertaining to us, who have no particular interest in these stories.

§ There are no fables in the poets that seem more bold than those concerning the commerce between women, and river Gods; but the following is a probable solution. It was customary for young virgins to resort frequently to rivers to bathe in them; and the ancients have very well explained these fables about the intercourse between them and the water



As on his banks the maid enamour'd roves,  
 The monarch of the deep beholds and loves;  
 In her *Enipeus*' form and borrow'd charms,  
 The am'rous God descends into her arms:  
 Around, a spacious arch of waves he throws,  
 And high in air the liquid mountain rose;  
 Thus in surrounding floods conceal'd he proves  
 The pleasing transport, and compleats his loves.  
 Then softly sighing, he the fair addrest,  
 And as he spoke her tender hand he prest.  
 Hail happy nymph! no vulgar births are ow'd  
 To the prolific rapture of a God:  
 Lo! when nine times the moon renews her horn,  
 Two brother heroes shall from thee be born;  
 Thy early care the future worthies claim,  
 To point them to the arduous paths of fame;  
 But in thy breast th' important truth conceal,  
 Nor dare the secret of a God reveal:  
 For know, thou *Neptune* view'st! and at my nod  
 Earth trembles, and the waves confess their God.  
 He added not, but mounting spurn'd the plain,  
 Then plung'd into the chambers of the main.  
 Now in the time's full process forth she brings  
*Jove's* dread vicegerents, in two future kings;  
 O'er proud *Iolcos* *Pelias* stretch'd his reign,  
 And god-like *Neleus* rul'd the *Pylian* plain:  
 Then fruitful, to her *Cretheus*' royal bed  
 She gallant *Pheres* and fam'd *Æson* bred:

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water Gods: *Receive my virginity O Scamander!* says a lady; but it is very apparent who this *Scamander* was: her lover *Cimon* lay concealed in the reeds. This was a good excuse for female frailty, in ages of credulity: for such imaginary intercourse between the fair sex and Deities was not only believed, but esteemed honourable. No doubt the ladies were frequently deceived; their lovers personated the Deities, and they took a *Cimon* to their arms in the disguise of a *Scamander*.—It is uncertain where this *Enipeus* flows: *Strabo* imagines it to be a river of *Peloponnesus*, that disembogues it's waters into the *Alpheus*; for the *Thessalian* river is *Enifeus*, and not *Enipeus*: this rises from mount *Othrys*, and receives into it the *Epidanus*. The former seems to be the river intended by *Homer*, for it takes it's source from a village called *Salmon*; and what strengthens this conjecture is the neighbourhood of the ocean (or *Neptune* in this fable) to that river.

\* The fable of *Thebes* built by the power of music is not mentioned by *Homer*, and therefore may be supposed to be of later invention. *Homer* relates many circumstances in these short histories differently

From the same fountain *Amytheon* rose,  
 Pleas'd with the din of war, and noble shout of foes.

There mov'd *Antiope* with haughty charms,  
 Who blest th' Almighty Thund'rer in her arms;  
 Hence sprung *Amphion*, hence brave *Zethus* came,\*  
 Founders of *Thebes*, and men of mighty name;  
 Tho' bold in open field, they yet surround  
 The town with walls, and mound inject on mound;  
 Here ramparts stood, there tow'rs rose high in air,  
 And here thro' seven wide portals rush'd the war.

There with soft step the fair *Alcmena* trod,  
 Who bore *Aleides* to the thund'ring God;  
 And *Megara*, who charm'd the son of *Jove*,  
 And soften'd his stern soul to tender love.

Sullen and sour with discontented mien  
*Jocasta* frown'd, th' incestuous *Theban* queen;  
 With her own son she join'd in nuptial bands,  
 Tho' father's blood imbru'd his murd'rous hands:  
 The Gods and men the dire offence detest,  
 The Gods with all their furies rend his breast:  
 In lofty *Thebes* he wore th' imperial crown,  
 A pompous wretch! accus'd upon a throne.  
 The wife self-murder'd from a beam depends,  
 And her foul soul to blackest hell descends;  
 Thence to her son the choicest plague she brings,  
 And the fiends haunt him with a thousand stings.

And now the beauteous *Chloris* I descry,†  
 A lovely shade, *Amphion's* youngest joy!

With

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from his successors; *Epicastra* is called *Jocasta*, and the tragedians have entirely varied the story of *Oedipus*: they tell us he tore out his eyes, that he was driven from *Thebes*, and being conducted by his daughter *Antigone*, arrived at *Athens*, where entering the temple of the *Furies*, he died in the midst of a furious storm, and was carried by it into hell: whereas *Homer* directly affirms, that he continued to reign in *Thebes* after all his calamities. It is not easy to give a reason why the mother, and not the father, is said to send the *Furies* to torment *Oedipus*, especially because he was the murderer of his father *Laius*: some think that it was by accident that he slew *Laius*; but upon the discovery of his wickedness in marrying his mother *Jocasta*, he used her with more barbarity and rigour than was necessary, and therefore she pursues him with her vengeance. *Jocasta* and *Dido* both die after the same manner by their own hands.

† A critic ought not only to endeavour to point out the beauties in the sense, but also in the versification of a poet. These two verses in the original are peculiarly flowing and harmonious. There is not one elision, nor one rough vowel or consonant, but



With gifts unnumber'd *Neleus* fought her arms,  
 Nor paid too dearly for unequal'd charms;  
 Great in *Orchomenos*, in *Pylos* great,\*  
 He sway'd the scepter with imperial state.  
 Three gallant sons the joyful monarch told,  
 Sage *Nestor*, *Periclimenus* the bold,†  
 And *Chromius* last; but of the softer race,  
 One nymph alone, a miracle of grace.  
 Kings on their thrones for lovely *Pero* burn,  
 The fire denies, and kings rejected mourn.  
 To him alone the beauteous prize he yields,  
 Whose arm should ravish from *Phylacian* fields  
 The herds of *Iphyclus*, detain'd in wrong;  
 Wild, furious herds, unconquerably strong!  
 This dares a seer, but nought the seer prevails,‡  
 In beauty's cause illustriously he fails:  
 Twelve moons the foe the captive youth detains  
 In painful dungeons, and coercive chains;  
 The foe at last from durance where he lay,  
 His art revering gave him back to day;  
 Won by prophetic knowledge, to fulfill  
 The steadfast purpose of th' Almighty will.

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but they flow along with the utmost smoothness, and the beauty of the muse equals that of *Chloris*.

\* This is a very considerable city lying between *Bæotia* and *Phocis* upon the river *Cephissus*: *Homer* calls it the *Minyan Orchomenos*, because the *Minyans* an ancient people inhabited it: it was the colony of these *Minyans* that sailed to *Iolcos*, and gave name to the *Argonauts*.

† The reason why *Homer* gives this epithet to *Periclimenus* may be learned from *Hesiod*: *Neptune* gave him the power to change himself into all shapes, but he was slain by *Hercules*: *Periclimenus* assaulted that hero in the shape of a bee, or fly, who discovering him in that disguise, by the means of *Pallas* slew him with his club. This is the person of whom *Ovid* speaks, but adds that he was slain in the shape of an eagle by *Hercules*.

‡ This story is related with great obscurity, but we learn from the 15th book that the name of this prophet was *Melampus*. *Iphyclus* was the son of *Deioneus*, and uncle to *Tyro*; he had seized upon the goods of *Tyro* the mother of *Neleus*, among which were many beautiful young oxen: these *Neleus* demands, but is unjustly denied by *Iphyclus*: *Neleus* had a daughter named *Pero*, a great beauty who was courted by all the neighbouring princes, but the father refuses her unless to the man who recovers these oxen from *Iphyclus*: *Bias* was in love with *Pero*, and persuades his brother *Melampus* a prophet to undertake the recovery; he attempts it, but being

With graceful port advancing now I spy'd  
*Leda* the fair, the god-like *Tyndar's* bride:  
 Hence *Pollux* sprung who wields with furious sway  
 The deathless gauntlet, matchless in the fray:  
 And *Castor* glorious on th' embattled plain  
 Curbs the proud steed, reluctant to the rein;  
 By turns they visit this ætherial sky,  
 And live alternate, and alternate die:§  
 In hell beneath, or earth, in heav'n above  
 Reign the twin-gods, the fav'rite sons of *Jove*.  
 There *Ephimædia* trod the gloomy plain,  
 Who charm'd the monarch of the boundless main;  
 Hence *Ephialtes*, hence stern *Otus* sprung,  
 More fierce than giants, more than giants strong;  
 The earth o'erburthen'd groan'd beneath their weight,  
 None but *Orion* e'er surpass'd their height:  
 The wond'rous youths had scarce nine winters told,  
 When high in air, tremendous to behold,  
 Nine ells aloft they rear'd their tow'ring head,||  
 And full nine cubits broad their shoulders spread.  
 Proud of their strength and more than mortal size,  
 The Gods they challenge, and affect the skies;  
 Heav'd

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vanquished, is thrown into prison; but at last set at liberty, for telling *Iphyclus*, who was childless, how to procure issue. *Iphyclus* upon this gave him the oxen for a reward.

§ *Castor* and *Pollux* are called the sons of *Jupiter*; but what could give occasion to this fiction, of their living and dying alternately? It is a physical allegory: they represent the two hemispheres of the world: the one of which is continually enlightened by the sun, and consequently the other is then in darkness: and these being successively illuminated according to the order of the day and night, one of these sons of *Jupiter* may be said to revive when one part of the world rises into day, and the other to die, when it descends into darkness. What makes this allegory the more probable is, that *Jupiter* denotes in many allegories of *Homer*, the air, or the upper regions of it.

|| This is undoubtedly a very bold fiction; and has been censured by some critics as monstrous, and praised by others as sublime. It may seem utterly incredible that any human creature could be nine ells, that is, eleven yards and a quarter in height, at the age of nine years. But it may vindicate *Homer* as a poet to say that he only made use of a fable, that had been transmitted down from the earliest times of the world; for so early the war between the Gods and giants was supposed to be. There might a rational account be given of these apparent incredibilities; if we might be allowed to say



Heav'd on *Olympus* tott'ring *Ossa* stood ; \*  
 On *Ossa*, *Pelion* nods with all his wood :  
 Such were they youths ! had they to manhood grown,  
 Almighty *Jove* had trembled on his throne.  
 But ere the harvest of the beard began  
 To bristle on the chin, and promise man,  
 His shafts *Apollo* aim'd ; at once they sound,  
 And stretch the giant-monsters o'er the ground.

There mournful *Phadra* with sad *Procris* moves,  
 Both beauteous shades, both hapless in their loves ;  
 And near them walk'd, with solemn pace and slow,  
 Sad *Ariadne*, partner of their woe ;  
 The royal *Minos* *Ariadne* bred,  
 She *Theseus* lov'd ; from *Crete* with *Theseus* fled :  
 Swift to the *Dian* isle the hero flies,  
 And tow'rd's his *Athens* bears the lovely prize ;  
 There *Bacchus* with fierce rage *Diana* fires,  
 The Goddess aims her shaft, the nymph expires.

There *Clymenè*, and *Mæra* I behold,  
 There *Eriphylè* weeps, who loofely fold  
 Her lord, her honour, for the lust of gold. }  
 But should I all recount, the night would fail,  
 Unequal to the melancholy tale :  
 And all-composing rest my nature craves,  
 Here in the court, or yonder on the waves :  
 In you I trust, and in the heav'nly pow'rs,  
 To land *Ulysses* on his native shores.

He ceas'd : but left so charming on their ear  
 His voice, that list'ning still they seem'd to hear.  
 Till rising up *Aretè* silence broke,  
 Stretch'd out her snowy hand, and thus she spoke :

What wond'rous man heav'n sends us in our guest !  
 Through all his woes the hero shines confest ;  
 His comely port, his ample frame expresses  
 A manly air, majestic in distress.

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say what many authors of great name have conjectured, that these stories are only traditional, and all founded upon the ejection of the fallen angels from heaven, and the wars they had with the good angels to regain their stations. If this might be allowed, we shall then have real giants, who endeavoured to take heaven by assault ; then nothing can be invented by a poet so boldly, as to exceed what may justly be delivered of these beings : then the stories of heaping mountain upon mountain will come within the bounds of credibility.

\* *Strabo* takes notice of the judgment of *Homer*, in placing the mountains in this order ; they all stand in *Macedonia* : *Olympus* is the largest, and therefore he makes it the basis upon which *Ossa* stands, that being the next to *Olympus* in magnitude, and *Pelion* being the least is placed above *Ossa*, and thus they rise pyramidically.

No. 28.

He, as my guest, is my peculiar care,  
 You share the pleasure,——then in bounty share ;  
 To worth in misery a rev'ence pay,  
 And with a gen'rous hand reward his stay ; †  
 For since kind heav'n with wealth our realm has  
 blest,

Give it to heav'n, by aiding the distress.

Then sage *Echeneus*, whose grave, rev'rend brow  
 The hand of time had silver'd o'er with snow,  
 Mature in wisdom rose : Your words, he cries,  
 Demand obedience, for your words are wise.  
 But let our king direct the glorious way  
 To gen'rous acts ; our part is to obey.

While life informs these limbs, (the king replied)  
 Well to deserve, be all my cares employ'd :  
 But here this night the royal guest detain,  
 Till the sun flames along th' ethereal plain :  
 Be it my task to send with ample stores  
 The stranger from our hospitable shores :  
 Tread you my steps ! 'tis mine to lead the race,  
 The first in glory, as the first in place.

To whom the prince : This night with joy I stay,  
 O monarch great in virtue as in sway !  
 If thou the circling year my stay controul,  
 To raise a bounty noble as thy soul ;  
 The circling year I wait, with ampler stores  
 And fitter pomp to hail my native shores :  
 Then by my realms due homage would be paid ;  
 For wealthy kings are loyally obey'd !

O king ! for such thou art, and sure thy blood  
 Through veins (he cried) of royal fathers flow'd ;  
 Unlike those vagrants who on falsehood live,  
 Skill'd in smooth tales, and artful to deceive,  
 Thy better soul abhors the liar's part, ‡  
 Wise is thy voice, and noble is thy heart.

Thy

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† *Ulysses* had shewed a desire immediately to go aboard, and the queen draws an argument from this to induce the *Phæacians* to a greater contribution, and *Ulysses* to a longer stay ; she persuades them to take time to prepare their presents, which must occasion the stay of *Ulysses* till they are prepared. They might otherwise have pretended to comply with the impatience of *Ulysses*, and immediately dismissed him with a small gratuity, under the pretext of not having time to prepare a greater. It must be confessed, to the reproach of human nature, that this is but too just a figure of it : self-interest makes the great very ready to gratify their petitioners with a dismissal, or comply with them to their disadvantage.

‡ This is an instance of the judgment of *Homer* in sustaining his characters : the *Phæacians* were at first described as a credulous people, and he gives



Thy words like music every breast controul,  
Steal through the ear, and win upon the soul;  
Soft, as some song divine, thy story flows,  
Nor better could the Muse record thy woes.

But say, upon the dark and dismal coast,  
Saw'st thou the worthies of the *Grecian* host?  
The god-like leaders who in battle slain,  
Fell before *Troy*, and nobly prest the plain?  
And lo! a length of night behind remains,  
The evening stars still mount th' ethereal plains.  
Thy tale with raptures I could hear thee tell,  
Thy woes on earth, the wond'rous scenes in hell,  
Till in the vault of heav'n the stars decay,  
And the sky reddens with the rising day.

O worthy of the pow'r the Gods assign'd,  
(*Ulysses* thus replies) a king in mind!  
Since yet the early hour of night allows  
Time for discourse, and time for soft repose,  
If scenes of misery can entertain,  
Woes I unfold, of woes a dismal train.  
Prepare to hear of murder and of blood;  
Of god-like heroes who uninjur'd stood  
Amidst a war of spears in foreign lands,  
Yet bled at home, and bled by female hands.

Now summon'd *Proserpine* to hell's black hall  
The heroine shades; they vanish'd at her call;  
When lo! advanc'd the forms of heroes slain  
By stern *Aegyptus*, a majestic train,  
And high above the rest, *Atrides* prest the plain.  
He quaff'd the gore: and strait his soldier knew,  
And from his eyes pour'd down the tender dew;  
His arms he stretch'd; his arms the touch deceive,  
Nor in the fond embrace, embraces give:  
His substance vanish'd, and his strength decay'd,  
Now all *Atrides* is an empty shade.

Mov'd at the sight, I for a space resign'd  
To soft affliction all my manly mind;  
At last with tears——O what relentless doom,  
Imperial phantom, bow'd thee to the tomb?  
Say while the sea, and while the tempest raves,  
Has Fate oppress'd thee in the roaring waves,  
Or nobly seiz'd thee in the dire alarms  
Of war and slaughter, and the clash of arms?

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us here an instance of their credulity, for they swallow all those fables as so many realities.

\* There cannot be a greater satire upon the fair sex than this whole conference between *Ulysses* and *Agamemnon*. But how is this to be reconciled to justice, and why should the innocent suffer for the crimes of the guilty? We are to take notice, that *Agamemnon* speaks with anger, and undistinguishing

The Ghost returns: O chief of human kind  
For active courage and a patient mind;  
Nor while the sea, nor while the tempest raves,  
Has Fate oppress'd me on the roaring waves!  
Nor nobly seiz'd me in the dire alarms  
Of war and slaughter, and the clash of arms.  
Stabb'd by a murd'rous hand *Atrides* died,  
A foul adult'rer, and a faithless bride;  
Ev'n in my mirth and at the friendly feast,  
O'er the full bowl, the traitor stabb'd his guest;  
Thus by the goary arm of slaughter falls  
The stately ox, and bleeds within the stalls.  
But not with me the direful murder ends,  
These, these expir'd! their crime, they were my  
friends;

Thick as the boars, which some luxurious lord  
Kills for the feast, to crown the nuptial board.  
When war was thunder'd with it's loudest storms,  
Death thou hast seen in all her ghastly forms;  
In duel met her, on the list'd ground,  
When hand to hand they wound return for wound;  
But never have their eyes astonish'd view'd  
So vile a deed, so vile a scene of blood.  
Ev'n in the flow of joy, when now the bowl  
Glow in our veins, and opens ev'ry soul,  
We groan, we faint; with blood the dome is dy'd,  
And o'er the pavement floats the dreadful tide——  
Her breast all gore, with lamentable cries,  
The bleeding innocent *Cassandra* dies!  
Then through pale death froze cold in ev'ry vein,  
My sword I strive to wield, but strive in vain;  
Nor did my traitress wife these eyelids close,  
Or decently in death my limbs compose.  
O woman, woman, when to ill thy mind  
Is bent, all hell contains no fouler fiend:  
And such was mine! who basely plung'd her sword  
Through the fond bosom where she reign'd ador'd!  
Alas! I hop'd, the toils of war o'ercome,  
To meet soft quiet and repose at home;  
Delusive hope! O wife, thy deeds disgrace  
The perjurd sex, and blacken all the race;  
And should posterity one virtuous find,\*  
Name *Clytemnestra*, they will curse the kind.

O in-

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passion, and his words flow from resentment, not reason; it must be confessed that *Agamemnon* had received great provocation, his wife had dishonoured his bed, and taken his life away; it is therefore no wonder if he flies out into a vehemence of language: a poet is obliged to follow nature, and give a fierceness to the features, when he paints a person in such emotions, and add a violence to his colours.



O injur'd shade, I cried, what mighty woes\*  
To thy imperial race from woman rose!  
By woman here thou tread'st this mournful strand,  
And *Greece* by woman lies a desert land.

Warn'd by my ills beware, the shade replies,  
Nor trust the sex that is so rarely wise;  
When earnest to explore thy secret breast,  
Unfold some trifle, but conceal the rest.  
But in thy comfort cease to fear a foe,  
For thee she feels sincerity of woe:  
When *Troy* first bled beneath the *Grecian* arms,  
She shone unrival'd with a blaze of charms,  
Thy infant son her fragrant bosom prest,  
Hung at her knee, or wanton'd at her breast;  
But now the years a num'rous train have ran;  
The blooming boy is ripen'd into man;  
Thy eyes shall see him burn with noble fire,  
The fire shall bless his son, the son his fire:  
But my *Orestes* never met these eyes,  
Without one look the murder'd father dies;  
Then from a wretched friend this wisdom learn,  
Ev'n to thy queen disguis'd, unknown, return;  
For since of womankind so few are just,  
Think all are false, nor ev'n the faithful trust.

But say, resides my son in royal port,†  
In rich *Orchomenos*, or *Sparta's* court?  
Or say in *Pyle*? for yet he views the light,  
Nor glides a phantom through the realms of night.

Then I: Thy suit is vain, nor can I say  
If yet he breathes in realms of chearful day;  
Or pale or wan beholds these nether skies;  
Truth I revere: for wisdom never lies.

Thus in a tide of tears our sorrows flow,  
And add new horrors to the realms of woe;  
Till side by side along the dreary coast  
Advanc'd *Achilles'* and *Patroclus'* ghost,‡

A friendly pair! near these the § *Pylian* stray'd,  
And tow'ring *Ajax*, an illustrious shade!  
War was his joy, and pleas'd with loud alarms,  
None but *Pelides* brighter shone in arms.

Through the thick gloom his friend *Achilles* knew,  
And as he speaks the tears descend in dew.

Com'st thou alive to view the *Stygian* bounds,  
Where the wan spectres walk eternal rounds:  
Nor fear'st the dark and dismal waste to tread,  
Throng'd with pale ghosts, familiar with the dead?

To whom with sighs: I pass these dreadful gates  
To seek the *Theban*, and consult the Fates:  
For still distress I rove from coast to coast,  
Lost to my friends, and to my country lost.  
But sure the eye of time beholds no name  
So blest as thine in all the rolls of fame;  
Alive we hail'd thee with our guardian Gods,  
And dead thou rul'st a king in these abodes.

Talk not of ruling in this dol'rous gloom,  
Nor think vain words (he cried) can ease my doom;  
Rather I chuse laboriously to bear

A weight of woes, and breathe the vital air,  
A slave to some poor hind that toils for bread,||  
Than reign the scepter'd monarch of the dead.

But say, if in my steps my son proceeds,  
And emulates his god-like father's deeds?  
If at the clash of arms, and shout of foes,  
Swells his bold heart, his bosom nobly glows?  
Say if my fire, the rev'rend *Peleus* reigns  
Great in *Pthia*, and his throne maintains;  
Or weak and old, my youthful arm demands,  
To fix the sceptre steadfast in his hands?

O might the lamp of life rekindled burn,  
And death release me from the silent urn!  
This arm that thunder'd o'er the *Phrygian* plain,  
And swell'd the ground with mountains of the slain,  
Should

## NOTES.

\* *Ulysses* here means *Ærope* the wife of *Atræus*, and mother of *Agamemnon*, who being corrupted by *Thyestes*, involved the whole family in the utmost calamities.

† *Sparta* was under the dominion of his brother *Menelaus*; *Pyle*, of his old friend and faithful counsellor *Nestor*; and *Orchomenos* was a city of great strength, and therefore of great security. We may evidently gather from this passage what notion the ancients had concerning a future state, namely, that persons after death were entirely strangers to the affairs of this world; *Orestes* his son had slain his murderer *Ægysthus*, and reigned in peaceable possession of his dominions; when *Agamemnon* is ignorant of the whole transaction, and desires *Ulysses* to give him information.

‡ *Homer* lets no opportunity pass of celebrating

## NOTES.

his hero *Achilles*, he cannot fail of awakening our attention to hear the story of this great man after death, of whom alive we saw such wonders. Besides, the poet pays an honour to true friendship: the person whom *Achilles* lov'd on earth, is his chief companion in the other world: a very strong argument to cultivate friendship with sincerity.

§ *Antilocus*.

|| Nothing sure can give us a more disadvantageous image of a future state, than this speech which *Homer* puts into the mouth of so great an hero as *Achilles*. If the poet intended to shew the vanity of that destructive glory which is purchased by the sword, and read a lecture to all the disturbers of mankind, whom we absurdly honour as heroes, it must be allowed he has done it effectually.



Should vindicate my injur'd father's fame,  
Crush the proud rebel, and assert his claim.

Illustrious shade, (I cried) of *Peleus*' fates,  
No circumstance the voice of fame relates:  
But hear with pleas'd attention the renown,  
The wars and wisdom of thy gallant son:  
With me from *Seyros* to the field of fame  
Radiant in arms the blooming hero came:  
When *Greece* assembled all her hundred states  
To ripen counsels, and decide debates,  
Heav'n's! how he charm'd us with a flow of sense,  
And won the heart with manly eloquence!  
He first was seen of all the peers to rise,  
The third in wisdom where they all were wise; \*  
But when to try the fortune of the day,  
Host mov'd tow'rd host in terrible array,  
Before the van, impatient for the fight,  
With martial port he strode, and stern delight;  
Heaps strow'd on heaps beneath his faulchion groan'd,  
And monuments of dead deform'd the ground.  
The time would fail should I in order tell  
What foes were vanquish'd, and what numbers fell;  
How, lost through love, *Eurypylus* was slain,  
And round him bled his bold *Cetean* train.  
To *Troy* no hero came of nobler line,  
Or if of nobler, *Memnon*, it was thine.

When *Ilion* in the horse receiv'd her doom,  
And unseen armies ambush'd in it's womb;  
*Greece* gave her latent warriors to my care,  
'Twas mine on *Troy* to pour th' imprison'd war:

Then when the boldest bosom beat with fear,  
When the stern eyes of heroes dropp'd a tear;  
Fierce in his look his ardent valour glow'd,  
Flush'd in his cheek, or fally'd in his blood;  
Indignant in the dark recess he stands,  
Pants for the battle, and the war demands;  
His voice breath'd death, and with a martial air  
He grasp'd his sword, and shook his glitt'ring spear.  
And when the Gods our arms with conquest crown'd,  
When *Troy*'s proud bulwarks smok'd upon the ground,  
*Greece* to reward her soldier's gallant toils  
Heap'd high his navy with unnumber'd spoils.

Thus great in glory from the din of war  
Safe he return'd, without one hostile scar;  
Though spears in iron tempests rain'd around,  
Yet innocent they play'd, and guiltless of a wound.

While yet I spoke, the shade with transport glow'd,  
Rose in his majesty, and nobler trod;  
With haughty stalk he sought the distant glades  
Of warrior kings, and join'd th' illustrious shades.

Now without number ghost by ghost arose,  
All wailing with unutterable woes.  
Alone, apart, in discontented mood  
A gloomy shade, the sullen *Ajax* stood;  
For ever sad with proud disdain he pin'd,  
And the lost arms for ever stung his mind;  
Tho' to the contest *Thetis* gave the laws, †  
And *Pallas*, by the *Trojans*, judg'd the cause.  
O why was I victorious in the strife;  
O dear-bought honour with so brave a life!

With

#### NOTES.

\* *Ulysses* says that *Neoptolemus* was so wise, that only he himself and *Nestor* were wiser; a truth that would appear more graceful, if spoken by any other person than *Ulysses*. But perhaps the poet puts these words into his mouth, only because he is speaking to the *Phæacians*, who loved themselves to boast, and were full of vain-glory; and consequently they could not think self-praise a crime in *Ulysses*; on the contrary, it could not fail of having a very good effect, as it sets him off as a person of consummate wisdom.—The poet excellently sustains the character of *Achilles* in this interview. In the *Iliad* he is described as a dutiful son, and always expressing a tender affection for his father *Peleus*; in the *Odyssey* he is drawn in the same soft colours: in the *Iliad* he is represented as a man of strong resentment; in the *Odyssey*, he first imagines that his father suffers, and upon this imagination he immediately takes fire, and flies into threats and fury.

† There are two particulars which want explanation in these verses: how did *Thetis* give the law to the contest between *Ajax* and *Ulysses*? and how

#### NOTES.

could the *Trojans* be made judges to determine between two *Grecian* heroes? *Thetis* the mother of *Achilles* was a Goddess, and out of honour to her, the chiefs of the *Grecian* army proposed the arms of her son as a reward to the most worthy; and poetry, to give a magnificence to the story, introduces the Goddess as acting in person what is done upon her account. *Thetis* may properly be said to be desirous that the memory of her son should be honoured; and *Homer*, to express this desire poetically, tells us it was the act of that Goddess, to propose the arms of *Achilles* as a reward to the most worthy of the *Grecian* heroes. The second difficulty is explained thus: *Agamemnon* finding it an invidious affair to give the preference to any one of the *Grecian* heroes, and being willing to avoid the reproach of partiality, commanded the *Trojan* prisoners to be brought before the whole army, and asked from which of the two heroes, *Ajax* or *Ulysses*, they had received the greater detriment; they immediately replied from *Ulysses*; thus the *Trojans* adjudged the cause. The poet adds, that this was done by *Minerva*; that



With him the strength of war, the soldiers pride,  
Our second hope to great *Achilles* dy'd!  
Touch'd at the sight from tears I scarce refrain,  
And tender sorrow thrills in ev'ry vein;  
Pensive and sad I stand, at length accost,  
With accents mild, th' inexorable ghost.

Still burns thy rage? and can brave souls resent  
Ev'n after death? relent, great shade, relent!  
Perish those arms which by the Gods decree  
Accurs'd our army with the loss of thee!  
With thee we fell; *Greece* wept thy hapless fates,  
And shook astonish'd thro' her hundred states;  
Not more, when great *Achilles* prest the ground,  
And breath'd his manly spirit thro' the wound.  
O deem thy fall not ow'd to man's decree,  
*Jove* hated *Greece*, and punish'd *Greece* in thee!  
Turn then, oh peaceful turn, thy wrath controul,  
And calm the raging tempest of thy soul.

While yet I speak, the shade disdains to stay,\*  
In silence turns, and sullen stalks away.

Touch'd at his sour retreat, thro' deepest  
night,

Thro' hell's black bounds I had pursu'd his flight,  
And forc'd the stubborn spectre to reply;  
But wond'rous visions drew my curious eye.  
High on a throne tremendous to behold,  
Stern *Minos* waves a mace of burnish'd gold;  
Around ten thousand thousand spectres stand  
Thro' the wide dome of *Dis*, a trembling band.  
Still as they plead, the fatal lots he rolls,  
Absolves the just, and dooms the guilty souls.

There huge *Orion* of portentous size, †  
Swift thro' the gloom a giant hunter flies;

## NOTES.

that is, the affair was conducted with wisdom, the result of which in poetry is usually ascribed to the Goddess of it; and no doubt but the Goddess of Wisdom must always prefer wisdom to mere valour, or an *Ulysses* to an *Ajax*. This decision is related in a very different manner by other poets; in particular, by *Ovid* in his *Metamorphosis*; but *Lucian* in his dialogues agrees with *Homer* in every point very circumstantially: and consequently with some obscurity: but what we have here said fully explains that dialogue of *Lucian*, as well as this passage of *Homer*.

\* This silence of *Ajax* was very much admired by the ancients, and *Longinus* proposes it as an instance of the true sublimity of thought, which springs from an elevation of soul, and not from the diction; for a man may be truly sublime without speaking a word: thus in the silence of *Ajax* there is something  
No. 28.

A pond'rous mace of brass with direful sway  
Aloft he whirls, to crush the savage prey;  
Stern beasts in trains that by his truncheon fell,  
Now grisly forms, shoot o'er the lawns of hell.

There *Tityus* large and long, in fetters bound, †  
O'er spreads nine acres of infernal ground;  
Two rav'nous vultures furious for their food  
Scream o'er the fiend, and riot in his blood,  
Incessant gore the liver in his breast,  
Th' immortal liver grows, and gives th' immortal  
feast.

For as o'er *Panope's* enamel'd plains  
*Latona* journey'd to the *Pythian* fanes,  
With haughty love th' audacious monster strove  
To force the Goddesses, and to rival *Jove*.

There *Tantalus* along the *Stygian* bounds  
Pours out deep groans; (with groans all hell resounds)  
Ev'n in the circling floods refreshment craves,  
And pines with thirst amidst a sea of waves:  
When to the water he his lips applies,  
Back from his lip the treach'rous water flies.  
Above, beneath, around his hapless head,  
Trees of all kinds delicious fruitage spread;  
There figs sky-dy'd, a purple hue disclose,  
Green looks the olive, the pomegranate glows,  
There dangling pears exalted scents unfold,  
And yellow apples ripen into gold:  
The fruit he strives to seize: but blasts arise,  
Toss it on high, and whirl it to the skies.

I turn'd my eye, and as I turn'd survey'd  
A mournful vision! the *Sisyphian* shade;  
With many a weary step, and many a groan,  
Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone; §

The

## NOTES.

more noble, than in any thing he could possibly have spoken.

† The diversion of this infernal hunter may seem extraordinary in pursuing the shades of beasts; but it was the opinion of the ancients, that the same passions to which men were subject on earth continued with them in the other world; and their shades were liable to be affected in the same manner as their bodies.

‡ The reason why *Tityus* was fabled to be the son of the earth, was from his being immersed in worldly cares, and from his centering all his affections upon the earth, as if he had sprung from it.

§ This is a very remarkable instance of the beauty of *Homer's* versification: we see in the choice and disposition of the words the fact which they describe; the weight of the stone, and the striving to heave it up the mountain: to effect this, *Homer* in  
6 D the



The huge round stone, resuming with a bound,  
Thunders impetuous down, and sinoaks along the  
ground.

Again the restless orb his toil renews,  
Dust mounts in clouds, and sweat descends in dews.

Now I the strength of *Hercules* behold,  
A towering spectre of gigantic mould,  
A shadowy form! for high in heav'n's abodes\*  
Himself resides, a God among the Gods;  
There in the bright assemblies of the skies,  
He nectar quaffs, and *Hebe* crowns his joys.  
Here hovering ghosts, like fowl, his shade sur-  
round,

And clang their pinions with terrific sound;  
Gloomy as night he stands, in act to throw  
The aerial arrow from the twanging bow.  
Around his breast a wondrous zone is roll'd,  
Where woodland monsters grin in fretted gold,  
There tullen lions sternly seem to roar,  
The bear to growl, to foam the tusky boar,  
There war and havoc and destruction stood,  
And vengeful murder red with human blood.

## NOTES.

the original clogs the verse with spondee or long syllables, and leaves the vowels open, which it is impossible to pronounce without hesitation and difficulty; the very words and syllables are heavy, and as it were make resistance in the pronunciation, to express the heaviness of the stone, and the difficulty with which it is forced up the mountain. To give the *English* reader a faint image of the beauty of the original in the translation, we have loaded the verse with monosyllables, and these almost all begin with aspirates: *Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone.* *Homer* is no less happy in describing the rushing down of the stone from the top of the mountain: it is evident that the swiftness of the verse in the original, imitates the celerity of the stone in its descent; nay, that the verse runs with the greater rapidity? What is the cause of this? It is because there is not one monosyllable in the line, and but two dissyllables, ten of the syllables are short, and not one spondee in it, except one that could not be avoided at the conclusion of it; there is no hiatus or gap between word and word, no vowels left open to retard the celerity of it: the whole seems to be but one word, the syllables melt into one another, and flow away with the utmost rapidity in a torrent of dactyls. We were too sensible of the beauty of this not to endeavour to imitate it, though unsuccessfully: we have therefore thrown it into the

Thus terribly adorn'd the figures shine,  
Inimitably wrought with skill divine.  
The mighty ghost advanc'd with awful look,  
And turning his grim visage, sternly spoke.

O exercis'd in grief! by arts refin'd!  
O taught to bear the wrongs of base mankind!  
Such, such was I! still tost from care to care,  
While in your world I drew the vital air;  
Ev'n I who from the Lord of thunder rose,  
Bore toils and dangers, and a weight of woes;  
To a base monarch still a slave confin'd,  
(The hardest bondage to a gen'rous mind!)  
Down to these worlds I trod the dismal way,†  
And drag'd the three-mouth'd dog to upper day;  
Thus terribly adorn'd the figures shine,  
Inimitably wrought with skill divine.  
Ev'n hell I conquer'd thro' the friendly aid  
Of *Maia*'s offspring and the martial Maid.

Thus he, nor deign'd for our reply to stay,  
But turning stalk'd with giant strides away.  
Curious to view the kings of ancient days,  
The mighty dead that live in endless praise,

Resolv'd

## NOTES.

swiftness of an *Alexandrine*, to make it of a more proportionable number of syllables with the *Greek*.

\* This is the passage formerly referred to, to prove that *Hercules* was in heaven, while his shade was in the infernal regions; a full evidence of the partition of the human composition into three parts: the body is buried in the earth; the image descends into the regions of the departed; and the soul, or the divine part of man, is received into heaven: thus the body of *Hercules* was consumed in the flames, his image is in hell, and his soul in heaven. There is a beautiful moral couched in the fable of his being married to *Hebe*, or youth, after death: to imply, that a perpetual youth or a reputation which never grows old, is the reward of those heroes, who like *Hercules* employ their courage for the good of humankind.

† Nothing can be more artfully inserted than the mention of this descent of *Hercules* into the regions of the dead: *Ulysses* shews by it at least that it was a vulgar opinion, and consequently within the degrees of poetical probability; a poet being at liberty to follow common sense: in particular, it could not fail of having a full effect upon his *Phæacian* auditors, not only as it in some measure sets him upon a level with *Hercules*, but as it is an example of a like undertaking with this which he has been relating, and therefore a probable method to gain their belief of it.



Resolv'd I stand; and haply had survey'd\*  
 The god-like *Theseus* and *Perithous*' shade;  
 But swarms of spectres rose from deepest hell,  
 With bloodless visage, and with hideous yell,  
 They scream, they shriek; sad groans and dismal  
 sounds  
 Stun'd my fear'd ears, and pierce hell's utmost bounds.  
 No more my heart the dismal din sustains,  
 And my cold blood hangs shiv'ring in my veins;  
 Lest *Gorgon*-rising from th' infernal lakes,  
 With horrors arm'd, and curls of hissing snakes,

Should fix me, stiffen'd at the monstrous sight,  
 A stony image, in eternal night!  
 Strait from the direful coast to purer air†  
 I speed my flight, and to my mates repair.  
 My mates ascend the ship; they strike their oars;  
 The mountains lessen, and retreat the shores:  
 Swift o'er the waves we fly; the fresh'ning gales  
 Sing through the shrouds, and stretch the swelling  
 sails.

## NOTES.

\* The poet shews us that he had still a noble fund of invention, and had it in his power to open new scenes of wonder and entertainment; but that this infernal episode might not be too long, he shifts the scene: the invention of the gorgon, which terrifies him from a longer abode in these realms of darkness gives a probable reason for his immediate return. *Alexander* the *Mydian* writes in his *History of Animals*, that there really was a creature in *Lybia*, which the *Nomades* called a Gorgon; it resembled a wild ram, or as some affirm a calf; whose breath was of such a poisonous nature, as to kill all that approached it. *Athenæus* says it's hair hangs over it's eyes down from the forehead, of such thickness that it scarce is able to remove it, to guide itself from danger; but it kills not by it's breath, but with emanations darted from it's eyes: the beast was well known in the time of *Marius*, for certain of his soldiers seeing it, mistook it for a wild sheep, and pursued to take it; but the hair being removed by the motion of it's flying, it slew all upon whom it looked: at length the *Nomades*, who knew the nature of the beast, destroyed it with darts at a dis-

## NOTES.

tance, and carried it to the general *Marius*. However little truth there be in this story, it is a sufficient ground for poetical fictions, and all the fables that are ascribed to the Gorgon.

† It may not probably be unpleasant to the reader, to observe the manner how the two great poets *Homer* and *Virgil* close the scene of their infernal adventures, by restoring the heroes to the earth. *Ulysses* returns by the same way he descended, of which we have a plain description in the beginning of this book: *Virgil* takes a different method, he borrows his conclusion from another part of *Homer*; in which he describes the two gates of sleep; the one is ivory, the other of horn: through the ivory gate, issue falsehoods, through the gate of horn truths: *Virgil* dismisses *Æneas* through the gate of falsehood: now what is this, but to inform us that all that he relates is nothing but a dream; and that dream a falsehood? We submit it to the critics who are more disposed to find fault than we are, to determine whether *Virgil* ought to be censured for such an acknowledgment, or praised for his ingenuity?





## The TWELFTH BOOK of the ODYSSEY.\*

## A R G U M E N T.

## THE SIRENS, SCYLLA, AND CHARYBDIS.

*Ulysses relates, how after his return from the shades, he was sent by Circe on his voyage, by the coast of the Sirens, and by the streight of Scylla and Charybdis: the manner in which he escaped those dangers: how being cast on the island Trinacria, his companions destroyed the oxen of the sun: the vengeance that followed; how all perished by shipwreck except himself, who swimming on the mast of the ship, arrived on the island of Calypso. With which his narration concludes.*

THUS o'er the rolling surge the vessel flies,  
Till from the waves th' *Ææan* hills arise.  
Here the gay morn: resides in radiant bow'rs, †  
Here keeps her revels with the dancing hours;

## NOTES.

\* We are now drawing to a conclusion of the episodic narration of the *Odyssey*; it may therefore not be unentertaining to speak something concerning the nature of it, before we dismiss it. There are two ways of relating past subjects: the one, simply and methodically by a plain rehearsal, and this is the province of history; the other artificially, where the author makes no appearance in person, but introduces speakers, and this is the practice of epic poetry. By this method the poet brings upon the stage those very persons who performed the action he represents: he makes them speak and act over again the words and actions they spoke or performed before, and in some sort transports his auditors to the time when, and the place where, the action was done. This method is of great use, it prevents the poet from delivering his story in a plain simple way like an historian, it makes the auditors witnesses of it, and the action discovers itself. Thus

Here *Phæbus* rising in th' etherial way,  
Thro' heav'n's bright portals pours the beamy day.  
At once we fix our haulsers on the land,  
At once descend, and press the desert sand;

There

## NOTES.

for instance, it is not *Homer*, but *Ulysses* who speaks; the poet is withdrawn, and the hero whose story we hear is as it were raised from the grave, and relates it in person to the audience.

† It is very evident that *Homer* was perfectly acquainted with the *Phœnician* story; he tells us that *Elpenor* was buried upon the promontory on the sea-shore, and that it was called by his name, *Elpenor*. Now the *Phœnicians*, who endeavoured to naturalize all names in their own language, affirmed, according to *Bochart*, that this promontory was not so called from *Elpenor*, but from their word *Hilbinor*, which signifies *ubi albescit lux matutina*; that is, "where the dawning of the day begins to appear." This promontory being of great height, the rays of the morning might fall upon it; and this tradition might furnish *Homer* with his fiction of the bowers, and dances of it.



There worn and wasted, lose our cares in sleep  
To the hoarse murmurs of the rolling deep.

Soon as the morn restor'd the day, we pay'd  
Sepulchral honours to *Elpenor's* shade.  
Now by the axe the rushing forest bends,  
And the huge pile along the shore ascends.  
Around we stand a melancholy train,  
And a loud groan re-echoes from the main.  
Fierce o'er the pyre, by fanning breezes spread,  
The hungry flame devours the silent dead.  
A rising tomb, the silent dead to grace,  
Fast by the roarings of the main we place;  
The rising tomb a lofty column bore,  
And high above it rose the tap'ring oar.

Mean time the \* Goddess our return survey'd  
From the pale ghosts, and hell's tremendous shade.  
Swift she descends: a train of nymphs divine  
Bear the rich viands and the generous wine:  
In act to speak the † Pow'r of magic stands,  
And graceful thus accosts the list'ning bands.

O sons of woe! decreed by adverse fates  
Alive to pass thro' hell's eternal gates!  
All, soon or late, are doom'd that path to tread;  
More wretched you! twice number'd with the  
dead!

This day adjourn your cares; exalt your souls,  
Indulge the taste, and drain the sparkling bowls:

And when the morn unveils her saffron ray,  
Spread your broad sails, and plow the liquid way:  
Lo I this night, your faithful guide, explain  
Your woes by land, your dangers on the main.

The Goddess spoke; in feasts we waste the day,  
Till *Phæbus* downward plung'd his burning ray;  
Then sable night ascends, and balmy rest  
Seals ev'ry eye, and calms the troubled breast.  
Then curious she commands me to relate  
The dreadful scenes of *Pluto's* dreary state.  
She sat in silence while the tale I tell,  
The wond'rous visions, and the laws of hell.

Then thus: The lot of man the Gods dispose;  
These ills are past; now hear thy future woes.  
O prince attend! some fav'ring pow'r be kind,  
And print th' important story on thy mind!

Next, where the *Sirens* dwell, you plow the  
seas; ‡

Their song is death, and makes destruction please.  
Unblest the man, whom music wins to stay  
Nigh the curst shore, and listen to the lay;  
No more the wretch shall view the joys of life,  
His blooming offspring, or his beauteous wife!  
In verdant meads they sport, and wide around §  
Lie human bones, that whiten all the ground;  
The ground polluted floats with human gore,  
And human carnage taints the dreadful shore.

Fly

#### NOTES.

\* *Circe*.

† *Circe*.

‡ The critics have greatly laboured to explain what was the foundation of this fiction of the *Sirens*. We are told by some, that *Sirens* were queens of certain small islands, named *Sirenusæ*, that lie near *Capræ* in *Italy*, and chiefly inhabited the promontory of *Minerva*, upon the top of which that Goddess had a temple, as some affirm, built by *Ulysses*. Here, there was a renowned academy in the reign of the *Sirens*, famous for eloquence and the liberal sciences, which gave occasion for the invention of this fable of the sweetness of the voice, and attracting song of the *Sirens*. But why then are they fabled to be destroyers, and painted in such dreadful colours? We are told that at last the students abused their knowledge, to the colouring of wrong, the corruption of manners, and subversion of government; that is, in the language of poetry, they were feigned to be transformed into monsters, and with their music to have enticed passengers to their ruin, who there consumed their patrimonies, and poisoned their virtues with riot and effeminacy. The place is now called *Majja*. In the days of *Homer* the *Sirens* were fabled to be two only in number, as appears

No. 29.

#### NOTES.

from his speaking of them in the dual; their names were *Thelxiepæa*, and *Aglaopheme*. Other writers, in particular *Lycophron*, mention three *Sirens*, *Ligæa*, *Parthenope*, and *Leucosia*. Some are of opinion that they were singing women and harlots, who by the sweetness of their voices drew the unwary to ruin their health and fortune. Others tell us of a certain bay contracted within winding streights and broken cliffs, which by the singing of the winds, and beating of the waters, returns a delightful harmony, that allures the passenger to approach, who is immediately thrown against the rocks, and swallowed up by the violent eddies. But others understand the whole passage allegorically, or as a fable containing an excellent-moral, to shew that if we suffer ourselves to be too much allured by the pleasures of an idle life, the end will be destruction. But the fable may be applied to all pleasures in general, which if too eagerly pursued betray the uncautious into ruin; while wise men like *Ulysses*, making use of their reason, stop their ears against their insinuations.

§ There is a great similitude between this passage and the words of *Solomon* in the *Proverbs*, where there

6 E

is



Fly swift the dang'rous coast; let ev'ry ear  
Be stop'd against the song! 'tis death to hear!  
Firm to the mast with chains thyself be bound,  
Nor trust thy virtue to th'enchancing sound.  
If mad with transport, freedom thou demand,  
Be ev'ry fetter strain'd, and added band to band.

These seas o'erpass'd, be wise! but I refrain  
To mark distinct thy voyage o'er the main:  
New horrors rise! let prudence be thy guide,  
And guard thy various passage thro' the tide.

High o'er the main two rocks exalt their brow,\*  
The boiling billows thund'ring roll below;  
Thro' the vast waves the dreadful wonders move,  
Hence nam'd *Erratic* by the Gods above.†

## NOTES.

is a most beautiful description of an harlot, in the eighth and ninth chapters. This is an instance, that without any violence the nature of harlots may be concealed under the fable of the *Sirens*.

\* There is undoubtedly a great amplification in the description of *Scylla* and *Charybdis*; it may not therefore be unnecessary to lay before the reader, what is truth and what fiction. This streight is the sea that flows between *Rhegium* and *Messenè*, where at the narrowest distance, *Sicily* is divided from the continent; and this is that part of the sea which *Ulysses* is said to have passed, and it is called *Charybdis*: this sea, by reason of the streights, and the concourse of the *Tyrrhene* and *Sicilian* seas breaking violently into it, and there raising great commotions, is with good reason called destructive. *Charybdis* stands on the coast of *Sicily*; *Scylla* on the coast of *Italy*. It is highly probable that these rocks were more dangerous formerly than at these times; the violence of the waters may not only have enlarged their channels by time, but by throwing up banks and sands have diverted their course from bearing upon these rocks with the same violence as anciently; add to this, that men by art may have contributed to render these seas more safe, being places of great resort and navigation. Besides, the unskillfulness of the ancients in sea affairs, and the smallness and form of their vessels, might render those seas very dangerous to them, which are safe to modern navigators.

† It will reconcile the reader in some measure to the boldness of these fictions, if he considers that *Homer*, to render his poetry more marvellous, joins what has been related of the *Symplegades*, to the description of *Scylla* and *Charybdis*: such a fiction of the jutting of these rocks could not be shocking to the ears of the ancients, who had before heard of

No bird of air, no dove of swiftest wing, ‡  
That bears *Ambrosia* to th' ætherial King,  
Shuns the dire rocks: in vain she cuts the skies,  
The dire rocks meet, and crush her as she flies;  
Not the fleet bark, when prosp'rous breezes play,  
Plows o'er that roaring surge it's desp'rate way;  
O'erwhelm'd it sinks: while round a smoke expires,  
And the waves flashing seem to burn with fires.  
Scarce the fam'd *Argo* pass'd these raging floods,  
The sacred *Argo*, fill'd with demigods!  
Ev'n she had sunk, but *Jove's* imperial bride §  
Wing'd her fleet sail, and push'd her o'er the tide.

High in the air the rock it's summit shrouds,  
In brooding tempests, and in rolling clouds;

Loud

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the same property in the *Symplegades*. The whole fable is perhaps grounded upon appearance: navigators looking upon these rocks at a distance, might in different views, according to the position of the ship, sometimes see them in a direct line, and then they would appear to join, and after they had passed a little further they might look upon them obliquely, and then they would be discovered to be at some distance; and this might give occasion to the fable of their meeting and recoiling alternately. *Homer* continually lays the foundation of his fables upon some well known history: thus he feigns these rocks to be full of dangers and horrors, according to the relations of the *Cyanean*, which from their jutting are called *Symplegades*.

‡ What might give *Homer* this notion, might be what is related of the *Symplegades*. *Phineus* being asked by *Jason* if he could pass those rocks with safety, he desires to know how swift the vessel was; *Jason* answers, as swift as a dove; then said *Phineus*, send a dove between the rocks, and if she escapes, you may pass in safety: *Jason* complies, and the pigeon in her passage lost only her tail; that hero immediately sets sail, and escapes with the loss only of his rudder: this story being reported of the *Symplegades*, might give *Homer* the hint of applying the crushing of the doves to *Scylla* and *Charybdis*.

§ A poet should endeavour to raise his images and expressions, as far as possible, above meanness and vulgarity: in this respect no poet was ever more happy than *Homer*: this place is an instance of it; it means no more than that while *Jason* made his voyage he had favourable winds and serene air. As *Juno* is frequently used in *Homer* to denote the air, he ascribes the prosperous wind to that Goddess, who presides over the air.





*Ulysses & his Companions after his return from  
the Shades, escaping the Sirens, & passing between  
the Rocks Scylla & Charybdis.*

*Barclay Sculp.*

*Published by Alex<sup>r</sup>. Hogg, at the Kings Arms, N<sup>o</sup> 16, Paternoster Row.*



Loud storms around and mists eternal rise,  
Beat it's black brow, and intercept the skies.  
When all the broad expansion bright with day  
Glow's with th' autumnal or the summer ray,  
The summer and the autumn glow's in vain,  
The sky for ever low'rs, for ever clouds remain.  
Impervious to the step of man it stands,  
Tho' borne by twenty feet, tho' arm'd with twenty hands;

Smooth as the polish of the mirror rise  
The slippery sides, and shoot into the skies.  
Full in the center of this rock display'd,  
A yawning cavern casts a dreadful shade:  
Nor the fleet arrow from the twanging bow,  
Sent with full force, could reach the depth below.  
Wide to the west the horrid gulph extends,  
And the dire passage down to hell descends.\*  
O fly the dreadful sight! expand thy sails,  
Ply the strong oar, and catch the nimble gales;  
Here *Scylla* bellows from her dire abodes,  
Tremendous pest! abhor'd by man and Gods!  
Hideous her voice, and with less terrors roar  
The whelps of lions in the midnight hour.  
Twelve feet deform'd and foul the fiend dispreads;  
Six horrid rocks she rears, and six terrific heads;  
Her jaws grin dreadful with three rows of teeth;  
Jaggy they stand, the gaping den of death:

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\* *Homer* means by hell, the regions of death, and uses it to teach us that there is no passing by this rock without destruction, or in *Homer's* words it is a sure passage into the kingdom of death.

† *Homer* in many of his fictions alludes to the customs of antiquity: for instance, *Scylla* was a famous fishery for taking such fishes as *Homer* mentions: this was the manner of taking the sea-dog; several small boats went out only with two men in it, the one rowed, the other stood with his instrument ready to strike the fish; all the boats had one speculator in common, to give notice when the fish approached, which usually swam with more than half of the body above water: *Ulysses* is this speculator, who stands armed with his spear? and it is probable, that *Homer* thought *Ulysses* really visited *Scylla*, since he ascribes to *Scylla* that manner of fishing which is really practised by the *Scyllians*.

‡ These particularities, which seem of no consequence, have a very good effect in poetry, as they give the relation an air of truth and probability. For what can induce a poet to mention such a tree, if the tree were not there in reality? Neither is this fig-tree described in vain, it is the means

Her parts obscene the raging billows hide;  
Her bosom terribly o'erlooks the tide.  
When stung with hunger she embroils the flood,  
The sea-dog and the dolphin are her food; †  
She makes the huge leviathan her prey,  
And all the monsters of the wat'ry way;  
The swiftest racer of the azure plain  
Here fills her sails and spreads her oars in vain;  
Fell *Scylla* rises, in her fury roars,  
At once six mouths expands, at once six men devours.

Close by, a rock of less enormous height  
Breaks the wild waves, and foams a dang'rous freight;  
Full on it's crown a fig's green branches rise, ‡  
And shoot a leafy forest to the skies;  
Beneath, *Charybdis* holds her boist'rous reign  
Midst roaring whirlpools, and absorbs the main.  
Thrice in her gulphs the boiling seas subside, §  
Thrice in dire thunders she refunds the tide.  
Oh if thy vessel plow the direful waves,  
When seas retreating roar within her caves,  
Ye perish all! tho' he who rules the main  
Lend his strong aid, his aid he lends in vain.  
Ah shun the horrid gulph! by *Scylla* fly,  
'Tis better six to lose, than all to die.

I then: O nymph propitious to my pray'r,  
Godde's divine, my guardian pow'r declare, ||

Is

## NOTES.

of preserving the life of *Ulysses* in the sequel of the story. The poet describes the fig-tree loaded with leaves; even this circumstance is of use, for the branches would then bend downward to the sea by their weight, and be reached by *Ulysses* more easily. It shews likewise, that this shipwreck was not in winter, for then the branches are naked.

§ *Strabo* quotes this passage to prove, that *Homer* understood the flux and reflux of the ocean. "An instance, says he, of the care that poet took to inform himself in all things is what he writes concerning the tides, for he calls the reflux the *revolution of the waters*: he tells us, that *Scylla* (it should be *Charybdis*) thrice swallows, and thrice refunds the waves; this must be understood of regular tides." There are but two tides in a day; the expression of the three tides ought to be understood of the space of the night and day, and then there will be a regular flux and reflux thrice in that time, or every eight hours periodically.

|| This short question excellently declares the undaunted spirit of the hero; *Circe* lays before him the most affrighted danger; *Ulysses* immediately offers to encounter it, to revenge the death of his friends, and



Is the foul fiend from human vengeance freed?  
Or if I rise in arms, can *Scylla* bleed?

Then she: O worn by toils, oh-broke in fight,  
Still are new toils and war thy dire delight?  
Will martial flames for ever fire thy mind,  
And never, never be to heav'n resign'd?  
How vain thy efforts to avenge the wrong?  
Deathless the pest! impenetrably strong!  
Furious and fell, tremendous to behold!  
Ev'n with a look she withers all the bold!  
She mocks the weak attempts of human might;  
O fly her rage! thy conquest is thy flight.  
If but to seize thy arms thou make delay,  
Again the fury vindicates her prey,  
Her six mouths yawn, and six are snatch'd away.  
From her foul womb *Crataeis* gave to air\*  
This dreadful pest! to her direct thy pray'r.  
To curb the monster in her dire abodes,  
And guard thee thro' the tumult of the floods.  
Thence to *Trinacria's* shore you bend your way,  
Where graze thy herds, illustrious source of  
day! †

## NOTES.

and the poet artfully at the same time makes their Goddess launch out into the praise of his intrepidity; a judicious method to exalt the character of his hero.

\* It is not evident who this *Crataeis* is, whom the poet makes the mother of *Scylla*: some think that it is *Hecate*, a Goddess very properly recommended by *Circe*; she, like *Circe*, being the president over forceries and enchantments. But why should she be said to be mother of *Scylla*? Others imagine that *Homer* speaks ænigmatically, and intends to teach us that these monsters are merely the creation or offspring of magic, or poetry.

† This fiction concerning the immortal herds of *Apollo* is bold, but founded upon truth and reality. Nothing is more certain than that in ancient times whole herds of cattle were consecrated to the Gods, and were therefore sacred and inviolable: these being always of a fixed number, neither more nor less than at the first consecration, the poet feigns that they never bred or increased: and being constantly supplied upon any vacancy, they were fabled to be immortal, or never to decay; (for the same cause one of the most famous *legions* of antiquity was called *immortal*.) *Eustathius* informs us, that they were labouring oxen employed in tillage, and it was esteemed a particular prophanation to destroy a labouring ox, it was criminal to eat of it, nay it was forbid to be offered even in sacrifices to the Gods;

Sev'n herds, sev'n flocks enrich the sacred plains,  
Each heard, each flock full fifty heads contains;  
The wond'rous kind a length of age survey,  
By breed increase not, nor by death decay;  
Two sister Goddesses possess the plain,  
The constant guardians of the woolly train;  
*Lampetie* fair, and *Phaethusa* young,  
From *Phæbus* and the *Neæra* sprung:  
Here watchful o'er the flocks, in shady bow'rs—  
And flow'ry meads they waste the joyous hours.  
Rob not the God! and so propitious gales  
Attend thy voyage, and impel thy sails;  
But if thy impious hands the flocks destroy,  
The Gods, the Gods avenge it, and ye die!  
'Tis thine alone (thy friends and navy lost)  
Thro' tedious toils to view thy native coast.

She ceas'd: and now arose the morning ray; ‡  
Swift to her dome the Goddess held her way.  
Then to my mates I measur'd back the plain,  
Climb'd the tall bark, and rush'd into the main;  
Then bending to the stroke, their oars they drew  
To their broad breasts, and swift the gally flew.

Up

## NOTES.

and a crime punishable with death by the laws of *Solon*: so that the moral intended by *Homer* in this fable of the violation of the herds of *Apollo* is, that in our utmost necessity we ought not to offend the Gods. As to the flocks of sheep, *Herodotus* informs us, that in *Apollonia* along the *Ionian* gulph, flocks of sheep were consecrated to that Deity, and were therefore inviolable.

‡ It is very judicious in the poet not to amuse us with repeating the compliments that passed between these two lovers at parting: the commerce *Ulysses* held with *Circe* was so far from contributing to the end of the *Odyssey*, that it was one of the greatest impediments to it; and therefore *Homer* dismisses that subject in a few words, and passes on directly to the great sufferings and adventures of his hero, which are essential to the poem. But it may not be unnecessary to observe how artfully the poet connects this episode of *Circe* with the thread of it; he makes even the Goddess, who detains him from his country, contribute to his return thither, by the advice she gives him how to escape the dangers of the ocean, and how to behave in the difficult emergencies of his voyages: it is true, she detains him out of fondness, but yet this very fondness is of use to him, since it makes a Goddess his instructor, and as it were a guide to his country.



Up sprung a brisker breeze; with fresh'ning gales  
The friendly Goddess stretch'd the swelling sails;  
We drop our oars; at ease the pilot guides;  
The vessel light along the level glides.

When rising sad and slow, with pensive look,  
Thus to the melancholy train I spoke:

O friends, oh ever partners of my woes,  
Attend while I what heav'n foredooms disclose,  
Hear all! Fate hangs o'er all! on you it lies  
To live, or perish! to be safe, be wise!

In flow'ry meads the sportive *Sirens* play,  
Touch the soft lyre, and tune the vocal lay;  
Me, me alone, with fetters firmly bound,  
The Gods allow to hear the dangerous sound.  
Hear and obey: if freedom I demand,  
Be ev'ry fetter strain'd, be added band to band.

While yet I speak the winged gally flies,  
And lo! the *Siren* shores like mists arise.  
Sunk were at once the winds; the air above,  
And waves below, at once forgot to move!  
Some demon calm'd the air, and smooth'd the deep,  
Hush'd the loud winds, and charm'd the waves to sleep.

Now ev'ry sail we furl, each oar we ply;  
Lash'd by the stroke the frothy waters fly.  
The ductile wax with busy hands I mould;  
And cleft in fragments, and the fragments roll'd;  
Th' aerial region now grew warm with day,  
The wax dissolv'd beneath the burning ray;  
Then ev'ry ear I barr'd against the strain,  
And from access of phrenzy lock'd the brain.  
Now round the mast my mates the fetters roll'd,  
And bound me limb by limb, with fold on fold.  
Then bending to the stroke, the active train  
Plunge all at once their oars, and leave the main.

## NOTES.

\* There are several things remarkable in this short song of the *Sirens*: one of the first words they speak is the name of *Ulysses*, this shews that they had a kind of omniscience; and it could not fail of raising the curiosity of a wise man, to be acquainted with persons of such extensive knowledge: the song is well adapted to the character of *Ulysses*; it is not pleasure or dalliance with which they tempt that hero, but a promise of wisdom, and a recital of the war of *Troy* and his own glory. *Homer* saw that his fable could not be approved, if he made his hero to be taken with a mere song: the *Sirens* therefore promise knowledge, the desire of which might probably prove stronger than the love of his country. To desire to know all things, whether useful or trifles, is a faulty curiosity; but to be led from the contemplation of things great and noble, to a thirst

No. 29.

While to the shore the rapid vessel flies,  
Our swift approach the *Siren* quire descries;  
Celestial music warbles from their tongue,  
And thus the swift deluders tune the song.

O stay, oh pride of *Greece*! *Ulysses* stay! \*  
O cease thy course, and listen to our lay!  
Blest is the man ordain'd our voice to hear,  
The song instructs the soul, and charms the ear.  
Approach! thy soul shall into raptures rise!  
Approach! and learn new wisdom from the wise!  
We know whate'er the kings of mighty name  
Atchiev'd at *Ilion* in the field of fame;  
Whate'er beneath the sun's bright journey lies.  
O stay and learn new wisdom from the wise!

Thus the sweet charmers warbled o'er the main;  
My soul takes wing to meet the heav'nly strain;  
I give the sign, and struggle to be free:  
Swift row my mates, and shoot along the sea;  
New chains they add, and rapid urge the way,  
Till dying off, the distant sounds decay:  
Then scudding swiftly from the dang'rous ground,  
The deafen'd ear unlock'd, the chains unbound.

Now all at once tremendous scenes unfold;  
I hunder'd the deeps, the smoking billows roll'd! †  
Tumultuous waves embroil'd the bellowing flood,  
All trembling, deafen'd, and aghast we stood!  
No more the vessel plow'd the dreadful wave,  
Fear seiz'd the mighty, and unnerv'd the brave;  
Each dropp'd his oar: but swift from man to man

With look serene I turn'd, and thus began:  
O friends! Oh often try'd in adverse storms!  
With ills familiar in more dreadful forms!  
Deep in the dire *Cyclopean* den you lay, ‡  
Yet safe return'd—*Ulysses* led the way.

Learn

## NOTES.

of knowledge, is an instance of a greatness of soul.

† By the smoke we are to understand the mists that arise from the commotion and dashing of the waters, and by the *storms of fire*, (as *Homer* expresses it) the reflections the water casts in such agitations that resemble flames. *Ulysses* continues upon one of these rocks several hours, that is, from morning till noon, as appears from the conclusion of this book; for leaping from the float, he laid hold upon a fig-tree that grew upon *Charybdis*; but both the fig-tree and *Ulysses* must have been consumed, if the rock had really emitted flames.

‡ *Ulysses* speaks not out of vanity; he saw his companions terrified with the noise, tumult, and smoke of the gulphs of *Sylla* and *Charybdis*; he therefore, to give them courage, reminds them of his

6 F.

wisdom.



Learn courage hence! and in my care confide:  
Lo! still the same *Ulysses* is your guide!  
Attend my words! your oars incessant ply;  
Strain ev'ry nerve, and bid the vessel fly.  
If from yon jutting rocks and wavy war  
*Jove* safety grants; he grants it to your care.  
And thou whose guiding hand directs our way,  
Pilot, attentive listen and obey!  
Bear wide thy course, nor plow those angry waves  
Where rolls yon smoke, yon tumbling ocean raves:  
Steer by the higher rock; lest whirl'd around  
We sink, beneath the circling eddy drown'd.

While yet I speak, at once their oars they seize,  
Stretch to the stroke, and brush the working seas.  
Cautious the name of *Scylla* I suppress;  
That dreadful sound had chill'd the boldest breast.

Mean time, forgetful of the voice divine,\*  
All dreadful bright my limbs in armour shine;  
High on the deck I take my dang'rous stand,  
Two glitt'ring javelins lighten in my hand;  
Prepar'd to whirl the whizzing spear I stay,  
Till the fell fiend arise to seize her prey.  
Around the dungeon, studious to behold  
The hideous pest, my labouring eyes I roll'd;  
In vain! the dismal dungeon dark as night  
Veils the dire monster, and confounds the sight.

Now through the rocks, appal'd with deep  
dismay,  
We bend our course, and stem the desp'rate away;  
Dire *Scylla* there a scene of horror forms,  
And here *Charybdis* fills the deep with storms.

## NOTES.

wisdom and valour, which they found had frequently extricated them from other dangers. This is not vain-glory or boasting, but the dictate of wisdom; to infuse courage into his friends, he engages his virtue, prowess, and capacity for their safety, and shews what confidence they ought to repose in his conduct.

\* This seemingly small circumstance is not without a good effect: it shews that *Ulysses*, even by the injunctions of a goddess, cannot lay aside the hero. It is not out of a particular care of his own safety that he arms himself, for he takes his stand in the most open and dangerous part of the vessel. It is an evidence likewise that the death of his companions is not owing to a want of his protection. By this conduct we see likewise, that all the parts of the *Odyssey* are consistent, and that the same care of his companions, which *Homer* ascribes to *Ulysses* in the first lines of it, is visible through the whole poem.

† We doubt not but every reader who is ac-

When the tide rushes from her rumbling caves  
The rough rock roars; tumultuous boil the waves;†  
They toss, they foam, a wild confusion raise,  
Like waters bubbling o'er the fiery blaze;  
Eternal mists obscure th' æreal plain;  
And high above the rock she spouts the main;  
When in her gulphs the rushing sea subsides,  
She drains the ocean with the reflux tides:  
The rock rebellows with a thund'ring sound;  
Deep, wond'rous deep, below appears the ground.  
Struck with despair, with trembling hearts we  
view'd

The yawning dungeon, and the tumbling flood;  
When lo! fierce *Scylla* stoop'd to seize her prey,  
Stretch'd her dire jaws, and swept six men away;  
Chiefs of renown! loud echoing shrieks arise;  
I turn and view them quivering in the skies;  
They call, and aid with out-stretch'd arms implore:  
In vain they call! those arms are stretch'd no more.  
As from some rock that overhangs the flood,‡  
The silent fisher casts th' insidious food,  
With fraudulent care he waits the finny prize,  
And sudden lifts it quivering to the skies:  
So the foul monster lifts her prey on high,  
So pant the wretches, struggling in the sky;  
In the wide dunge'n she devours her food,  
And the flesh trembles while she churns the blood.  
Worn as I am with griefs, with care decay'd;  
Never, I never, scene so dire survey'd!  
My shiv'ring blood congeal'd forgot to flow,  
Aghast I stood, a monument of woe!

Now

## NOTES.

quainted with *Homer*, has taken notice in this book, how he all along adapts his verses to the horrible subject he describes, and paints the roarings of the ocean in words as sonorous as that element. It is impossible to preserve the beauty of *Homer* in our language, but we have endeavoured to imitate what we could not equal. We have clogged the verse with the roughness and identity of a letter, which is the hardest our language affords; and clogged it with monosyllables, that the concourse of the rough letters might be more quick and close in the pronunciation, and the most open and sounding vowel occur in every word.

‡ These tender and calm similitudes have a peculiar beauty, when introduced to illustrate such images of terror as the poet here describes: they set off each the other by an happy contrast, and become both more strong by opposition. There is always a peculiar sweetness in allusions that are borrowed from calm life, fishing, hunting, and rural affairs.



Now from the rocks the rapid vessel flies,  
And the hoarse din like distant thunder dies;  
To *Sol's* bright isle our voyage we pursue,\*  
And now the glitt'ring mountains rise to view.  
There sacred to the radiant God of day  
Grazed the fair herds, the flocks promiscuous stray:  
Then suddenly was heard along the main  
To low the ox, to bleat the woolly train,  
Strait to my anxious thoughts the sound convey'd  
The words of *Circe* and the *Theban* Shade;  
Warn'd by their awful voice these shores to shun,  
With cautious fears oppress'd, I thus begun.

O friends! oh ever exercis'd in care!  
Hear heav'n's commands, and reverence what ye  
hear!

To fly these shores the prescient *Theban* Shade  
And *Circe* warns! O be their voice obey'd:  
Some mighty woe relentless heav'n forbodes:  
Fly the dire regions, and revere the Gods!

While yet I spoke, a sudden sorrow ran  
Through ev'ry breast, and spread from man to man,  
Till wrathful thus *Eurylochus* began.†

O cruel thou! some fury sure has steel'd  
That stubborn soul, by toil untaught to yield!  
From sleep debarr'd, we sink from woes to woes;  
And cruel, enviest thou a short repose?  
Still must we restless rove, new seas explore,  
The sun descending, and so near the shore?  
And lo! the night begins her gloomy reign,  
And doubles all the terrors of the main.  
Oft in the dead of night loud winds arise,  
Lash the wild surge, and bluster in the skies;  
O should the fierce south-west his rage display,  
And toss with rising storms the wat'ry way,  
Though Gods descend from heav'n's aerial plain  
To lend us aid, the Gods descend in vain:  
Then while the night displays her awful shade,  
Sweet time of slumber! be the night obey'd!

## NOTES.

\* This isle is evidently *Sicily*; for he has already informed us, that these herds were on *Trinacria*, (so anciently called from the three promontories of *Lilybæum*, *Pelorius*, and *Pachynus*.)

† *Homer* has found out a way to turn reproach into praise. What *Eurylochus* speaks in his wrath against *Ulysses* as a fault, is really his glory; it shews him to be indefatigable, patient in adversity, and obedient to the decrees of the Gods. And what still heightens the panegyric is, that it is spoken by an enemy, who must therefore be free from all suspicion of flattery.

‡ This conduct may seem somewhat extraordinary; the companions of *Ulysses* appear to have for-

Haste ye to land! and when the morning ray  
Sheds her bright beams, pursue the destin'd way.  
A sudden joy in every bosom rose;  
So will'd some dæmon, minister of woes!

To whom with grief—O swift to be undone,  
Constrain'd I act what wisdom bids me shun.  
But yonder herds, and yonder flocks forbear;  
Attest the heav'ns, and call the Gods to hear:  
Content, an innocent repast display,  
By *Circe* giv'n, and fly the dang'rous prey.

Thus I: and while to shore the vessel flies,  
With hands uplifted they attest the skies;  
Then where a fountain's gurgling waters play,  
They rush to land, and end in feasts the day:  
They feed; they quaff; and now (their hunger fled)‡  
Sigh for their friends devour'd, and mourn the dead.  
Nor cease the tears, till each in slumber shares  
A sweet forgetfulness of human cares.

Now far the night advanc'd her gloomy reign,  
And setting stars roll'd down the azure plain:  
When, at the voice of *Jove*, wild whirlwinds rise,  
And clouds and double darkness veil the skies;  
The moon, the stars, the bright ætherial host  
Seem as extinct, and all their splendors lost;  
The furious tempest roars with dreadful sound:  
Air thunders, rolls the ocean, groans the ground.  
All night it rag'd; when morning rose, to land  
We haul'd our bark, and moor'd it on the strand,  
Where in a beauteous grotto's cool recess  
Dance the green *Nereids* of the neighb'ring seas.

There while the wild winds whistled o'er the main,  
Thus careful I address the list'ning train.

O friends be wise! nor dare the flocks destroy  
Of these fair pastures: if ye touch, ye die.  
Warn'd by the high command of heav'n, be aw'd;  
Holy the flocks, and dreadful is the God!  
That God who spreads the radiant beams of light,  
And views wide earth and heav'n's unmeasur'd height.

And

## NOTES.

got their lost friends; they entertain themselves with a due refreshment, and then find leisure to mourn; whereas a true sorrow would more probably have taken away all appetite. But the practice of *Ulysses's* friends is consonant to the customs of antiquity: it was esteemed a prophanation and a piece of ingratitude to the Gods, to mix sorrow with their entertainments: the hours of repast were allotted to joy and thanksgiving to heaven for the bounty it gave to man by sustenance. Besides, this practice bears a secret instruction, viz. that the principal care is owing to the living; and when that is over, the dead are not to be neglected.



And now the moon had run her monthly round,  
The south-east blust'ring with a dreadful sound;  
Unhurt the bees, untouch'd the woolly train  
Low through the grove, or range the flow'ry plain:  
Then fail'd our food; then fish we make our prey,  
Or fowl that screaming haunt the wat'ry way.  
Till now from sea or flood no succour found,  
Famine and meagre want besieg'd us round.  
Pensive and pale from grove to grove I stray'd,\*  
From the loud storms to find a *sylvan* shade;  
There o'er my hands the living wave I pour;  
And heav'n and heav'n's immortal thrones adore,  
To calm the roarings of the stormy main,  
And grant me peaceful to my realms again.  
Then o'er my eyes the Gods soft slumber shed,  
While thus *Eurylochus* arising said.

O friends, a thousand ways frail mortals lead  
To the cold tomb, and dreadful all to tread;  
But dreadful most, when by a slow decay  
Pale hunger wastes the manly strength away.  
Why cease ye then t'implore the pow'rs above,  
And offer hecatombs to thund'ring *Jove*?  
Why seize ye not yon bees, and fleecy prey?  
Arise unanimous; arise and slay!  
And if the Gods ordain a safe return,  
To *Phœbus* shrines shall rise, and altars burn.†  
But should the pow'rs that o'er mankind preside,  
Decree to plunge us in the whelming tide,  
Better to rush at once to shades below,  
Than linger life away, and nourish woe!

Thus he: the bees around securely stray,  
When swift to ruin they invade the prey;  
They seize, they kill!—but for the rite divine,  
The barley fail'd, and for libations, wine.

## NOTES.

\* It was necessary for the poet to invent some pretext to remove *Ulysses*: if he had been present, his companions dared not to have disobeyed him openly; or if they had, it would have shewed a want of authority, which would have been a disparagement to that hero. Now what pretext could be more rational than to suppose him withdrawn to offer up his devotions to the Gods? his affairs are brought to the utmost extremity, his companions murmur, and hunger oppresses. The poet therefore, to bring about the crime of these offenders by probable methods, represents *Ulysses* retiring to supplicate the Gods; a conduct which they ought to have imitated: besides there is a poetical justice observed in the whole relation, and by the piety of *Ulysses*, and the guilt of his companions, we acknowledge the equity when we see them perish, and *Ulysses* preserved from all his dangers.

Swift from the oak they strip the shady pride;  
And verdant leaves the flow'ry cake supplied.

With pray'r they now address th' ætherial train,  
Slay the selected bees, and flea the slain:  
The thighs, with fat involv'd, divide with art,  
Strow'd o'er with morsels cut from ev'ry part.  
Water, instead of wine, is brought in urns,  
And pour'd prophanely as the victim burns.  
The thighs thus offer'd, and the entrails dress'd,  
They roast the fragments, and prepare the feast.

'Twas then soft slumber fled my troubled brain;  
Back to the bark I sped along the main.  
When lo! an odour from the feast exhales,  
Spreads o'er the coast, and scents the tainted gales;  
A chilly fear congeal'd my vital blood,  
And thus obtesting Heav'n I mourn'd aloud.

O Sire of men and Gods, immortal *Jove*!  
Oh all ye blissful pow'rs that reign above!  
Why were my cares beguil'd in short repose?  
O fatal slumber, paid with lasting woes!  
A deed so dreadful all the Gods alarms,  
Vengeance is on the wing, and heav'n in arms!

Mean-time *Lampetie* mounts th' aerial way,  
And kindles into rage the God of day:

Vengeance, ye pow'rs, (he cries) and thou whose  
hand  
Aims the red bolt, and hurls the writen brand!  
Slain are those herds which I with pride survey;  
When through the ports of heav'n I pour the day,  
Or deep in ocean plunge the burning ray.  
Vengeance, ye Gods! or to the skies forego,  
And bear the lamp of heav'n to shades below.‡

To whom the thund'ring Pow'r: O source of day!  
Whose radiant lamp adorns the azure way,

Still

## NOTES.

† *Eurylochus* puts on an air of piety to persuade his companions to commit sacrilege: *Let us sacrifice*, says he, *to the Gods*: as if obedience were not better than sacrifice. *Homer* understood the nature of man, which is studious to find excuses to justify our crimes; and we often offend, merely through hopes of a pardon.

‡ This is a very bold fiction; for how can the sun be imagined to illuminate the regions of the dead; that is, to shine within the earth? for there the realm of *Pluto* is placed by *Homer*. We are persuaded the meaning is only that he would no more rise, but leave the earth and heavens in perpetual darkness. *Erebus* is placed in the west, where the sun sets, and consequently when he disappears he may be said to be sunk into the realms of darkness or *Erebus*. Perhaps the whole fiction might be founded really upon the observation of some unusual darkness



Still may thy beams thro' heav'n's bright portals rise,  
The joy of earth, and glory of the skies;  
Lo! my red arm I bare, my thunders guide,  
To dash th' offenders in the whelming tide.

To fair *Calypso*, from the bright abodes,  
*Hermes* convey'd these councils of the Gods.\*

Mean-time from man to man my tongue exclaims,  
My wrath is kindled, and my soul in flames.  
In vain! I view perform'd the direful deed,  
Beeves, slain by heaps, along the ocean bleed.

Now heav'n gave signs of wrath! along the ground  
Crept the raw hides, and with a bellowing found†  
Roar'd the dead limbs; the burning entrails groan'd.

Six guilty days my wretched mates employ  
In impious feasting, and unhallow'd joy;  
The seventh arose, and now the Sire of Gods  
Rein'd the rough storms, and calm'd the tossing floods:

With speed the bark we climb; the spacious sails  
Loos'd from the yards invite th' impelling gales.  
Past sight of shore, along the surge we bound,  
And all above is sky, and ocean all around!

When lo! a murky cloud the Thund'rer forms  
Full o'er our heads, and blackens heav'n with storms.  
Night dwells o'er all the deep: and now out flies  
The gloomy West, and whistles in the skies.

## NOTES.

darkness of the sun, either from a total eclipse or other causes, which happened at the time when some remarkable crime was committed, and gave the poets liberty to feign that the sun withdrew his light from the view of it. Thus at the death of *Cæsar* the globe of the sun was obscured, or gave but a weak light, (says *Plutarch*) a whole year. This *Virgil* directly applies to the horror the sun conceived at the death of *Cæsar*, *Georg.* i. And if *Virgil* might say that the sun withdrew his beams at the impiety of the *Romans*, why may not *Homer* say the same, concerning the crime of the companions of *Ulysses*?

\* These lines are inserted to reconcile the story to credibility; for how was it possible for *Ulysses* to arrive at the knowledge of what was done in heaven, without a discovery made by some of the Deities? The persons by whom these discourses of the Gods are discovered are happily chosen; *Mercury* was the messenger of heaven, and it is this God who descends to *Calypso* in the fifth of the *Odyssey*; so that there was a correspondence between *Calypso* and *Mercury*; and therefore he is a proper person to make this discovery to that Goddess; and she, out of affection, to *Ulysses*.

† This passage gave an occasion of laughter to men disposed to be merry. Some think, that the

The mountain billows roar: the furious blast  
Howls o'er the shroud, and rends it from the mast:  
The mast gives way, and crackling as it bends,  
Tears up the deck; then all at once descends:  
The pilot by the tumbling ruin slain,  
Dash'd from the helm falls headlong in the main.  
Then *Jove* in anger bids his thunders roll,  
And forked lightnings flash from pole to pole;  
Fierce at our heads his deadly bolt he aims,  
Red with uncommon wrath, and wrapt in flames:  
Full on the bark it fell; now high, now low,  
Toss'd and re-toss'd, it reel'd beneath the blow;  
At once into the main the crew it shook:  
Sulphureous odours rose, and smould'ring smoke.  
Like fowl that haunt the floods, they sink, they rise,  
Now lost, now seen, with shrieks and dreadful cries;  
And strive to gain the bark; but *Jove* denies.  
Firm at the helm I stand, when fierce the main  
Rush'd with dire noise, and dash'd the sides in  
twain;

Again impetuous drove the furious blast,  
Snapt the strong helm, and bore to sea the mast.  
Firm to the mast with cords the helm I bind,  
And ride aloft, to Providence resign'd,  
Thro' tumbling billows, and a war of wind.

Now

## NOTES.

terrors of a guilty conscience drove the companions of *Ulysses* into these imaginations: guilt is able to create a phantom in a moment, so that these appearances were nothing but the illusions of a disturbed imagination. We need not wonder at this story, when we consider the persons to whom it is related: we mean *Phæacians*, who were delighted with such wonders. But without having recourse to their credulity for a vindication of this story, *Homer* has given us an account of all the abstruse arts, such as necromancy, witchcraft, and natural portents; here he relates a prodigy, the belief of which universally prevailed among the ancients. Let any one read *Livy*, and he will find innumerable instances of prodigies, equally incredible as this, which were related by the wise, and believed at least by the vulgar. Thus we read of speaking oxen, the sweating of the statues of the Gods, in the best *Roman* histories. If such wonders might have a place in history, they may certainly be allowed room in poetry, whose province is fable: it signifies nothing whether a story be true or false, provided it be established by common belief, or common fame; this is a sufficient foundation for poetry. The days of wonder are now over, and therefore a poet would be blameable to make use of such impossibilities in these ages: they are now al-



Now funk the West, and now a southern breeze  
 More dreadful than the tempest, lash'd the seas;  
 For on the rocks it bore where *Scylla* raves,  
 And dire *Charybdis* rolls her thund'ring waves.  
 All night I drove; and at the dawn of day  
 Fast by the rocks beheld the desp'rate way:  
 Just when the sea within her gulphs subsides,  
 And in the roaring whirlpools rush the tides.  
 Swift from the float I vaulted with a bound,  
 The lofty fig-tree seiz'd, and clung around.  
 So to the beam the bat tenacious clings,  
 And pendant round it clasps his leathern wings.  
 High in the air the tree it's boughs display'd,  
 And o'er the dungeon cast a dreadful shade,  
 All unsustain'd between the wave and sky,  
 Beneath my feet the whirling billows fly.  
 What time the judge forsakes the noisy bar\*  
 To take repast, and stills the wordy war;

## NOTES.

most universally disbelieved, and therefore would not be approved as bold fictions, but exploded as wild extravagancies.

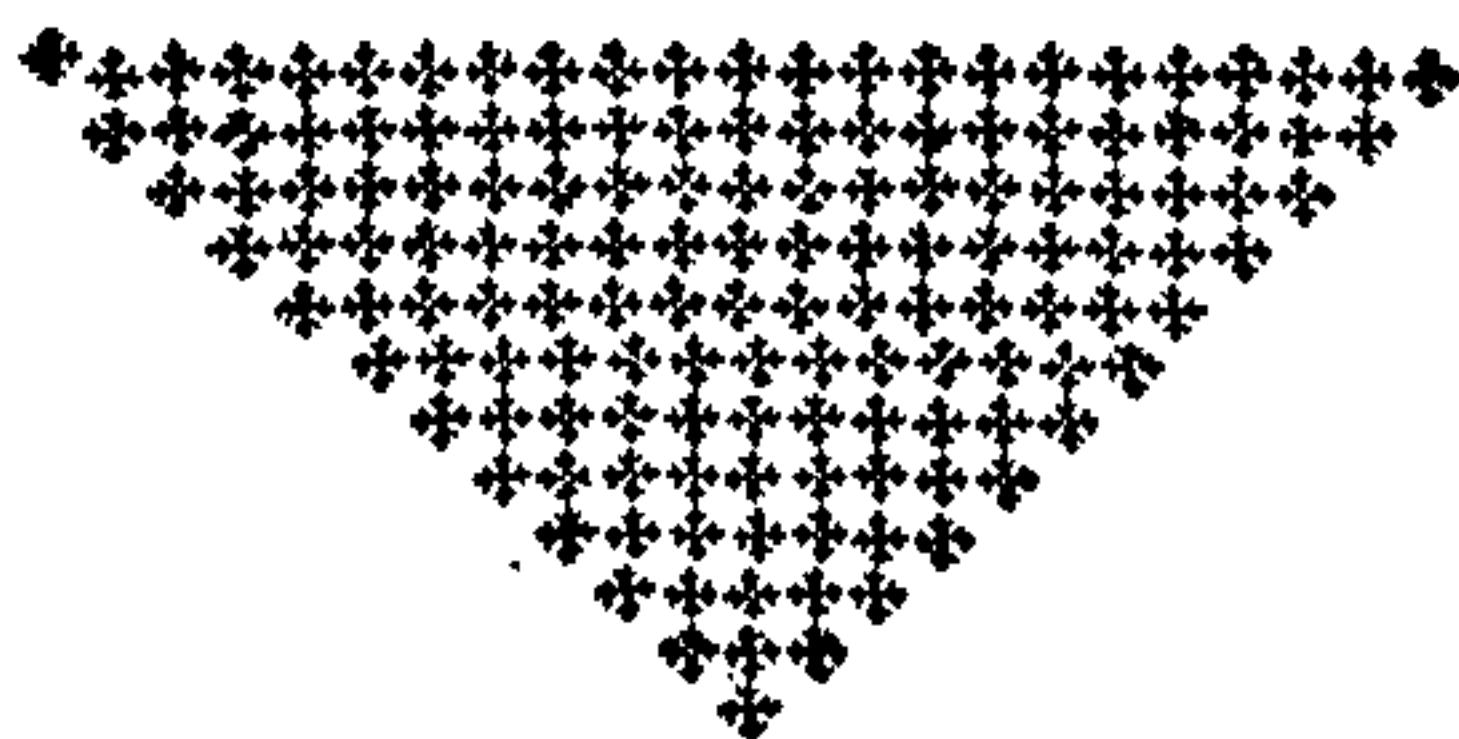
\* Before the use of dials or clocks the ancients distinguished the day by some remarkable offices or stated employments; as from the dining of the labourer, in the *Iliad*; so here from the rising of the judges, and both denote the mid-day, or noontide hour. Thus it is used by *Hippocrates*, who speaking of a person wounded with a javelin in the liver, says he died a little before the breaking up of the assembly, or before the judge rises from his tribunal; or as some understand it, a little before the finishing of the market. From this description we may pre-

*Charybdis* rumbling from her inmost caves,  
 The mast refunded on her reflux waves.  
 Swift from the tree, the floating mast to gain,  
 Sudden I dropp'd amidst the flashing main;  
 Once more undaunted on the ruin rode,  
 And oar'd with lab'ring arms along the flood.  
 Unseen I pass'd by *Scylla*'s dire abodes:  
 So *Jove* decreed, (dread Sire of men and Gods)  
 Then nine long days I plow'd the calmer seas,  
 Heav'd by the surge and wafted by the breeze.  
 Weary and wet th' *Ogygian* shores I gain,  
 When the tenth sun descended to the main.  
 There in *Calypso*'s ever-fragrant bow'rs  
 Refresh'd I lay, and joy beguil'd the hours.

My following fates to thee, O king, are known,  
 And the bright partner of thy royal throne.  
 Enough: in misery can words avail?  
 And what so tedious as a twice-told tale?

## NOTES.

cisely learn the time that passed while *Ulysses* clung round the fig-tree. At morning he leaped from his float, and about noon recovered it: now in the space of twenty-four hours there are three tides, and dividing that time into three parts, *Ulysses* will appear to have remained upon the rock eight hours. The exact time when the judge rose from his tribunal is not apparent: some suppose it to be about three o'clock in the afternoon, others about two; but the time was certain among the ancients, and is only dubious to us, as we are ignorant of the hour of the day when the judge entered his tribunal, and when he left it.





## The THIRTEENTH BOOK of the ODYSSEY.

## A R G U M E N T.

## THE ARRIVAL OF ULYSSES IN ITHACA.

*Ulysses takes his leave of Alcinous and Arete, and embarks in the evening. Next morning the ship arrives at Ithaca; where the sailors, as Ulysses is yet sleeping, lay him on the shore with all his treasures. On their return, Neptune changes their ship into a rock. In the mean time Ulysses awaking, knows not his native Ithaca, by reason of a mist which Pallas had cast round him. He breaks out into loud lamentations; till the Goddess appearing to him in the form of a shepherd, discovers the country to him, and points out the particular places. He then tells a feigned story of his adventures, upon which she manifests herself, and they consult together of the measures to be taken to destroy the suitors. To conceal his return, and disguise his person the more effectually, she changes him into the figure of an old beggar.*

**H**E ceas'd; but left so pleasing on their ear  
His voice, that list'ning still they seem'd to hear.

A pause of silence hush'd the shady rooms: \*  
The grateful conf'rence then the king resumes.

Whatever toils the great *Ulysses* past,  
Beneath this happy roof they end at last;  
No longer now from shore to shore to roam,  
Smooth seas, and gentle winds, invite him home.  
But hear me, princes! whom these walls inclose,  
For whom my chanter sings, and goblet flows †

With wines unmixt, (an honour due to age,  
To cheer the grave, and warm the poet's rage)  
Tho' labour'd gold and many a dazzling vest  
Lie heap'd already for our god-like guest;  
Without new treasures let him not remove,  
Large, and expressive of the public love:  
Each peer a tripod, each a vase bestow,  
A gen'ral tribute, which the state shall owe.

This sentence pleas'd: then all their steps address'd  
To sep'rate mansions, and retir'd to rest.

Now

## NOTES.

\* The epithet in the original signifies *gloomy*; it is here used with a peculiar propriety, to keep in the reader's mind the exact time when *Ulysses* made his narration to the *Phæacians*, namely, in the evening of the thirty third day: we may likewise gather from this distinction of times, the exact stay of *Ulysses* among the *Phæacians*; he was thrown upon their shores on the thirty first day in the evening, and lands about day break on the thirty fifth day in his own country; so that he staid three days and

## NOTES.

three nights only with *Alcinous*, one night being spent in his voyage to *Ithaca* from *Phæacia*.

† *Homer* judiciously shortens every circumstance before he comes to the dismissal of *Ulysses*: thus he omits the description of the sacrifice, and the subject of the song of *Demodocus*; these are circumstances that at best would be but useless ornaments, and ill agree with the impatience of *Ulysses* to begin his voyage toward his country. These therefore the poet briefly dispatches.



Now did the rosy-finger'd morn arise,  
And shed her sacred light along the skies.  
Down to the haven and the ships in haste  
They bore the treasures, and in safety plac'd.  
The king himself the vases rang'd with care:  
Then bad his followers to the feast repair.  
A victim ox beneath the sacred hand  
Of great *Alcinous* falls, and stains the sand.  
To *Jove* th' eternal, (pow'r above all pow'rs!  
Who wings the winds, and darkens heav'n with  
show'rs)

The flames ascend: till evening they prolong  
The rites, more sacred made by heav'nly song:  
For in the midst, with public honours grac'd,  
Thy lyre divine, *Demodocus*! was plac'd.  
All, but *Ulysses*, heard with fix'd delight:  
He sat, and ey'd the sun, and wish'd the night;  
Slow seem'd the sun to move, the hours to roll,  
His native home deep imagin'd in his soul.  
As weary plowmen spent with stubborn toil,\*  
Whose oxen long have torn the furrow'd soil,  
Sees with delight the sun's declining ray,  
When home, with feeble knees, he bends his way  
To late repast, (the day's hard labour done:)  
So to *Ulysses* welcome set the sun.

Then instant, to *Alcinous* and the rest,  
(The *Scherian* states) he turn'd, and thus address'd.

O thou, the first in merit and command!  
And you the peers and princes of the land!  
May ev'ry joy be your's! nor this the least,  
When due libation shall have crown'd the feast,  
Safe to my home to send your happy guest.  
Compleat are now the bounties you have giv'n,†  
Be all those bounties but confirm'd by heav'n!

So may I find, when all my wand'rings cease,  
My comfort blameless, and my friends in peace.  
On you be ev'ry bliss, and ev'ry day  
In home-felt joys delighted roll away;  
Yourself, your wives, your long descending race,  
May ev'ry God enrich with ev'ry grace!  
Sure fixt on virtue may your nation stand,  
And public evil never touch the land!

His words well-weigh'd, the gen'ral voice approv'd  
Benign, and instant his dismissal mov'd.  
The monarch to *Pontonus* gave the sign,  
To fill the goblet high with rosy wine:  
Great *Jove* the Father, first (he cry'd) implore,  
Then send the stranger to his native shore.

The luscious wine th' obedient herald brough  
Around the mansion flow'd the purple draught:  
Each from his seat to each Immortal pours,  
Whom glory circles in th' *Olympian* bow'rs.  
*Ulysses* sole with air majestic stands,  
The bowl presenting to *Arete*'s hands;‡  
Then thus: O queen farewell! be still possess'd  
Of dear remembrance, blessing still and blest!  
Till age and death shall gently call thee hence,  
(Sure fate of ev'ry mortal excellence!)

Farewel! and joys successive ever spring  
To thee, to thine, the people, and the king!  
Thus he; then parting prints the sandy shore  
To the fair port: a herald march'd before,  
Sent by *Alcinous*: of *Arete*'s train,  
Three chosen maids attend him to the main;  
This does a tunic and white vest convey,  
A various casket that, of rich inlay,  
And bread and wine the third. The chearful mates  
Safe in the hollow deck dispose the cates:

Beneath

#### NOTES.

\* The simile which *Homer* chuses is drawn from low life, but very happily sets off the impatience of *Ulysses*: it is familiar, but expressive. It was very necessary to dwell upon this impatience of *Ulysses* to return: it would have been absurd to have represented him cool, or even moderately warm upon this occasion; he had refused immortality through the love of his country; it is now in his power to return to it; he ought therefore consistently with his former character to be drawn with the utmost earnestness of soul, and every moment must appear tedious that keeps him from it; it shews therefore the judgment of *Homer* to describe him in this manner, and not to pass it over cursorily, but force it upon the notice of the reader, by insisting upon it somewhat largely, and illustrating it by a proper similitude, to fix it more strongly upon our memory.

#### NOTES.

† This is a pious and instructive sentence, and teaches, that though riches were heaped upon us with the greatest abundance and superfluity, yet unless heaven adds it's benediction, they will prove but at best a burden and calamity.

‡ It may be asked why *Ulysses* addresses his words to the queen rather than the king; the reason is, because she was his patroness, and had first received him with hospitality, as appears from the 7th book of the *Odyssey*. *Ulysses* makes a libation to the Gods, and presents the bowl to the queen: this was the pious practice of antiquity upon all solemn occasions: *Ulysses* here does it, because he is to undertake a voyage, and it implies a prayer for the prosperity of it. The reason why he presents the bowl to the queen is, that she may first drink out of it, for so the word properly and originally signifies.



Beneath the seats, soft painted robes they spread,  
With linen cover'd, for the hero's bed.

He climb'd the lofty stern; then gently prest  
The swelling couch, and lay compos'd to rest.

Now plac'd in order, the *Phæacian* train  
Their cables lose, and launch into the main:  
At once they bend, and strike their equal oars,  
And leave the sinking hills, and less'ning shores.  
While on the deck the chief in silence lies,  
And pleasing slumbers steal upon his eyes.  
As fiery coursers in the rapid race\*  
Urg'd by fierce drivers thro' the dusty space,  
Toss their high heads, and scour along the plain;  
So mounts the bounding vessel o'er the main,  
Back to the stern the parted billows flow,  
And the black ocean foams and roars below.

Thus with spread sails the winged gally flies;  
Less swift an eagle cuts the liquid skies:  
Divine *Ulysses* was her sacred load,  
A man, in wisdom equal to a God!

## NOTES.

\* The poet introduces two similitudes to represent the sailing of the *Phæacian* vessel: the former describes the motion of it, as it bounds and rises over the waves, like horses tossing their heads in a race; and also the steadiness of it, in that it sails with as much firmness over the billows, as horses tread upon the ground. The latter comparison is solely to shew the swiftness of the vessel. We may here further observe the judgment of *Homer* in speaking of every person in his particular character. When a vain glorious *Phæacian* described the sailing of his own vessels, they were swift as thought, and endued with reason; when *Homer* speaks in his own person to his readers, they are said only to be as swift as hawks or horses: *Homer* speaks like a poet, with some degree of amplification, but not with so much hyperbole as *Alcinous*. No people speak so fondly as sailors of their own ships to this day, and particularly are still apt to talk of them as of living creatures.

† From this passage we may gather, that *Ithaca* is distant from *Corcyra* or *Phæacia* no farther than a vessel sails in the compass of one night; and this agrees with the real distance between those islands; an instance that *Homer* was well acquainted with geography. This is the morning of the thirty-fifth day.

‡ *Phorcys* was the son of *Pontus* and *Terra*, according to *Hesiod's* genealogy of the Gods; this haven is said to be sacred to that Deity, because he had a temple near it, from whence it received its appellation. The whole voyage of *Ulysses* to his

No. 29.

Much danger, long and mighty toils he bore,  
In storms by sea, and combats on the shore;  
All which soft sleep now banish'd from his breast,  
Wrapt in a pleasing, deep, and death-like rest.

But when the morning star with early ray†  
Flam'd in the front of heav'n, and promis'd day;  
Like distant clouds the mariner descries  
Fair *Ithaca's* emerging hills arise.  
Far from the town a spacious port appears,‡  
Sacred to *Phorcys'* power, whose name it bears:  
Two craggy rocks projecting to the main,  
The roaring wind's tempestuous rage restrain;  
Within, the waves in softer murmurs glide,  
And ships secure without their haulsers ride.  
High at the head a branching olive grows,  
And crowns the pointed cliffs with shady boughs.  
Beneath, a gloomy grotto's cool recess§  
Delights the *Nereids* of the neighb'ring seas;  
Where bowls and urns were form'd of living stone,  
And massy beams in native marble shone;

On

## NOTES.

country, and indeed the whole *Odyssey*, has been turned into allegory; which we will lay before the reader as an instance of great industry and strong imagination. *Ulysses* is in search of true felicity, the *Ithaca* and *Penelope* of *Homer*: he runs through many difficulties and dangers; this shews that happiness is not to be attained without labour and afflictions. He has several companions, who perish by their vices, and he alone escapes by the assistance of the *Phæacians*, and is transported in his sleep to his country; that is, the *Phæacians*, whose name implies blackness, are the mourners at his death, and attend him to his grave: the ship is his grave, which is afterwards turned into a rock; which represents his monumental marble; his sleep means death, through which alone man arrives at eternal felicity.

§ *Porphyry* is of opinion, that the cave means the world; it is called gloomy, but agreeable, because it was made out of darkness, and afterwards set in this agreeable order by the hand of the Deity. It is consecrated to the nymphs; that is, it is destined to the habitation of spiritual substances united to the body: the bowls and urns of living stone, are the body which are formed out of the earth; the bees that make their honey in the cave are the souls of men, which perform all their operations in the body, and animate it; the beams on which the nymphs roll their webs, are the bones over which the admirable embroidery of nerves, veins, and arteries are spread; the fountains which water the cave are the seas, rivers, and lakes that water the world;



On which the labours of the nymphs were roll'd,  
 Their webs divine of purple mix'd with gold.  
 Within the cave, the clustring bees attend  
 Their waxen works, or from the roof depend.  
 Perpetual waters o'er the pavement glide;  
 Two marble doors unfold on either side;†

## NOTES.

world; and the two gates, are the two poles; through the northern the souls descend from heaven to animate the body, through the southern they ascend to heaven, after they are separated from the body by death. But we confess we should rather chuse to understand the description poetically, believing that *Homer* never dreamed of these matters, though the age in which he flourished was addicted to allegory. How often do painters draw from the imagination only, merely to please the eye? And why might not *Homer* write after it, especially in this place where he manifestly indulges his fancy, while he brings his hero to the first dawning of happiness? He has long dwelt upon a series of horrors, and his imagination being tired with the melancholy story, it is not impossible but his spirit might be enlivened with the subject while he wrote, and this might lead him to indulge his fancy in a wonderful, and perhaps fabulous description. In short, we should much rather chuse to believe that the memory of the things to which he alludes in the description of the cave is lost, than credit such a laboured and distant allegory.

\* It has been already observed, that the *Æthiopians* held an annual sacrifice of twelve days to the Gods; all that time they carried their images in procession, and placed them at their festivals, and for this reason the Gods were said to feast with the *Æthiopians*; that is, they were present with them by their statues: thus also *Themis* was said to form or dissolve assemblies, because they carried her image to the assemblies when they were convened, and when they were broken up they carried it away. This port was sacred to *Phorcys*, because he has a temple by it: it may not then be impossible, but that this temple having two doors, they might carry the statues of the Gods in their processions through the southern gate, which might be consecrated to this use only, and the populace be forbid to enter by it: for that reason the Deities were said to enter, namely, by their images. As the other gate being allotted to common use, was said to be the passage for mortals.

† There appears at first sight something of an absurdity in thus exposing *Ulysses* asleep on the shores

Sacred the south, by which the Gods descend,\*  
 But mortals enter at the northern end.

Thither they bent, and haul'd their ship to land,  
 (The crooked keel divides the yellow sand)  
*Ulysses* sleeping on his couch they bore,  
 And gently plac'd him on the rocky shore†

His

## NOTES.

by the *Phæacians*. *Homer* however was not ashamed of that absurdity, but not being able to omit it, he used it to give probability to the succeeding story: it was necessary for *Ulysses* to land alone, in order to his concealment; if he had been discovered, the suitors would immediately have destroyed him, if not as the real *Ulysses*, yet under the pretext of his being an impostor; they would then have seized his dominions, and married *Penelope*: now if he had been waked, the *Phæacians* would have been obliged to have attended him, which he could not have denied with decency, nor accepted with safety: *Homer* therefore had no other way left to unravel his fable happily: but he knows what was absurd in this method, and uses means to hide it; he lavishes out all his wit and address, and lays together such an abundance of admirable poetry, that the mind of the reader is so enchanted, that he perceives not the defect; he is like *Ulysses* lulled asleep, and knows no more than the hero, how he comes there. That great poet first describes the ceremony of *Ulysses* taking leave of *Alcinous*, and his queen *Arete*; then he sets off the swiftness of the vessel by two beautiful comparisons; he describes the haven with great exactness, and adds to it the description of the cave of the nymphs; this last astonishes the reader, and he is so intent upon it, that he has not attention to consider the absurdity in the manner of *Ulysses*'s landing: in this moment when he perceives the mind of the reader as it were intoxicated with these beauties, he steals *Ulysses* on shore, and dismisses the *Phæacians*; all this takes up but eight verses. And then lest the reader should reflect upon it, he immediately introduces the Deities, and gives us a dialogue between *Jupiter* and *Neptune*. This keeps up still our wonder, and our reason has not time to deliberate; and when the dialogue is ended, a second wonder succeeds, the bark is transformed into a rock: this is done in the sight of the *Phæacians*, by which method the poet carries us a while from the consideration of *Ulysses*, by removing the scene to a distant island; there he detains us till we may be supposed to have forgot the past absurdities, by relating the astonishment of *Alcinous* at the sight of the prodigy, and his offering up to *Neptune*, to appease



His treasures next, *Alcinous'* gifts, they laid  
In the wide olive's unfrequented shade,  
Secure from theft: then launch'd the bark again,\*  
Resum'd their oars, and measur'd back the main.

Nor yet forgot old Ocean's dread Supreme  
The vengeance vow'd for eyeless *Polypheme*.  
Before the throne of mighty *Jove* he stood;  
And sought the secret counsels of the God.

## NOTES.

pease his anger, a sacrifice of twelve bulls. Then he returns to *Ulysses*, who now wakes, and not knowing the place where he was, (because *Minerva* made all things appear in a disguised view) he complains of his misfortunes, and accuses the *Phæacians* of infidelity; at length *Minerva* comes to him in the shape of a young shepherd, &c. Thus this absurdity, which appears in the fable when examined alone, is hidden by the beauties that surround it; this passage is more adorned with fiction, and more wrought up with a variety of poetical ornaments than most other places of the *Odyssey*. From hence *Aristotle* makes an excellent observation. All efforts imaginable ought to be made to form the fable rightly from the beginning; but if it so happen that some places must necessarily appear absurd, they must be admitted, especially if they contribute to render the rest more probable; but the poet ought to reserve all the ornaments of diction for these weak parts: the places that have either shining sentiments or manners have no occasion for them, a dazzling expression rather damages them, and serves only to eclipse their beauty.

\* This voluntary and unexpected return of the *Phæacians*, and their landing *Ulysses* in his sleep, may seem as unaccountable on the part of the *Phæacians*, as of *Ulysses*. But that the *Phæacians* should fly away in secret is no wonder: *Ulysses* had through the whole course of the eleventh book, (particularly by the mouth of the prophet *Tiresias*) told the *Phæacians* that the suitors plotted his destruction; and therefore the mariners might very reasonably be apprehensive that the suitors would use any person as enemies, who should contribute to restore *Ulysses* to his country. It was therefore necessary that they should sail away without any stay upon the *Ithacan* shores. This is the reason why they made this voyage by night; namely, to avoid discovery; and it was as necessary to return immediately, that is, just at the appearance of day, before people were abroad, that they might escape observation. Besides, the *Phæacians* were an unwarlike nation, and therefore they were afraid to teach any persons the way to their own country, by discovering the course of na-

Shall then no more, O Sire of Gods! be mine  
The rights and honours of a pow'r divine?  
Scorn'd ev'n by man, and (oh severe disgrace)  
By soft *Phæacians*, my degen'rate race!  
Against yon destin'd head in vain I swore,  
And menac'd vengeance, ere he reach'd his shore;  
To reach his natal shore was thy decree;  
Mild I obey'd, for who shall war with thee?

Behold

## NOTES.

vigation to it; for this reason they began their voyage to *Ithaca* by night, land *Ulysses* without waking him, and return at the appearance of day-light, that they might not shew what course was to be steered to come to the *Phæacian* shores.—There is a tradition among the *Tuscans*, that *Ulysses* was naturally *drowsy*, and a person that could not easily be conversed with, by reason of that sleepy disposition. But perhaps this might be only artful in a man of so great wisdom, and so great disguise or dissimulation; he was slow to give answers, when he had no mind to give any at all: though indeed it must be confessed that this tradition is countenanced by his behaviour in the *Odyssey*, or rather may be only a story formed from it: his greatest calamities rise from his sleeping: when he was ready to land upon his own country by the favour of *Æolus*, he fell asleep, and his companions let loose a wind that bears him from it: he is asleep while they kill the oxen of *Apollo*; and here he sleeps while he is landed upon his own country. It might perhaps be this conduct in *Homer*, that gave *Horace* the hint to say,

—*Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus:*  
implying, that when *Homer* was at a loss to bring any difficult matter to an issue, he immediately laid his hero asleep, and this saved all the difficulty; as in the above mentioned instances. *Plutarch* is of opinion that this sleep of *Ulysses* was feigned; and that he made use of the pretence of a natural infirmity, to conceal the sleights he was in at that time in his thoughts; being ashamed to dismiss the *Phæacians* without entertainment and gifts of hospitality, and afraid of being discovered by the suitors, if he entertained such a multitude: therefore to avoid both these difficulties, he feigned a sleep while they land him, till they sail away. We will only add, that there might be a natural reason for the sleep of *Ulysses*; we are to remember that this is a voyage in the night, the season of repose: and his spirits having been long agitated and fatigued by his calamities, might upon his peace of mind at the return to his country, settle into a deep calmness and tranquillity, and so sink into a deep sleep.



Behold him landed, careless and asleep,  
From all th' eluded dangers of the deep!  
Lo where he lies, amidst a shining store  
Of brass, rich garments, and resplendent ore:  
And bears triumphant to his native isle  
A prize more worth than *Ilium's* noble spoil.

To whom the Father of th' immortal pow'rs,  
Who swells the clouds, and gladdens earth with  
show'rs.

Can mighty *Neptune* thus of man complain!  
*Neptune*, tremendous o'er the boundless main!  
Rever'd and awful ev'n in heav'n's abodes,  
Ancient and great! a God above the Gods!  
If that low race offend thy pow'r divine,  
(Weak, daring creatures!) is not vengeance thine?  
Go then, the guilty at thy will chastise.  
He said: the Shaker of the earth replies.

This then I doom; to fix the gallant ship\*  
A mark of vengeance on the fable deep:  
To warn the thoughtless self-confiding train,  
No more unlicens'd thus to brave the main.  
Full in their port a shady hill shall rise,  
If such thy will.——We will it, *Jove* replies.  
Ev'n when with transport black'ning all the strand,  
The swarming people hail their ship to land,  
Fix her for ever, a memorial stone:  
Still let her seem to sail, and seem alone;  
The trembling clouds shall see the sudden shade  
Of whelming mountains overhang their head!

With that, the God, whose earthquakes rock the  
ground,

Fierce to *Phæacia* cross'd the vast profound.  
Swift as a swallow sweeps the liquid way,  
The winged pinnacle shot along the sea.  
The God arrests her with a sudden stroke,  
And roots her down, an everlasting rock.  
Aghast the *Scherians* stand in deep surprize;  
All press to speak, all question with their eyes.  
What hands unseen the rapid bark restrain!  
And yet it swims, or seems to swim, the main!  
Thus they, unconscious of the deed divine:  
Till great *Alcinous* rising own'd the sign.

## NOTES.

\* Some are of opinion, that this is a physical allegory, and that *Homer* delivers the opinion of the ancients concerning the transmutation of one species into another, as wood into stone, by water, that is, by *Neptune* the God of it. But perhaps this is only one of those marvellous fictions written after the taste of antiquity, which delighted in wonders, and which the nature of epic poetry allows.

† The meaning of this whole passage is probably no more than that *Ulysses* by his long absence had forgot the face of his own country; the woods by

Behold the long-predestin'd day! (he cries)  
Oh certain faith of ancient prophecies!  
These ears have heard my royal sire disclose  
A dreadful story; big with future woes;  
How mov'd with wrath that careless we convey  
Promiscuous ev'ry guest to ev'ry bay,  
Stern *Neptune* rag'd; and how by his command  
Firm rooted in the surge a ship should stand;  
(A monument of wrath) and mound on mound  
Should hide our walls, or whelm beneath the ground.  
The Fates have follow'd as declar'd the Seer.  
Be humbled, nations! and your monarch hear.  
No more unlicens'd brave the deeps, no more  
With ev'ry stranger pass from shore to shore;  
On angry *Neptune* now for mercy call:  
To his high name let twelve black oxen fall.  
So may the God reverse his purpos'd will,  
Nor o'er our city hang the dreadful hill.

The monarch spoke: they trembled and obey'd,  
Forth on the sands the victim oxen led:  
The gather'd tribes before the altars stand,  
And chiefs and rulers a majestic band.  
The King of Ocean all the tribes implore;  
The blazing altars redden all the shore.

Meanwhile *Ulysses* in his country lay,  
Releas'd from sleep, and round him might survey }  
The solitary shore, and rolling sea.  
Yet had his mind thro' tedious absence lost  
The dear remembrance of his native coast,  
Besides *Minerva* to secure her care,  
Diffus'd around a veil of thicken'd air: \*  
For so the Gods ordain'd to keep unseen  
His royal person from his friends and queen;  
Till the proud suitors for their crimes afford  
An ample vengeance to their injur'd lord.

Now all the land another prospect bore,  
Another port appear'd, another shore,  
And long-continu'd ways, and winding floods,  
And unknown mountains, crown'd with unknown  
woods.

Pensive and slow, with sudden grief oppress'd,  
The king arose, and beat his careful breast,

Cast

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almost twenty years growth had a different appearance; and the public roads were altered by so great a length of time. How then should *Ulysses* come to the knowledge of the place? He goes to a shepherd, and by telling him a plausible story draws it from him. This artifice is the *Minerva* that gives him information. By the *veil of thicken'd air* is meant, that *Ulysses*, to accomplish his re-establishment, took upon him a disguise, and concealed himself from the *Ithacans*; and this too being the dictate of wisdom, *Homer* ascribes it to *Pallas*.





*Ulysses, King of Ithaca, on his return after an absence of twenty years, having been left asleep on his own coast, Minerva appears to him in the shape of a young shepherd, & gives him advice.*

*Barclay Sculp.*

*Published by Messrs. Hogg, at the Kings Arms, N<sup>o</sup> 16, Paternoster Row.*



Cast a long look o'er all the coast and main,  
And sought, around, his native realm in vain:  
Then with erected eyes stood fix'd in woe,  
And as he spoke, the tears began to flow.

Ye Gods! (he cry'd) upon what barren coast,  
In what new region is *Ulysses* tost?  
Possess'd by wild barbarians, fierce in arms?  
Or men, whose bosom-tender pity warms?  
Where shall this treasure now in safety lie?  
And whither, whither it's sad owner fly?  
Ah why did I *Aleinous*' grace implore?  
Ah why forsake *Phæacia*'s happy shore?  
Some juster prince perhaps had entertain'd,  
And safe restor'd me to my native land.  
Is this the promis'd, long-expected coast,  
And this the faith *Phæacia*'s rulers boast?  
O righteous Gods! of all the great, how few  
Are just to heav'n, and to their promise true!  
But he, the Pow'r to whose all-seeing eyes  
The deeds of men appear without disguise,  
'Tis his alone t' avenge the wrongs I bear;  
For still th' oppress'd are his peculiar care.  
To count these presents, and from thence to prove  
Their faith, is mine: the rest belongs to *Jove*.

Then on the sands he rang'd his wealthy store,  
The gold, the vests, the tripods, number'd o'er: \*  
All these he found, but still in error lost  
Disconsolate he wanders on the coast,  
Sighs for his country, and laments again  
To the deaf rocks, and hoarse-resounding main.

## NOTES.

\* The conduct of *Ulysses* in numbering his effects, has been censured by some critics as avaritious. But this is not the case: he counts his goods merely to prove the fidelity of the *Phæacians*, and to gather from it, whether they had landed him upon his own country; for it was not probable that they would expose him in a strange region, and leave his goods untouched, and by consequence reap no advantage from their dishonesty: this therefore was a proper test, from which to discover, if he was in his own country, and he deserved commendation for his wisdom in that action.

† Nothing is more notorious than that an epic writer ought to give importance and grandeur to his action as much as possible in every circumstance; here the poet takes an opportunity to set the country of *Ulysses* in the most advantageous light, and shews that it was a prize worth the contest, and all the labour which *Ulysses* bestows to regain it. *Ulysses* was not king of *Ithaca* alone, but of *Zacynthus*, and *Cephalenia*, and the neighbouring islands. This appears from the second book of the *Iliad*,  
No. 30.

When lo! the guardian Goddess of the wise,  
Celestial *Pallas*, stood before his eyes;  
In show a youthful swain, of form divine,  
Who seem'd descended from some princely line.  
A graceful robe her slender body drest,  
Around her shoulders flew the waving vest,  
Her decent hand a shining javelin bore,  
And painted sandals on her feet she wore.  
To whom the king: Whoe'er of human race  
Thou art, that wander'st in this desert place!  
With joy to thee, as to some God, I bend,  
To thee my treasures and myself commend.  
O tell a wretch in exile doom'd to stray,  
What air I breathe, what country I survey?  
The fruitful continent's extremest bound,  
Or some fair isle which *Neptune*'s arms surround?  
From what far clime (said she) remote from fame,  
Arriv'st thou here a stranger to our name?  
Thou seest an island, not to those unknown  
Whose hills are brighten'd by the rising sun,  
Nor those that plac'd beneath his utmost reign  
Behold him sinking in the western main.  
The rugged soil allows no level space  
For flying chariots or the rapid race;  
Yet not ungrateful to the peasant's pain,  
Suffices fulness to the swelling grain:  
The loaded trees their various fruits produce,  
And clust'ring grapes afford a gen'rous juice: †  
Woods crown our mountains, and in ev'ry grove  
The bounding goats and frisking heifers rove:

Soft

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where he leads his subjects to the wars of *Troy*. It is true, that *Ithaca* contains little more than fifty miles in circuit, now called *Val de compare*; *Cephalenia* is larger, and is one hundred and sixty miles in circumference: *Zacynthus*, now *Zant*, is in circuit about sixty miles, unspeakably fruitful, says *Sandys*, producing the best oil in the world, and excellent strong wines; but the chief riches in the island consist in corinths, which the inhabitants of *Zant* have in such quantities, that they know not what to do with them; for besides private gains, amounting to fifteen hundred thousand zechins, they yearly pay forty-eight thousand dollars for customs and other duties. It is impossible so little a portion of earth should be more beneficial. This observation is necessary to shew the value of *Ulysses*'s dominions, and that the subject of the *Odyssey* is not trivial and unimportant; it is likewise of use to convince us, that the domestic cares and concerns of *Telemachus* proceeded not from meanness, but from the manners of the age; when pomp and luxury had not yet found countenance from princes; and that when we



Soft rains and kindly dews refresh the field,  
And rising springs eternal verdure yield.  
Ev'n to those shores is *Ithaca* renown'd,\*  
Where *Troy's* majestic ruins strow the ground.

At this, the chief with transport was possess'd,  
His panting heart exulted in his breast;  
Yet well dissembling his untimely joys,  
And veiling truth in plausible disguise,  
Thus, with an air sincere, in fiction bold,  
His ready tale th' inventive hero told.

Oft have I heard in *Crete*, this island's name;  
For 'twas from *Crete* my native soil I came,  
Self-banish'd thence. I sail'd before the wind,  
And left my children and my friends behind.  
From fierce *Idomeneus'* revenge I flew,†  
Whose son, the swift *Orsilochnus*, I slew:  
(With brutal force he seiz'd my *Trojan* prey,  
Due to the toils of many a bloody day)  
Unseen I 'scap'd; and favour'd by the night  
In a *Phœnician* vessel took my flight.  
For *Pyle* or *Elis* bound: but tempests tost,  
And raging billows drove us on your coast.

## NOTES.

see *Eumæus*, who has the charge of *Ulysses's* hogs, we are not to suppose him a person of low rank and fortunes, but an officer of state and trust: the riches of those ages consisting in flocks and herds, in swine and oxen.

\* Nothing can more raise our esteem of the judgment of *Homer*, than such strokes of art. Here he introduces *Minerva* to let *Ulysses* into the knowledge of his country. How does she do this? She geographically describes it to him; so that he must almost know it by the description: but still she suppresses the name, and this keeps him in a pleasing suspense; he attends to every syllable to hear her name *Ithaca*, which she still defers, to continue his doubts and hopes, and at last in the very close of her speech she indirectly mentions it. This discovery in our judgment is carried on with great address, and cannot fail of awakening the curiosity of the reader; and we wonder how it could escape the observation of all the commentators upon the *Odyssey*.

† If the death of *Orsilochnus* was a story that made a noise in the world about that time, it was very artful in *Ulysses* to make use of it, to gain credit with this seeming *Ithacan*; for he relating the fact truly, might justly be believed to speak truly when he named himself the author of it, and consequently avoid all suspicion of being *Ulysses*. It is observable that *Ulysses* is very circumstantial in his story, he relates the time, the place, the manner, and the reason of his killing *Orsilochnus*: this is done to give the

In dead of night an unknown port we gain'd,  
Spent with fatigue, and slept secure on land.  
But ere the rosy morn renew'd the day,  
While in th' embrace of pleasing sleep I lay,  
Sudden, invited by auspicious gales,  
They land my goods, and hoist their flying sails.  
Abandon'd here, my fortune I deplore,  
An hapless exile on a foreign shore.

Thus while he spoke, the blue-ey'd maid began  
With pleasing smiles to view the god-like man:  
Then chang'd her form; and now, divinely  
bright,

*Jove's* heavenly daughter stood confess'd to fight.  
Like a fair virgin in her beauty's bloom,  
Skill'd in th' illustrious labours of the loom.

O still the same *Ulysses*! she rejoin'd,  
In useful craft successfully refin'd!  
Artful in speech, in action, and in mind!  
Suffic'd it not, that thy long labours past  
Secure thou seest thy native shore at last?  
But this to me? who, like thyself, excel ‡  
In arts of counsel, and dissembling well.

To

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story a greater air of truth; for it seems almost impossible that so many circumstances could be invented in a moment, and so well laid together as not to discover their own falsity. What he says concerning the *Phœacians* leaving his effects entire without any damage, is not spoken in vain: he extolls the fidelity of the *Phœacians*, as an example to be imitated by this seeming *Ithacensian*, and makes it an argument that he should practise the same integrity, in not offering violence or fraud to his effects or person. It is true, the manner of the death of *Orsilochnus* is liable to some objection, as it was executed clandestinely, and not heroically, as might be expected from the valour of *Ulysses*: but if it was truth that *Orsilochnus* was killed in that manner, *Ulysses* could not falsify the story: but in reality he is no way concerned in it; for he speaks in the character of a *Cretan*, not in the person of *Ulysses*.

‡ It has been objected against *Homer*, that he gives a degree of dissimulation to his hero, unworthy of a brave man, and an ingenuous disposition. Here we have a full vindication of *Ulysses*, from the mouth of the Goddess of Wisdom; he uses only a prudent dissimulation; he is master of a great presence of mind; that is, upon every emergency he finds an immediate resource to extricate himself from it. If his dissimulation had been vicious, it would have been an absurdity to have introduced *Minerva* praising and recommending it; on the contrary, all disguise which consists with innocence and prudence, is so



To me, whose wit exceeds the pow'rs divine,  
No less than mortals are surpass'd by thine.  
Know'st thou not me? who made thy life my care,  
Thro' ten years wand'ring, and thro' ten years war?  
Who taught thee arts, *Alcinous* to persuade,  
To raise his wonder, and engage his aid?  
And now appear, thy treasures to protect,  
Conceal thy person, thy designs direct,  
And tell what more thou must from fate expect:  
Domestic woes far heavier to be borne!  
The pride of fools, and slaves insulting scorn.  
But thou be silent, nor reveal thy state;  
Yield to the force of unresisted fate,  
And bear unmov'd the wrongs of base mankind,  
The last, and hardest, conquest of the mind.

Goddeſs of Wiſdom! *Ithacus* replies,  
He who diſcerns thee muſt be truly wiſe,  
So ſeldom view'd, and ever in diſguiſe!  
When the bold *Argives* led their warring pow'rs,  
Againſt proud *Ilium's* well defended tow'rs;  
*Ulyſſes* was thy care, ceſtial maid!  
Grac'd with thy fight and favour'd with thy aid.  
But when the *Trojan* piles in aſhes lay,  
And bound for *Greece* we plough'd the wat'ry way;  
Our fleet diſpers'd and driv'n from coaſt to coaſt,  
Thy ſacred preſence from that hour I loſt:  
Till I beheld thy radiant form once more,  
And heard thy counſels on *Phæacia's* ſhore.  
But, by th' almighty author of thy race,  
Tell me, oh tell, is this my native place? \*  
For much I fear, long tracts of land and ſea  
Divide this coaſt from diſtant *Ithaca*;  
The ſweet deluſion kindly you impoſe,  
To ſooth my hopes, and mitigate my woes.  
Thus he. The blue ey'd Goddeſs thus replies.  
How prone to doubt, how cautious are the wiſe!

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far from being mean, that it is really a praiſe to a perſon who uſes it. We ſpeak not of common life, or as if men ſhould always act under a mask, and in diſguiſe; that indeed betrays deſign and inſincerity: we only recommend it as an inſtance how men ſhould behave in the article of danger, when it is as reputable to elude an enemy as to defeat one. This is the character of *Ulyſſes*, who uſes only ſuch artifice as is ſuggeſted by wiſdom, ſuch as turns to his benefit in all extremities, ſuch as *Minerva* may boaſt to praſtiſe without a rival among the Gods, as much as *Ulyſſes* among mankind. In ſhort, this diſſimulation in war may be called ſtratagem and conduct, in other exigencies addreſs and dexterity; nor is *Ulyſſes* criminal, but artful.

\* It may appear ſomewhat extraordinary that

Who, vers'd in fortune, fear the flatt'ring ſhow,  
And taſte not half the bliſs the Gods bellow.  
The more ſhall *Pallas* aid thy juſt deſires,  
And guard the wiſdom which herſelf inſpires.  
Others, long abſent from their native place,  
Strait ſeek their home, and fly with eager pace  
To their wives arms, and children's dear embrace.

Not thus *Ulyſſes*: he decrees to prove  
His ſubjects faith, and queen's ſuſpected love;  
Who mourn'd her lord twice ten revolving years,  
And waſtes the days in grief, the nights in tears.  
But *Pallas* knew (thy friends and navy loſt,)  
Once more 'twas giv'n thee to behold thy coaſt:  
Yet how could I with adverſe fate engage,  
And mighty *Neptune's* unrelenting rage?  
Now liſt thy longing eyes, while I reſtore  
The pleaſing proſpect of thy native ſhore.  
Behold the port of *Phorcys*! fenc'd around  
With rocky mountains, and with olives crown'd.  
Behold the gloomy grot! whoſe cool reſeſs  
Delights the *Nerids* of the neighb'ring ſeas:  
Whoſe now-neglected altars, in thy reign,  
Bluſh'd with the blood of ſheep and oxen ſlain.  
Behold! where *Neritus* the clouds divides,  
And ſhakes the waving foreſts on his ſides.

So ſpake the Goddeſs, and the proſpect clear'd,  
The miſts diſpers'd, and all the coaſt appear'd.  
The king with joy confeſs'd his place of birth,  
And on his knees ſalutes his mother earth:  
Then with his ſuppliant hands upheld in air,  
Thus to the ſea-green ſiſters ſends his pray'r.

All hail! ye virgin daughters of the main!  
Ye ſtreams, beyond my hopes beheld again!  
To you once more your own *Ulyſſes* bows;  
Attend his transports, and receive his vows!

If

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*Ulyſſes* ſhould not believe *Minerva*, who had already aſſured him that he was landed in his own country: but two answers may be given to this objection, and his doubts may be aſcribed to his having loſt the knowledge of it through his long abſence, for that is the veil which is caſt before his eyes; or to the nature of man in general, who when he deſires any thing vehemently ſcarce believes himſelf in the poſſeſſion of it, even while he poſſeſſes it. Nothing is more frequent than ſuch expreſſions upon the theatre, and in the tranſport of an unexpected happineſs, we are apt to think it a deluſion, from hence the fears of *Ulyſſes* ariſe, and they are to be imputed to his vehement love of his country, not to his unbelief.



If *Jove* prolong my days, and *Pallas* crown  
The growing virtues of my youthful son;  
To you shall rites divine be ever paid,  
And grateful off'rings on your altars laid.

Then thus *Minerva*. From that anxious breast  
Dismiss those cares, and leave to heav'n the rest.  
Our task be now thy treasur'd stores to save,  
Deep in the close recesses of the cave:  
Then future means consult.—She spoke, and trod  
The shady grot, that brighten'd with the God.  
The closest caverns of the grot she fought;  
The gold, the brags, the robes, *Ulysses* brought;  
These in the secret gloom the chief d' spos'd;  
The entrance with a rock the Goddess clos'd.

Now seated in the olive's sacred shade  
Confer the hero and the martial maid.  
The Goddess of the azure eyes began:  
Son of *Laertes*! much-experienc'd man!  
The suitor-train thy earliest care demand,  
Of that luxurious race to rid the land:  
Three years thy house their lawless rule has seen,  
And proud addresses to the matchless queen.  
But she thy absence mourns from day to day,  
And inly bleeds, and silent wastes away:

Elusive of the bridal hour, she gives  
Fond hopes to all, and all with hopes deceives.

To this *Ulysses*. Oh celestial maid!  
Prais'd be thy counsel, and thy timely aid:  
Else had I seen my native walls in vain,  
Like great *Atrides* just restor'd and slain.  
Vouchsafe the means of vengeance to debate,  
And plan with all thy arts the scene of fate.  
Then, then be present, and my soul inspire,  
As when we wrapt *Troy's* heav'n-built walls in fire.

## NOTES.

\* Nothing is more judicious than this conduct in *Homer*; the whole number of suitors are to be slain by a few hands, which might shock our reason if it were related suddenly, without any preparation to shew us the probability of it: this is the intent of *Homer* in this and various other places of the *Odyssy*: he softens the relation, and reconciles us to it by such insertions, before he describes that great event. The ancients would not here allow *Ulysses* to speak hyperbolically; he is that hero whom we have already seen in the *Iliad* resist whole bands of *Trojans*, when the *Greeks* were repulsed, where he slew numbers of enemies, and sustained their assaults till he was disengaged by *Ajax*. Besides, there is an excellent moral in what *Ulysses* speaks; it contains this certain truth, that a man assisted by heaven, has not only no thing to fear, but is assured to triumph over all the united powers of mankind.

Tho' leagu'd against me hundred heroes stand,\*  
Hundreds shall fall, if *Pallas* aid my hand.

She answer'd: In the dreadful day of fight  
Know, I am with thee, strong in all my might.  
If thou but equal to thyself be found,  
What gasping numbers then shall press the ground?  
What human victims stain the feastful floor!  
How wide the pavements float with guilty gore!  
It fits thee now to wear a dark disguise,  
And secret walk, unknown to mortal eyes.  
For this, my hand shall wither ev'ry grace,  
And ev'ry elegance of form and face,  
O'er thy smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread,  
Turn hoar the auburn honours of thy head,  
Disfigure ev'ry limb with coarse attire,  
And in thy eyes extinguish all the fire;  
Add all the wants and the decays of life,  
Estrange thee from thy own, thy son, thy wife;  
From the loath'd object ev'ry sight shall turn,  
And the blind suitors their destruction scorn.

Go first the master of the herds to find,†  
True to his charge, a loyal swain and kind:  
For thee he sighs; and to the royal heir  
And chaste *Penelope* extends his care.  
At the *Coracian* rock he now resides,‡  
Where *Arethusa's* fable water glides;  
The fable water and the copious mast  
Swell the fat herd; luxuriant, large repast!  
With him, rest peaceful in the rural cell,  
And all you ask his faithful tongue shall tell.  
Me into other realms my cares convey,  
To *Sparta*, still with female beauty gay:  
For know, to *Sparta*, thy lov'd offspring came,  
To learn thy fortunes from the voice of Fame.

At

## NOTES.

† There are many reasons why this injunction was necessary: the hero of a poem ought never to be out of sight, never out of action: neither is *Ulysses* idle in this recess, he goes thither to acquaint himself with the condition of his affairs, both public and domestic: he there lays the plan for the destruction of the suitors, inquires after their numbers, and the state of *Penelope* and *Telemachus*. Besides, he here resides in full security and privacy, till he has prepared all things for the execution of the great event of the whole *Odyssy*.

‡ This rock was so called from a young man whose name was *Corax*, who in pursuit of an hare fell from it and broke his neck: *Arethusa* his mother hearing of the accident hanged herself by the fountain, which afterwards took its name from her, and was called *Arethusa*.



At this the father, with a father's care.  
Must he too suffer? he, oh Goddess! bear  
Of wand'rings and of woes a wretched share?  
Thro' the wild ocean plow the dang'rous way,  
And leave his fortunes and his house a prey?  
Why would'st not thou, oh all-enlighten'd mind!  
Inform him certain, and protect him, kind?  
To whom *Minerva*. Be thy soul at rest;  
And know, whatever heav'n ordains, is best.  
To Fame I sent him, to acquire renown:  
To other regions is his virtue known.  
Secure he sits, near great *Atrides* plac'd;  
With friendships strengthen'd, and with honours  
    grac'd.  
But lo! an ambush waits his passage o'er;  
Fierce foes insidious intercept the shore:  
In vain! far sooner all the murth'rous brood  
This injur'd land shall fatten with their blood.

## NOTES.

\* We doubt not but *Homer* draws after the life. We have the whole equipage and accoutrements of a beggar, yet so drawn by *Homer*, as to retain a nobleness and dignity. They are greatly mistaken who impute this disguise of *Ulysses* in the form of a beggar, as a fault in *Homer*; there is nothing either absurd or mean in it; for the way to make a king undiscoverable, is to dress himself as unlike himself as possible. *David* counterfeited madness, as *Ulysses* poverty, and neither of them ought to lie under any imputation; it is easy to vindicate *Homer*, from the disguise of the greatest persons and generals in history, upon the like emergencies; but there is no occasion for it.

† *Homer* is now preparing to turn the relation from *Ulysses* to *Telemachus*, whom we left at *Sparta* with *Menelaus* in the fourth book of the *Odyssey*. He has been long out of sight, and we have heard of none of his actions; *Telemachus* is not the hero of the poem: he is only an under agent, and consequently the poet was at liberty to omit any or all of his adventures, unless such as have a necessary connection with the story of the *Odyssey*, and contribute to the re-establishment of *Ulysses*; by this method likewise *Homer* gives variety to his poetry, and breaks or gathers up the thread of it, as it tends to diversify

She spake, then touch'd him with her powerful wand;  
The skin shrunk up, and wither'd at her hand:  
A swift old-age o'er all his members spread;  
A sudden frost was sprinkled on his head;  
Nor longer in the heavy eye-ball shin'd  
The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind.  
His robe, which spots indelible besmear,\*  
In rags dishonest flutters with the air:  
A stag's torn hide is lapt around his reins;  
A rugged staff his trembling hand sustains;  
And at his side a wretched scrip was hung,  
Wide-patch'd, and knotted to a twisted thong.  
So look'd the chief, so mov'd! To mortal eyes  
Object uncouth! a man of miseries!  
While *Pallas*, cleaving the wide fields of air,†  
To *Sparta* flies, *Telemachus* her care.

## NOTES.

the whole. We may consider an epic poem as a spacious garden, where there are to be different walks and views, lest the eye should be tired with too great a regularity and uniformity: the chief avenue ought to be the most ample and noble, but there should be bye-walks to retire into sometimes for our ease and refreshment. The poet thus gives us several openings to draw us forward with pleasure; and though the great event of the poem be chiefly in view, yet he sometimes leads us aside into other short passages which end in it again, and bring us with pleasure to the conclusion of it. Thus, for instance, *Homer* begins with the story of *Telemachus* and the suitors; then he leaves them a-while, and more largely lays before us the adventures of *Ulysses*, the hero of his poem; when he has satisfied the curiosity of the reader by a full narration of what belongs to him, he returns to *Telemachus* and the suitors: at length he unites the two stories, and proceeds directly to the end of the *Odyssey*. Thus, all the collateral and indirect passages fall into one center, and main point of view. The eye is continually entertained with some new object, and we pass on from incident to incident, not only without fatigue, but with pleasure and admiration.



## The FOURTEENTH BOOK of the ODYSSEY.\*

## A R G U M E N T.

## THE CONVERSATION WITH EUMÆUS.

*Ulysses arrives in disguise at the house of Eumæus, where he is received, entertained, and lodged, with the utmost hospitality. The several discourses of that faithful old servant, with the feigned story told by Ulysses to conceal himself, and other conversations on various subjects, take up this entire book.*

**B**UT he, deep-musing, o'er the mountains stray'd  
Through mazy thickets of the woodland shade,  
And cavern'd ways, the shaggy coast along,  
With cliffs and nodding forests over-hung.†

## NOTES.

\* We see in this book the character of a faithful, wise, benevolent old man in *Eumæus*; one happily innocent, unambitious, and wholly employed in rural affairs. The whole interview between *Ulysses* and *Eumæus* has fallen into ridicule; *Eumæus* has been judged to be of the same rank and condition with our modern swine-herds. But herds and flocks were then kept and attended by the sons of kings; thus *Paris* watched the flocks of *Priam* in the groves of *Ida*, and the same is said of many of the heroes in the *Iliad*; these offices were places of dignity, and filled by persons of birth; and such was *Eumæus*, descended from a prince, named *Ctesus*: thus the Master of the *Horse* is a post of honour in modern ages.

† The same method makes both prose and verse beautiful; which consists in these three things, the judicious coaptation and ranging of the words, the position of the members and parts of the verse, and the various measure of the periods. Whoever

*Eumæus* at his sylvan lodge he fought,  
A faithful servant, and without a fault.  
*Ulysses* found him, busied as he sat  
Before the threshold of his rustic gate;

Around

## NOTES.

would write elegantly, must have regard to the different turn and juncture of every period, there must be proper distances and pauses; every verse must be a compleat sentence, but broken and interrupted, and the parts made unequal, some longer, some shorter to give a variety of cadence to it. Neither the turn of the parts of the verse, nor the length, ought to be alike. This is absolutely necessary: for the epic or heroic verse is of a fixed determinate length, and we cannot, as in the lyric, make one longer, and another shorter; therefore to avoid an identity of cadence, and a perpetual return of the same periods, it is requisite to contract, lengthen, and interrupt the pause and structure of the members of the verses, to create an harmonious inequality, and out of a fixed number of syllables to raise a perpetual diversity. *Homer* was a perfect master of numbers; he sets off good sense to the best advantage, and gives a colouring that enlivens the portrait, and makes even a beauty more agreeable.



Around the mansion in a circle shone  
 A rural portico of rugged stone :—  
 (In absence of his lord, with honest toil  
 His own industrious hands had rais'd the pile)  
 The wall was stone from neighb'ring quarries borne,  
 Encircled with a fence of native thorn,  
 And strong with pales, by many a weary stroke  
 Of stubborn labour hewn from heart of oak ;  
 Frequent and thick. Within the space were rear'd  
 Twelve ample cells, the lodgments of his herd.  
 Full fifty pregnant females each contain'd ;  
 The males without (a smaller race) remain'd ;  
 Doom'd to supply the suitors wastful feast,  
 A stock by daily luxury decreas'd ;  
 Now scarce four hundred left. These to defend,  
 Four savage dogs, a watchful guard, attend.  
 Here sat *Eumæus*, and his cares apply'd  
 To form strong buskins of well-season'd hide.\*

## NOTES.

\* We doubt not but this employment of *Eumæus* has been another cause of the mean character that has been formed of his condition : but this mistake arises from our judging of the dignity of men from the employments they followed three thousand years past, by the notions we have of those employments at present ; and because they are now only the occupation of the vulgar, we imagine that they were so formerly. Kings and princes in the earlier ages of the world laboured in arts and occupations, and were above nothing that tended to promote the conveniences of life ; they performed that with their own hands, which we now perform by those of our servants : if this were not so, the cookery of *Achilles* in the *Iliad* would equally disparage that hero, as this employment would disgrace *Eumæus* in the *Odyssey*. Arts were then in their infancy, and were honourable to the practisers : thus *Ulysses* builds a vessel with his own hands, as skilfully as a shipwright. Besides, even at this day arts are in high esteem in the oriental world, and are practised by the greatest personages. Every man in *Turky* is of some trade ; Sultan *Achmet* was a maker of ivory rings, which the *Turks* wear upon their thumbs when they shoot their arrows, and in this occupation he worked several hours daily ; and another of their emperors was deposed, because he refused to work in his occupation. In short, the reader is to consider this whole description as a true picture of ancient life ; and then he will not fail of the pleasure of knowing how the great men of ancient times passed their lives, and how those heroes, who performed such noble parts on the public stage of life, acted in private when withdrawn from notice and

Of four assistants who his labour share,  
 Three now were absent on the rural care ;  
 The fourth drove victims to the suitor-train :  
 But he, of ancient faith, a simple swain,  
 Sigh'd, while he furnish'd the luxurious board,  
 And wearied heav'n with wishes for his lord.  
 Soon as *Ulysses* near th' enclosure drew,  
 With open mouths the furious mastives flew :  
 Down sat the sage ; and cautious to withstand,  
 Let fall th' offensive truncheon from his hand.  
 Sudden, the master runs ; aloud he calls ;†  
 And from his hasty hand the leather falls ;  
 With show'rs of stones he drives them far away ;  
 The scatt'ring dogs around at distance bay.  
 Unhappy stranger ! (thus the faithful swain  
 Began with accent gracious and humane) ‡  
 What sorrow had been mine, if at my gate  
 Thy rev'rend age had met a shameful fate ?

Enough

## NOTES.

observation. Those ages retained an universal simplicity of manners : *Telemachus* and *Eumæus* have both dogs for their attendants ; nay, and, in later times, before luxury prevailed among the *Romans*, we read of a dictator brought from the plough, to lead the bravest soldiers in the world to conquer it.

† This is thought to be an adventure that really happened to the poet himself ; it is related in the life of *Homer* ascribed to *Herodotus*. *Thestorides* having persuaded *Homer* to permit him to transcribe his verses, he immediately removed to *Chios*, and proclaimed himself the author : *Homer* being informed of it, set sail for *Chios*, and landing near it, he was in danger of being torn in pieces by the dogs of *Glaucus*, who protected him, and received him hospitably : the poet in return laboured to reward his kindness, by relating to him the most curious of his adventures that had happened in the course of his voyages. When therefore we see *Ulysses* entertained by *Eumæus*, we have the satisfaction of imagining we see *Homer* himself in discourse with his courteous friend *Glaucus*.

‡ The words in the *Greek*, literally rendered, signify the divine swineherd, which is burlesque in modern languages, and would have been no less in *Greek*, if the person of *Eumæus* had not been honourable, and his office a station of dignity : for the sole reason why such a translation would now be ridiculous, is because such employments are now fallen into contempt. Let any person ask this question, Would *Homer* have applied the epithet *divine* to a modern swineherd ? If he would not, it is an evidence that *Eumæus* was a man of consequence, and his post a place of honour ; otherwise

*Homer*



Enough of woes already have I known ;  
 Enough my master's sorrows and my own.  
 While here, (ungrateful task!) his herds I feed,  
 Ordain'd for lawless rioters to bleed ;  
 Perhaps supported at another's board,  
 Far from his country roams my hapless lord!  
 Or sigh'd in exile forth his latest breath,  
 Now cover'd with th' eternal shade of death!

But enter this my homely roof; and see  
 Our woods not void of hospitality.  
 Then tell me whence thou art? and what the share  
 Of woes and wand'rings thou wert born to bear?

He said; and seconding the kind request,  
 With friendly step precedes his unknown guest.  
 A shaggy goat's soft hide beneath him spread,  
 And with fresh rushes heap'd an ample bed.  
 Joy touch'd the hero's tender soul, to find  
 So just reception from a heart so kind:

And oh, ye Gods! with all your blessings grace  
 (He thus broke forth) this friend of human race!

The swain reply'd. It never was our guise  
 To slight the poor, or aught humane despise.

For *Jove* unfolds our hospitable door,  
 'Tis *Jove* that sends the stranger and the poor.

Little alas! is all the good I can,  
 A man oppress'd, dependent, yet a man:

Accept such treatment as a swain affords,  
 Slave to the insolence of youthful lords!

Far hence is by unequal Gods remov'd  
 That man of bounties, loving and lov'd!

To whom whate'er his slave enjoys is ow'd,\*  
 And more, had Fate allow'd, had been bestow'd:

But Fate condemn'd him to a foreign shore!  
 Much have I sorrow'd, but my master more.  
 Now cold he lies, to death's embrace resign'd:  
 Ah perish *Helen*! perish all her kind!  
 For whose curs'd cause, in *Agamemnon*'s name,  
 He trod so fatally the paths of Fame.

His vest succinct then girding round his waist,  
 Forth rush'd the swain with hospitable haste,  
 Strait to the lodgments of his herd he run,  
 Where the fat porkers slept beneath the sun;  
 Of two, his cutlafs launch'd the spouting blood;  
 These quarter'd, sing'd, and fix'd on forks of wood.  
 All hasty on the hissing coals he threw;  
 And smoking back the tasteful viands drew,  
 Broachers and all; then on the board display'd.  
 The ready meal before *Ulysses* lay'd.†  
 (With flour imbrown'd) next mingled wine yet new,  
 And luscious as the bees nectareous dew:  
 Then sat companion of the friendly feast,  
 With open look, and thus bespoke his guest.

Take with free welcome what our hands prepare,  
 Such food as falls to simple servants share;  
 The best our lords consume; those thoughtless peers,  
 Rich without bounty, guilty without fears!  
 Yet sure the Gods their impious acts detest,  
 And honour justice and the righteous breast.  
 Pirates and conquerors, of harden'd mind,  
 The foes of peace, and scourges of mankind,  
 To whom offending men are made a prey  
 When *Jove* in vengeance gives a land away;  
 Ev'n these, when of their ill-got spoils possess'd,  
 Find sure tormentors in the guilty breast;

Some

#### NOTES.

*Homer* would have been guilty of burlesquing his own poetry. We may remark, that the words *Eumæus* here speaks, and indeed his whole conversation, shew him to be a person of a good education, and of noble and pious sentiments; he discovers a natural and flowing eloquence, and appears to be a man of great humanity and wisdom.—There is a peculiarity in *Homer*'s manner of apostrophizing *Eumæus*, and speaking of him in the second person; it is generally applied by that poet only to men of account and distinction, and by it the poet, as it were, addresses them with respect. This enlivens the diction, and awakens the attention of the reader. *Eumæus* is the only person of whom *Homer* thus speaks in the whole *Odyssy*: no doubt he does it out of love of this benevolent old servant of *Ulysses*, and to honour and distinguish his fidelity.

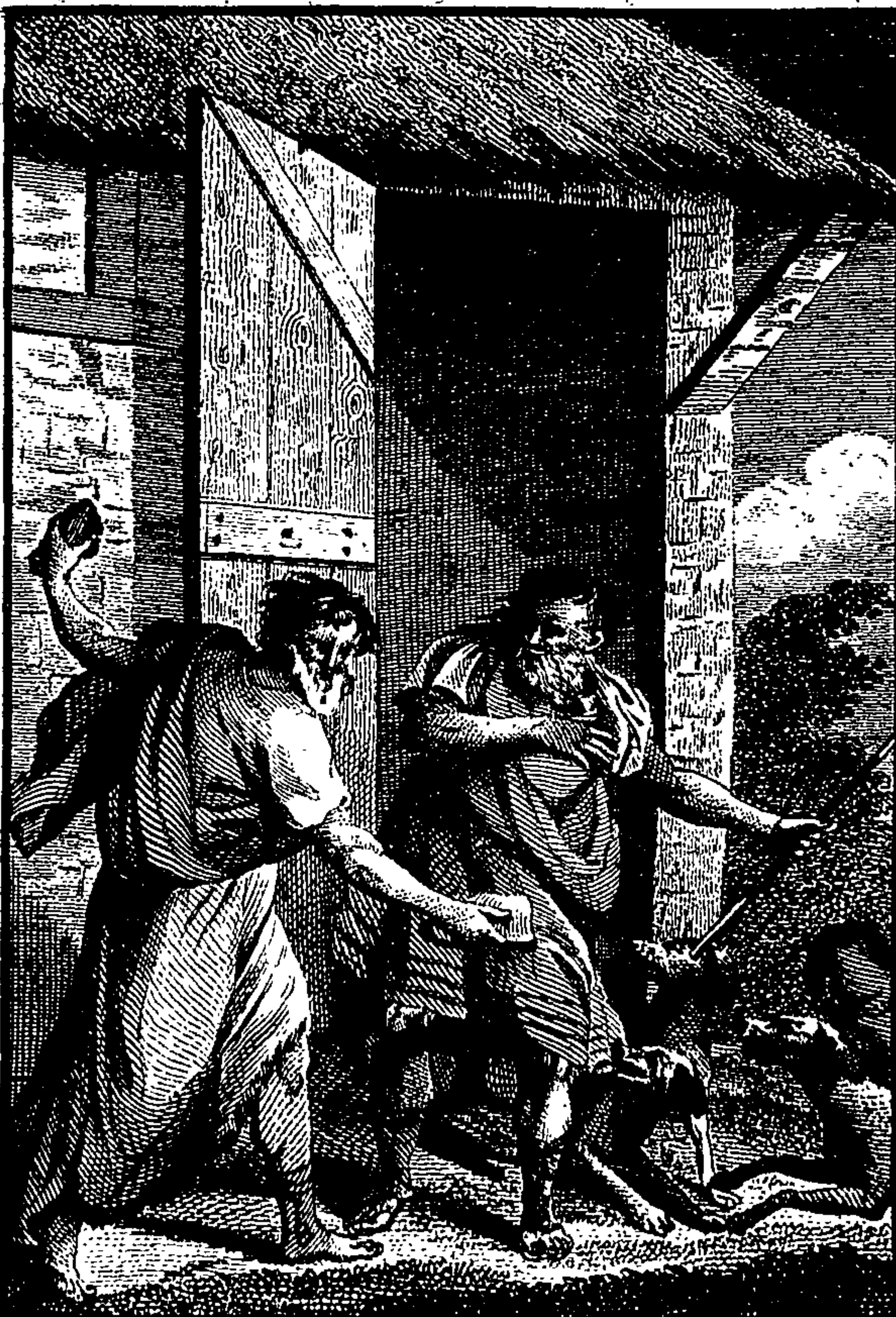
\* This passage has been greatly mistaken by almost all who have translated *Homer*: the words at first view seem to imply that *Ulysses* had given *Eumæus* a wife, a house, and an inheritance; but this is not

#### NOTES.

the meaning. The words are thus to be rendered, "*Ulysses* (says *Eumæus*) greatly lov'd me, and gave me a possession, and such things as an indulgent master gives a faithful servant; namely, a wife, inheritance, and an house." These gifts are to be applied to the faithful servant, and not to *Ulysses*; and the sentence means that it is the custom of good kings in that manner to reward their faithful servants. It is very evident from *Homer*, that *Ulysses* had not yet given a wife to *Eumæus*, for he promises him and *Philæti* all these rewards, lib. 21, of the *Odyssy*.

† We find here a custom of antiquity: this flour was made of parched corn; when the ancients fed upon any thing that had not been offered in sacrifice, they sprinkled it with flour, which was used instead of the hallowed barley, with which they consecrated their victims. We doubt not, (since some honours were paid to the Gods in all feasts) but that this sprinkling of flour by *Eumæus* was an act of religion.





*Ulysses assailed by Dogs at the House of Eumaeus, the Shepherd, who rescues the venerable Sage.*



Some voice of God close whisp'ring from within,  
 "Wretch! this is villainy, and this is sin."  
 But these, no doubt, some oracle explore,  
 That tells, the great *Ulysses* is no more.  
 Hence springs their confidence, and from our sighs  
 Their rapine strengthens, and their riots rise:  
 Constant as *Jove* the night and day bestows,  
 Bleeds a whole hecatomb, a vintage flows.  
 None match'd this hero's wealth, of all who reign  
 O'er the fair islands of the neighb'ring main,  
 Nor all the monarchs whose far-dreaded sway  
 The wide-extended continents obey:  
 First on the main land, of *Ulysses*' breed\*  
 Twelve herds, twelve flocks, on Ocean's margin feed;  
 As many stalls for shaggy goats are rear'd;  
 As many lodgments for the tusky herd;  
 Those foreign keepers guard: and here are seen  
 Twelve herds of goats that graze our outmost green;  
 To native pastors is their charge assign'd,  
 And mine the care to feed the bristly kind:  
 Each day the fattest bleeds of either herd,  
 All to the suitors wasteful board preferr'd.  
 Thus he, benevolent; his unknown guest  
 With hunger keen devours the sav'ry feast;  
 While schemes of vengeance ripen in his breast.  
 Silent and thoughtful while the board he ey'd,  
*Eumæus* pours on high the purple tide;  
 The king with smiling looks his joy exprest,  
 And thus the kind inviting host address'd.  
 Say now, what man is he, the man deplor'd,  
 So rich, so potent, whom you stile your lord?

## NOTES.

\* We have already remarked that *Ulysses* was a wealthy king, and this place is an instance of it. He is master of twelve herds of oxen, which probably amounted to fourteen thousand four hundred head; for if we count the herds by the same way of computation as the droves of swine, they will make that number, each drove consisting of twelve hundred: for though *Homer* mentions but three hundred and sixty boars, yet he tells us, the reason why they were inferior to the females, was because of the luxury of the suitors. If this be allowed, then he had likewise the same number of sheep, and as many hogs; for *Eumæus* had the charge only of one herd, eleven more were under the care of other officers: *Ulysses* likewise had thirteen thousand two hundred goats. This will appear to be a true calculation from the words of *Homer*, who tells us that twenty of the greatest heroes of the age were not so wealthy as *Ulysses*.—They lose much of the pleasure of *Homer* who read him only as a poet: he gives us an exact image of ancient life, their manners,  
 No. 30.

Late with such affluence and possessions blest,  
 And now in honour's glorious bed at rest?  
 Whoever was the warrior, he must be  
 To Fame no stranger, nor perhaps to me;  
 Who (so the Gods; and so the Fates ordain'd)  
 Have wander'd many a sea, and many a land.  
 Small is the faith, the prince and queen ascribe  
 (Reply'd *Eumæus*) to the wand'ring tribe.  
 For needy strangers still to flatt'ry fly,  
 And want too oft betrays the tongue to lye.  
 Each vagrant traveller that touches here,  
 Deludes with fallacies the royal ear,  
 To dear remembrance makes his image rise,  
 And calls the springing sorrows from her eyes.  
 Such thou may'st be. But he whose name you crave  
 Moulders in earth, or welters on the wave,  
 Or food for fish, or dogs, his reliques lie,  
 Or torn by birds are scatter'd thro' the sky.  
 So perish'd he: and left (for ever lost)  
 Much woe to all, but sure to me the most.  
 So mild a master never shall I find:  
 Less dear the parents whom I left behind;  
 Less soft my mother, less my father kind.  
 Not with such transport would my eyes run o'er,  
 Again to hail them in their native shore,  
 As lov'd *Ulysses* once more to embrace,  
 Restor'd and breathing in his natal place.  
 That name, for ever dread, yet ever dear, †  
 Ev'n in his absence I pronounce with fear;  
 In my respect he bears a prince's part,  
 But lives a very brother in my heart.

Thus

## NOTES.

customs, laws, and politics; and it must double our satisfaction, when we consider that in reading *Homer* we are reading the most ancient author in the world, except the great lawgiver *Moses*.

† This sentiment of *Eumæus* is full of tenderness and humanity. I will not call *Ulysses*, cries *Eumæus*, by the name of *Ulysses*, for from strangers he receives that appellation; I will not call him my master, for as such he never was towards me; I will then call him brother, for he always used me with the tenderness of a brother. What we would further observe is the wonderful art of *Homer* in exalting the character of his hero: he is the bravest and the best of men, good in every circumstance of life: valiant in war, patient in adversity, a kind father, husband, and master, as well as a mild and merciful king: by this conduct the poet deeply engages our affections in the good or ill fortune of the hero: he makes himself master of our passions, and we rejoice or grieve at his success or calamity through the whole *Odyssey*.



Thus spoke the faithful swain, and thus rejoin'd  
The master of his grief, the man of patient mind.  
*Ulysses*, friend! shall view his old abodes,  
(Distrustful as thou art) nor doubt the Gods.  
Nor speak I rashly, but with faith averr'd,  
And what I speak attesting heav'n has heard.  
If so, a cloak and vesture be my meed;  
Till his return, no title shall I plead,  
Tho' certain be my news, and great my need.  
Whom want itself can force untruths to tell,  
My soul detests him as the gates of hell.

Thou first be witness, hospitable *Jove*!  
And ev'ry God inspiring social love!  
And witness ev'ry household pow'r that waits  
Guard of these fires, and angel of these gates!  
Ere the next moon increase, or this decay,  
His ancient realms *Ulysses* shall survey,  
In blood and dust each proud oppressor mourn,  
And the lost glories of his house return.

Nor shall that meed be thine, nor ever more  
Shall lov'd *Ulysses* hail this happy shore,  
(Reply'd *Eumæus* :) to the present hour  
Now turn thy thought, and joys within our pow'r.  
From sad reflection let my soul repose;  
The name of him awakes a thousand woes.  
But guard him, Gods! and to these arms restore!  
Not his true comfort can desire him more;  
Not old *Laertes*, broken with despair;  
Not young *Telemachus*, his blooming heir.  
Alas, *Telemachus*! my sorrows flow  
Afresh for thee, my second cause of woe!  
Like some fair plant set by a heav'nly hand,  
He grew, he flourish'd, and he blest the land;  
In all the youth his father's image shin'd,  
Bright in his person, brighter in his mind.  
What man, or God, deceiv'd his better sense,  
Far on the swelling seas to wander hence?  
To distant *Pylus* hapless is he gone,  
To seek his father's fate, and find his own!

## NOTES.

\* This whole narration is a notable instance of that artful dissimulation so remarkable in the character of *Ulysses*, and an evidence that *Homer* excellently sustains it through the whole poem. Nothing is more evident than that the whole success of *Ulysses* depends upon his disguise; a discovery would be fatal to him, and at once give a single unassisted person into the power of his enemies. How then is this disguise to be carried on? especially when *Ulysses* in person is required to give an account of his own story? Must it not be by assuming the name of another person, and giving a plausible relation of his life, fortunes, and calamities, that brought him

For traitors wait his way, with dire design  
To end at once the great *Arcean* line:

But let us leave him to their wills above;  
The fates of men are in the hand of *Jove*.  
And now, my venerable guest! declare  
Your name, your parents, and your native air?  
Sincere from whence begun your course relate,  
And to what ship I owe the friendly freight?

Thus he: and thus (with prompt invention bold)  
The cautious chief his ready story told.

On dark reserve what better can prevail,  
Or from the fluent tongue produce the tale,  
Than when two friends, alone, in peaceful place  
Confer, and wines and cates the table grace;  
But most, the kind inviter's chearful face?  
Thus might we sit, with social goblets crown'd,  
Till the whole circle of the year goes round;  
Not the whole circle of the year would close  
My long narration of a life of woes.  
But such was heav'n's high will! Know then I came  
From sacred *Crete*, and from a Siré of fame: \*  
*Castor Hylacides* (that name he bore)  
Belov'd and honour'd in his native shore;  
Blest in his riches, in his children more.  
Sprung of a handmaid, from a bought embrace, †  
I shar'd his kindness with his lawful race;  
But when that Fate which all must undergo  
From earth remov'd him to the shades below,  
The large domain his greedy sons divide,  
And each was portion'd as the lots decide.  
Little, alas! was left my wretched share,  
Except a house, a covert from the air:  
But what by niggard Fortune was deny'd,  
A willing widow's copious wealth supply'd.  
My valour was my plea, a gallant mind  
That, true to honour, never lagg'd behind,  
(The sex is ever to a soldier kind.)  
Now wasting years my former strength confound,  
And added woes have bow'd me to the ground;

Yet

## NOTES.

to a strange country, where he has no acquaintance or friend? This obliges him to be circumstantial, nothing giving a greater air of probability than descending to particularities. Besides, *Homer* interests all men of all ages in the story, by giving us pieces of true history, ancient customs, and exact descriptions of persons and places, instructive and delightful to all the world, and these incidents are adorned with all the embellishments of eloquence and poetry.

† *Ulysses*, says he, was the son of a concubine; this was not a matter of disgrace among the ancients, concubinage being allowed by the laws.



Yet by the stubble you may guess the grain,  
 And mark the ruins of no vulgar man.  
 Me *Pallas* gave to lead the martial storm,  
 And the fair ranks of battle to deform :  
 Me, *Mars* inspir'd to turn the foe to flight,  
 And tempt the secret ambush of the night.  
 Let ghastly Death in all his forms appear,  
 I saw him not ; it was not mine to fear.  
 Before the rest I rais'd my ready steel ;  
 The first I met, he yielded, or he fell.  
 But works of peace my soul disdain'd to bear,\*  
 The rural labour or domestic care.  
 To raise the mast, the missile dart to wing,  
 And send swift arrows from the bounding string,  
 Were arts the Gods made grateful to my mind ;  
 Those Gods, who turn (to various ends design'd)  
 The various thoughts and talents of mankind. }  
 Before the *Grecians* touch'd the *Trojan* plain,  
 Nine times commander, or by land or main,  
 In foreign fields I spread my glory far,  
 Great in the praise, rich in the spoils of war :  
 Thence charg'd with riches, as increas'd in fame,  
 To *Crete* return'd, an honourable name.  
 But when great *Jove* that direful war decreed,  
 Which rouz'd all *Greece*, and made the mighty bleed ;  
 Our states myself and *Idomen* employ  
 To lead their fleets, and carry death to *Troy*.  
 Nine years we warr'd ; the tenth saw *Ilion* fall :  
 Homeward we sail'd, but heav'n dispers'd us all.  
 One only month my wife enjoy'd my stay ;  
 So will'd the God who gives and takes away.  
 Nine ships I mann'd equipp'd with ready stores,  
 Intent to voyage to th' *Egyptian* shores ;  
 In feast and sacrifice my chosen train  
 Six days consum'd ; the seventh we plow'd the main.  
*Crete's* ample fields diminish to our eye ;  
 Before the *Boreal* blasts the vessels fly ;  
 Safe through the level seas we sweep our way ;  
 The steer-man governs, and the ships obey.  
 The fifth fair morn we stem th' *Egyptian* tide,  
 And tilting o'er the bay the vessels ride :  
 To anchor there my fellows I command,  
 And spies commission to explore the land.  
 But sway'd by lust of gain, and headlong will,  
 The coasts they ravage, and the natives kill.  
 The spreading clamour to their city flies,  
 And horse and foot in mingled tumult rise.

## NOTES.

\* No reflection is intended to be cast upon this way of living by *Ulysses*, for in his age piracy was not only allowable but glorious, and sudden inroads and incursions were practised by the greatest heroes. *Iomer* therefore only intends to shew that the dis-

The red'ning dawn reveals the circling fields  
 Horrid with bristly spears, and glancing shields.  
*Jove* thunder'd on their side. Our guilty head  
 We turn'd to flight ; the gath'ring vengeance spread }  
 On all parts round, and heaps on heaps lie dead.  
 I then explor'd my thought, what course to prove :  
 (And sure the thought was dictated by *Jove* :  
 Oh had he left me to that happier doom,  
 And sav'd a life of miseries to come !)  
 The radiant helmet from my brows unlac'd,  
 And low on earth my shield and javelin cast,  
 I meet the monarch with a suppliant's face,  
 Approach his chariot, and his knees embrace.  
 He heard, he sav'd, he plac'd me at his side ;  
 My state he pity'd, and my tears he dry'd,  
 Restrain'd the rage the vengeful foe express'd,  
 And turn'd the deadly weapons from my breast.  
 Pious ! to guard the hospitable rite,  
 And fearing *Jove*, whom mercy's works delight.  
 In *Egypt* thus with peace and plenty blest,  
 I liv'd (and happy still had liv'd) a guest ;  
 On sev'n bright years successive blessings wait ;  
 The next chang'd all the colour of my fate.  
 A false *Phœnician* of insidious mind,  
 Vers'd in vile arts, and foe to human kind,  
 With semblance fair invites me to his home :  
 I seiz'd the proffer, (ever fond to roam)  
 Domestic in his faithless roof I stay'd,  
 Till the swift sun his annual circle made.  
 To *Lybia* then he meditates the way ;  
 With guileful art a stranger to betray,  
 And sell to bondage in a foreign land :  
 Much doubting, yet compell'd, I quit the strand.  
 Thro' the mid seas the nimble pinnace sails,  
 Aloof from *Crete*, before the northern gales :  
 But when remote her chalky cliffs we lost,  
 And far from ken of any other coast,  
 When all was wild expanse of sea and air ;  
 Then doom'd high *Jove* due vengeance to prepare.  
 He hung a night of horrors o'er their head,  
 (The shaded ocean blacken'd as it spread)  
 He launch'd the fiery bolt ; from pole to pole  
 Broad burst the light'nings, deep the thunders roll ;  
 In giddy rounds the whirling ship is tost,  
 And all in clouds of smothering sulphur lost.  
 As from a hanging rock's tremendous height,  
 The sable crows with intercepted flight

Drop

## NOTES.

position of *Ulysses* inclined him to pursue the more dangerous, but more glorious way of living by war, than the more lucrative, but more secure method of life, by agriculture and husbandry.



Drop endlong; scarr'd, and black with sulph'rous hue,  
 So from the deck are hurl'd the ghastly crew.  
 Such end the wicked found! but *Jove's* intent  
 Was yet to save th' oppress'd and innocent.  
 Plac'd on the mast (the last recourse of life)  
 With winds and waves I held unequal strife;  
 For nine long days the billows tilting o'er,  
 The tenth soft wafts me to *Thesprotia's* shore.  
 The monarch's son a shipwreck'd wretch reliev'd,  
 The fire with hospitable rites receiv'd,  
 And in his palace like a brother plac'd,  
 With gifts of price and gorgeous garments grac'd.  
 While here I sojourn'd, oft I heard the fame  
 How late *Ulysses* to the country came,  
 How lov'd, how honour'd in this court he stay'd,  
 And here his whole collected treasure lay'd,  
 I saw myself the vast unnumber'd store  
 Of steel elab'rate, and refulgent ore,  
 And brass high-heap'd amidst the regal dome;  
 Immense supplies for ages yet to come!  
 Mean time he voyag'd to explore the will\*  
 Of *Jove* on high *Dodona's* holy hill,  
 What means might best his safe return avail,  
 To come in pomp, or bear a secret sail?  
 Full oft has *Phidon*, whilst he pour'd the wine,  
 Attesting solemn all the pow'rs divine,

## NOTES.

\* These oaks of *Dodona* were held to be oraculous, and to be endued with speech, by the ancients; and pigeons were supposed to be the priestesses of the Deity. *Herodotus* in *Euterpe* gives a full account of what belongs to this oracle, who tells us, that he was informed by the priestesses of *Dodona*, that two black pigeons flew away from *Thebes* in *Egypt*, and one of them perching upon a tree in *Dodona*, admonished the inhabitants with an human voice to erect an oracle in that place to *Jupiter*. But this fable is solved after the following manner: There were two priestesses carried away from *Egypt*, and one of them was sold by the *Phœnicians* in *Greece*, where she in her servitude consecrated an altar to *Jupiter* under an oak; the *Dodonæans* gave her the name of a pigeon, because she was a *Barbarian*, and her speech at first no more understood than the chattering of a bird or pigeon; but as soon as she had learned the *Greek* tongue, it was presently reported that the pigeon spoke with an human voice. She had the epithet *Black*, because she was an *Egyptian*. Some give us another solution of this difficulty, and tell us, that as there were *Augurs*, who drew predictions from the flight and gestures of crows; so there were others who predicted from observations made upon doves; and from hence these doves were called the

That soon *Ulysses* would return, declar'd,  
 The sailors waiting, and the ships prepar'd.  
 But first the king dismiss'd me from his shores,  
 For fair *Dulichium* crown'd with fruitful stores;  
 To good *Acastus'* friendly care consign'd:  
 But other counsels pleas'd the sailors' mind:  
 New frauds were plotted by the faithless train,  
 And misery demands me once again.  
 Soon as remote from shore they plow the wave,  
 With ready hands they rush to seize their slave;  
 Then with these tatter'd rags they wrapt me round,  
 (Strip'd of my own) and to the vessel bound.  
 At eve, at *Ithaca's* delightful land  
 The ship arriv'd: forth issuing on the sand,  
 They sought repast; while to th' unhappy kind,  
 The pitying Gods themselves my chains unbind.  
 Soft I descended, to the sea apply'd  
 My naked breast, and shot along the tide.  
 Soon past beyond their sight, I left the flood,  
 And took the spreading shelter of the wood.  
 Their prize escap'd the faithless pirates mourn'd;  
 But deem'd inquiry vain, and to their ship return'd.  
 Screen'd by protecting Gods from hostile eyes, †  
 They led me to a good man and a wife;  
 To live beneath thy hospitable care, ‡  
 And wait the woes heav'n dooms me yet to bear.

Unhappy

## NOTES.

prophetesses of *Dodona*, that being the way by which the decrees of the Gods were discovered by the augurs. Perhaps the fable of these oaks being vocal, arose from an illusion of those who gave out the oracles to the people: they concealed themselves within the cavities or hollow of the oaks, and from thence delivered their oracles; and imposing by this method upon the superstition and credulity of those ages, persuaded the world that the Gods gave a voice and utterance to the oaks.

† This is a very artful compliment which *Ulysses* pays to *Eumæus*, *The Gods guided me to the habitation of a person of wisdom*, and names not *Eumæus*, leaving it to him to apply it. We doubt not but the reader agrees with *Ulysses* as to the character of *Eumæus*; there is an air of piety to the Gods in all he speaks, and benevolence to mankind; he is faithful to his king, upright in his trust, and hospitable to the stranger.

‡ It may not perhaps be unsatisfactory to see how *Ulysses* keeps in sight of truth through this whole fabulous story. He gives a true account of his being at the war of *Troy*; he stays seven years in *Egypt*, so long he continued with *Calypso*; the king of *Egypt*, whose name was *Sethon*, according to the ancients, entertains him hospitably like that Goddess; a *Phœnician*



Unhappy guest! whose sorrows touch my mind!  
 (Thus good *Eumæus* with a sigh rejoin'd).  
 For real suff'rings since I grieve sincere,  
 Check not with fallacies the springing tear;  
 Nor turn the passion into groundless joy  
 For him, whom heav'n has destin'd to destroy.  
 Oh! had he perish'd on some well-fought day,  
 Or in his friends embraces dy'd away!  
 That grateful *Greece* with streaming eyes might  
 raise

Historic marbles, to record his praise:  
 His praise, eternal on the faithful stone,  
 Had with transmissive honours grac'd his son.  
 Now snatch'd by harpies to the dreary coast,\*  
 Sunk is the hero, and his glory lost!  
 While pensive in his solitary den,  
 Far from gay cities, and the ways of men,  
 I linger life; nor to the court repair,†  
 But when the constant queen commands my care;  
 Or when, to taste her hospitable board,  
 Some guest arrives, with rumours of her lord;  
 And these indulge their want, and those their woe,  
 And here the tears, and there the goblets flow.  
 By many such have I been warn'd; but chief  
 By one *Ætolian* robb'd of all belief,  
 Whose hap it was to this our roof to roam,  
 For murder banish'd from his native home.  
 He swore, *Ulysses* on the coast of *Crete*  
 Staid but a season to refit his fleet;

## NOTES.

*Phænician* detains him a whole year, the same has been observed of *Circe*; the vessel of this *Phænician* is lost by a storm, and all the crew perishes except *Ulysses*; the same is true of the companions of *Ulysses*: he is thrown upon the land of the *Threspotians* by that tempest, and received courteously by *Phidon* the king of that country; this represents his being cast upon the *Phæacian* shore by the storm, and the hospitable *Phidon* means *Alcinous*, king of the *Phæacians*: the manner likewise of his being introduced to *Phidon*, agrees with his introduction to *Alcinous*; the daughter introduces him to *Alcinous*, and the son to *Phidon*. Thus we see there is a diversified consistency through the whole narration, the poet only changing the names of persons and places. *Ulysses* lay under an absolute necessity thus to falsify his true history, and represent himself as a stranger to the whole island of *Ithaca*, otherwise it would have been natural for *Eumæus* to offer to guide him to his friends, upon which a discovery must inevitably have followed, which would have proved fatal to the hero.

\* This place seems to evince that the expression No. 30.

A few revolving months should waft him o'er,  
 Fraught with bold warriors and a boundless store.  
 O thou! whom age has taught to understand,  
 And heav'n has guided with a fav'ring hand!  
 On God or mortal to obtrude a lye  
 Forbear, and dread to flatter, as to die.  
 Not for such ends my house and heart are free,  
 But dear respect to *Jove*, and charity.

And why, oh swain of unbelieving mind!  
 (Then quick reply'd the wisest of mankind)  
 Doubt you my oath? yet more my faith to try,  
 A solemn compact let us ratify,  
 And witness every pow'r that rules the sky!  
 If here *Ulysses* from his labours rest,  
 Be then my prize a tunic and a vest;  
 And, where my hopes invite me, strait transport  
 In safety to *Dulichium's* friendly court.  
 But if he greets not thy desiring eye,  
 Hurl me from yon dread precipice on high;  
 The due reward of fraud and perjury.

Doubtless, oh guest! great laud and praise were  
 mine,  
 (Reply'd the swain for spotless faith divine).  
 If, after social rites and gifts bestow'd,  
 I stain'd my hospitable hearth with blood.  
 How would the Gods my righteous toils succeed,  
 And bless the hand that made a stranger bleed?  
 No more—th' approaching hours of silent night  
 First claim refection, then to rest invite;

Beneath

## NOTES.

of being torn by the harpies, means that the dead person is deprived of the rites of sepulture; and not as some understand it, that he is disappeared, or that it is unknown what is become of him: for the whole lamentation of *Eumæus* turns upon this point, namely, that *Ulysses* is dead, and deprived of the funeral ceremonies.

† It may appear at first view as if *Eumæus* thought his absence from the court an aggravation to his calamities, but this is not his meaning: he speaks thus to prevent *Ulysses* from asking him to introduce him immediately to *Penelope*; and this is the reason why he enlarges upon the story of the *Ætolian*, who had deceived him by raising his expectations of the immediate return of *Ulysses*. It is remarkable that almost all these fictions are made by *Cretans*, or have some relation to the island of the *Cretans*; thus *Ulysses* claims himself to be of *Crete*, and this *Ætolian* lays the scene of his fallhood in the same island: which may possibly be a latent satyr upon that people, who were become a reproach and proverb for their remarkable lying.



Beneath our humble cottage let us haste,  
And here, unenvy'd, rural dainties taste.  
Thus commun'd these; while to their lowly  
dome

The full-fed swine return'd with evening home;  
Compell'd, reluctant, to their several styes,\*  
With din obstrep'rous, and ungrateful cries.  
Then to the slaves—now from the herd the best  
Select, in honour of our foreign guest:  
With him, let us the genial banquet share,  
For great and many are the griefs we bear;  
While those who from our labours heap their board,  
Blaspheme their feeder, and forget their lord.

Thus speaking, with dispatchful hand he took  
A weighty ax, and cleft the solid oak;  
This on the earth he pil'd; a boar full fed  
Of five years age, before the pile was led:  
The swain, whom acts of piety delight,  
Observant of the Gods, begins the rite;  
First shears the forehead of the bristly boar,†  
And suppliant stands, invoking ev'ry pow'r  
To speed *Ulysses* to his native shore.  
A knotty stake then aiming at his head,  
Down drop'd he groaning, and the spirit fled.

## NOTES.

\* There is scarce a more sonorous verse in the whole *Odyssy*. The word swine is what debases our idea; which is evident if we substitute *Shepherd* in the room of *Hogherd*, and apply to it the most pompous epithet given by *Homer* to *Eumæus*: for instance, to say the illustrious Hogherd, is mean enough: but the image is more tolerable when we say, the illustrious Shepherd; the office of a shepherd (especially as it is familiarized and dignified in poetry by the frequent use of it) being in repute. The *Greeks* have magnificent words to express the most common objects; we want words of equal dignity, and have the disadvantage of being obliged to endeavour to raise a subject that is now in the utmost contempt, so as to guard it from meanness and ignominy.

† Every meal among the ancients was a kind of sacrifice of thanksgiving to the Gods, and the table as it were an altar. This sacrifice being different from any other in *Homer*, we will fully describe the particulars of it. It is a rural sacrifice; we have before seen sacrifices in camps, in courts, and in cities, in the *Iliad*; but this is the only one of this nature in all *Homer*. They cut off the hair of the victim, in commemoration of the original way of cloathing, which was made of hair, and the skins of beasts. *Eumæus* strows flour upon it, in remembrance that before incense was in use, this was the

The scorching flames climb round on ev'ry side:  
Then the sing'd members they with skill divide;  
On these, in rolls of fat involv'd with art,  
The choicest morsels lay from ev'ry part.  
Some in the flames, bestrow'd with flour, they threw:  
Some cut in fragments, from the forks they drew;  
These while on several tables they dispose,  
As priest himself, the blameless rustic rose;  
Expert the destin'd victim to dis-part  
In sev'n just portions, pure of hand and heart.  
One sacred to the *Nymphs* apart they lay;‡  
Another to the winged son of *May*:  
The rural tribe in common share the rest,  
The king the chine, the honour of the feast,  
Who sat delighted at his servant's board;  
The faithful servant joy'd his unknown lord.  
Oh be thou dear (*Ulysses* cry'd) to *Jove*,  
As well thou claim'it a grateful stranger's love!  
Be then thy thanks (the bounteous swain reply'd)  
Enjoyment of the good the Gods provide.  
From God's own hand descend our joys and woes;  
These he decrees, and he but suffers those:  
All pow'r is his, and whatsoe'er he wills  
The Will itself, Omnipotent, fulfills.

This

## NOTES.

ancient manner of offering to the Gods, or of consecrating the victim, instead of the barley mixed with salt, which had the name of immolation. *Eumæus* cut a piece from every part of the victim; by this he made it an *Holocaust*, or an entire sacrifice. *Eumæus* divides the rest at supper; which was alway the office of the most honourable person, and thus we see *Achilles* and other heroes employed throughout the *Iliad*. He portions it into seven parts; one he allots to *Mercury* and the nymphs, and the rest he reserves for himself, *Ulysses*, and his four servants. He gives the chine to *Ulysses*, which was ever reputed an honour and distinction; thus *Ajax* after a victory over *Hector* is rewarded in the same manner.

‡ It may be asked why *Eumæus* allots part of the victim to *Mercury* and the nymphs, since there is nothing of the like nature to be found in the whole *Iliad* and *Odyssy*? This is done in compliance to the place and person of *Eumæus*, whose employment lies in the country, and who has the care of the herds of *Ulysses*; he therefore offers to the nymphs, as they are the presidents of the fountains, rivers, groves, and furnish sustenance and food for cattle; and *Mercury* was held by the ancients to be the patron of shepherds. In short, it suffices that he was esteemed a rural Deity, to make the sacrifice proper to be offered to him by a person whose occupation lay in the country.



This said, the first fruits to the Gods he gave;  
 Then pour'd of offer'd wine the sable wave:  
 In great *Ulysses'* hand he plac'd the bowl,  
 He sat, and sweet refection cheer'd his soul.  
 The bread from cannisters *Mesautius* gave,  
 (*Eumæus'* proper treasure bought this slave,  
 And led from *Taphos*, to attend his board,\*  
 A servant added to his absent lord)  
 His task it was the wheaten loaves to lay;  
 And from the banquet take the bowls away.  
 And now the rage of hunger was repress'd,  
 And each betakes him to his couch to rest.

Now came the night, and darkness cover'd o'er  
 The face of things; the winds began to roar;†  
 The driving storm the wat'ry west-wind pours,  
 And *Jove* descends in deluges of show'rs.  
 Studious of rest and warmth, *Ulysses* lies,  
 Foreseeing from the first the storm would rise;  
 In mere necessity of coat and cloak,  
 With artful preface to his host he spoke.

Hear me, my friends! who this good banquet  
 grace;  
 'Tis sweet to play the fool in time and place,  
 And wine can of their wits the wife beguile,  
 Make the sage frolic, and the serious smile,

## NOTES.

\* This custom of purchasing slaves prevailed over all the world, as appears not only from many places of *Homer*, but of the holy scriptures, in which mention is made of slaves bought with money. The *Taphians* lived in a small island adjacent to *Ithaca*; *Mentes* was king of it, as appears from the first of the *Odyssey*: they were generally pirates, and are supposed to have had their name from their way of living, which in the *Phœnician* tongue signifies rapine; *Hataph*, and by contraction *Taph*, bearing that signification.—Frequent use has been made of *Phœnician* interpretations through the course of these notes, and perhaps it may be judged necessary to say something why they may be supposed to give names to countries and persons, more than any other nation. They are reported to be the inventors of letters, the first who used navigation, and the first who trafficked by the ocean. If we put these qualities together, it is no wonder that a great number of places were called by *Phœnician* names; for they being the first navigators, must necessarily discover a multitude of islands, countries, and cities, to which they would be obliged to give names when they described them: and nothing is so probable as that they gave those names according to the observations they made upon the nature of the several countries, or employment of the inhabitants. In the present instance, the *Taphians* being remarkable pirates, the

The grave in merry measures frisk about,  
 And many a long-repent'd word bring out:  
 Since to be talkative I now commence,  
 Let wit cast off the sullen yoke of sense.  
 Once I was strong, (would heav'n restore those days)  
 And with my betters claim'd a share of praise.  
*Ulysses*, *Menelaus* led forth a band,  
 And join'd me with them, ('twas their own command)  
 A deathful ambush for the foe to lay,  
 Beneath *Troy* walls by night we took our way:  
 There, clad in arms, along the marshes spread,  
 We made the ozier-fringed bank our bed.  
 Full soon th' inclemency of heav'n I feel,  
 Nor had these shoulders cov'ring, but of steel.  
 Sharp blew the North; snow whit'ning all the fields  
 Froze with the blast, and gath'ring glaz'd our shields.  
 There all but I, well fenc'd with cloak and vest,  
 Lay cover'd by their ample shields at rest.  
 Fool that I was! I left behind my own;‡  
 The skill of weather and of winds unknown,  
 And trusted to my coat and shield alone!  
 When now was wasted more than half the night,  
 And the stars faded at approaching light;  
 Sudden I jogg'd *Ulysses*, who was laid  
 Fast by my side, and shiv'ring, thus I said.

Here

## NOTES.

*Phœnicians*, who first discovered this island, called it *Toph*, the island of pirates. Places receive appellations according to the language of the discoverer, and generally from observations made upon the people. It will add a weight to this supposition, if we remember that *Homer* was well acquainted with the traditions and customs of the *Phœnicians*, for he speaks frequently of that people through the course of the *Odyssey*.

† *Homer* introduces the following story by a very artful connection, and makes it as it were grow out of the subject; the coldness of the present season brings to his mind a time like it, when he lay before *Troy*. It is remarkable that almost all poets have taken an opportunity to give long descriptions of the night; *Virgil*, *Statius*, *Apollonius*, *Tasso*, and *Dryden*, have enlarg'd upon this subject: *Homer* seems industriously to have avoided it: perhaps he judged such descriptions to be no more than excrescencies, and at best but beautiful superfluities.

‡ To understand this passage, we must remember that in these eastern regions, after very hot days an extreme cold night would sometimes succeed, even with frost and snow, contrary to the usual order of the season: if it had been winter, no doubt *Ulysses* would have armed himself against the nocturnal cold, and not have been reduced to such an extremity.



Here longer in this field I cannot lie,  
The winter pinches, and with cold I die,  
And die a sham'd, (O wisest of mankind)  
The only fool who left his cloak behind.

He thought, and answer'd: hardly waking yet,  
Sprung in his mind the momentary wit;  
(That wit, which or in council, or in fight,  
Still met th' emergence, and determin'd right)  
Hush thee, hecry'd, (soft-whisp'ring in my ear)  
Speak not a word, lest any *Greek* may hear—  
And then (supporting on his arm his head)  
Hear me, companions! (thus aloud he said)  
Methinks too distant from the fleet we lie:  
Ev'n now a vision stood before my eye,  
And sure the warning vision was from high:  
Let from among us some swift courier rise,  
Haste to the general, and demand supplies.

Up started *Thoas* strait, *Andraemon's* son,  
Nimble he rose, and cast his garment down;  
Instant the racer vanish'd off the ground;  
That instant, in his cloak I wrapt me round:  
And safe I slept, till brightly-dawning shone  
The morn, conspicuous on her golden throne.

Oh were my strength as then, as then my age!  
Some friend would fence me from the winter's rage.  
Yet tatter'd as I look, I challeng'd then  
The honours, and the offices of men:  
Some master, or some servant would allow  
A cloak and vest—but I am nothing now!

## NOTES.

\* This is not spoken in vain, it was necessary for *Ulysses* to appear in the form of a beggar to prevent discovery. The word in the *Greek* cannot be translated without a circumlocution: it paints exactly the dress of a beggar, and the difficulty he labours under in drawing his rags to cover one part of his body that is naked, and while he covers that, leaving the other part bare: thus it expresses how a beggar is embarrassed in the act of covering his body, by reason of the rents in his cloaths.

† It is not at first view evident why *Ulysses* requests a change of raiment from *Eumæus*, for a better dress would only have exposed him to the danger of a discovery. Besides, this would have been a direct opposition to the injunctions of the Goddess of Wisdom, who had not only disguised him in the habit of a beggar, but changed his features to a conformity with it. Why then should he make this petition? The answer is, to carry on his disguise the better before *Eumæus*; he has already told him that

Well hast thou spoke (rejoin'd th' attentive swain)  
Thy lips let fall no idle word or vain!  
Nor garment shalt thou want, nor aught beside,  
Meet, for the wand'ring suppliant to provide,  
But in the morning take thy cloaths again,\*  
For here one vest suffices ev'ry swain; †  
No change of garments to our hinds is known:  
But when return'd, the good *Ulysses'* son  
With better hand shall grace with fit attires  
His guest, and send thee where thy soul desires.

The honest herdsman rose, as this he said,  
And drew before the hearth the stranger's bed:  
The fleecy spoils of sheep, a goat's rough hide  
He spreads; and adds a mantle thick and wide;  
With store to heap above him, and below,  
And guard each quarter as the tempests blow.  
There lay the king, and all the rest supine;  
All, but the careful master of the swine;  
Forth hasted he to tend his bristly care:  
Well arm'd, and fenc'd against nocturnal air;  
His weighty faulchion o'er his shoulder ty'd:  
His shaggy cloak a mountain goat supply'd:  
With his broad spear, the dread of dogs and men,  
He seeks his lodging in the rocky den.  
There to the tusky herd he bends his way,  
Where screen'd from *Boreas*, high o'er arch'd, they  
lay.

## NOTES.

he was once a person of dignity, though now reduced to poverty by calamities: and consequently a person who had once known better fortunes would be uneasy under such mean circumstances, and desire to appear like himself; therefore he asks a better dress, that *Eumæus* may believe his former story. What *Eumæus* speaks of not having many changes of garments, is not a sign of poverty, but of the simplicity of the manners of those ages. It is the character of the luxurious, vain *Phæacians*, to delight in changes of dress, and agrees not with this plain, sincere, industrious *Ithacan*, *Eumæus*.

This and the preceding book take up no more than the space of one day. *Ulysses* lands in the morning, which is spent in consultation with *Minerva* how to bring about his restoration: about noon he comes to *Eumæus*, for immediately after his arrival they dine: they pass the afternoon and evening in conference: so that thirty-five days are exactly completed since the beginning of the *Odyssy*.



## The FIFTEENTH BOOK of the ODYSSEY.\*

## A R G U M E N T.

## THE RETURN OF TELEMACHUS.

*The Goddess Minerva commands Telemachus in a vision to return to Ithaca. Pisistratus and he take leave of Menelaus, and arrive at Pylos, where they part; and Telemachus sets sail, after having received on board Theoclymenus the soothsayer. The scene then changes to the cottage of Eumæus, who entertains Ulysses with a recital of his adventures. In the mean time Telemachus arrives on the coast, and sending the vessel to the town, proceeds by himself to the lodge of Eumæus.*

NOW had Minerva reach'd those ample plains,  
Fam'd for the dance where Menelaus reigns;  
Anxious she flies to great Ulysses' heir,  
His instant voyage challeng'd all her care.

## NOTES.

\* The story now turns to *Telemachus*, and the poet briefly describes his voyage to his country: there is a necessity to be concise, for the hero of an epic poem is never to be out of sight after his introduction. The little time that *Homer* employs in the return of *Telemachus* is not spent unusefully by *Ulysses*; during this interval, he learns the state of his public and domestic affairs from *Eumæus*, and prepares the way for the destruction of the suitors, the chief design of the whole *Odyssey*. There is another reason why the poet ought not to dwell at large upon the story of *Telemachus*; he bears but an incidental relation to the *Odyssey*, and consequently *Homer* was necessitated to pass over his actions with brevity, that he might describe the hero of his poem at full length. It has been objected, that no mention has been made of any action at all of *Telemachus* during his whole stay with *Menelaus*, and that he lies there idly, without making his voyage con-

No. 31.

Beneath the royal portico display'd, †  
With Nestor's son, *Telemachus* was lay'd;  
In sleep profound the son of *Nestor* lies;  
Not thine, *Ulysses*! Care unseal'd his eyes;

Restless

## NOTES.

tribute any thing to the restitution of *Ulysses*; but from the former observation it is evident, that this silence in the poet proceeds from judgment; nothing is to be inserted in an epic poem but what has some affinity with the main design of it: but what affinity could the actions of *Telemachus* in the *Spartan* court have with those of *Ulysses*? This would have been to make two heroes in one poem, and would have broken the unity of the action; whereas by the contrary conduct *Homer* unites the two stories, and makes the voyage of *Telemachus* subservient to the chief action; namely, the restitution of *Ulysses*. *Telemachus* undertakes a voyage to make inquiry after *Ulysses*; this the poet fully describes, because it has an immediate relation to *Ulysses*; but passes over all other adventures during the absence of *Telemachus*, because they have no relation to the design.

† *Minerva* here finds *Telemachus* in bed: it is necessary to remember that *Ulysses* landed in *Ithaca*

6 N

in.



Restless he griev'd, with various fears oppress'd,  
 And all thy fortunes roll'd within his breast.  
 When, O *Telemachus*! (the Goddess said)  
 Too long in vain, too widely hast thou stray'd.  
 Thus leaving careless thy paternal right  
 The robbers prize, the prey to lawless might.  
 On fond pursuits neglectful while you roam,  
 Ev'n now, the hand of rapine sacks the dome.  
 Hence to *Atrides*; and his leave implore  
 To launch th' vessel for thy natal shore;  
 Fly, whilst thy mother virtuous yet withstands  
 Her kindred's wishes, and her fire's commands;\*  
 Thro' both, *Eurymachus* pursues the dame,  
 And with the noblest gifts asserts his claim.  
 Hence therefore, while thy stores thy own remain:  
 Thou know'lt the practice of the female train,†  
 Lost in the children of the present spouse,  
 They slight the pledges of their former vows;  
 Their love is always with the lover past;  
 Still the succeeding flame expels the last.  
 Let o'er thy house some chosen maid preside,  
 Till heav'n decrees to bless thee in a bride.

## NOTES.

in the morning of the thirty-fifth day; and when *Minerva* left him, she went to the *Spartan* court to *Telemachus*; this vision therefore appears to that hero in the night following the thirty-fifth day. On the thirty-sixth he departs from *Menelaus*, and lodges that night with *Diocles*; on the thirty-seventh he embarks towards the evening, sails all night, and lands on the thirty-eighth in the morning in his own country. From this observation it is likewise evident, that *Ulysses* passes two days in discourse with *Eumæus*, though the poet only distinguishes the time by the voyage of *Telemachus*; for the preceding book concludes with the thirty-fifth day, and *Telemachus* spends the thirty-sixth and thirty-seventh and the following night in his return, and meets *Ulysses* in the morning of the thirty-eighth day. This remark is necessary to avoid confusion, and to make the two stories of *Ulysses* and *Telemachus* coincide, in this and the next book of the *Odyssy*.

\* Why should *Minerva* make use of these arguments, to persuade *Telemachus* to return immediately; and give him no information concerning the safety of *Ulysses*, who was now actually landed in his own country? The poet reserves this discovery to be made in the future part of the story. If *Telemachus* had known of his father's being already returned, there could have been no room for the beautiful interview between the father and the son; for the doubts and fears, the surprize and filial tenderness,

But now thy more attentive ears incline,  
 Observe the warnings of a pow'r divine:  
 For thee their snares the suitor lords shall lay  
 In *Samos* sands, or streights of *Ithaca*,  
 To seize thy life shall lurk the murderous band,  
 Ere yet thy footsteps press thy native land.  
 No——sooner far their riot and their lust  
 All-cov'ring earth shall bury deep in dust!  
 Then distant from the scatter'd islands flee,  
 Nor let the night retard thy full career;  
 Thy heav'nly guardian shall instruct the gales  
 To smoothe th' passage, and supply thy sails:  
 And when at *Ithaca* thy labour ends,  
 Send to the town thy vessel with thy friends;  
 But seek thou first the matter of the swine,  
 (For still to thee his loyal thoughts incline)  
 There pass the night: while he his course pursues  
 To bring *Penelope* the with'd for news,  
 That thou safe sailing from the *Æolian* strand  
 Art come to bless her in thy native land.

Thus spoke the Goddess, and resum'd her flight  
 To the pure regions of eternal light.

Mean-

## NOTES.

on the part of *Telemachus*; and for the paternal fondness, the yearnings of nature, and the transports of joy, on the part of *Ulysses*. These disguises and concealments perplex the fable with agreeable plots and intricacies, surprize us with a variety of incidents, and give room for the relation of many adventures; while *Ulysses* still appears in assumed characters, and upon every occasion recites a new history. At the same time the poet excellently sustains his character, which is every where distinguished by a wise and ready dissimulation.

† This is not spoken in derogation of *Penelope*, nor applied to her in particular; it is laid down as an universal maxim, and uttered by the Goddess of wisdom. But we congratulate the modern ladies, that there is not the least objection of this nature against them. Is it not evident, that all our widows are utterly disconsolate, appear many months in deep mourning? and whenever they are prevailed upon to a second marriage, do they not chuse out the strongest, best built, and most vigorous youth of the nation? For what other reason, but that such constitutions may be a security against their ever feeling the like calamity again? What we have here said shews that the world is well changed since the times of *Homer*; and however the race of man is dwindled and decayed since those ages, yet it is a demonstration that the modern ladies are not to blame for it.



Mean-while *Pisistratus* he gently shakes,  
And with these words the slumb'ring youth awakes.

Rise, son of *Nestor*! for the road prepare,  
And join the harness'd-couriers to the car.

What cause, he cry'd, can justify our flight,  
To tempt the dangers of forbidding night?  
Here wait we rather, till approaching day  
Shall prompt our speed, and point the ready way.  
Nor think of flight before the *Spartan* king  
Shall bid farewell, and bounteous presents bring;  
Gifts, which to distant ages safely stor'd,  
The sacred act of friendship shall record.

Thus he. But when the dawn break'd the  
east,

The king from *Helen* rose, and sought his guest.  
As soon as his approach the hero knew,  
The splendid mantle round him first he threw,  
Then o'er his ample shoulders whirl'd the cloak,  
Respectful met the monarch, and bespoke.

Hail, great *Atrides*, favour'd of high *Jove*!  
Let not thy friends in vain for licence move.  
Swift let us measure back the wat'ry way,  
Nor check our speed, impatient of delay.

If with desire so strong thy bosom glows,  
Ill, said the king, should I thy wish oppose;  
For oft in others freely I reprove  
The ill-tim'd efforts of officious love;  
Who love too much, hate in the like extrem,  
And both the golden mean alike condemn.  
Alike he thwarts the hospitable end,  
Who drives the free, or stays the hasty friend;  
True friendship's laws are by this rule express'd,  
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.  
Yet stay, my friends, and in your chariot take  
The noblest presents that our love can make:  
Mean-time commit we to our women's care  
Some choice domestic viands to prepare;

## NOTES.

\* It is in the original, *He commanded Helen and her maids* to do it. The moderns have blamed *Menelaus* for want of delicacy in commanding his queen to perform such household offices. We read such passages with pleasure, because they are exact pictures of ancient life: we may as well condemn the first inhabitants of the world for want of politeness, in living in tents and bowers, and not in palaces. We doubt not but the continual descriptions of entertainments have likewise given offence to many; but we may be in some degree reconciled to them, if we consider they are not only instances of the hospitality of the ancients, but of their piety and religion; every meal was a religious act, a sacrifice, or a feast of thanksgiving: libations of wine, and offerings of

The trav'ler rising from the banquet gay,  
Eludes the labours of the tedious way.  
Then if a wider course shall rather please  
Thro' spacious *Argos*, and the realms of *Greece*,  
*Atrides* in his chariot shall attend;  
Himself thy convoy to each royal friend.  
No prince will let *Ulysses'* heir remove  
Without some pledge, some monument of love:  
These will the caldron, these the tripod give,  
From those the well-vair'd mules we shall receive,  
Or bow! emboss'd whose golden figures live.

To whom the youth, for prudence fam'd, reply'd:  
O monarch, care of heav'n! thy people's pride!  
No friend in *Ithaca* my place supplies,  
No pow'ful hands are there, no watchful eyes:  
My stores expos'd and fenceless house demand  
The speediest succour from my guardian hand;  
Left in a search too anxious and too vain  
Of one lost joy, I lose what yet remain.

His purpose when the gen'rous warrior heard,  
He charg'd the household cates to be prepar'd.\*  
Now with the dawn, from his adjoining home,  
Was *Boethades Etconus* come;  
Swift as the word he forms the rising blaze,  
And o'er the coals the smoking fragments lays.  
Mean-time the king, his son, and *Helen*, went  
Where the rich wardrobe breath'd a costly scent.  
The king selected from the glitt'ring rows  
A bowl; the prince a silver beaker chose.  
The beauteous queen revolv'd with careful eyes  
Her various textures of unnumber'd dyes,  
And chose the largest; with no vulgar art  
Her own fair hands embroider'd ev'ry part:  
Beneath the rest it lay divinely bright,  
Like radiant *Hesper* o'er the gems of night.†  
Then with each gift they hasten'd to their guest,  
And thus the king *Ulysses'* heir addrest.

Since

## NOTES.

part of the flesh were constantly made at every entertainment. This gives a dignity to the description, and when we read it, we are not to consider it as an act merely of eating or drinking, but as an office of worship to the Gods. Perhaps the same thing may be said of our modern entertainments, wherever the good practice of saying *Grace* before and after meat is not yet laid aside.

† If this passage were translated literally, it would stand thus, *Helen chose a vesture of most beautiful embroidery, and of the largest extent, a vesture that lay beneath the rest.* We are to understand by the last circumstance, that this vesture was the choicest of her wardrobe, it being repositied with the greatest care. This robe was the work of *Helen's* own hands; an  
instance



Since fix'd are thy resolves, may thund'ring *Jove*  
With happiest omens thy desires approve!  
This silver bowl, whose costly margins shine  
Enchas'd with gold, this valu'd gift be thine;  
To me this present, of *Vulcanian* frame,  
From *Sidon's* hospitable monarch came;  
To thee we now consign the precious load,  
The pride of kings, and labour of a God.

Then gave the cup; while *Megapenthe* brought  
The silver vase with living sculpture wrought.  
The beauteous queen advancing next, display'd  
The shining veil, and thus endearing said:

Accept, dear youth, this monument of love,  
Long since, in better days, by *Helen* wove:  
Safe in thy mother's care the vesture lay,  
To deck thy bride, and grace thy nuptial day.  
Mean-time may'st thou with happiest speed re-  
gain

Thy stately palace, and thy wide domain.

She said, and gave the veil; with grateful look  
The prince the variegated present took.  
And now, when thro' the royal dome they pass'd,  
High on a throne the king each stranger plac'd.  
A golden ew'r th' attendant damsel brings,  
Replete with water from the crystal springs;  
With copious streams the shining vase supplies  
A silver laver of capacious size.  
They walk. The tables in fair order spread,  
The glitt'ring canisters are crown'd with bread;  
Viands of various kinds allure the taste  
Of choicest fort and favour; rich repast!  
Whilst *Eteoneus* portions out the shares,  
*Atrides'* son the purple draught prepares.  
And now (each sated with the genial feast,  
And the short rage of thirst and hunger ceast)

## NOTES.

instance that in those days a great lady, or a great beauty, might be a good workwoman: and she here seems to take particular care to obviate an opinion one might otherwise have, that she did not apply herself to these works till her best days were past.

\* It is not clear why the poet ascribes a greater quickness and penetration to *Helen*, in the solution of this prodigy, than to *Menelaus*. Is it from a superior acuteness of nature and presence of mind in the fair sex? Or is it that *Helen* in this resembles some modern beauties, who (though their husbands be asked the question) will make the answer themselves? We would willingly believe that *Helen* might happen to stand in such a position, as to be able to make a more minute observation upon the flight of the eagle, than *Menelaus*; and being more circum-

*Ulysses'* son, with his illustrious friend,  
The horses join, the polish'd car ascend.  
Along the court the fiery steeds rebound,  
And the wide portal echoes to the sound.  
The king precedes; a bowl with fragrant wine  
(Libation destin'd to the pow'rs divine)  
His right-hand held: before the steeds he stands,  
Then, mix'd with pray'rs, he utters these commands.

Farewel and prosper, youths! let *Nestor* know  
What grateful thoughts still in this bosom glow,  
For all the proofs of his paternal care,  
Thro' the long dangers of the ten-years war.  
Ah! doubt not our report (the prince rejoin'd)  
Of all the virtues of thy gen'rous mind.  
And oh! return'd might we *Ulysses'* meet!  
To him thy presents shew, thy words repeat:  
How will each speech his grateful wonder raise?  
How will each gift indulge us in thy praise?

Scarce ended thus the prince, when on the right  
Advanc'd the bird of *Jove*: auspicious sight!  
A milk-white fowl his clinching talons bore,  
With care domestic pamp'ring at the floor.  
Peasants in vain with threat'ning cries pursue,  
In solemn speed the bird majestic flew  
Full dexter to the car: the prosp'rous sight  
Fill'd ev'ry breast with wonder and delight.

But *Nestor's* son the chearful silence broke,  
And in these words the *Spartan* chief bespoke.  
Say if to us the Gods these omens send,  
Or fates peculiar to thyself portend?

Whilst yet the monarch paus'd, with doubts oppress'd,

The beauteous queen reliev'd his lab'ring breast.

Hear me, she cry'd, to whom the Gods have giv'n\*  
To read this sign, and myltic sense of heav'n.

As

## NOTES.

stantial in the observation, she might for that reason be more ready and circumstantial in the interpretation. But *Homer* himself tells us, that she received it from the Gods. This is a pious lesson, to teach us in general, that all knowledge is the gift of God, and perhaps here particularly inserted to raise the character of *Helen*, and make us less surprized to see her forgiven by *Menelaus*, when she is not only pardoned, but favoured thus with inspiration. And indeed it was necessary to reconcile us to this fatal beauty; at whom the reader is naturally enough offended: she is an actress in many of the scenes in the *Odyssy*, and consequently to be redeemed from contempt: this is done by degrees; the poet steals away the adulteress from our view, to set before us the amiable penitent.



As thus the plummy sov'reign of the air \*  
Left on the mountain's brow his callow care,  
And wander'd through the wide ethereal way  
To pour his wrath on yon luxurious prey;  
So shall thy god-like father tofs'd in vain  
Thro' all the dangers of the boundless main,  
Arrive, (or is perchance already come)  
From slaughter'd gluttons to release the dome.

Oh! if this promis'd bliss by thund'ring *Jove*,  
(The prince reply'd) stand fix'd in fate above;  
To thee, as to some God, I'll temples raise,  
And crown thy altars with the costly blaze.  
He said; and bending o'er his chariot, flung  
Athwart the fiery steeds the smarting throng;  
The bounding shafts upon the harness play,  
Till night descending intercepts the way.  
To *Diocles*, at *Pheræ*, they repair,  
Whose boasted Sire was sacred *Alpheus*' heir;  
With him all night the youthful strangers stay'd,  
Nor found the hospitable rites unpay'd.  
But soon as morning from her orient bed  
Had ting'd the mountains with her earliest red,  
They join'd the steeds and on the chariot sprung;  
The brazen portals in their passage rung.

To *Pylus* soon they came; when thus begun  
To *Nestor*'s heir *Ulysses*' god-like son:  
Let not *Pisistratus* in vain be prest,  
Not unconsenting hear his friend's request;  
His friend by long hereditary claim,  
In toils his equal, and in years the same.

## NOTES.

\* *Ulysses* is the eagle, the bird represents the suitors: the cries of the men and women when the eagle seized his prey, denote the lamentations of the relations of the suitors, who are slain by *Ulysses*. The circumstance of the flight of the eagle close to the horses, is added to shew that the prodigy had a fixed and certain reference to a person present, namely *Telemachus*: the eagle comes suddenly from a mountain; this means that *Ulysses* shall unexpectedly arrive from the country to the suitors destruction. The fowl is said to be fed by the family, this is a full designation of the suitors, who feed upon *Ulysses*, and prey upon his family. And as this bird is killed by the talons of the eagle, so the suitors fall by the spear of *Ulysses*.

† This has been objected against, as contrary to the promise of *Telemachus*, who assured *Menelaus* that he would acquaint *Nestor* with his great friendship and hospitality; is he therefore not guilty of falsehood, by embarking immediately without fulfilling his promise? We answer, that the prodigy of the eagle occasions this alteration, and that the not ful-

No. 31.

No farther from our vessel, I implore,  
The courfers drive; but lash them to the shore.  
Too long thy father would his friend detain; †  
I dread his proffer'd kindness, urg'd in vain.

The hero paus'd, and ponder'd this request,  
While love and duty warr'd within his breast.  
At length resolv'd, he turn'd his ready hand,  
And lash'd his panting courfers to the strand.  
There, while within the poop with care he stor'd  
The regal presents of the *Spartan* lord;  
With speed be gone, (said he) call ev'ry mate,  
Ere yet to *Nestor* I the tale relate:

'Tis true, the fervor of his gen'rous heart  
Brooks no repulse, nor could'st thou soon depart;  
Himself will seek thee here, nor wilt thou find,  
In words alone, the *Pylian* monarch kind.  
But when arriv'd he thy return shall know,  
How will his breast with honest fury glow?  
This said, the sounding strokes his horses fire,  
And soon he reach'd the palace of his fire.

Now, (cry'd *Telemachus*) with speedy care:  
Hoise ev'ry sail, and ev'ry oar prepare.  
Swift as the word his willing mates obey,  
And seize their seats, impatient for the sea.

Mean-time the prince with sacrifice adores  
*Minerva*, and her guardian aid implores;  
When lo! a wretch ran breathless to the shore,  
New from his crime, and reeking yet with gore.  
A seer he was, from great *Melampus* sprung, ‡  
*Melampus*, who in *Pylos* flourish'd long.

Till

## NOTES.

filling his promise is to be ascribed to accident and necessity. But the words of *Telemachus* sufficiently justify his veracity; they are of the plural number, *I and Pisistratus will inform Nestor of your hospitality*: this promise he leaves to be performed by *Pisistratus*, who returns directly to *Nestor*. Others blame *Telemachus* as unpolite, in leaving *Nestor* without any acknowledgment for his civilities. Without having recourse to the command of *Minerva*, and to the prodigy of the eagle, for his vindication, the nature of the poem requires such a conduct; the action of the *Odyssey* stands still till the return of *Telemachus*, (whatever happens to him in *Pyle* being foreign to it) and therefore *Homer* thews his judgment, in precipitating the actions of *Telemachus*, rather than triling away the time, while the story sleeps, only to shew a piece of complaisance and ceremony.

‡ There is some obscurity in this genealogical history. *Melampus* was a prophet, he lived in *Pylos*, and was a person of great wealth; his uncle *Nelus* seized his riches, and detained them a whole year, to

6 O

oblige



Till urg'd by wrongs a foreign realm he chose,  
 Far from the hateful cause of all his woes.  
*Neleus* his treasures one long year detains;  
 As long, he groan'd in *Phylacus* his chains:  
 Mean-time, what anguish and what rage combin'd,  
 For lovely *Pero* rack'd his lab'ring mind!  
 Yet 'scap'd he death; and vengeful of his wrong  
 To *Pylos* drove the lowing herds along:  
 Then (*Neleus* vanquish'd, and consign'd the fair  
 To *Bias*' arms) he fought a foreign air;  
*Argos* the rich for his retreat he chose,  
 There form'd his empire; there his palace rose.  
 From him *Antiphates* and *Mantius* came:  
 The first begot *Oicleus* great in fame,  
 And he *Amphiaraus*, immortal name!

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oblige him to recover his herds detained by *Iphyclus* in *Phylace*; he failed in the attempt, and was kept in prison by *Iphyclus*, the son of *Phylacus*. *Bias*, the brother of *Melampus*, was in love with *Pero* the daughter of *Neleus*; *Neleus*, to engage *Melampus* more strongly in the enterprize, promises to give *Pero* in marriage to his brother *Bias*, upon the recovery of his herds from *Iphyclus*. At length *Iphyclus* releases *Melampus* from prison, upon his discovering to him how he might have an heir to succeed to his dominions, and rewards him with restoring the herds of *Neleus*: then *Neleus* retracts his promise, and refuses to give his daughter *Pero* to *Bias* the brother of *Melampus*; upon this *Neleus* and *Melampus* quarrel, and engaging in a single combat, *Neleus* is vanquished, and *Melampus* retires to *Argos*.

\* The poet means *Eryphyle*, who, being bribed with a golden bracelet by *Polynices*, persuaded her husband *Amphiaraus* to go to the *Theban* war, where he lost his life. This is a remarkable passage: *Tho' he was loved by Jupiter and Apollo, yet he reached not to old age.* Is a short life the greatest instance of the love of the Gods? *Plato* quotes the verse to this purpose: "The life of man is so loaded with calamity, that it is an instance of the favour of heaven to take the burthen from us with speed." The same author in *Axischus* asserts, that the Gods, having a perfect insight into human affairs, take special notice to themselves those whom they love. Thus when *Trophonius* and *Agamedes* had built a temple to *Apollo*, they prayed to receive a blessing the most beneficial to mankind: the God granted their prayers, and they were both found dead the next morning. Thus likewise the priestess of *Juno*, when her two sons had yoked themselves to her chariot, and drawn

The people's saviour, and divinely wife,  
 Belov'd by *Jove*, and him who gilds the skies,\*  
 Yet short his date of life! by female pride he dies. }  
 From *Mantius Clitus*, whom *Aurora*'s love †  
 Snatch'd for his beauty to the thrones above:  
 And *Polyphides* on whom *Phæbus* shone  
 With fullest rays, *Amphiaraus* now gone;  
 In *Hyperefia*'s groves he made abode,  
 And taught mankind the counsels of the God.  
 From him sprung *Theoclymenus*, who found ‡  
 (The sacred wine yet foaming on the ground)  
*Telemachus*: whom, as to heav'n he prest  
 His ardent vows, the stranger thus addrest.  
 O thou! that dost thy happy course prepare  
 With pure libations, and with solemn pray'r;

By

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her for the greater expedition to the temple, prayed to the Goddesses to reward the filial piety; and they both died that night. This agrees with the expression of *Menander*, He whom the Gods love dies young.

† There is nothing more common than such accounts of men being carried away by Goddesses, in all the *Greek* poets; and yet what offends more against credibility? The poets invented these fables merely out of compliment to the dead. When any person happened to be drowned in a river; if a man, some water nymph stole him; if a woman, she was seized to be the wife of the river God. If any were lost at sea, *Neptune* or some of the sea Gods or Goddesses had taken them to their beds. But to speak to the present purpose; if any person died in the fields, and his body happened not to be found, if he was murdered and buried, or devoured by wild beasts, so that no account was heard of his death, he was immediately imagined to be taken from the earth by some Deity who was in love with his beauty. Thus *Clitus* being lost in the morning sports, like *Orion* while he was hunting, he was fabled to be carried to heaven by *Aurora*; being lost at the time of the morning, over which that Deity presides.

‡ The use the poet makes of the adventure of *Theoclymenus*, is to give encouragement to *Telemachus*: he assists him with his advice, and by his gift of prophecy explains to him a prodigy in the conclusion of this book. By this method he connects it with the main action, in giving *Telemachus* assurances that his affairs hasten to a re-establishment. Besides, these short relations are valuable, as they convey to posterity brief histories of ancient facts and families that are extant no where else.



By that dread pow'r to whom thy vows are paid;  
By all the lives of these; thy own dear head,  
Declare sincerely to no foe's demand  
Thy name, thy lineage, and paternal land.\*

Prepare then, said *Telemachus*, to know  
A tale from falsehood free, not free from woe.  
From *Ithaca*, of royal birth I came,  
And great *Ulysses* (ever honour'd name!)  
Was once my sire: tho' now for ever lost  
In *Stygian* gloom he glides a pensive ghost!  
Whose fate inquiring, thro' the world we rove;  
The last, the wretched proof of filial love.

The stranger then. Nor shall I aught conceal,  
But the dire secret of my fate reveal.

Of my own tribe an *Argive* wretch I flew;  
Whose pow'rful friends the luckless deed pursue  
With unrelenting rage, and force from home  
The blood-stain'd exile, ever doom'd to roam.  
But bear, oh bear me o'er yon azure flood;  
Receive the suppliant! spare my destin'd blood!

Stranger, (reply'd the prince) securely rest  
Affianc'd in our faith; henceforth our guest.  
Thus affable, *Ulysses'* God-like heir  
Takes from the stranger's hand the glitt'ring spear:  
He climbs the ship, ascends the stern with haste,  
And by his side the guest accepted plac'd.

The chief his orders gives: th' obedient band  
With due observance wait the chief's command:  
With speed the mast they rear, with speed unbind  
The spacious sheet, and stretch it to the wind.  
*Minerva* calls; the ready gales obey  
With rapid speed to whirl them o'er the sea.  
*Crunus* they pass'd, next *Chalcis* roll'd away,†  
When thick'ning darkness clos'd the doubtful day;  
The silver *Phæa's* glitt'ring rills they lost,  
And skim'd along by *Elis'* sacred coast.

Then cautious thro' the rocky reaches wind,  
And turning sudden, shun the death design'd.

Meantime the king, *Eumæus*, and the rest,  
Sat in the cottage, at their rural feast:

The banquet past, and satiate ev'ry man,  
To try his host *Ulysses* thus began.

Yet one night more, my friends, indulge your guest;  
The last I purpose in your walls to rest:

To-morrow for myself I must provide,  
And only ask your counsel, and a guide:  
Patient to roam the street, by hunger led,  
And bless the friendly hand that gives me bread.

There in *Ulysses'* roof I may relate  
*Ulysses'* wand'rings to his royal mate;  
Or mingling with the suitors haughty train,  
Not undeserving, some support obtain.

*Hermes*

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\* These questions may be thought somewhat extraordinary; for what apparent reason is there for this fugitive to be told the name of the parents of *Telemachus*? But the interrogations are very material; he makes them to learn if *Telemachus* or his father are friends to the person slain by his hand? if they were, instead of sailing with him, he would have reason to fly from him, as from a person who might take away his life by the laws of the country. Thus in the *Hebrew* law, *Numb. xxxv. c.*, *The revenger of blood shall slay the murderer, when he meeteth him.* But the *Jews* had cities of refuge, to which the murderers fled as to a sanctuary: the *Greeks* in like manner, if the homicide fled into a voluntary exile, permitted him to be in security till the murder was atoned, either by fulfilling a certain time of banishment, or by a pecuniary mulct or expiation. We will only further remark the conciseness of these interrogations of *Theoclymenus*; he asks three questions in a breath, in the compass of one line; his apprehensions of being pursued gives him no leisure to expatiate. *Homer* judiciously adapts his poetry to the circumstances of the murder, a man in fear being in great haste to be in security. *Telemachus* answers with equal brevity, being under

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a necessity to finish his voyage in the night to avoid the ambush of the suitors. For this reason *Homer* shortens the relation, and complies with the exigency of *Telemachus*; with this further view, to unite the subordinate story of *Telemachus* with that of *Ulysses*, it being necessary to hasten to the chief action, and without delay carry on the main design of the *Odyssey* in the re-establishment of *Ulysses*.

† This whole passage has been greatly corrupted; one line is omitted in all former editions of *Homer*, and the verses themselves are printed erroneously. The places mentioned by *Homer* lie in this order, *Crunis*, *Chalcis*, and *Phæa*: and are all rivers of small note, or rather brooks. It is highly probable that *Phæa*, and not *Pheræ*, is the true reading, for *Pheræ* lay in *Messenia*, and not in *Elis*, and was in possession of *Agamemnon*, as is evident from the transferring of the right of it to *Achilles*. Besides, it would be absurd to join *Pheræ* directly with *Chalcis*, when the one was in *Messenia*, and the other in *Elis*; this would make the course of *Telemachus's* navigation unintelligible, if *Elis* and *Messenia* were confounded in the relation, and used promiscuously without order or regularity.



*Hermes* to me his various gifts imparts,\*  
 Patron of industry and manual arts:  
 Few can with me in dext'rous works contend,  
 The pyre to build, the stubborn oak to rend;  
 To turn the tasteful viand o'er the flame;  
 Or foam the goblet with a purple stream.  
 Such are the tasks of men of mean estate,  
 Whom Fortune dooms to serve the rich and great.

Alas! (*Eumæus* with a sigh rejoin'd)  
 How sprung a thought so monstrous in thy mind?  
 If on that god-less race thou wouldst attend,  
 Fate owes thee sure a miserable end!  
 Their wrongs and blasphemies ascend the sky,  
 And pull descending vengeance from on high.  
 Not such, my friend, the servants of their feast;  
 A blooming train in rich embroid'ry drest,  
 With earth's whole tribute the bright table bends,  
 And smiling round celestial youth attends.  
 Stay then: no eye askance beholds thee here;  
 Sweet is thy converse to each social ear;  
 Well pleas'd, and pleasing, in our cottage rest,  
 Till good *Telemachus* accepts his guest  
 With genial gifts, and change of fair attires,  
 And safe conveys thee where thy soul desires.

To him the man of woes. O gracious *Jove*!  
 Reward this stranger's hospitable love,  
 Who knows the son of sorrow to relieve,  
 Cheers the sad heart, nor lets affliction grieve.  
 Of all the ills unhappy mortals know,  
 A life of wand'rings is the greatest woe:  
 On all their weary ways wait care and pain,  
 And pine and penury a meagre train.  
 To such a man since harbour you afford,  
 Relate the farther fortunes of your lord;

What cares his mother's tender breast engage,†  
 And fire, forsaken on the verge of age;  
 Beneath the sun prolong they yet their breath,  
 Or range the house of darkness and of death?

To whom the swain. Attend what you inquire.  
*Laertes* lives, the miserable fire,  
 Lives, but implores of ev'ry pow'r to lay  
 The burden down, and wishes for the day.  
 Torn from his offspring in the eve of life,  
 Torn from th' embraces of his tender wife,  
 Sole, and all comfortless he wastes away,  
 Old age untimely posting ere his day.  
 She too, sad mother! for *Ulysses* lost,  
 Pin'd out her bloom, and vanish'd to a ghost.  
 (So dire a fate, ye righteous Gods! avert,  
 From ev'ry friendly, ev'ry feeling heart!)  
 While yet she was, though clouded o'er with grief,  
 Her pleasing converse minister'd relief:  
 With *Ctimene*, her youngest daughter, bred,  
 One roof contain'd us, and one table fed.  
 But when the softly-stealing pace of time  
 Crept on from childhood into youthful prime,  
 To *Samos*' isle she sent the wedded fair;  
 Me to the fields, to tend the rural care;  
 Array'd in garments her own hands had wove,  
 Nor less the darling object of her love.  
 Her hapless death my brighter days o'ercast,  
 Yet Providence deserts me not at last;  
 My present labours food and drink procure,  
 And more, the pleasure to relieve the poor.  
 Small is the comfort from the queen to hear  
 Unwelcome news, or vex the royal ear;  
 Blank and discountenanc'd the servants stand,  
 Nor dare to question where the proud command:

No.

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\* *Mercury* was the servant and minister of the Gods, and was feigned to be the patron of all persons of the like station upon earth; it was supposed to be by his favour that all servants and attendants were successful in their several functions. In this view the connection will be easy. "I will go (says *Ulysses*) and offer my service to the suitors, and by the favour of *Mercury*, who gives success to persons of my condition, shall prosper; for no man is better able to execute the offices of attendance, than myself." It may be objected, that these functions are unworthy of the character, and beneath the dignity of an hero; but *Ulysses* is obliged to act in his assumed, not real character; as a beggar, not as a king. Besides, it is no more derogation to *Ulysses* to put on the appearance of a beggar, than it was to *Pallas* to assume that of a swain, as she frequently does throughout the *Odyssey*.

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† These questions may seem to be needless, because *Ulysses* had been fully acquainted with the story of *Laertes*, and the death of his mother *Anticlea*, by the shade of *Tiresias*; but *Ulysses* personates a stranger, and to carry on that character, pretends to be unacquainted with all the affairs of his own family. This conduct is very judicious upon the following account: it lets *Ulysses* into the knowledge of his condition, and by it he is able to take his measures with the greater certainty, in order to bring about his own re-establishment. This is a demonstration that the objection of *Rapin* is without foundation; he calls these interviews between *Ulysses* and *Eumæus* mere idle fables, invented solely for amusement, and contributing nothing to the action of the *Odyssey*; but the contrary is true, for *Ulysses* directs his course according to these informations.



No profit springs beneath usurping pow'rs ;  
Want feeds not there, where luxury devours,  
Nor harbours charity where riot reigns :  
Proud are the lords, and wretched are the swains.

The suff'ring chief at this began to melt ;  
And, oh *Eumæus* ! thou (he cries) hast felt  
The spite of fortune too ! her cruel hand  
Snatch'd thee an infant from thy native land !  
Snatch'd from thy parents arms, thy parents eyes,  
To early wants ! a man of miseries !  
Thy whole sad story, from it's first, declare :  
Sunk the fair city by the rage of war,  
Where once thy parents dwelt ? or did they keep,  
In humbler life, the lowing herds and sheep ?  
So left perhaps to tend the fleecy train,  
Rude pirates seiz'd, and shipp'd thee o'er the main ?  
Doom'd a fair prize to grace some prince's board,  
The worthy purchase of a foreign lord.

If then my fortunes can delight my friend,  
A story fruitful of events, attend :  
Another's sorrow may thy ear enjoy,  
And wine the lengthen'd intervals employ.  
Long nights the now-declining year bestows ; \*  
A part we consecrate to soft repose,

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\* From hence we may conclude, that the return of *Ulysses* was probably in the decline of the year, in the latter part of the autumn, and not in the summer.

† This aphorism is agreeable to nature and experience ; the same thing is asserted by *Hippocrates*, *Sleep or watchfulness, when excessive, becomes diseases* ; too much sleep occasions an excess of perspiration, and consequently weakens and dissipates the animal spirits.

‡ There is undoubtedly a great pleasure in the remembrance of past sufferings : nay, calamity has this advantage over prosperity ; an evil when past turns into a comfort ; but a past pleasure, though innocent, leaves in it's room an anxiety for the want of it, and if it be a guilty pleasure, a remorse. The reason why past evils delight, is from the consciousness of the praise due to our prudence, and patience under them, from the sense of our felicity in being delivered from them, and from gratitude to divine providence, which has delivered us. It is the joy of good men to believe themselves the favourites of heaven.

§ This is an ancient name of *Delos*, signifying in the original a *quail*, from the great numbers of those birds found upon that island. It is one of the *Cy-*  
No. 31.

A part in pleasing talk we entertain ;  
For too much rest itself becomes a pain. †  
Let those, whom sleep invites, the call obey,  
Their cares resuming with the dawning day :  
Here let us feast, and to the feast be join'd  
Discourse, the sweeter banquet of the mind ;  
Review the series of our lives, and taste ‡  
The melancholy joy of evils past :  
For he who much has suffer'd, much will know ;  
And pleas'd remembrance builds delight on woe.

Above *Ortygia* lies an isle of fame, §  
Far hence remote, and *Syria* is the name ;  
(There curious eyes inscrib'd with wonder trace  
The sun's diurnal, and his annual race) ||  
Not large, but fruitful ; stor'd with grass to keep  
The bellowing oxen, and the bleating sheep ; ¶  
Her sloping hills the mantling vines adorn,  
And her rich vallies wave with golden corn.  
No want, no famine the glad natives know,  
Nor sink by sickness to the shades below ;  
But when a length of years unnerves the strong,  
*Apollo* comes, and *Cynthia* comes along,  
They bend the silver bow with tender skill,  
And void of pain, the silent arrows kill.

Two

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*clades*, and lies in the *Ægean* ocean. *Syria*, or *Syros*, is another small island lying eastward of *Ithaca*, according to true geography.

|| These words allude to a sun-dial of *Pherecydes*, on which the motions of the sun were designed.

¶ It is probable that *Homer* was well acquainted with the nature of this island, and that it really enjoyed an admirable temperature of air ; and therefore was exceedingly healthful ; the fertility of the soil proves the happiness of the air, which would naturally free the inhabitants from the maladies arising from a less salubrious situation. It is for this reason that they are said to be slain by *Diana* and *Apollo*. All deaths that were sudden, and without sickness, were ascribed to those Deities. *Bochart* tells us, that the name of *Syros* was given to the island by the *Phœnicians* ; *Asira*, or *Sira*, signifying *rich* in their language ; or rather it was so called from *Sura*, or *Asura*, signifying *happy* ; either of these derivations fully denotes the excellence both of the soil and air : and that this name is of *Phœnician* extract, is probable from the words of *Homer*, who assures us that they stayed a whole year upon this island, and consequently had opportunity to know the healthfulness and fertility of it.



Two equal tribes this fertile land divide,  
 Where two fair cities rise with equal pride,  
 But both in constant peace one prince obey,  
 And *Ctefius* there, my father, holds the sway.  
 Freight'd, it seems, with toys of ev'ry sort,  
 A ship of *Sidon* anchor'd in our port ; \*  
 What time it chanc'd the palace entertain'd,  
 Skill'd in rich works, a woman of their land.  
 This nymph, where anchor'd the *Phœnician*  
 train

To wash her robes descending to the main,  
 A smooth-tongu'd sailor won her to his mind ;  
 (For love deceives the best of woman-kind.)  
 A sudden trust from sudden liking grew ;  
 She told her name, her race, and all she knew.  
 I too (she cry'd) from glorious *Sidon* came,  
 My father *Arybas*, of wealthy fame ;  
 But snatch'd by pirates from my native place,  
 The *Taphians* sold me to this man's embrace.

Haste then, (the false-designing youth reply'd)  
 Haste to thy country ; love shall be thy guide ;  
 Haste to thy father's house, thy father's breast,  
 For still he lives, and lives with riches blest.

Swear first (she cry'd) ye sailors ! to restore  
 A wretch in safety to her native shore.  
 Swift as she ask'd, the ready sailors swore. }  
 She then proceeds : Now let our compact made  
 Be nor by signal, nor by word betray'd,  
 Nor near me any of your crew descry'd  
 By road frequented, or by fountain-side.  
 Be silence still our guard. The monarch's spies  
 (For watchful age is ready to surmise)

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\* Here is a full testimony that the *Phœnicians* were remarkable for arts and navigation over all the old world. They were expuls'd from their country by *Jeshua*, and then settling along the sea coasts, they spread over all the Mediterranean, and by degrees sent out colonies into *Europe*, *Asia*, and *Africa*; that they were in *Africa*, appears from *Procopius*, where he mentions a pillar with a *Phœnician* inscription, to this purpose : *We are a people that fly from Joshua the son of Nun, the robber* ; they gave him that title out of resentment for their dispossession. The character they bear in the scriptures agrees with this in *Homer*. *Isaiah* xxiii. 2. *The merchants of Sidon, that pass over the seas* ; and it likewise appears from the scriptures, that they excelled in all arts of embroidery, and works of curiosity.

† There is a little difficulty in this narration ; for if *Eumæus* was such an infant as he is described to be at the time when he was betrayed by his *Phœnician* governors, what probability is there that he should be able to retain all these particulars so cir-

Are still at hand ; and this reveal'd must be  
 Death to yourselves, eternal chains to me.  
 Your vessel loaded, and your traffic past,  
 Dispatch a wary messenger with haste :  
 Then gold and costly treasures will I bring,  
 And more, the infant-offspring of the king.  
 Him, child-like wand'ring forth, I'll lead away,  
 (A noble prize!) and to your ship convey.

Thus spoketh the dame, and homeward took the road.  
 A year they traffic, and their vessel load.  
 Their stores complete, and ready now to weigh,  
 A spy was sent their summons to convey :  
 An artist to my father's palace came,  
 With gold and amber chains, elab'rate frame :  
 Each female eye the glitt'ring links employ,  
 They turn, review, and cheapen ev'ry toy.  
 He took th' occasion as they stood intent,  
 Gave her the sign, and to his vessel went.  
 She strait pursu'd, and seiz'd my willing arm ;  
 I follow'd smiling, innocent of harm. †  
 Three golden goblets in the porch she found,  
 (The guests not enter'd, but the table crown'd)  
 Hid in her fraudulent bosom, these she bore :  
 Now set the sun, and darken'd all the shore.  
 Arriving then, where tilting on the tides  
 Prepar'd to launch the freighted vessel rides ;  
 Aboard they heave us, mount their decks, and sweep  
 With level oar along the glassy deep.  
 Six calmy days and six smooth nights we sail, ‡  
 And constant *Jove* supply'd the gentle gale.  
 The seventh, the fraudulent wretch, (no cause descry'd)  
 Touch'd by *Diana's* vengeful arrow, dy'd. §

Down

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cumstantially? He was not of an age capable of making or remembering so many observations. The answer is, that he afterwards learned them from *Laertes*, who bought him of the *Phœnicians* : and no doubt they told him the quality of *Eumæus*, to enhance the price, and make the better bargain. It is also, natural to imagine, that *Eumæus*, when he grew up to manhood, would be inquisitive after his own birth and fortunes, and therefore might probably learn these particulars from *Laertes*.

‡ It is evident from this passage, that it is above six days sail from *Ithaca* to *Syros*, though carried with favourable winds.

§ We would just observe the poetical justice of *Homer*, in the punishment of this *Phœnician*. Misfortune generally pursues wickedness, and though we escape the vengeance of man, yet heaven frequently overtakes us when we think we are in security, and death calls us from our impious acquisitions.



Down drop'd the caitiff corse, a worthless load,  
Down to the deep; there roll'd the future food  
Of fierce sea wolves, and monsters of the flood.  
An helpless infant I remain'd behind;  
Thence borne to *Ithaca* by wave and wind;  
Sold to *Laertes*, by divine command,  
And now adopted to a foreign land.\*

To him the king. Reciting thus thy cares,  
My secret soul in all thy sorrows shares:  
But one choice blessing (such is *Jove's* high will)  
Has sweeten'd all thy bitter draught of ill.  
Torn from thy country to no hapless end,  
The Gods have, in a master, giv'n a friend.  
Whatever frugal nature needs is thine,  
(For she needs little) daily bread and wine.  
While I, so many wand'rings past and woes,  
Live but on what thy poverty bestows,

So past in pleasing dialogue away  
The night; then down to short repose they lay;  
Till radiant rose the messenger of day.†  
While in the port of *Ithaca*, the band  
Of young *Telemachus* approach'd the land;  
Their sails they loos'd, they lash'd the mast aside,  
And cast their anchors, and the cables ty'd:  
Then on the breezy shore descending, join  
In grateful banquet o'er the rosy wine.  
When thus the prince: Now each his course pursue;  
I to the fields, and to the city you.

## NOTES.

\* *Homer* has here given us an history of the life of *Eumæus*; the episode contains near an hundred lines, and may at first sight appear foreign to the action of the *Odyssey*. But we are to consider that this relation takes up but small part of one leisure evening, and that the action cannot proceed till the return of *Telemachus*. It is of use to set off the character of *Eumæus*, and shew him to be a person of quality, worthy to be an agent in an epic poem, where every character ought to be remote from meanness: so the story has a distant relation to the *Odyssey*, and is not to be looked upon as an excrescence from the main building, but a small projection to adorn it.

† This is the morning of the thirty-eighth day since the beginning of the *Odyssey*. It is observable that *Telemachus* takes more time in his return from *Pylus*, than in sailing thither from his own country; for in the latter end of the second book he sets sail after sun-setting, and reached *Pyle* in the morning: here he embarks in the afternoon, and yet arrives not at *Ithaca* till after break of day. The reason of it is not to be ascribed to a less prosperous wind, but to the greater compass he was obliged to fetch, to

Long absent hence, I dedicate this day  
My swains to visit, and the works survey.  
Expect me with the morn, to pay the skies  
Our debt of safe return, in feast and sacrifice.

Then *Theoclymenus*. But who shall lend,  
Mean-time, protection to thy stranger-friend?  
Strait to the queen and palace shall I fly,  
Or yet more distant, to some lord apply?

The prince return'd. Renown'd in days of yore  
Has stood our father's hospitable door;  
No other roof a stranger should receive,  
Nor other hands than our's the welcome give.  
But in my absence riot fills the place,  
Nor bears the modest queen a stranger's face,  
From noiseful revel far remote she flies,  
But rarely seen, or seen with weeping eyes.  
No—let *Eurymachus* receive my guest,  
Of nature courteous, and by far the best;  
He wooes the queen with more respectful flame,‡  
And emulates her former husband's fame;  
With what success, 'tis *Jove's* alone to know,  
And the hop'd nuptials turn to joy or woe.

Thus speaking, on the right up soar'd in air  
The hawk, *Apollo's* swift-wing'd messenger;§  
His deathful pounces tore a trembling dove;  
The clotted feathers scatter'd from above  
Between the hero and the vessel pour  
Thick plumage mingled with a sanguine show'r.

Th'

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escape the ambush of the suitors. In the former voyage he steered a direct course; in this, he sails round about to the north of *Ithaca*; and therefore wastes more time in his voyage to it.

‡ The words in the original may either be rendered, *to obtain the honour of marrying Penelope*, agreeably to the former part of the verse; or they mean that *Eurymachus* has the fairest hopes to marry *Penelope*, and obtain the throne of *Ulysses*.

§ The augury is thus to be interpreted; *Ulysses* is the hawk, the suitors the pigeon; the hawk denotes the valour of *Ulysses*, being a bird of prey; the pigeon represents the cowardice of the suitors, that bird being remarkable for her timorous nature. The hawk flies on the right, to denote success to *Ulysses*. *Homer* calls this bird the messenger of *Apollo*; not that his augury was sent by the Deity, (though that be no forced interpretation) but the expression implies, that the hawk was sacred to *Apollo*; as the peacock was to *Juno*, the owl to *Pallas*, and the eagle to *Jupiter*. There is another reason why any bird that was taken notice of by way of augury, may be said to be the messenger of *Apollo*, that Deity presiding over divination.



Th' observing augur took the prince aside,\*  
 Seiz'd by the hand, and thus prophetic cry'd:  
 Yon bird that dexter cuts th' aerial road,  
 Rose ominous, nor flies without a God:  
 No race but thine shall *Ithaca* obey,  
 To thine for ages, heav'n decrees the way.  
 Succeed the omen, Gods! (the youth rejoin'd)  
 Soon shall my bounties speak a grateful mind,  
 And soon each envy'd happiness attend.  
 The man, who calls *Telemachus* his friend.  
 Then to *Peiræus*—Thou whom time has prov'd †  
 A faithful servant, by thy prince belov'd!  
 Till we returning shall our guest demand,  
 Accept this charge with honour, at our hand.

## NOTES.

\* The reason why *Theoclymenus* withdraws *Telemachus*, while he interprets the augury, is not apparent at the first view, but he does it out of an apprehension lest he should be over-heard by some of the company, who might disclose the secret to the suitors, and such a discovery might prove fatal to his person, or to the fortune of *Telemachus*.

† We find that *Telemachus* intended to deliver *Theoclymenus* to the care of *Eurymachus*: what then is the reason why he thus suddenly alters that reso-

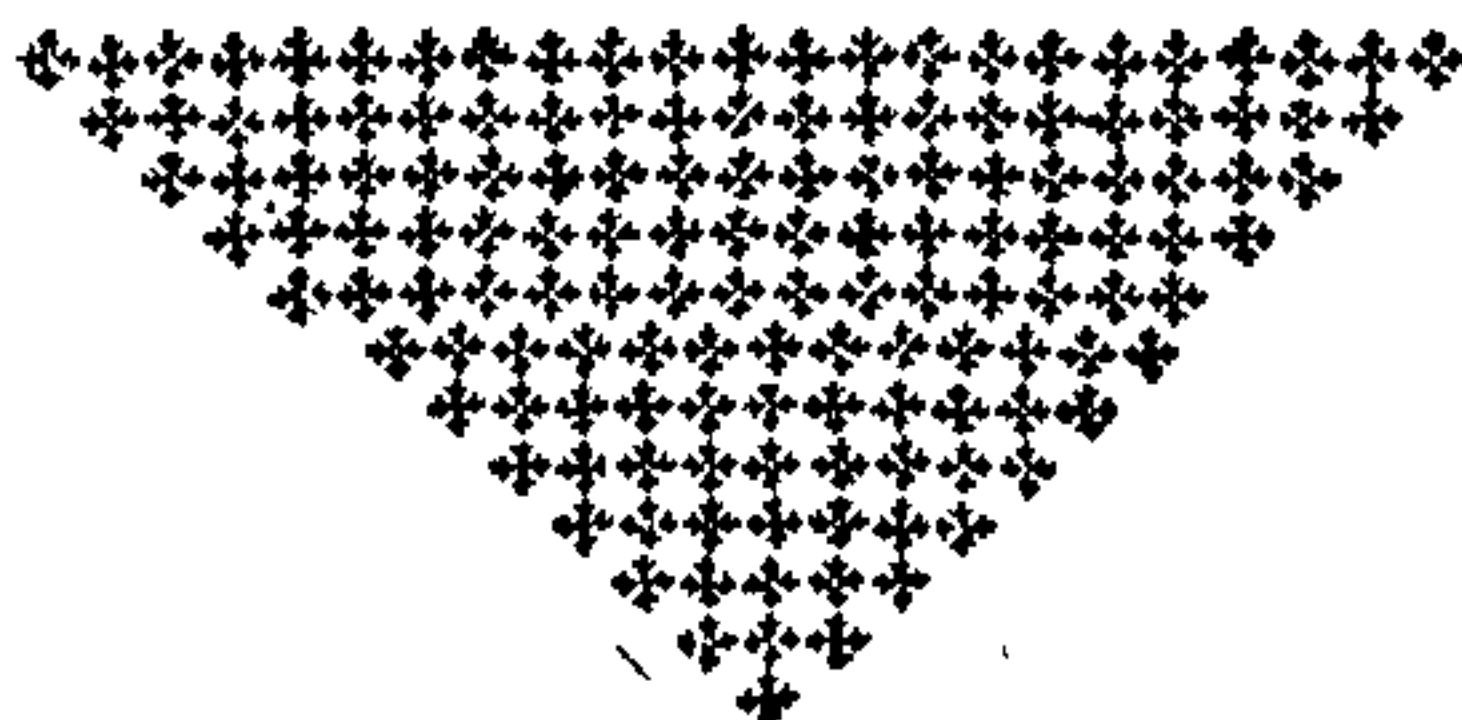
To this *Peiræus*: Joyful I obey,  
 Well pleas'd the hospitable rites to pay.  
 The presence of thy guest shall best reward  
 (If long thy stay) the absence of my lord.

With that, their anchors he commands to weigh,  
 Mount the tall bark and launch into the sea.  
 All with obedient haste forsake the shores,  
 And plac'd in order, spread their equal oars.  
 Then from the deck the prince his sandals takes;  
 Pois'd in his hand the pointed jav'lin shakes.  
 They part; while less'ning from the hero's view,  
 Swift to the town the well-row'd gally flew:  
 The hero trod the margin of the main,  
 And reach'd the mansion of his faithful swain.

## NOTES.

lution, and intrusts him to *Peiræus*? This is occasioned by the discovery of the skill of *Theoclymenus* in augury: he fears lest the suitors should extort some prediction from him that might be detrimental to his affairs, or should he refuse it to the person of *Theoclymenus*.

This book comprehends somewhat more than the space of two days and one night; for the vision appears to *Telemachus* a little before the dawn, in the night preceding the thirty sixth day, and he lands in *Ithaca* on the thirty-eighth in the morning.





## The SIXTEENTH BOOK of the ODYSSEY.

## A R G U M E N T.

## THE DISCOVERY OF ULYSSES TO TELEMACHUS.

*Telemachus arriving at the lodge of Eumæus sends him to carry Penelope the news of his return. Minerva appearing to Ulysses commands him to discover himself to his son. The princes, who had lain in ambush to intercept Telemachus in his way, their project being defeated, return to Ithaca.*

SOON as the morning blush'd along the plains,\*  
Ulysses, and the monarch of the swains,  
Awake the sleeping fires, their meal prepare,  
And forth to pasture send the bristly care.

## NOTES.

\* This book opens with the greatest simplicity imaginable. The poet describes a low and vulgar action, yet gives it an inexpressible sweetness; the ear is pleased with the harmony of the poetry, and yet there is nothing noble in the sentiments. Whence does this arise? from the choice of the words or from the placing of them? No one will affirm that it consists in the choice of the words, for the diction is so plain that a common artificer or peasant, who never studied elocution, would use it in conversation; turn the verses into prose, and this will appear. There are no transpositions, no figures, no variety of dialect, nor any new and studied expressions. Where then is the beauty of the poetry? It must be entirely ascribed to the harmonious juncture and position of the words; for the *collocation* of words has a greater efficacy both in prose and poetry, than the *choice*. And indeed a judicious disposition of them (like what is feigned of *Minerva* in this book) makes a mean, deformed, and vulgar period,  
No. 31.

The prince's near approach the dogs descry,  
And fawning round his feet, confess their joy.  
Their gentle blandishment the king survey'd,  
Heard his resounding step, and instant said:

Some

## NOTES.

rise, like *Ulysses* from beggary, into pomp and dignity. This may be exemplified from the rules of mechanic arts: an architect, when he gathers his materials for a building, has these three things chiefly in view: first, with what piece of stone, wood, &c. a correspondent piece will best agree: next he considers their several formations, and how it will best stand in the structure; and lastly, if any part of the materials suits not with the allotted place, he rejects it or new shapes it, till it agrees with the whole work. The same care is to be taken by a good writer: he is first to consider what noun or verb is to be joined to other nouns or verbs so fitly as not possibly to be placed more conveniently; for a promiscuous connecting of words indiscriminately spoils both prose and poetry: next he considers the frame and turn of the verb or noun, and how it will stand in the place he allots it; and if it suits not exactly, he changes it, sometimes by varying the numbers, sometimes the cases, and at other times the genders:



Some well-known friend (*Eumæus*) bends this way ;

His steps I hear : the dogs familiar play.

While yet he spoke, the prince advancing drew Nigh to the lodge, and now appear'd in view.

Transported from his feat *Eumæus* sprung,  
Drop'd the full bowl, and round his bosom hung ; \*  
Kissing his cheek, his hand, while from his eye  
The tears rain'd copious in a show'r of joy.

As some fond fire who ten long winters grieves,  
From foreign climes an only son receives,

(Child of his age) with strong paternal joy  
Forward he springs, and clasps the fav'rite boy ;

So round the youth his arms *Eumæus* spread,  
As if the grave had giv'n him from the dead.

And is it thou ? my ever dear delight ?  
O art thou come to bless my longing sight !  
Never, I never hop'd to view this day,  
When o'er the waves you plow'd the desp'rate way.  
Enter, my child ! beyond my hopes restor'd,  
O give these eyes to feast upon their lord.  
Enter, oh seldom seen ! for lawless pow'rs  
Too much detain thee from these sylvan bow'rs.

## NOTES.

genders : and lastly, if a word prove so stubborn as not to bend to the level of the period, he entirely rejects it, and introduces another that preserves a due conformity ; or at least, if an inharmonious word be necessary, he places it so judiciously between more agreeable and tuneful words, that their harmony steals away our imagination from observing the roughness of the others ; like wise generals, who in ordering the ranks of their soldiers, strengthen the weaker files by sustaining them with the stronger ; and by this method render the whole invincible.

\* In the original it is, *Eumæus* dropped the bowl as he tempered it with water. It was customary not to drink wine unmixed among the ancients ; there was no certain proportion observed in the mixture, some in one vessel of wine poured in two of water, others to two of wine, five of water. *Homer* tells us that the wine of *Maron* was so strong as to require twenty measures of water to one of wine ; but perhaps this is spoken hyperbolically, to shew the uncommon strength of it. The *Lacedemonians* used to boil their wine till the fifth part was consumed, and then keeping it four years, drank it : but sometimes the *Grecians* drank it without water, but this they called acting like a *Scythian*, from whom they borrowed the custom.

† *Homer* here makes use of a proverbial expression. It may thus be literally translated,

The prince reply'd : *Eumæus*, I obey,  
To seek thee, friend, I hither took my way.

But say, if in the court the queen reside †  
Severely chaste, or if commenc'd a bride ?

Thus he : and thus the monarch of the swains.

Severely chaste *Penelope* remains,  
But lost to ev'ry joy, she wastes the day  
In tedious cares, and weeps the night away.

He ended, and receiving as they pass  
The javelin, pointed with a star of brass)  
They reach'd the dome ; the dome with marble  
shin'd.

His seat *Ulysses* to the prince resign'd.

Not so—(exclaims the prince with decent grace) ‡

For me, this house shall find an humbler place :

T' usurp the honours due to silver hairs  
And rev'rend strangers, modest youth forbears.  
Instant the swain the spoils of beasts supplies,  
And bids the rural throne with osiers rise.

There sat the prince : the feast *Eumæus* spread,  
And heap'd the shining cannisters with bread.  
Thick o'er the board the plenteous viands lay,  
The frugal remnants of the former day. §

Then

## NOTES.

O say if obstinate no more to wed,

She dooms to spiders nets th' imperial bed :

*Telemachus* means by this question, if *Penelope* be determined no more to marry ; for the marriage bed was esteemed so sacred, that upon the decease or absence of the husband, it remained unused. The same expression is used by other authors of antiquity ; thus *Hesiod* says, " You shall clear the vessels from spiders webs ; " meaning that you shall have so full employment for your vessels, that the spiders shall no more spread their looms there. And another poet praying for peace, wishes spiders may weave their nets upon the soldiers arms. Thus we find amongst the *Greeks* it was an expression of dignity, and applied to great and serious occasions.

‡ Nothing can more strongly represent the respect which antiquity paid to strangers, then this conduct of *Telemachus* : *Ulysses* is in rags, in the disguise of a beggar, and yet a prince refuses to take his seat. We doubt not but every good man will be pleased with such instances of benevolence and humanity to his fellow creatures ; one well-natured action is preferable to a thousand great ones, and *Telemachus* appears with more advantage upon this heap of hides and osiers, than a tyrant upon his throne.

§ This entertainment is neither to be ascribed to parsimony nor poverty, but to the custom and hospitality of former ages. It was a common expression among



Then in a bowl he tempers gen'rous wines,  
Around whose verge a mimic ivy twines.  
And now, the rage of thirst and hunger fled,  
Thus young *Ulysses* to *Eumæus* said.

Whence father, from what shore this stranger, say?  
What vessel bore him o'er the wat'ry way?  
To human step our land impervious lies,  
And round the coast circumfluent oceans rise.

The swain returns. A tale of sorrows hear;  
In spacious *Crete* he drew his natal air:  
Long doom'd to wander o'er the land and main,  
For heav'n has wove his thread of life with pain.  
Half-breathless 'scaping to the land he flew  
From *Thesprot* mariners, a murd'rous crew.  
To thee my son the suppliant I resign,  
I gave him my protection, grant him thine.

Hard task, he cries, thy virtue gives thy friend,  
Willing to aid, unable to defend.\*  
Can strangers safely in the court reside,  
Midst the swell'd insolence of lust and pride?

## NOTES.

among the *Greeks* at table, leave something for the *Medes*; intimating that something ought to be left for a guest that might come accidentally. Besides, the table was accounted sacred to the Gods, and nothing that was sacred was permitted to be empty; this was another reason why the ancients always reserved part of their provisions, not solely out of hospitality to men, but piety to the Gods.

\* It has been observed that *Homer* intended to give us the picture of a complete hero in his two poems, drawn from the characters of *Achilles* and *Ulysses*: *Achilles* has consummate valour, but wants the wisdom of *Ulysses*: *Ulysses* has courage, but courage inclining to caution and stratagem, as much as that of *Achilles* to rashness. The same observation holds good with respect to the subordinate characters introduced into the two poems of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*; and makes an essential difference between them: thus the *Iliad* exhibiting an example of heroic valour, almost all the characters are violent and heroic. *Diomed*, *Ajax*, *Hector*, &c. are all chiefly remarkable for courage; but the *Odyssey*, being intended to represent the patience and wisdom of an hero, almost all the characters are distinguished by benevolence and humanity. *Telemachus* and *Eumæus*, *Alcinous*, *Nestor* and *Mene-laüs* are every where represented in the mild light of wisdom and hospitality. This makes a continued difference of stile in the poetry of the two poems, and the characters of the agents in the *Odyssey* necessarily exhibit lectures of piety and morality: the reader should keep this in his view. In reading *Homer*, the *Odyssey* is to be looked upon as a sequel

Ev'n I unsafe: the queen in doubt to <sup>wed,</sup>  
Or pay due honours to the nuptial bed?  
Perhaps she weds regardless of her fame,  
Deaf to the mighty *Ulyssæan* name.  
However, stranger! from our grace receive  
Such honours as befit a prince to give;  
Sandals, a sword, and robes, respect to prove,  
And safe to sail with ornaments of love.  
Till then, thy guest amid the rural train  
Far from the court, from danger far, detain,  
'Tis mine with food the hungry to supply,  
And cloath the naked from th' inclement sky.  
Here dwell in safety from the suitors wrongs,  
And the rude insults of ungovern'd tongues.  
For should'st thou suffer, pow'rless to relieve  
I must behold it, and can only grieve.

The brave encompass'd by an hostile train,  
O'erpow'r'd by numbers, is but brave in vain.  
To whom, while anger in his bosom glows,  
With warmth replies the man of mighty woes.†

Since

## NOTES.

of the *Iliad*, and then he will find in the two poems the perfection of human nature, consummate courage joined with consummate piety. He must be an unobserving reader, who has not taken notice of that vein of humanity that runs through the whole *Odyssey*; and a bad man, that has not been pleased with it. In our opinion, *Eumæus* tending his herds is more amiable than *Achilles* in all his destructive glory. There is scarce a speech made in the *Odyssey* by *Eumæus*, *Telemachus*, or *Ulysses*, but what tends to the improvement of mankind: it was this that endeared the *Odyssey* to the ancients, and *Homer's* sentences of morality were in every mouth, and introduced in all conversation for the better conduct of human life. In short, we will not deny but that the *Iliad* is by far the nobler poem, with respect to the poetry; it is fit to be read by kings and heroes; but the *Odyssey* is of use to all mankind, as it teaches us to be good men rather than great, and to prefer morality to glory.

† There is not a more spirited speech in all the *Odyssey* than this is of *Ulysses*; his reticement arises from the last words of *Telemachus*. He is preparing his son for the destruction of the suitors, and animating him against despair by reason of their numbers. This he brings about, by representing that a brave man in a good cause prefers death to dishonour. By the same method *Homer* exalts the character of *Ulysses*: *Telemachus* thinks it impossible to resist the suitors, *Ulysses* not only resists them, but almost without assistance works their destruction. There is a fine contrast between the  
tried



Since audience mild is deign'd, permit my tongue  
 At once to pity and resent thy wrong.  
 My heart weeps blood, to see a soul so brave  
 Live to base insolence of pow'r a slave.  
 But tell me, dost thou prince, dost thou behold  
 And hear their midnight revels uncontroul'd?  
 Say, do thy subjects in bold faction rise,  
 Or priests in fabled oracles advise?  
 Or are thy brothers, who should aid thy pow'r,  
 Turn'd mean deserters in the needful hour?  
 O that I were from great *Ulysses* sprung,  
 Or that these wither'd nerves like thine were strong;  
 Or heav'n's! might he return! (and soon appear\*)  
 He shall, I trust; a hero scorns despair)  
 Might he return, I yield my life a prey  
 To my worst foe, if that avenging day †  
 Be not their last: but should I lose my life  
 Oppress'd by numbers in the glorious strife,  
 I chuse the nobler part, and yield my breath  
 Rather than bear dishonour worse than death;  
 Than see the hand of violence invade  
 The reverend stranger, and the spotless maid;  
 Than see the wealth of kings consum'd in waste,  
 The drunkards revel, and the gluttons feast.

Thus he, with anger flashing from his eye;  
 Sincere the youthful hero made reply.  
 Nor leagu'd in factious arms my subjects rise,  
 Nor priests in fabled oracles advise;  
 Nor are my brothers who should aid my pow'r  
 Turn'd mean deserters in the needful hour.

## NOTES.

ried courage of *Ulysses*, and the inexperience of *Telemachus*.

\* *Ulysses* by saying, *Oh that I were the son of Ulysses, or Ulysses himself*, gave room to suspect that he was himself *Ulysses*; and therefore to efface this impression, he adds with great address,

— (and soon appear

*He shall, I trust; a hero scorns despair*)

And by this method removes all jealousy that might arise from his former expression, not judging it yet reasonable to reveal himself to *Telemachus*, much less to *Eumæus*.

† The words literally are, *may I fall by the hand of a stranger*; that is, by the worst of enemies, foreigners being usually the most barbarous enemies. This circumstance therefore aggravates the calamity.

‡ *Homer* mentions but one son of *Ulysses*; other authors name another, *Archelaus*; and *Sophocles*, *Eurylaus* slain by *Telemachus*; but perhaps these descended not from *Penelope*, but concubines.

§ There is nothing more wonderful in *Homer*,

Ah me! I boast no brother; heav'n's dread king  
 Gives from our stock an only branch to spring:  
 Alone *Laertes* reign'd *Arcegius*' heir,  
 Alone *Ulysses* drew the vital air,  
 And I alone the bed connubial grac'd, ‡  
 An unblest offspring of a fire unblest!  
 Each neighb'ring realm conducive to our woe  
 Sends forth her peers, and ev'ry peer a foe:  
 The court proud *Samos* and *Dulichium* fills,  
 And lofty *Zacynth* crown'd with shady hills.  
 Ev'n *Ithaca* and all her lords invade  
 Th' imperial scepter, and the regal bed:  
 The queen averse to love, yet aw'd by pow'r,  
 Seems half to yield, yet flies the bridal hour:  
 Mean-time their licence uncontroul'd I bear;  
 Ev'n now they envy me the vital air:  
 But heav'n will sure revenge, and Gods there  
 are.

But go *Eumæus*! to the queen impart §  
 Our safe return, and ease a mother's heart.  
 Yet secret go; for num'rous are my foes,  
 And here at least I may in peace repose.

To whom the swain. I hear, and I obey:  
 But old *Laertes* weeps his life away,  
 And deems thee lost: shall I my speed employ  
 To bless his age, a messenger of joy?  
 The mournful hour that tore his son away  
 Sent the sad fire in solitude to flay;  
 Yet busied with his slaves, to ease his woe,  
 He dress'd the vine, and bad the garden blow,

Nor

## NOTES.

than the distribution of his incidents; and how fully must he be possessed of his whole subject, and take it in all at one view, to bring about the several parts of it naturally? *Minerva* in the beginning of the fifteenth book commanded *Telemachus* to dispatch *Eumæus* to *Penelope*, to inform her of his return. Here this command is executed: but is this all the use the poet makes of that errand? It is evident it is not: this command furnishes him with a natural occasion for the removal of *Eumæus* while *Ulysses* discovers himself to *Telemachus*. But why might not the discovery have been made before *Eumæus*? It was suitable to the cautious character of *Ulysses* not to trust the knowledge of his person to too many people: besides, if he had here revealed himself to *Eumæus*, there would not have been room for the discovery which is made in the future parts of the *Odyssey*, and consequently the reader had been robbed of the pleasure of it: and it must be allowed, that the several concealments and discoveries of *Ulysses* through the *Odyssey* add no small pleasure and beauty to it.



Nor food nor wine refus'd: but since the day  
That you to *Pylus* plow'd the wat'ry way,  
Nor wine nor food he tastes; but sunk in woes,  
Wild springs the vine, no more the garden blows.  
Shut from the walks of men, to pleasure lost,  
Pensive and pale he wanders half a ghost.

Wretched old man! (with tears the prince returns)  
Yet cease to go—what man so blest but mourns? \*  
Were ev'ry wish indulg'd by fav'ring skies,  
This hour should give *Ulysses* to my eyes.  
But to the queen with speed dispatchful bear  
Our safe return, and back with speed repair:  
And let some handmaid of her train resort  
To good *Laertes* in his rural court.

While yet he spoke, impatient of delay  
He brac'd his sandals on, and strode away:  
Then from the heav'ns the martial Goddess flies  
Thro' the wide fields of air, and cleaves the skies;  
In form, a virgin in soft beauty's bloom, †  
Skill'd in th' illustrious labours of the loom.  
Alone to *Ithacus* she stood display'd,  
But unapparent as a viewless shade

## NOTES.

\* Some critics think it cruel in *Telemachus* not to relieve the sorrows of *Laertes*, which were occasioned chiefly through fondness to his person. But there is no room for this objection: he guards against it by requesting *Penelope* to give him immediate information; which might be done almost as soon by a messenger from her, as by *Eumæus*. Besides, such a messenger to *Laertes* would be entirely foreign to the poem; for his knowledge of the return of *Telemachus* could contribute nothing to the design of the *Odyssey*: whereas the information given to *Penelope* has this effect; it puts the suitors upon new measures, and instructs her how to regulate her own conduct with regard to them; and therefore the poet judiciously dwells upon this, and passes over the other.

† Some of the ancient philosophers thought the poets guilty of impiety, in representing the Gods assuming human appearances. But it is a great truth, that God himself is in a human form, as is abundantly evident from the sacred Writings, which plainly enough demonstrate, that Jehovah in the Old Testament is no other than Jesus Christ in the New. In reality, it is a great honour to *Homer*, that his opinions agree with the verity of the scriptures, rather than the conjectures of philosophers; nay, it is highly probable that these relations were borrowed from the sacred history: it being manifest that *Homer* had been in *Egypt*, the native country of *Moses*, in whose writings there are frequent instances of this nature.

No. 32.

Escap'd *Telemachus*: (the pow'rs above,  
Seen or unseen, o'er earth at pleasure move)  
The dogs intelligent confess'd the tread †  
Of pow'r divine, and howling, trembling fled.  
The Goddess beck'ning waves her deathless hands; §  
Dauntless the king before the Goddess stands.

Then why (she said) O favour'd of the skies!  
Why to thy god-like son this long disguise?  
Stand forth reveal'd: with him thy cares employ  
Against thy foes; be valiant, and destroy!  
Lo I descend in that avenging hour,

To combat by thy side, thy guardian pow'r.

She said, and o'er him waves her wand of gold;  
Imperial robes his manly limbs infold:

At once with grace divine his frame improves;

At once with majesty enlarg'd he moves:

Youth flush'd his red'ning cheek, and from his brows

A length of hair in sable ringlets flows;

His black'ning chin receives a deeper shade;

Then from his eyes upsprung the warrior-maid.

The hero re-ascends: the prince o'eraw'd  
Scarce lifts his eyes, and bows as to a God.

Then

## NOTES.

† This may seem a circumstance unworthy of poetry, and ridiculous to ascribe a greater sagacity to the brute creation, than to man; but it may be answered, that it was the design of the Goddess to be invisible only to *Telemachus*, and consequently she was visible to the dogs. But we are willing to believe that there is a deeper meaning, and a beautiful moral couched under this story: and perhaps *Homer* speaks thus, to give us to understand, that the brute creation itself confesses the divinity.

§ The Goddess evidently acts thus, that *Telemachus* might not hear her speak to *Ulysses*; for this would have made the discovery, and precluded that beautiful interview between *Ulysses* and *Telemachus* that immediately follows. It is for the same reason that she conceals herself from *Telemachus*, for the discovery must have been fully and convincingly made by the appearance and veracity of a Deity; and then there could have been no room for all those doubts and fears of *Telemachus*, that enliven and beautify the manner of the discovery. The whole relation is indeed an allegory; the wisdom of *Ulysses* (in poetry, *Minerva*) suggests to him, that this is a proper time to reveal himself to *Telemachus*; the same wisdom (or *Minerva*) instructs him to dress himself like a king, that he may find the readier credit with his son: in this dress he appears a new man, young and beautiful, which gives occasion to *Telemachus* to imagine him a Deity; especially because he was an infant when his father sailed to *Troy*, and therefore though he now appears like *Ulysses*,  
*Tele-*



Then with surprize (surprize chafis'd by fears)\*  
 How art thou chang'd! (he cry'd) a God appears!  
 Far other veils thy limbs majestic grace,  
 Far other glories lighten from thy face!  
 If heaven be thy abode, with pious care  
 Lo! I the ready sacrifice prepare:  
 Lo! gifts of labour'd gold adorn thy shrine,  
 To win thy grace: O save us pow'r divine!

Few are my days, *Ulysses* made reply,  
 Nor I, alas! descendant of the sky.  
 I am thy father. O my son! my son!  
 That father, for whose sake thy days have run  
 One scene of woe; to endless cares consign'd,  
 And outrag'd by the wrongs of base mankind.

Then rushing to his arms, he kiss'd his boy  
 With the strong raptures of a parent's joy.  
 Tears bathe his cheek, and tears the ground bedew:  
 He strain'd him close, as to his breast he grew.  
 Ah me! (exclaims the prince with fond desire)  
 Thou art not—no, thou canst not be my fire.  
 Heav'n such illusion only can impose,  
 By the false joy to aggravate my woes.  
 Who but a God can change the gen'ral doom,  
 And give to wither'd age a youthful bloom?  
 Late worn with years in weeds obscene you trod,  
 Now cloath'd in majesty, you move a God!

## NOTES.

*Telemachus* does not know him to be his father  
 This is the naked story, when stripped of it's poetical ornaments.

\* This fear of *Telemachus* proceeds entirely from a reverential awe and his own modesty, while he stands in the presence of a Deity; for such he believes *Ulysses*. The words of *Telemachus* agree with his behaviour; he speaks the language of a man in surprize: it is this surprize at the sudden change of *Ulysses*, that first makes him imagine him a Deity, and upon that imagination offer him sacrifice and prayer; the whole behaviour paints the nature of man under surprize, and which transports the speaker into vehemence and emotion.

† This is a beautiful comparison; but to take it's full force, it is necessary to observe the nature of this vulture: *Homer* does not compare *Ulysses* to that bird merely for it's dignity, it being of the aquiline kind, and therefore the king of birds; but from the knowledge of the nature of it, which doubles the beauty of the allusion: this bird is remarkable for the love it bears towards it's young: *tearing open her own thigh, she feeds her young with her blood.* The *Egyptians* made the vulture their hieroglyphic, to represent a compassionate nature. This gives a reason why this bird is introduced with peculiar propriety to represent the fondness of *Ulysses* for *Telemachus*.

Forbear, he cry'd; for heav'n reserve that name,  
 Give to thy father but a father's claim:

Other *Ulysses* shalt thou never see,  
 I am *Ulysses*, I (my son) am he.  
 Twice ten sad years o'er earth and ocean tost,  
 'Tis giv'n at length to view my native coast.  
*Pallas*, unconquer'd maid, my frame surrounds  
 With grace divine; her pow'r admits no bounds:  
 She o'er my limbs old age and wrinkles shed;  
 Now strong as youth, magnificent I tread.  
 The Gods with ease frail man depress, or raise,  
 Exalt the lowly, or the proud debase.

He spoke and sat. The prince with transport flew,  
 Hung round his neck, while tears his cheek bedew;  
 Nor less the father pour'd a social flood?  
 They wept abundant, and they wept aloud.  
 As the bold eagle with fierce sorrow flung,†  
 Or parent vulture, mourns her ravish'd young;  
 They cry, they scream, their unfledg'd brood a prey  
 To some rude churl, and borne by stealth away;  
 So they aloud: and tears in tides had run,  
 Their grief unfinish'd with the setting sun;  
 But checking the full torrent in it's flow,  
 The prince thus interrupts the solemn woe. ‡  
 What ship transported thee, O father, say,  
 And what blest hands have oar'd thee on the way?

All;

## NOTES.

It is observable, that *Homer* inserts very few similitudes in his *Odyssey*, though they occur frequently almost in every book of the *Iliad*. The *Odyssey* is written with more simplicity, and consequently there is less room for allusions. If we observe the similies themselves inserted in each poem, we shall find the same difference. In the *Iliad* they are drawn from lions, storms, torrents, conflagrations, thunder, &c. In the *Odyssey*, from lower objects, from an heap of thorns, from a shipwright plying the wimble, an armourer tempering iron, a matron weeping over her dying husband, &c. The similies are likewise generally longer in the *Iliad* than the *Odyssey*, and less resemblance between the thing illustrated, and the illustration; the reason is, in the *Iliad* the similitudes are introduced to illustrate some great and noble object, and therefore the poet proceeds till he has raised some noble image to inflame the mind of the reader; whereas in these calmer scenes the poet keeps closer to the point of allusion, and needs only to represent the object, to render it entertaining: by the former conduct he raises our admiration above the subject, by adding foreign embellishments; in the latter he brings the copy as close as possible to the original, to possess us with a true and equal image of it.

‡ It does not appear at first view why the poet makes



All, all, (*Ulysses* instant made reply)  
 I tell thee all, my child, my only joy!  
*Phæacians* bore me to the port assign'd, \*  
 A nation ever to the stranger kind;  
 Wrapt in th' embrace of sleep, the faithful train  
 O'er seas convey'd me to my native reign:  
 Embroider'd vestures, gold, and brass are laid  
 Conceal'd in caverns in the sylvan shade.  
 Hither, intent the rival rout to slay,  
 And plan the scene of death, I bend my way:  
 So *Pallas* wills—but thou, my son, explain  
 The names, and numbers of th' audacious train;  
 'Tis mine to judge if better to employ  
 Assistant force, or singly to destroy.

O'er earth (returns the prince) resounds thy name,  
 Thy well-try'd wisdom, and thy martial fame,  
 Yet at thy words I start, in wonder lost;  
 Can we engage, not decads, but an host?  
 Can we alone in furious battle stand,  
 Against that num'rous, and determin'd band?  
 Hear then their numbers: from *Dulichium* came †  
 Twice twenty-six, all peers of mighty name,  
 Six are their menial train: twice twelve the boast  
 Of *Samos*; twenty from *Zacynthus*' coast:  
 And twelve our country's pride; to these belong  
*Medon* and *Phemius* skill'd in heav'nly song.

## NOTES.

makes *Telemachus* recover himself from his transport of sorrow sooner than *Ulysses*: is *Telemachus* a greater master of his passions? or is it to convince *Ulysses* of his son's wisdom, as some conjecture? This can scarcely be supposed, *Ulysses* being superior in wisdom. We would chuse rather to ascribe it to human nature; for it has been observed, that affection seldom so strongly ascends, as it descends; the child seldom loves the father so tenderly as the father the child: this observation has been made from the remotest antiquity. And it is wisely designed by the great Author of our natures; for in the common course of life, the child must bury the parent; it is therefore a merciful dispensation, that the tie of blood and affection should be loosened by degrees, and not torn violently asunder in the full strength of it. It is expected that aged persons should die, their loss therefore grows more familiar to us, and it loses much of its horror through the long expectation of it.

\* Here is a repetition of what the reader knows entirely, from many parts of the preceding story; but it being necessary in this place, the poet judiciously reduces it into the compass of six lines, and by this method avoids prolixity.

† According to this catalogue, the suitors, with their attendants, (the two sewers, and *Medon*, and *Phemius*) are an hundred and eighteen; but the two last are not to be taken for the enemies of *Ulysses*;

Two sew'rs from day to day the revels wait,  
 Exact of taste, and serve the feast in state.  
 With such a foe th' unequal fight to try,  
 Were by false courage unreveng'd to die.  
 Then what assistant pow'rs you boast, relate,  
 Ere yet we mingle in the stern debate.

Mark well my voice, *Ulysses* strait replies:  
 What need of aids, if favour'd by the skies?  
 If shielded to the dreadful fight we move,  
 By mighty *Pallas*, and by thund'ring *Jove*.

Sufficient they (*Telemachus* rejoin'd)  
 Against the banded pow'rs of all mankind:  
 They, high enthron'd above the rolling clouds,  
 Wither the strength of man, and awe the Gods.

Such aids expect, he cries, when strong in might  
 We rise terrific to the task of fight. ‡  
 But thou, when morn salutes th' aerial plain,  
 The court revisit and the lawless train:  
 Me thither in disguise *Eumæus* leads,  
 An aged mendicant in tatter'd weeds.  
 There, if base scorn insult my rev'rend age,  
 Bear it my son! repress thy rising rage.  
 If outrag'd, cease that outrage to repel, §  
 Bear it my son! howe'er thy heart rebel.  
 Yet strive by pray'r and counsel to restrain:  
 Their lawless insults, tho' thou strive in vain:

For

## NOTES.

and therefore are not involved in their punishments in the conclusion of the *Odyssey*.

‡ This whole discourse between *Ulysses* and *Telemachus* is introduced to prepare the reader for the catastrophe of the poem: *Homer* judiciously interests heaven in the cause, that the reader may not be surprized at the event, when he sees such numbers fall by the hands of these heroes; he consults probability, and as the poem now draws to a conclusion, sets the assistance of heaven full before the reader. It is likewise very artful to let us into some knowledge of the event of the poem; all care must be taken that it be rather guessed than known. If it be entirely known, the reader finds nothing new to awaken his attention; if on the contrary it be so intricate, that the event cannot possibly be guessed at, we wander in the dark, and are lost in uncertainty. The art of the poet consists not in concealing the event entirely: but when it is in some measure foreseen, in introducing such a number of incidents that now bring us almost into the sight of it, then by new obstacles perplex the story to the very conclusion of the poem; every obstacle and every removal of it fills us with surprize, with pleasure or pain alternately, and consequently calls up our whole attention.

§ The wisdom of *Ulysses* in these instructions is observable: he is the person who is more immediate y



For wicked ears are deaf to wisdom's call,  
And vengeance strikes whom heav'n has doom'd to fall.  
Once more attend: when \* she whose pow'r inspires  
The thinking mind, my soul to vengeance fires;  
I give the sign: that instant, from beneath,  
Aloft convey the instruments of death,  
Armour and arms; and if mistrust arise,  
Thus veil the truth in plausible disguise.†

"The glitt'ring weapons, ere he sail'd to *Try*,  
"Ulysses view'd with stern heroic joy;  
"Then, beaming o'er th' illumin'd wall they shone:  
"Now dust dishonours all their lustre gone.  
"I bear them hence (so *Jove* my soul inspires)  
"From the pollution of the fuming fires;  
"Lest when the bowl inflames, in vengeful mood  
"Ye rush to arms, and stain the feast with blood;  
"Oft ready swords in luckless hour incite ‡  
"The hand of wrath, and arm it for the fight."

Such be the plea, and by the plea deceive:  
For *Jove* insatuates, and all believe.

## NOTES.

diately injured, yet he not only restrains his own resentment, but that of *Telemachus*: he perceives that his son is in danger of flying out into some passion, he therefore very wisely arms him against it. Men do not put bridles upon horses when they are already running with full speed, but they bridle them before they bring them out to the race: this very well illustrates the conduct of *Ulysses*; he fears the youth of *Telemachus* may be too warm, and through an unseasonable ardour at the sight of his wrongs, betray him to his enemies; he therefore persuades him to patience and calmness, and pre-disposes his mind with rational considerations to enable him to encounter his passions, and govern his resentment.

\* *Minerva*.

† These ten lines occur in the beginning of the nineteenth book, and the ancients were of opinion, that they are here placed improperly; for how, say they, should *Ulysses* know that the arms were in a lower apartment, when he was in the country, and had not yet seen his palace? But this is no real objection; his repository of arms he knew was in the lower apartment, and therefore it was rational to conclude that the arms were in it. The verses are proper in both places; here *Ulysses* prepares *Telemachus* against the time of the execution of his designs; in the nineteenth book that time is come, and therefore he repeats his instructions.

‡ This seems to have been a proverbial expression, at least it has been so used by latter writers: the observation holds true to this day, and it is manifest

Yet leave for each of us a sword to wield,  
A pointed javelin, and a fenceful shield,  
But by my blood that in thy bosom glows,  
By that regard a son his father owes;  
The secret that thy father lives, retain §  
Lock'd in thy bosom from the household train;  
Hide it from all; ev'n from *Eumæus* hide,  
From my dear father, and my dearer bride.  
One care remains, to note the loyal few  
Whose faith yet lasts among the menial crew;  
And noting, ere we rise in vengeance, prove  
Who loves his prince; for sure you merit love.  
To whom the youth: To emulate I aim  
The brave and wise, and my great father's fame.  
But consider, since the wisest err, ||  
Vengeance resolv'd 'tis dang'rous to defer.  
What length of time must we consume in vain,  
Too curious to explore the menial train?  
While the proud foes, industrious to destroy  
Thy wealth in riot, the delay enjoy.

Suffice

## NOTES.

that more men fell by the sword in countries where the inhabitants daily wear swords, than in those where a sword is thought no part of dress or ornament.

§ This injunction of secrecy is introduced by *Ulysses* with the utmost solemnity; and it was very necessary that it should be so; the whole hopes of his re-establishment depended upon it: besides, this behaviour agrees with the character of *Ulysses*, which is remarkable for disguise and concealment. The poet makes a further use of it; namely, to give him an opportunity to describe at large the several discoveries made to *Penelope*, *Laertes*, and *Eumæus*, personally by *Ulysses*, in the sequel of the *Odyssey*, which are no small ornaments to it; yet must have been omitted, or have lost their effect, if the return of *Ulysses* had been made known by *Telemachus*; this would have been like discovering the plot before the beginning of the play. At the same time this direction is an excellent rule to be observed in management of all weighty affairs, the success of which chiefly depends upon secrecy.

|| The poet here describes *Telemachus* rectifying the judgment of *Ulysses*; is this any disparagement to that hero? It is not, but an exact representation of human nature; for the wisest men may receive, in particular cases, instructions from men less wise; and the eye of the understanding in a young man, may sometimes see further than that of age; that is, in the language of the poet, a wise and mature *Ulysses* may sometimes be instructed by a young and unexperienced *Telemachus*.



Suffice it in this exigence alone  
To mark the damsels that attend the throne :  
Dispers'd the youth resides ; their faith to prove  
*Jove* grants henceforth, if thou hast spoke from *Jove*.

While in debate they waste the hours away,  
Th' associates of the prince re-pass'd the bay ; \*  
With speed they guide the vessel to the shores ;  
With speed debarking land the naval stores ;  
Then faithful to their charge, to *Chrysis* bear,  
And trust the presents to his friendly care.  
Swift to the queen a herald flies t' impart  
Her son's return, and ease a parent's heart ;  
Lest a sad prey to ever-musing cares,  
Pale grief destroy what time awhile forbears.

Th' uncautious herald with impatience burns,  
And cries aloud, Thy son, oh queen, returns : †  
*Eumæus* sage approach'd th' imperial throne,  
And breath'd his mandate to her ear alone,  
Then measur'd back the way.— The suitor band  
Stung to the soul, abash'd, confounded stand ;  
And issuing from the dome, before the gate,  
With clouded looks, a pale assembly sat.

At length *Eurymachus*. Our hopes are vain ;  
*Telemachus* in triumph sails the main.  
Haste, rear the mast, the swelling shroud display ;  
Haste, to our ambush'd friends the news convey !

## NOTES.

\* It is manifest that this vessel had spent the evening of the preceding day, the whole night, and part of the next morning, in sailing from the place where *Telemachus* embarked : for it is necessary to remember that *Telemachus*, to avoid the suitors, had been obliged to fetch a large compass, and land upon the northern coast of *Ithaca* ; and consequently the vessel was necessitated to double the whole isle on the western side to reach the *Ithacan* bay. This is the reason that it arrives not till the day afterwards, and that the herald dispatched by the associates of *Telemachus*, and *Eumæus* from the country, meet upon the road, as they go to carry the news of the return of *Telemachus* to *Penelope*. It is likewise evident that the lodge of *Eumæus* was not far distant from the place ; for he sets out toward the city after eating in the morning, and passing some time in conference with *Telemachus*, delivers his message, and returns in the evening of the same day.

† This little circumstance distinguishes characters, and gives a variety to poetry : it is a kind of painting, which always varies it's figure by some particular ornament or attitude, so as no two figures are alike : the contrary conduct would make an equal confusion both in poetry and painting, and an indif-

No. 32.

Scarce had he spoke, when turning to the strand  
*Amphinomus* survey'd th' associate band ;  
Full to the bay within the winding shores  
With gather'd sails they stood, and lifted oars.  
O friends ! he cry'd, elate with rising joy,  
See to the port secure the vessel fly !  
Some God has told them, or themselves survey  
The bark escap'd ; and measure back their way.

Swift at the word descending to the shores,  
They moor the vessel and unlade the stores :  
Then moving from the strand, apart they sat,  
And full and frequent, form'd a dire debate.

Lives then the boy ? he lives (*Antinous* cries)  
The care of Gods and fav'rite of the skies.  
All night we watch'd, till with her orient wheels  
*Aurora* flam'd above the eastern hills,  
And from the lofty brow of rocks by day  
Took in the ocean with a broad survey :  
Yet safe he sails ! the pow'rs celestial give  
To shun the hidden snares of death, and live.  
But die he shall, and thus condemn'd to bleed  
Be now the scene of instant death decreed :  
Hope ye success ? undaunted crush the foe.  
Is he not wise ? know this, and strike the blow.  
Wait ye, till he to arms in council draws  
The *Greeks*, averse too justly to our cause ? ‡

Strike,

## NOTES.

tion of persons and characters. This particularly before us is of absolute necessity, and could not well be avoided ; the indiscretion of the herald in speaking aloud, discovers the return of *Telemachus* to the suitors, and is the incident that brings about their following debates, and furnishes out the entertainment of the succeeding part of this book.

‡ This verse is inserted with great judgment, and gives an air of probability to the whole relation ; for if it be asked why the suitors defer to seize the supreme power, and to murder *Telemachus*, they being so superior in number ? *Antinous* himself answers, that they fear the people, who favour the cause of *Telemachus*, and would revenge his injuries : it is for this reason that they formed the ambush by sea ; and for this reason *Antinous* proposes to intercept him in his return from the country : they dare not offer open violence, and therefore make use of treachery. This speech of *Antinous* forms a short under-plot to the poem ; it gives us pain for *Telemachus*, and holds us in suspense till the intricacy is unravelled by *Amphinomus*. The whole harangue is admirable in *Homer* : the diction is excellently suited to the temper of *Antinous*, who speaks with precipitation : his mind is in agitation and disorder, and consequently his



Strike, ere the states conven'd the foe betray  
 Our murd'rous ambush on the war'ry way.  
 Or chuse ye vagrant from their rage to fly  
 Outcasts of earth, to breathe an unknown sky?  
 The brave prevent misfortune; then be brave,  
 And bury future danger in his grave.  
 Returns he? ambush'd we'll his walk invade,  
 Or where he hides in solitude and shade:  
 And give the palace to the queen a dow'r,  
 Or him she blesses in the bridal hour.  
 But if submissive you resign the sway,  
 Slaves to a boy, go, flatter and obey.  
 Retire we instant to our native reign,  
 Nor be the wealth of kings consum'd in vain.  
 Then wed whom choice approves: the queen be giv'n  
 To some blest prince, the prince decreed by heav'n.

Abash'd, the suitor train his voice attends;  
 Till from his throne *Amphinomus* ascends,  
 Who o'er *Dulichium* stretch'd his spacious reign,  
 A land of plenty, blest with every grain:  
 Chief of the numbers who the queen addrest,  
 And tho' displeasing, yet displeasing least.\*  
 Soft were his words; his actions wisdom sway'd;  
 Graceful a-while he paus'd, then mildly said:

O friends forbear! and be the thought withstood:  
 'Tis horrible to shed imperial blood!  
 Consult we first th' all-seeing pow'rs above,  
 And the sure oracles of righteous *Jove*.  
 If they assent, ev'n by this hand he dies;  
 If they forbid, I war not with the skies.

He said: the rival train his voice approv'd,  
 And rising instant to the palace mov'd.

## NOTES.

his language is abrupt, and not allowing himself time to explain his thoughts at full length, he falls into ellipses and abbreviations. It is impossible to retain these ellipses in the translation, but we have endeavoured to shew the warmth of the speaker, by putting the words into interrogations, which are always uttered with vehemence, and signs of hurry and precipitation.

\* We are not to gather from this expression, that *Penelope* had any particular tenderness for *Amphinomus*, but it means only that he was a person of some justice and moderation. At first view, there seems no reason why the poet should distinguish *Amphinomus* from the rest of the suitors, by giving him this humane character: but in reality there is an absolute necessity for it. *Telemachus* is doomed to die by *Antinous*: here is an intricacy formed, and how is that hero to be preserved with probability? The poet ascribes a greater degree of tenderness and modera-

Arriv'd, with wild tumultuous noise they sat  
 Recumbent on the shining thrones of state.

Then *Medon*, conscious of their dire debates,  
 The murd'rous council to the queen relates.  
 Touch'd at the dreadful story she descends:  
 Her hasty steps a damsel train attends.  
 Full where the dome it's shining valves expands,  
 Sudden before the rival pow'rs she stands:  
 And veiling decent with a modest shade  
 Her cheek, indignant to *Antinous* said:

O void of faith! of all bad men the worst!  
 Renown'd for wisdom, by th' abuse accurst!  
 Mistaking fame proclaims thy gen'rous mind!  
 Thy deeds denote thee of the basest kind.  
 Wretch! to destroy a prince that friendship gives,  
 While in his guest his murd'rer he receives:  
 Nor dread superior *Jove*, to whom belong  
 The cause of suppliants, and revenge of wrong.  
 Hast thou forgot, (ingrateful as thou art)  
 Who sav'd thy father with a friendly part?  
 Lawless he ravag'd with his martial pow'rs  
 The *Taphyan* pirates on *Thesprotia's* shores;  
 Enrag'd, his life, his treasures they demand;  
*Ulysses* sav'd him from th' avenger's hand.  
 And would'st thou evil for his good repay?  
 His bed dishonour, and his house betray? †  
 Afflict his queen? and with a murd'rous hand  
 Destroy his heir?—but cease, 'tis I command.

Far hence those fears, (*Eurymachus* reply'd) ‡  
 O prudent princess! bid thy soul confide.  
 Breathes there a man who dares that hero slay,  
 While I behold the golden light of day?

No:

## NOTES.

tion to one of the suitors, and by this method preserves *Telemachus*. Thus we see the least circumstance in *Homer* has it's use and effect; the art of a good painter is visible in the smallest, as well as in the largest draught.

† It is observable that *Penelope* in the compass of two lines recites four heads of her complaint; such contraction of thought and expression being natural to persons in anger; she speaks with heat, and consequently starts from thought to thought with precipitation. The whole speech is animated with a generous resentment, and she concludes at once like a mother and a queen; like a mother, with affection for *Telemachus*; and like a queen with authority.

‡ This whole discourse of *Eurymachus* is to be understood by the way of contrariety: there is an obvious and a latent interpretation; for instance, when he says,

His



No: by the righteous pow'rs of heaven I swear,  
His blood in vengeance smokes upon my spear.  
*Ulysses*, when my infant days I led,  
With wine suffic'd me, and with dainties fed:  
My gen'rous soul abhors th' ungrateful part,  
And my friend's son lives dearest to my heart.  
Then fear no mortal arm: if heav'n destroy,  
We must resign: for man is born to die.

Thus smooth he ended, yet his death conspir'd:  
Then sorrowing, with sad step the queen retir'd,  
With streaming eyes all comfortless deplor'd,  
Touch'd with the dear remembrance of her lord;  
Nor ceas'd, till *Pallas* bid her sorrows fly,  
And in soft slumber seal'd her flowing eye.

And now *Eumæus*, at the ev'ning hour,  
Came late-returning to his sylvan bow'r.  
*Ulysses* and his son had drest with art  
A yearling boar, and gave the Gods their part,  
Holy repast! that instant from the skies  
The martial Goddess to *Ulysses* flies:  
She waves her golden wand, and re-assumes  
From ev'ry feature ev'ry grace that blooms;  
At once his vestures change; at once she sheds  
Age o'er his limbs, that tremble as he treads;

## NOTES.

*His blood in vengeance smokes upon my spear*; it obviously means the blood of the person who offers violence to *Telemachus*; but it may likewise mean the blood of *Telemachus*, and the construction admits both interpretations: thus also when he says, that no person shall lay hands upon *Telemachus*, while he is alive, he means that he will do it himself: and lastly, when he adds,

*Then fear no mortal arm: if heav'n destroy,  
We must resign: for man is born to die;*

the apparent signification is, that *Telemachus* has occasion only to fear a natural death; but he means if the oracle of *Jupiter* commands them to destroy *Telemachus*, that then the suitors will take away his life. He alludes to the foregoing speech of *Amphinomus*.

\* It would be superfluous to translate all the various interpretations of this passage; it will be sufficiently intelligible to the reader, if he looks upon it only to imply that there was an hill in *Ithaca* called the *Hermæan* hill, either because there was a tem-

ple, statue, or altar of *Mercury* upon it, and so called from that Deity.—It has been written that *Mercury* being the messenger of the Gods, in his frequent journeys cleared the roads, and when he found any stones, he threw them in an heap out of the way, and these heaps were called *Mercuries*. The circumstance of his clearing the roads is somewhat odd; but why might not *Mercury*, as well as *Trivia*, preside over them, and have his images erected in public ways, because he was supposed to frequent them as the messenger of the Gods?

When near he drew, the prince breaks forth; Proclaim

What tidings, friend? what speaks the voice of fame?

Say, if the suitors measure back the main,  
Or still in ambush thirst for blood in vain?

Whether, he cries, they measure back the flood,  
Or still in ambush thirst in vain for blood,  
Escap'd my care: where lawless suitors sway,  
Thy mandate borne, my soul disdain'd to stay.  
But from th' *Hermæan* height I cast a view,\*  
Where to the port a bark high bounding flew;  
Her freight a shining band: with martial air  
Each pois'd his shield, and each advanc'd his spear;  
And if aright these searching eyes survey,  
Th' eluded suitors stem the wat'ry way.

The prince well pleas'd to disappoint their wiles,  
Steals on his fire a glance, and secret smiles.  
And now a short repast prepar'd, they fed,  
Till the keen rage of craving hunger fled:  
Then to repose withdrawn, apart they lay,  
And in soft sleep forgot the cares of day.

## NOTES.

This book takes up no more time than the space of the thirty-eighth day; so *Telemachus* reaches the lodge of *Eumæus* in the morning, a little after he dispatches *Eumæus* to *Penelope*, who returns in the evening of the same day. The book in general is very beautiful in the original; the discovery of *Ulysses* to *Telemachus* is particularly tender and affecting, and has a great resemblance with that of *Joseph's* discovery of himself to his brethren.



## The SEVENTEENTH BOOK of the ODYSSEY.

## A R G U M E N T.

*Telemachus returning to the city, relates to Penelope the sum of his travels. Ulysses is conducted by Eumæus to the palace, where his old dog Argus acknowledges his master, after an absence of twenty years, and dies with joy. Eumæus returns into the country, and Ulysses remains among the suitors, whose behaviour is described.*

SOON as *Aurora*, daughter of the dawn,  
 Sprinkled with roseate light the dewy  
 lawn ;  
 In haste the prince arose, prepar'd to part ;  
 His hand impatient grasps the pointed dart ;  
 Fair on his feet the polish'd sandals shine,  
 And thus he greets the master of the swine.

## N O T E S.

\* There are two reasons for the return of *Telemachus* ; one, the duty a son owes to a mother ; the other, to find an opportunity to put in execution the designs concerted with *Ulysses* : the poet therefore shifts the scene from the lodge to the palace. *Telemachus* takes not *Ulysses* along with him, for fear he should raise suspicion in the suitors, that a person in a beggar's garb has some secret merit, to obtain the familiarity of a king's son, and this might be an occasion of a discovery ; whereas when *Ulysses* afterwards appears amongst the suitors, he is thought to be an entire stranger to *Telemachus*, which prevents all jealousy, and gives them an opportunity to carry on their measures, without any particular observation. Besides, *Eumæus* is still to be kept in ignorance concerning the person of *Ulysses* ? *Telemachus*

My friend adieu ; let this short stay suffice ;  
 I haste to meet my mother's longing eyes,  
 And end her tears, her sorrows, and her sighs. \* }  
 But thou attentive, what we order heed ;  
 This hapless stranger to the city lead ;  
 By public bounty let him there be fed,  
 And bless the hand that stretches forth the bread.

To

## N O T E S.

therefore gives him a plausible reason for his return ; namely, that his mother may no longer be in pain for his safety : this likewise excellently contributes to deceive *Eumæus*. Now as the presence of *Ulysses* in the palace is absolutely necessary to bring about the suitors destruction, *Telemachus* orders *Eumæus* to conduct him thither, and by this method he comes as the friend and guest of *Eumæus*, not of *Telemachus* : moreover, this injunction was necessary : *Eumæus* was a person of such generosity, that he would have thought himself obliged to detain his guest under his own care and inspection : nay, before he guides him towards the palace, in the sequel of this book, he tells *Ulysses* he does it solely in compliance with the order of *Telemachus*, and acts contrary to his own inclinations.



To wipe the tears from all afflicted eyes,\*  
My will may covet, but my pow'r denies.  
If this raise anger in the stranger's thought,  
The pain of anger punishes the fault:  
The very truth I undisguis'd declare?  
For what so easy as to be sincere?

To this *Ulysses*. What the prince requires  
Of swift removal, seconds my desires.  
To want like mine, the peopled town can yield  
More hopes of comfort than the lonely field.  
Nor fits my age to till the labour'd lands,  
Or stoop to tasks a rural lord demands.  
Adieu! but since this ragged garb can bear  
So ill, th' inclemencies of morning air,  
A few hours space permit me here to stay;  
My step: *Eumæus* shall to town convey,  
With ripper beams when *Phæbus* warms the day.

Thus he: nor aught *Telemachus* reply'd,  
But left the mansion with a lofty stride:  
Schemes of revenge his pond'ring breast elate,  
Revolving deep the suitors sudden fate.  
Arriving now before th' imperial hall,  
He props his spear against the pillar'd wall;  
Then like a lion o'er the threshold bounds;  
The marble pavement with his step resounds:  
His eye first glanc'd where *Euryclea* spreads  
With furry spoils of beasts the splendid beds:

She saw, she wept, she ran with eager pace,  
And reach'd her master with a long embrace.  
All crouded round the family appears,  
With wild entrancement, and ecstasie tears.  
Swift from above descends the royal Fair;  
(Her beauteous cheeks the blush of *Venus* wear,†  
Chasten'd with coy *Diana's* pensive air)  
Hangs o'er her son; in his embraces dies;  
Rains kisses on his neck, his face, his eyes:  
Few words she spoke, tho' much she had to say,  
And scarce those few, for tears, could force their way.  
Light of my eyes! he comes! unhop'd-for joy!  
Has heav'n from *Pylus* brought my lovely boy?  
So snatch'd from all our cares!—Tell, hast thou known  
Thy father's fate, and tell me all thy own.

Oh dearest, most rever'd of womankind!  
Cease with those tears to melt a manly mind,  
(Reply'd the prince) nor be our fates deplor'd,  
From death and treason to thy arms restor'd.  
Go bathe, and rob'd in white, ascend the tow'rs;  
With all thy handmaids thank th' immortal pow'rs;  
To ev'ry God vow hecatombs to bleed,  
And call *Jove's* vengeance on their guilty deed.  
While to th' assembled council I repair;  
A stranger sent by heav'n attends me there;‡  
My new-accepted guest I haste to find,  
Now to *Piræus'* honour'd charge consign'd.

The

## NOTES.

\* This might appear too free a declaration, if *Telemachus* had made it before he knew *Ulysses*; for no circumstance could justify him for using any disregard toward the poor and stranger, according to the strict notions, and the sanctity, of the laws of hospitality among the ancients: but as the case stands, we are no the least shocked at the words of *Telemachus*, we know the reason why he thus speaks: it is to conceal *Ulysses*. He is so far from shewing any particular regard to him, that he treats him with a severity in some degrees contrary to the laws of hospitality; by adding, that if he complains of this hard usage, the complaint will not redress but increase his calamity.

† This description presents us with a noble idea of the beauty and chastity of *Penelope*: her person resembles *Venus*, but *Venus* with the modest air of *Diana*. When *Homer* paints a beautiful face, or an engaging object, he chuses the softest vowels, and most smooth and flowing semivowels: he never clogs the pronunciation with rough sounds, and a collision of untunable consonants; but every syllable, every letter conspires to exhibit the beauty of the object he endeavours to represent: there are no less than three and thirty vowels in two lines, and no more than

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twenty-nine consonants, which make the verses flow away with an agreeable smoothness and harmony. *Penelope*, we see, embraces her son with the utmost affection: kissing the lip was not the fashion in the days of *Homer*. *Penelope* here kisses her son's eyes, and his head; that is, his cheek, or perhaps forehead: and *Eumæus*, in the preceding book, embraces the hands, eyes, and head of *Telemachus*. But for the comfort of the ladies, we rejoice to observe that all these were ceremonious kisses from a mother to a son, or from an inferior to a superior: this therefore is no argument that lovers thus embraced, nor ought it to be brought as a reason why the present manner of salutation should be abrogated.

‡ There is a vein of sincere piety that runs through the words and actions of *Telemachus*: he has no sooner delivered his mother from her uneasy apprehensions concerning his safety, but he proceeds to another act of virtue towards *Theoclymenus*, whom he had taken into his protection: he performs his duty towards men and towards the Gods. It is by his direction that *Penelope* offers up her devotions for success, and thanks for his return. It is he who prescribes the manner of it; namely, by washing the hands,

6 T



The matron heard, nor was his word in vain.  
She bath'd; and rob'd in white, with all her train,  
To ev'ry God vow'd hecatombs to bleed,  
And call'd *Jove's* vengeance on the guilty deed.  
Arm'd with his lance the prince then past the  
gate;

Two dogs behind, a faithful guard, await:  
*Pallas* his form with grace divine improves:  
The gazing crowd admires him as he moves:  
Him, gath'ring round, the haughty suitors greet  
With semblance fair, but inward deep deceit.  
Their false addresses gen'rous he deny'd,  
Past on, and sat by faithful *Mentor's* side;  
With *Antiphus*, and *Halitherses* sage,  
(His father's counsellors, rever'd for age.)  
Of his own fortunes, and *Ulysses'* fame,  
Much ask'd the seniors; till *Piræus* came.  
The stranger-guest pursu'd him close behind;  
Whom when *Telemachus* beheld, he join'd.  
He, (when *Piræus* ask'd for slaves to bring  
The gifts and treasures of the *Spartan* king)  
Thus thoughtful answer'd: Those we shall not move,  
Dark and unconscious of the will of *Jove*:  
We know not yet the full event of all:  
Stabb'd in his palace if your prince must fall,  
Us, and our house if treason must o'erthrow,  
Better a friend possess them, than a foe:  
If death to these, and vengeance heav'n decree,  
Riches are welcome then, not else, to me.  
Till then, retain the gifts.—The hero said,  
And in his hand the willing stranger led.  
Then dis-array'd, the shining bath they sought,  
With unguents smooth, of polish'd marble wrought;  
Obedient handmaids with assistant toil  
Supply the limpid wave, and fragrant oil:

## NOTES.

hands, in token of purity of mind required by those who supplicate the Deities; and by putting on clean garments, to shew the reverence and regard with which their souls ought to be possess'd when they appear before the Gods. We are not sensible that the last ceremony is often mentioned in other parts of *Homer*; yet we doubt not but it was practis'd upon all religious solemnities. The moral of the whole is, that piety is a sure way to victory: *Telemachus* appears every where a good man, and for this reason he becomes at least an happy one; and his calamities contribute to his glory.

\* *Penelope* had requested *Telemachus* to give her an account of his voyage to *Pyle*, and of what he had heard concerning *Ulysses*. He then waved the discourse, because the queen was in public with her female attendants: by this conduct the poet sustains

Then o'er their limbs refulgent robes they threw,  
And fresh from bathing, to their seats withdrew.  
The golden ew'r a nymph attendant brings,  
Replenish'd from the pure, translucent springs;  
With copious streams that golden ew'r supplies  
A silver laver of capacious size.

They wash: the table, in fair order spread,  
Is pil'd with viands and the strength of bread.  
Full opposite, before the folding gate,  
The pensive mother sits in humble state:  
Lowly she sat, and with dejected view  
The fleecy threads her ivory fingers drew.  
The prince and stranger shar'd the genial feast,  
Till now the rage of thirst and hunger ceast.

When thus the queen. My son! my only  
friend!

Say, to my mournful couch shall I ascend? \*  
(The couch deserted now a length of years;  
The couch for ever water'd with my tears)  
Say wilt thou not (ere yet the suitor-crew  
Return, and riot shakes our walls a-new)  
Say wilt thou not the least account afford?  
The least glad tidings of my absent lord?

To her the youth. We reach'd the *Pylian* plains,  
Where *Nestor*, shepherd of his people, reigns.  
All arts of tenderness to him are known,  
Kind to *Ulysses'* race as to his own;  
No father with a fonder grasp of joy,  
Strains to his bosom his long-absent boy.  
But all unknown, if yet *Ulysses* breathe,  
Or glide a spectre in the realms beneath?  
For further search, his rapid steeds transport  
My lengthen'd journey to the *Spartan* court.  
There *Argive Helen* I beheld, whose charms †  
(So heav'n decreed) engag'd the great in arms.

My

## NOTES.

both their characters; *Penelope* is impatient to hear of *Ulysses*, and this agrees with the affection of a tender wife; but the discovery being unseasonable, *Telemachus* forbears to satisfy her curiosity; in which he acts like a wise man. Here she gently reproaches him for not satisfying her impatience concerning her husband; she insinuates that it is a piece of cruelty to permit her still to grieve, when it is in his power to give her comfort; and this induces him to gratify her desires. It ought to be observed, that *Homer* chuses a proper time for this relation; it was necessary that the suitors should be ignorant of the story of *Ulysses*; *Telemachus* therefore makes it when they are withdrawn to their sports, and when none were present but friends.

† We may here take notice of the candid behaviour of *Telemachus* with respect to *Helen*: she had received



My cause of coming told, he thus rejoin'd;  
And still his words live perfect in my mind.  
Heav'n's! would a soft, inglorious dastard  
train \*

An absent hero's nuptial joys profane!  
So with her young, amid the woodland shades,  
A tim'rous hind the lion's court invades,  
Leaves in that fatal lair her tender fawns,  
And climbs the cliff, or feeds along the lawns;  
Mean-time returning, with remorseless sway  
The monarch savage rends the panting prey:  
With equal fury, and with equal fame,  
Shall great *Ulysses* re-assert his claim.  
O *Jove*! supreme! whom men and Gods revere;  
And thou whose lustre gilds the rolling sphere!  
With pow'r congenial join'd, propitious aid  
The chief adopted by the martial maid!  
Such to our wish the warrior soon restore,  
As when, contending on the *Lesbian* shore,  
His prowess *Philomelides* confest,  
And loud acclaiming *Greeks* the victor blest:  
Then soon th' invaders of his bed, and throne,  
Their love presumptuous shall by death atone.  
Now what you question of my ancient friend,  
With truth I answer; thou the truth attend.  
Learn what I heard the † sea-born seer relate,  
Whose eye can pierce the dark recess of fate.  
Sole in an isle, imprison'd by the main,  
The sad survivor of his num'rous train,

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received him courteously, and he testifies his gratitude, by ascribing the calamities she drew upon her country to the decree of heaven, not to her immodesty: this is particularly decent in the mouth of *Telemachus*, because he is now acquainted with his father's return; otherwise he could not have mentioned her name but to her dishonour, who had been the occasion of his death.

\* These verses are repeated from the fourth *Odyssey*; and are not without a good effect, they cannot fail of comforting *Penelope*, by assuring her that *Ulysses* is alive, and restrained by *Calypso* involuntarily; they give her hopes of his return, and the satisfaction of hearing his glory from the mouth of *Menelaus*. The conciseness of *Telemachus* is likewise remarkable; he recapitulates in thirty-eight lines the subject of almost three books, the third, the fourth, and fifth; he selects every circumstance that can please *Penelope*, and drops those that would give her pain.

† *Proteus*.

‡ It is with great judgment that the poet here introduces *Theoclymenus*; he is a person that has no

*Ulysses* lies; detain'd by magic charms,  
And prest unwilling in *Calypso*'s arms.  
No sailors there, no vessel to convey,  
Nor oars to cut th' immeasurable way——  
This told *Atreides*, and he told no more.  
Thence safe I voyag'd to my native shore.

He ceas'd; nor made the pensive queen reply,  
But droop'd her head, and drew a secret sigh.  
When *Theoclymenus* the seer began: ‡  
O suff'ring consort of the suff'ring man!  
What human knowledge could, those kings might  
tell;

But I the secrets of high heav'n reveal.  
Before the first of Gods be this declar'd,  
Before the board whose blessings we have shar'd;  
Witness the genial rites, and witness all  
This house holds sacred in her ample wall!  
Ev'n now this instant, great *Ulysses* lay'd  
At rest, or wand'ring in his country's shade;  
Their guilty deeds, in hearing, and in view,  
Secret revolves; and plans the vengeance due.  
Of this sure auguries the Gods bestow'd,  
When first our vessel anchor'd in your road.

Succeed those omens heav'n! (the queen rejoin'd):  
So shall our bounties speak a grateful mind;  
And ev'ry envy'd happiness attend  
The man, who calls *Penelope* his friend.

Thus commun'd they: while in the marble court  
(Scenes of their insolence) the lords resort;

Athwart

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direct relation to the story of the *Odyssey*, yet because he appears accidentally in it, *Homer* unites him very artificially with it, that he may not appear to no purpose, and as an useless ornament. He here speaks as an *Augur*, and what he utters contributes to the perseverance of *Penelope* in resisting the addresses of the suitors, by assuring her of the return of *Ulysses*; and consequently in some degree *Theoclymenus* promotes the principal action. But it may be said, if it was necessary that *Penelope* should be informed of his return, why does not *Telemachus* assure her of it, who was fully acquainted with the truth? The answer is, that *Penelope* is not to be fully informed, but only encouraged by a general hope: *Theoclymenus* speaks from his art, which may possibly be liable to error; but *Telemachus* must have spoken from knowledge, which would have been contrary to the injunction of *Ulysses*, and might have proved fatal by an unseasonable discovery: it was therefore judicious in the poet to put the assurance of the return of *Ulysses* into the mouth of *Theoclymenus*, and not of *Telemachus*.



Athwart the spacious square each tries his art\*  
To whirl the disk, or aim the missile dart.

Now did the hour of sweet repast arrive,  
And from the field the victim flocks they drive;  
*Medon* the herald (one who pleas'd them best,†  
And honour'd with a portion of their feast)  
To bid the banquet interrupts their play.  
Swift to the hall they haste; aside they lay  
Their garments, and succinct, the victims slay.  
Then sheep and goats and bristly porkers bled,  
And the proud steer was o'er the marble spread.

While thus the copious banquet they provide;  
Along the road conversing side by side,  
Proceed *Ulysses* and the faithful swain:  
When thus *Eumæus*, gen'rous and humane.

To town, observant of our lord's behest,  
Now let us speed; my friend, no more my guest!  
Yet like myself I wish'd thee here prefer'd,  
Guard of the flock, or keeper of the herd.‡

## NOTES.

\* Though the suitors were abandoned to luxury, vice, and intemperance, yet they exercise themselves in laudable sports: they toss the quoit, or throw the javelin, which are both heroic diversions, and form the body into strength and activity. This is owing to the virtue of the age, not the persons: such sports were fashionable, and therefore used by the suitors, and not because they were heroic. However they may instruct us never to give ourselves up to idleness and inaction; but to make our very diversions subservient to nobler views, and turn a pleasure into a virtue.

† We may observe that the character of *Medon* is very particular; he is at the same time a favourite of the suitors, and *Telemachus*, persons entirely opposite in their interest. It seldom happens any man can please two parties, without acting an insincere part: *Atticus* was indeed equally acceptable to the two factions of *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, but it was because he seemed neutral, and acted as if they were both his friends; or rather he was a man of such eminent virtues, that they esteemed it an honour to have him thought their friend. *Homer* every where represents *Medon* as a person of integrity; he is artful but not criminal: no doubt but he made all compliances, that consisted with probity, with the suitors' dispositions; by this method he saved *Penelope* more effectually than if he had shew'd a more rigid virtue. He made himself master of their hearts by an insinuating behaviour, and was a spy upon their actions.

‡ Such little traits as these are very delightful; for the reader knowing that the person to whom

But much to raise my master's wrath I fear;  
The wrath of princes ever is severe.

Then heed his will, and be our journey made  
While the broad beams of *Phæbus* are display'd,  
Or ere brown ev'ning spreads her chilly shade. §

Just thy advice, (the prudent chief rejoin'd)  
And such as suits the dictates of my mind.  
Lead on: but help me to some staff to stay  
My feeble step, since rugged is the way.

Across his shoulders, then, the scrip he flung,  
Wide patch'd, and fasten'd, by a twisted thong.  
A staff *Eumæus* gave. Along the way  
Cheerly they fare: behind, the keepers stay;  
These with their watchful dogs (a constant guard) ||  
Supply his absence, and attend the herd.  
And now his city strikes the monarch's eyes,  
Alas! how chang'd! a man of miseries;  
Propt on a staff, a beggar old and bare,  
In rags dishonest flutt'ring with the air!

Now

## NOTES.

this offer is made, is *Ulysses*, cannot fail of being diverted to see the honest and loyal *Eumæus* promising to make his master and king the keeper of his herds or stalls; and this is offered as a piece of good fortune or dignity.

§ We may gather from these words, that the time of the action of the *Odyssey* was in the end of autumn, or beginning of winter, when the mornings and evenings are cold: thus *Ulysses*, in the beginning of this book makes the coldness of the morning an excuse for not going with *Telemachus*; his rags being but an ill defence against it: and here *Eumæus* mentions the coldness of the evening, as a reason why they should begin their journey in the heat of the day; so that it was now probably about ten of the clock, and they arrive at *Ithaca* at noon: from hence we may conjecture, that the lodge of *Eumæus* was about five or six miles from the city; that is, about a two hours walk.

|| It is certain that if these little particulars had been omitted, there would have been no chasm in the connection; but still they are a kind of painting, in which these herdsmen and dogs are the natural ornaments. It is observable that *Homer* gives us an exact draught of the country; he sets before us in a picture, the city, the circular grove of poplars adjacent, the fountain falling from a rock, and the altar sacred to the nymphs, erected on the point of it. We are as it were transported into *Ithaca*, and travel with *Ulysses* and *Eumæus*: *Homer* verifies the observation of *Horace* above all poets; namely, that poetry is painting.



Now pass'd the rugged road, they journey down  
The cavern'd way descending to the town,  
Where, from the rock, with liquid lapse distills  
A limpid fount; that spread in parting rills  
It's current thence to serve the city brings:  
An useful work! adorn'd by ancient kings.  
*Neritus, Ithacus, Polyctor* there \*  
In sculptur'd stone immortaliz'd their care,  
In marble urns receiv'd it from above,  
And shaded with a green furrounding grove;  
Where silver alders, in high arches twin'd,  
Drink the cool stream, and tremble to the wind.  
Beneath, sequester'd to the nymphs, is seen  
A mossy altar, deep embower'd in green;  
Where constant vows by travellers are pay'd,  
And holy horrors solemnize the shade.

Here with his goats, (not vow'd to sacred flame,  
But pamper'd luxury) *Melanthius* came;  
Two grooms attend him. With an envious look  
He ey'd the stranger, and imperious spoke.

The good old proverb how this pair fulfil!  
One rogue is usher to another still.  
Heav'n with a secret principle endu'd  
Mankind, to seek their own similitude.  
Where goes the swine-herd with that ill-look'd guest?  
That giant-glutton, dreadful at a feast!  
Full many a post have those broad shoulders worn,  
From ev'ry great man's gate repuls'd with scorn;  
To no brave prize aspir'd the worthless swain,  
'Twas but for scraps he ask'd, and ask'd in vain.  
To beg, than work, he better understands;  
Or we perhaps might take him off thy hands.  
For any office could the slave be good,  
To cleanse the fold, or help the kids to food,  
If any labour those big joints could learn,  
Some whey, to wash his bowels, he might earn.  
To cringe, to whine, his idle hands to spread,  
Is all, by which that graceless maw is fed.

## NOTES.

\* Public benefactions demand public honours and acknowledgments; for this reason *Homer* makes an honourable mention of these three brothers. *Ithaca* was a small island, and destitute of plenty of fresh water; this fountain therefore was a public good to the whole region about it; and has given immortality to the authors of it. They were the sons of *Pterelaus*; *Ithacus* gave name to the country, *Neritus* to a mountain, and *Polyctor* to a place called *Polyctorium*.

+ *Homer* excellently sustains the character of *Ulysses*; he is a man of patience, and master of all his passions; he is here misused by one of his own servants, yet is so far from returning the injury, that

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Yet hear me! if thy impudence but dare  
Approach yon walls, I prophecy thy fare:  
Dearly, full dearly shalt thou buy thy bread  
With many a footstool thund'ring at thy head.

He thus: nor insolent of word alone,  
Spurn'd with his rustic heel his king unknown;  
Spurn'd, but not mov'd: he, like a pillar stood,  
Nor stirr'd an inch, contemptuous, from the road:  
Doubtful, or with his staff to strike him dead,  
Or greet the pavement with his worthless head.  
Short was that doubt; to quell his rage inur'd,  
The hero stood self-conquer'd, and endur'd. †  
But hateful of the wretch, *Eumæus* heav'd  
His hands obtesting, and this pray'r conceiv'd.  
Daughters of *Jove*! who from th' ætherial bow'rs  
Descend to swell the springs, and feed the flow'rs!  
Nymphs of this fountain! to whose sacred names  
Our rural victims mount in blazing flames!  
To whom *Ulysses*' piety prefer'd  
The yearly firstlings of his flock and herd;  
Succeed my wish; your votary restore:  
Oh be some God his convoy to our shore!  
Due pains shall punish then this slave's offence,  
And humble all his airs of insolence,  
Who proudly stalking, leaves the herds at large,  
Commences courtier, and neglects his charge.

What mutters he? (*Melanthius* sharp rejoins)  
This crafty miscreant big with dark designs?  
The day shall come; nay, 'tis already near,  
When slave! to sell thee at a price too dear,  
Must be my care; and hence transport thee o'er,  
(A load and scandal to this happy shore.)  
Oh! that as surely great *Apollo's* dart,  
Or some brave suitor's sword, might pierce the heart  
Of the proud son; as that we stand this hour  
In lasting safety from the father's pow'r.

So spoke the wretch; but shunning farther fray,  
Turn'd his proud step, and left them on their way.

Strait

## NOTES.

he stifles the sense of it, without speaking one word: it is true he is described as having a conflict in his soul; but this is no derogation to his character: not to feel like a man, is insensibility, not virtue; but to repress the emotions of the heart, and keep them within the bounds of moderation, this argues wisdom, and turns an injury into a virtue and glory. There is an excellent contrast between the benevolent *Eumæus*, and the insolent *Melanthius*. *Eumæus* resents the outrage of *Melanthius* more than *Ulysses*; he is moved with indignation, but how does he express it? not by railing, but by an appeal to heaven in a prayer: a conduct worthy to be imitated in more enlightened ages.

6 U



Strait to the fast-full palace he repair'd,  
Familiar enter'd, and the banquet shar'd;  
Beside *Eurymachus*, his patron lord,\*  
He took his place, and plenty heap'd the board.

All at once they heard, fast-chiming in the sky,  
Nectar's ascent, and heavenly minstrelsy;  
(For *Demodocus* to the lyre attun'd the strain:)  
*Ulysses* harken'd, then address'd the swain.

Well may this palace admiration claim,  
Great, and resplendent to the master's fame!  
Noble above all things the imperial structure stands,  
Holds the chief honour, and the town commands:  
High walls and battlements the courts inclose,†  
And the strong gates defy a host of foes.  
Far other cares its dwellers now employ;  
The throng'd assembly, and the feast of joy:  
I see the flames of sacrifice aspire,  
And hear (what graces ev'ry feast) the lyre.

Then thus *Eumæus*. Judge we which were best;  
Amidst you revellers a sudden guest  
Chuse you to mingle, while behind I stay?  
Or I first entering introduce the way?  
Wait for a space without, but wait not long;  
This is the house of violence and wrong:  
Some rude insult thy rev'rend age may bear;  
For like their lawless lords, the servants are.

## NOTES.

\* We may gather from hence the truth of an observation formerly made, that *Melanthius*, *Eumæus*, &c. were persons of distinction, and their offices posts of honour: we see *Melanthius*, who had charge of the goats of *Ulysses*, is a companion for princes. The reason why *Melanthius* in particular associates himself with *Eurymachus* is, an intrigue which that prince holds with *Melantho* his sister, as appears from the following book. There is a conspiracy and league between them, and we find they all suffer condign punishment in the end of the *Odyssey*.

† We have here a very particular draught, or plan, of the palace of *Ulysses*; it is a kind of castle, at once designed for strength and magnificence. *Homer* artfully introduces *Ulysses* struck with wonder at the beauty of the palace; this is done to confirm *Eumæus* in the opinion that *Ulysses* is really the beggar he appears to be, and a perfect stranger among the *Ithacans*. Thus also when he complains of hunger, he speaks the language of a beggar, to persuade *Eumæus* that he takes his journey to the court, solely out of want and hunger.

‡ This whole episode has fallen under the ridicule of the critics. It must be allowed, that such a

Just is, O friend! thy caution, and address  
(Reply'd the chief) to no unprofitable breast;  
The wrongs and injuries of base mankind  
Fresh to my sense, and always in my mind.  
The bravely patient to no fortune yields:  
On rolling oceans, and in fighting fields,  
Storms have I past, and many a stern debate;  
And now in humbler scene submit to fate.  
What cannot *Want*? the best she will expose,  
And I am learn'd in all her train of woes;  
She fills with navies, hosts, and loud alarms  
The sea, the land, and shakes the world with arms.  
Thus, near the gates conferring as they drew,  
*Argus*, the dog, his ancient master knew;‡  
He, not unconscious of the voice, and tread,  
Lifts to the sound his ear, and rears his head.  
Bred by *Ulysses*, nourish'd at his board,  
But ah! not fated long to please his lord!  
To him, his swiftness and his strength were vain;  
The voice of glory call'd him o'er the main.  
Till then in ev'ry sylvan chase renown'd,  
With *Argus*, *Argus*, rung the woods around;  
With him the youth pursu'd the goat or fawn,  
Or trac'd the mazy leveret o'er the lawn.  
Now left to man's ingratitude he lay,  
Un-hous'd, neglected, in the public way;

And

## NOTES.

familiar episode could not have been properly introduced into the *Iliad*: it is writ in a nobler style, and distinguished by a boldness of sentiments and diction; whereas the *Odyssey* descends to the familiar, and is calculated more for common than heroic life. What *Homer* says of *Argus* is very natural, and we do not know any thing more beautiful or more affecting in the whole poem: we dare appeal to every person's judgment, if *Argus* be not as justly and properly represented, as the noblest figure in it. But how is the objection concerning the dunghill to be answered? We must have recourse to the simplicity of manners amongst the ancients, who thought nothing mean, that was of use to life. *Ithaca* was a barren country, full of rocks and mountains, and owed it's fertility chiefly to cultivation, and for this reason such circumstantial cares were necessary. It is true such a description now is more proper for a peasant than a king, but anciently it was no disgrace for a king to perform with his own hands, what is now left only to peasants. We read of a dictator taken from the plough, and why may not a king as well manure his field as plough it, without receding from his dignity?



And where on heaps the rich manure was spread,  
Obscene with reptile, took his sordid bed.

He knew his lord; he knew, and strove to meet,  
In vain he strove, to crawl, and kiss his feet; \*  
Yet (all he could) his tail, his ears, his eyes  
Salute his master, and confess his joys.  
Soft pity touch'd the mighty master's soul; †  
Adown his cheek a tear unbidden stole,  
Stole unperceiv'd; he turn'd his head, and dry'd  
The drop humane: then thus impassion'd cry'd.

What noble beast in this abandon'd state  
Lies here all helpless at *Ulysses'* gate?  
His bulk and beauty speak no vulgar praise;  
If, as he seems, he *was* in better days,  
Some care his age deserves: or was he priz'd  
For worthless beauty? therefore now despis'd?  
Such dogs, and men there are, mere things of state,  
And always cherish'd by their friends, the great.

Not *Argus* so, (*Eumæus* thus rejoin'd)  
But serv'd a master of a nobler kind,  
Who never, never shall behold him more!  
Long, long since perish'd on a distant shore!  
Oh had you seen him, vig'rous, bold and young,  
Swift as a stag, and as a lion strong;

Him no fell savage on the plain withstood,  
None 'scap'd him, bosom'd in the gloomy wood;  
His eye how piercing, and his scent how true,  
To wind the vapour in the tainted dew!  
Such, when *Ulysses* left his natal coast;  
Now years un-nerve him, and his lord is lost!  
The women keep the gen'rous creature bare,  
A sleek and idle race is all their care;  
The master gone, the servants what restrains?  
Or dwells humanity where riot reigns?  
*Jove* fix'd it certain, that whatever day ‡  
Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away.

This said, the honest herdsman strode before:  
The musing monarch pauses at the door:  
The dog whom fate had granted to behold  
His lord, when twenty tedious years had roll'd,  
Takes a last look, and having seen him, dies;  
So clos'd for ever faithful *Argus'* eyes! §

And now *Telemachus*, the first of all,  
Observ'd *Eumæus* ent'ring in the hall;  
Distant he saw, across the shady dome;  
Then gave a sign, and beckon'd him to come:  
There stood an empty seat, where late was plac'd  
In order due, the steward of the feast,

(Who

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\* It may seem that this circumstance was inserted casually, or at least only to shew the age and infirmity of *Argus*: but there is a further intent in it: if the dog had ran to *Ulysses* and fawned upon him, it would have raised a strong suspicion in *Eumæus* that he was not such a stranger to the *Ithacans* as he pretended, but some person in disguise; and this might have occasioned an unseasonable discovery.

† We confess ourselves touched with the tenderness of these tears in *Ulysses*; we would willingly think that they proceed from a better principle than the weakness of human nature, and are an instance of a really virtuous and compassionate disposition. *Good men are easily moved to tears*: in our judgment, *Ulysses* appears more amiable while he weeps over his faithful dog, than when he drives an army of enemies before him: that shews him to be a great hero, this a good man.

‡ This is a very remarkable sentence, and commonly found to be true. Servitude, be it ever so justly established, is a kind of prison, wherein the soul shrinks in some measure, and diminishes by constraint: it has the same effect with the boxes in which dwarfs are inclosed, which not only hinder the body from it's growth, but make it less by the constriction. It is observable that all the great orators flourished in republics, and indeed what is there that raises the souls of great men more than

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liberty? In other governments men commonly become, instead of orators, pompous flatterers: a man born in servitude may be capable of other sciences; but no slave can ever be an orator; for while the mind is depressed and broken by slavery, it will never dare to think or say any thing bold and noble; all the vigour evaporates, and it remains as it were confined in a prison. However this aphorism is to be understood only generally, not universally; *Eumæus* who utters it is an instance to the contrary, who retains his virtue in a state of subjection; and *Plato* speaks to the same purpose, asserting that some slaves have been found of such virtue, as to be preferred to a son or a brother; and have often preserved their masters and their families.

§ It has been a question what occasioned the death of *Argus*, at the instant he saw *Ulysses*: *Enslathinus* imputes it to the joy he felt at the sight of his master. But there has another objection been started against *Homer*, for ascribing so long a life as twenty years to *Argus*, and that dogs never surpass the fifteenth year; but this is an error; *Aristotle* affirms, that some dogs live two and twenty, and other naturalists subscribe to his judgment. Other writers agree, that some dogs live twenty-four years, and the translator has known one that died at twenty-two, big with puppies.



(Who now was busied carving round the board)  
*Eumæus* took, and plac'd it near his lord.  
 Before him instant was the banquet spread;  
 And the bright basket pil'd with loaves of bread.

Next came *Ulysses*, lowly at the door,  
 A figure despicable, old, and poor.  
 In squalid vests with many a gaping rent,  
 Propt on a staff, and trembling as he went.  
 Then, resting on the threshold of the gate,  
 Against a cypress pillar lean'd his weight;  
 (Smooth'd by the workmen to a polish'd plain)  
 The thoughtful son beheld, and call'd his swain.

These viands, and this bread, *Eumæus*! bear,  
 And let yon mendicant our plenty share:  
 Then let him circle round the suitors board,  
 And try the bounty of each gracious lord.  
 Bold let him ask, encourag'd thus by me;  
 How ill, alas! do want and shame agree!\*

His lord's command the faithful servant bears;  
 The seeming beggar answers with his pray'rs.  
 Blest be *Telemachus*! in ev'ry deed  
 Inspire him, *Jove*! in ev'ry wish succeed!  
 This said, the portion from his son convey'd  
 With smiles receiving on his scrip he lay'd.  
 Long as the minstrel swept the sounding wire,  
 He sed, and ceas'd when silence held the lyre.

## NOTES.

\* We are not to imagine that *Homer* is here recommending immodesty; but to understand him as speaking of a decent assurance, in opposition to a faulty shame or bashfulness.

† This is a circumstance that occurs almost in every book of the *Odyssey*, and *Pallas* has been thought to mean no more than the inherent wisdom of *Ulysses*, which guides all his actions upon all emergencies: it is not impossible but the poet might intend to inculcate, that the wisdom of man is the gift of heaven, and a blessing from the Gods. We have already observ'd, that *Homer* makes use of machines sometimes merely for ornament; this place is an instance of it: here is no action of an uncommon nature performed, and yet *Pallas* directs *Ulysses*. Whenever the heroes of *Homer* execute any prodigious exploit of valour, he continually introduces a Deity, who assists in the performance of it; but it is also true, that to shew the dependance of man upon the assistance of heaven, he frequently ascribes the common dictates of wisdom to the Goddesses of it. If we take the act here inspired by *Minerva*, as it lies nakedly in *Homer*, it is no more than a bare command to beg; an act, that needs not the wisdom of a Goddess to command: but we are to understand it as a direction to *Ulysses* how to

Soon as the suitors from the banquet rose, †  
*Minerva* prompts the man of mighty woes  
 To tempt their bounties with a suppliant's art,  
 And learn the gen'rous from th' ignoble heart;  
 (Not but his soul, resentful as humane,  
 Dooms to full vengeance all th' offending train) ‡  
 With speaking eyes, and voice of plaintive sound,  
 Humble he moves, imploring all around. §  
 The proud feel pity, and relief bestow,  
 With such an image touch'd of human woe;  
 Inquiring all, their wonder they confess,  
 And eye the man, majestic in distress.

While thus they gaze and question with their eyes,  
 The bold *Melanthius* to their thought replies.  
 My lords! this stranger of gigantic port  
 The good *Eumæus* usher'd to your court.  
 Full well I mark'd the features of his face,  
 Tho' all unknown his clime, or noble race.

And is this present, swineherd! of thy hand?  
 Bring'st thou these vagrants to infest the land?  
 (Returns *Antinous* with retorted eye)  
 Objects uncouth! to check the genial joy.  
 Enough of these our court already grace,  
 Of giant stomach, and of famish'd face.  
 Such guests *Eumæus* to his country brings,  
 To share our feast, and lead the life of kings.

To

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behave before the suitors upon his first appearance, how to carry on his disguise so artfully as to prevent all suspicions, and take his measures so effectually as to work his own re-establishment: in this light, the command becomes worthy of a Goddess; the act of begging is the only method by which he carries on his design; the consequence of it is the main point in view, namely, the suitors destruction. The rest is only the stratagem, by which he obtains the victory.

‡ A single virtue, or act of humanity, is not a sufficient atonement for a whole life of insolence and oppression; so that although some of the suitors should be found less guilty than the rest, yet they are still too guilty to deserve impunity.

§ *Homer* inserts this particularity to shew the complying nature of *Ulysses* in all fortunes; it is his distinguishing character in the first verse of the *Odyssey*, and it is visible in every part of it. He is an artist in the trade of begging, and knows how to become the lowest, as well as the highest station. *Homer* adds, that the suitors were struck with wonder at the sight of *Ulysses*. This is a compliment *Homer* pays to his hero to represent his port and figure to be such, as though a beggar, struck them with astonishment.



To whom the hospitable swain rejoin'd:  
 Thy passion, prince, belies thy knowing mind.  
 Who calls, from distant nations to his own,  
 The poor, distinguish'd by their wants alone?  
 Round the wide world are sought those men divine,  
 Who public structures raise, or who design;\*  
 Those to whose eyes the Gods their ways reveal,  
 Or bless with salutary arts to heal;  
 But chief to poets such respect belongs,  
 By rival nations courted for their songs;  
 These states invite, and mighty kings admire,  
 Wide as the sun displays his vital fire.  
 It is not so with want! how few that feed  
 A wretch unhappy, merely for his need?  
 Unjust to me and all that serve the state,  
 To love *Ulysses* is to raise thy hate.  
 For me, suffice the approbation won  
 Of my great mistress, and her god-like son.

To him *Telemachus*. No more incense  
 The man by nature prone to insolence:  
 Injurious minds just answers but provoke—  
 Then turning to *Antinous*, thus he spoke.  
 Thanks to thy care! whose absolute command  
 Thus drives the stranger from our court and land.  
 Heav'n bless it's owner with a better mind!  
 From envy free, to charity inclin'd.  
 This both *Penelope* and I afford:  
 Then, prince! be bounteous of *Ulysses*' board.  
 To give another's is thy hand so slow?  
 So much more sweet, to spoil, than to bestow?  
 Whence, great *Telemachus*! this lofty strain?  
 (*Antinous* cries with insolent disdain)  
 Portions like mine if ev'ry suitor gave,  
 Our walls this twelvemonth should not see the slave.

He spoke, and lifting high above the board  
 His pond'rous footstool, shook it at his lord.

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\* This is an evidence of the great honour anciently paid to persons eminent in mechanic arts: the architect, and public artisans, are joined with the prophet, physician, and poet, who were esteemed almost with a religious veneration, and looked upon as public blessings. Honour was anciently given to men in proportion to the benefits they brought to society: a useless great man is a burthen to the earth, while the meanest artisan is beneficial to his fellow-creatures, and useful in his generation.

† *Ulysses* here acts with a prudent dissimulation; he pretends not to have understood the irony of *Antinous*, nor to have observed his preparation to strike him: and therefore proceeds as if he apprehended no danger. This at once shews the patience of *Ulysses* who is inured to sufferings, and gives founda-

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The rest with equal hand conferr'd the bread;  
 He fill'd his scrip, and to the threshold sped;  
 But first before *Antinous* stop'd, and said.  
 Bestow, my friend! thou dost not seem the worst  
 Of all the *Greeks*, but prince-like and the first;†  
 Then as in dignity, be first in worth,  
 And I shall praise thee thro' the boundless earth.  
 Once I enjoy'd in luxury of state  
 Whate'er gives man the envy'd name of great;  
 Wealth, servants, friends, were mine in better days;  
 And hospitality was then my praise;  
 In ev'ry sorrowing soul I pour'd delight,  
 And poverty stood smiling in my sight.  
 But *Jove*, all-governing, whose only will  
 Determines fate, and mingles good with ill,  
 Sent me (to punish my pursuit of gain)  
 With roving pirates o'er th' *Egyptian* main:  
 By *Egypt*'s silver flood our ships we moor;  
 Our spies commission'd strait the coast explore;  
 But impotent of mind, with lawless will  
 The country ravage, and the natives kill.  
 The spreading clamour to their city flies,  
 And horse and foot in mingled tumult rise:  
 The red'ning dawn reveals the hostile fields  
 Horrid with bristly spears, and gleaming shields:  
*Jove* thunder'd on their side: our guilty head  
 We turn'd to flight; the gath'ring vengeance spread  
 On all parts round, and heaps on heaps lay dead.  
 Some few the foes in servitude detain;  
 Death ill exchang'd for bondage and for pain!  
 Unhappy me a *Cyprian* took a-board,  
 And gave to *Dmetor*, *Cyprus*' haughty lord:  
 Hither, to 'scape his chains, my course I steer,  
 Still curs'd by fortune, and insulted here!

To whom *Antinous* thus his rage express'd.  
 What God has plagu'd us with this gormand guest?  
 Unless

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tion for the punishment of *Antinous* in the conclusion of the *Odyssey*. It is observable that *Ulysses* gives his own history in the same words as in the fourteenth book, yet varies from it in the conclusion; he there spoke to *Eumæus*, and *Eumæus* is here present, and hears the story: how is it then that he does not observe the falsification of *Ulysses*, and conclude him to be an impostor? We answer, that *Ulysses* makes the deviation, trusting to the judgment of *Eumæus*; who might conclude that there was some good reason why he forbears to let *Antinous* into the full history of his life; especially, because he was an enemy both to *Ulysses* and *Eumæus*: he might therefore easily reflect, that the difference of his story arose from prudence and design, rather than from imposture and falsehood.



Unless at distance, wretch! thou keep behind,  
 Another isle than *Cyprus* more unkind,  
 Another *Ægypt*, shalt thou quickly find.  
 From all thou beg'st, a bold audacious slave;  
 Nor all can give so much as thou canst crave.  
 Nor wonder I, at such profusion shown;  
 Shameless they give, who give what's not their own.

The chief, retiring. Souls like that in thee,  
 Ill suit such forms of grace and dignity.  
 Nor will that hand to utmost need afford  
 The smallest portion of a wasteful board,  
 Whose luxury whole patrimonies sweeps,  
 Yet starving Want, amidst the riot, weeps.

The haughty suitor with resentment burns,  
 And sowl'ly smiling, this reply returns.  
 Take that, ere yet thou quit this princely throng:  
 And dumb for ever be thy sland'rous tongue!  
 He said, and high the whirling tripod flung.  
 His shoulder-blade receiv'd th'ungentle shock:  
 He stood, and mov'd not, like a marble rock;  
 But shook his thoughtful head, nor more complain'd,  
 Sedate of soul, his character sustain'd,  
 And inly form'd revenge: then back withdrew;  
 Before his feet the well-fill'd scip he threw,  
 And thus with semblance mild address'd the crew.

May what I speak your princely minds approve,  
 Ye peers and rivals in this noble love!  
 Not for the hurt I grieve, but for the cause.\*  
 If when the sword our country's quarrel draws,  
 Or if defending what is justly dear,  
 From *Mars* impartial some broad wound we bear;  
 The gen'rous motive dignifies the scar.  
 But for meer want, how hard to suffer wrong?  
 Want brings enough of other ills along!

## NOTES.

\* The reasoning of *Ulysses* in the original is not without some obscurity: for how can it be affirmed, that it is no great affliction to have our property invaded, and to be wounded in the defence of it? The beggar who suffers for asking an alms, has no injury done him, except the violence offered to his person; but it is a double injury, to suffer both in our persons and properties. We must therefore suppose that *Ulysses* means, that the importance of the cause, when our rights are invaded, is equal to the danger, and that we ought to suffer wounds, or even death, in defence of it; and that a brave man grieves not at such laudable adventures. Or perhaps *Ulysses* speaks only with respect to *Antinous*, and means that it is a greater injury to offer violence to the poor and the stranger, than to persons of greater fortunes and station.

† We have already observed, that it was the opi-

Yet if injustice never be secure,  
 If fiends revenge, and Gods assert the poor,  
 Death shall lay low the proud aggressor's head,  
 And make the dust *Antinous'* bridal bed.

Peace, wretch! and eat thy bread without offence,  
 (The suitor cry'd) or force shall drag thee hence,  
 Scourge thro' the public street, and cast thee there,  
 A mangled carcase for the hounds to tear.

His furious deed the gen'ral anger mov'd,  
 All, ev'n the worst, condemn'd; and some reprov'd.  
 Was ever chief for wars like these renown'd?  
 Ill fits the stranger and the poor to wound.  
 Unblest thy hand! if in this low disguise  
 Wander, perhaps, some inmate of the skies;  
 They (curious oft of mortal actions) deign †  
 In forms like these, to round the earth and main,  
 Just and unjust recording in their mind,  
 And with sure eyes inspecting all mankind.

*Telemachus* absorpt in thought severe, †  
 Nourish'd deep anguish, tho' he shed no tear;  
 But the dark brow of silent sorrow shook:  
 While thus his mother to her virgins spoke.  
 "On him and his may the bright God of day  
 "That base, inhospitable blow repay!"  
 The nurse replies: "If *Jove* receives my pray'r,  
 "Not one survives to breathe to-morrow's air."

All, all are foes, and mischief is their end;  
*Antinous* most to gloomy death a friend;  
 (Replies the queen) the stranger begg'd their grace,  
 And melting pity soften'd ev'ry face;  
 From ev'ry other hand redress he found,  
 But fell *Antinous* answer'd with a wound.  
 Amidst her maids thus spoke the prudent queen,  
 Then bad *Eumæus* call the pilgrim in.

Much.

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nion of the ancients, that the the Gods frequently assumed an human shape. It is observable, that *Homer* puts this remarkable truth into the mouth of the suitors, to shew that it was certain and undeniable, when it is attested even by such persons as had no piety or religion.

† This is spoken with particular judgment; *Telemachus* is here to act the part of a wise man, not of a tender son; he restrains his tears lest they should betray his father, it being improbable that he should weep for a vagabond and beggar. We find he has profited by the instruction of *Ulysses*, and practises the injunctions given in the former book. *Telemachus* struggles against the yearnings of nature, and shews himself to be a master of his passions; he must therefore be thought to exert an act of wisdom, not of insensibility.



Much of th' experienc'd man I long to hear,  
If or his certain eye, or list'ning ear.  
Have learn'd the fortunes of my wand'ring lord?  
Thus she, and good *Eumæus* took the word.

A private audience if thy grace impart,  
The stranger's words may ease the royal heart:  
His sacred eloquence in balm distils,  
And the sooth'd heart with secret pleasure fills.  
Three days have spent their beams, three nights have run  
Their silent journey, since his tale begun,  
Unfinish'd yet, and yet I thirst to hear!  
As when some heav'n-taught poet charms the ear,  
(Suspending sorrow with celestial strain  
Breath'd from the Gods to soften human pain)  
Time steals away with unregarded wing,  
And the soul hears him, tho' he cease to sing.

*Ulysses* late he saw, on *Cretan* ground,  
(His father's guest) for *Minos*' birth renown'd.\*  
He now but waits the wind to waft him o'er  
With boundless treasure, from *Thresprotia*'s shore.

To this the queen. The wand'rer let me hear,  
While yon luxurious race indulge their cheer,

## NOTES.

\* *Minos* was the son of *Jupiter* and *Europa*, who was fabled to be carried by a bull (that is, in a ship called the bull, or that had the image of a bull carved upon it's prow) into *Crete*: here *Minos* reigned, and built many cities: he established many laws among the *Cretans*; he also provided a navy, by which he subdued many of the adjacent islands. The expression in the *Greek* will bear a twofold sense; and implies either, where *Minos* was born, or where the descendants of *Minos* reign; for *Idomeneus*, who governed *Crete* in the days of *Ulysses*, was a descendant of *Minos*, from his son *Deucalion*. *Homer* mentions it as an honour to *Crete*, to have given birth to so great a law-giver as *Minos*; and it is universally true, that every great man is an honour to his country: *Athens* did not give reputation to learned men, but learned men to *Athens*.

† Sneezing was reckoned ominous both by the *Greeks* and *Romans*. While *Penelope* uttered these words, *Telemachus* sneezes; *Penelope* accepts the omen, and expects the words to be verified. The original of the veneration paid to sneezing is this: the head is the most sacred part of the body, the seat of thought and reason: now the sneeze coming from the head, the ancients looked upon it as a sign or omen, and believed it to be sent by *Jupiter*; therefore they regarded it with a kind of adoration: the reader will have a full idea of the nature of the omen of sneezing here mentioned, from a singular

Devour the grazing ox and browsing goat,  
And turn my gen'rous vintage down their throat.  
For where's an arm, like thine *Ulysses* strong,  
To curb wild riot, and to punish wrong?

She spoke. *Telemachus* then sneez'd aloud; †  
Constrain'd, his nostril echo'd thro' the crowd.  
The smiling queen the happy omen blest:

"So may these impious fall, by fate oppress!"  
Then to *Eumæus*: Bring the stranger, fly!

And if my questions meet a true reply,  
Grac'd with a decent robe he shall retire,  
A gift in season which his wants require.

Thus spoke *Penelope*. *Eumæus* flies  
In duteous haste, and to *Ulysses* cries.

The queen invites thee, venerable guest!  
A secret instinct moves her troubled breast  
Of her long absent lord from thee to gain  
Some light, and sooth her soul's eternal pain.

If true, if faithful thou, her grateful mind.  
Of decent robes a present has design'd;

So finding favour in her royal eye,  
Thy other wants her subjects shall supply.

Fair

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instance in *lib. 3.* of *Xenophon* in his expedition of *Cyrus*. *Xenophon* having ended a short speech to his oldiers with these words, viz. "We have many reasons to hope for preservation;" they were scarce uttered, when a soldier sneezed: the whole army took the omen, and at once paid adoration to the Gods; then *Xenophon* resuming his discourse, proceeded, "Since my fellow-soldiers, at the mention of our preservation, *Jupiter* has sent this omen, &c." So that *Xenophon* fully explains *Homer*. Sneezing was likewise reckoned ominous by the *Romans*, as appears from *Catullus* and *Propertius*. We find in all these instances that sneezing was constantly received as a good omen, or as a sign of approbation from the Gods. In these ages we pay an idle superstition to sneezing, but it is ever looked upon as a bad omen, and we cry *God bless you*, upon hearing it. We are told this custom arose from a mortal distemper that affected the head, and threw the patient into convulsive sneezings, that occasioned his death. *Homer* expresses the loudness of the sneezing, to give a reason why *Penelope* heard it, she being in an apartment at some distance from *Telemachus*. The sneezing likewise gives the reason why *Penelope* immediately commands *Eumæus* to introduce the beggar into her presence; the omen gave her hopes to hear of *Ulysses*, she saw the beggar was a stranger, and a traveller, and therefore expected he might be able to give her some information.



Fair truth alone (the patient man reply'd)  
 My words shall dictate, and my lips shall guide.  
 To him, to me, one common lot was giv'n,\*  
 In equal woes, alas! involv'd by heav'n.  
 Much of his fates I know; but check'd by fear  
 I stand: the hand of violence is here:  
 Here boundless wrongs the starry skies invade,  
 And injur'd suppliants seek in vain for aid.  
 Let for a space the pensive queen attend,  
 Nor claim my story till the sun descend;  
 Then in such robes as suppliants may require,  
 Compos'd and chearful by the genial fire,  
 When loud uproar and lawless riot cease,  
 Shall her pleas'd ear receive my words in peace.

Swift to the queen returns the gentle swain:  
 And say, (the cries) does fear, or shame, detain  
 The cautious stranger? With the begging kind  
 Shame suits but ill. *Eumæus* thus rejoind:

He only asks a more propitious hour,  
 And shuns (who would not?) wicked men in pow'r;  
 At ev'ning mild (meet season to confer)  
 By turns to question, and by turns to hear.

Whoe'er this guest, (the prudent queen replies)  
 His ev'ry step and ev'ry thought is wise.

## NOTES.

\* These words bear a double sense, one applicable to the speaker, the other to the reader: the reader, who knows this beggar to be *Ulysses*, is pleased with the concealed meaning, and hears with pleasure the beggar affirming that he is fully instructed in the misfortunes of *Ulysses*: but speaking in the character of a beggar, he keeps *Eumæus* in ignorance, who

For men like these on earth he shall not find,  
 In all the miscreant race of human kind.

Thus she. *Eumæus* all her words attends,  
 And parting, to the suitor pow'rs descends:  
 There seeks *Telemachus*, and thus apart  
 In whispers breathes the fondness of his heart.

The time, my lord, invites me to repair  
 Hence to the lodge; my charge demands my care.  
 These sons of murder thirst thy life to take;  
 O guard it, guard it, for thy servant's sake!

Thanks to my friend, he cries; but now the hour  
 Of night draws on, go seek the rural bow'r:  
 But first refresh: and at the dawn of day  
 Hither a victim to the Gods convey.

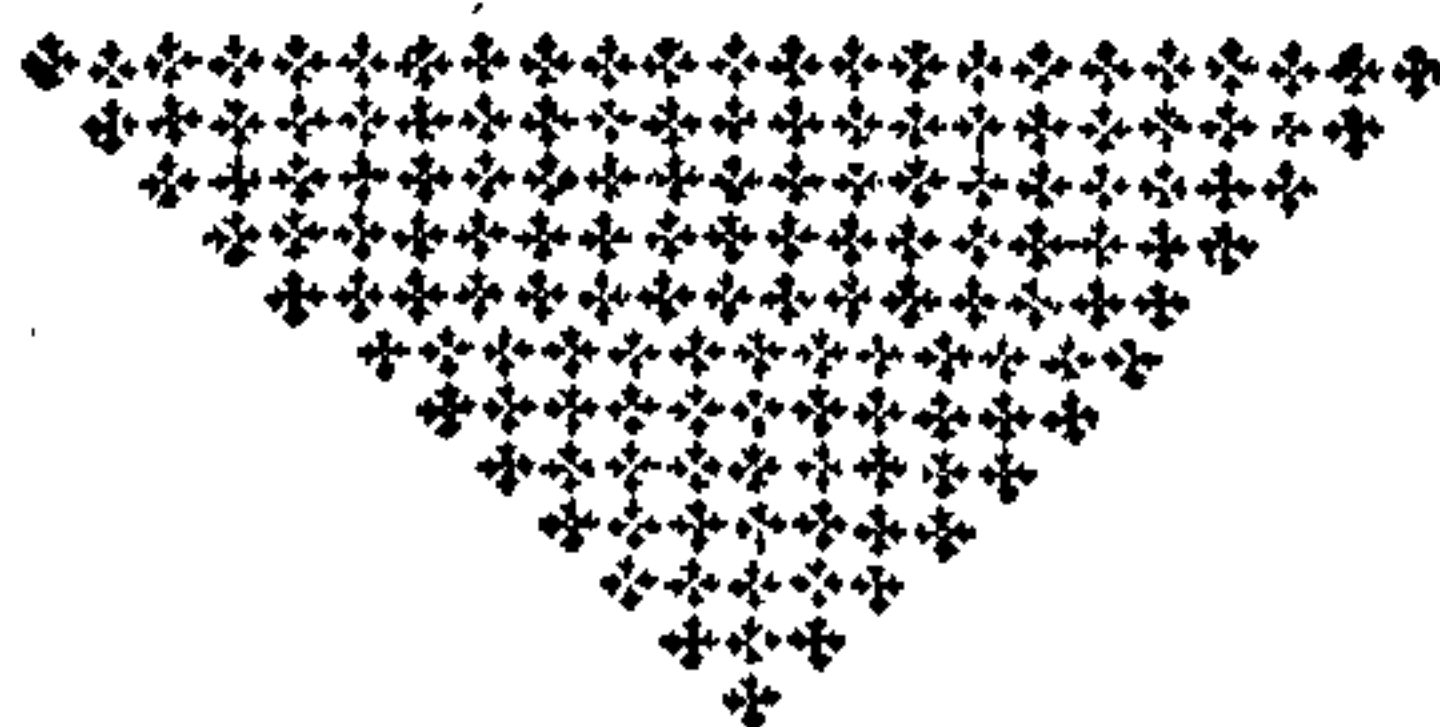
Our life to heav'n's immortal pow'rs we trust,  
 Safe in their care, for heav'n protects the just.

Observant of his voice, *Eumæus* sat  
 And sed recumbent on a chair of state.  
 Then instant rose, and as he mov'd along  
 'Twas riot all amid the suitor-throng,  
 They feast, they dance, and raise the mirthful song.  
 Till now declining tow'rd the close of day,  
 The sun obliquely shot his dewy ray.

## NOTES.

believes he is reciting the adventures of a friend, while he really gives his own history.

This book does not fully comprehend the space of one day: it begins with the morning, and ends before night, so that the time here mentioned by the poet, is the evening of the thirty-ninth day.





## The EIGHTEENTH BOOK of the ODYSSEY.

## A R G U M E N T.

## THE FIGHT OF ULYSSES AND IRUS.

*The beggar Irus insults Ulysses; the suitors promote the quarrel, in which Irus is worsted, and miserably handled. Penelope descends, and receives the presents of the suitors. The dialogue of Ulysses with Eury-machus.*

WHILE fix'd in thought the pensive hero  
 sat,  
 A mendicant approach'd the royal gate; \*  
 A surly vagrant of the giant kind,  
 The stain of manhood, of a coward mind:  
 From feast to feast, infatiate to devour  
 He flew, attendant on the genial hour;  
 When on his mother's knees a babe he lay,  
 She nam'd *Arnæus* on his natal day,  
 But *Irus* his associates call'd the boy,  
 Practis'd, the common messenger to fly,  
*Irus*, a name expressive of th' employ. †

## NOTES.

\* *Homer* has been severely blamed for describing *Ulysses*, a king, entering the lists with a beggar, and demeaning himself by engaging with an unequal adversary. The objection would be unanswerable, if *Ulysses* appeared in his royal character: but it is as necessary in epic poetry as on the theatre to adapt the behaviour of every person to the character he is to represent, whether real or imaginary. Would it not have been ridiculous to have represented him, while he was disguised in the garb of a beggar, refusing the combat, because he knew himself to be a king? and would not such a conduct have endanger-

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From his own roof with meditated blows  
 He strove to drive the man of mighty woes.  
 Hence dotard, hence! and timely speed thy way,  
 Lest dragg'd in vengeance, thou repent thy stay;  
 See how with nods assent yon princely train?  
 But honouring age, in mercy I refrain;  
 In peace away! lest if persuasions fail,  
 This arm with blows more eloquent prevail.  
 To whom with stern regards: O insolence,  
 Indecently to rail without offence!  
 What bounty gives, without a rival share,  
 I ask, what harms not thee, to breathe this air:

Alike

## NOTES.

ed a discovery? Ought we not rather to look upon this episode as an instance of the greatness of the calamities of *Ulysses*, who is reduced to such uncommon extremities as to be set upon a level with the meanest of wretches?

† To understand this, we must have recourse to the derivation of the word *Irus*; it comes from a *Greek* word, which signifies *to carry*; *Irus* was therefore so called, because he was a public messenger; and *Iris* bears that name, as the messenger of the Gods.



Alike on alms we both precarious live:  
 And canst thou envy, when the great relieve?  
 Know from the bounteous heav'n's all riches flow,  
 And what man gives, the Gods by man bestow;  
 Proud as thou art, henceforth no more be proud,  
 Lest I imprint my vengeance in thy blood;  
 Old as I am, should once my fury burn,  
 How wouldst thou fly, nor ev'n in thought return!

Mere woman-glutton! (thus the churl reply'd)  
 A tongue so flippant, with a throat so wide!  
 Why cease I, Gods! to dash those teeth away,\*  
 Like some vile swine's, that greedy of his prey  
 Uproots the bearded corn? rise, try the fight,  
 Gird well thy loins, approach, and feel my might;†  
 Sure of defeat, before the peers engage;  
 Unequal fight! when youth contends with age!

Thus in a wordy war their tongues display  
 More fierce intents, preluding to the fray;  
*Antinous* hears, and in a jovial vein,  
 Thus with loud laughter to the suitor-train.

This happy day in mirth, my friends employ,  
 And lo! the Gods conspire to crown our joy.  
 See ready for the fight, and hand to hand,  
 Yon surly mendicants contentious stand;  
 Why urge we not to blows? Well-pleas'd thy spring  
 Swift from their seats, and thick'ning form a ring.

To whom *Antinous*. Lo! enrich'd with blood,  
 A kid's well fated entrails (tasteful food!)  
 On glowing embers lie; on him bestow  
 The choicest portion who subdues his foe;  
 Grant him unrival'd in these walls to stray,  
 The sole attendant on the genial day.

The lords applaud: *Ulysses* then with art,  
 And fears well-feign'd, disguis'd his dauntless heart:

## NOTES.

\* These words refer to a custom that prevailed in former ages; it was allowed to strike out the teeth of any beast which the owner found in his grounds. This was a custom of law among the people of *Cyprus*; and from what *Homer* here speaks, it seems to have been a general practice; at least it was in use among the *Ithacans*.

† We may gather from hence the manner of the single combat; the champions fought naked, and only made use of a cincture round the loins out of decency.

‡ This is a very necessary precaution: *Ulysses* had reason to apprehend that the suitors would interest themselves in the cause of *Irus*, who was their daily attendant, rather than in that of a perfect stranger. *Homer* takes care to point out the prudence of *Ulysses* upon every emergence: besides, he raises this fray

Worn as I am with age, decay'd with woe,  
 Say, is it baseness, to decline the foe?  
 Hard conflict! when calamity and age  
 With vigorous youth, unknown to cares, engage!  
 Yet fearful of disgrace, to try the day  
 Imperious hunger bids, and I obey;  
 But swear, impartial arbiters of right,‡  
 Swear, to stand neutral while we cope in fight.

The peers assent: when strait his sacred head  
*Telemachus* uprais'd, and sternly said:

Stranger, if prompted to chastise the wrong  
 Of this bold insolent, confide, be strong!  
 Th' injurious *Greek* that dares attempt a blow,  
 That instant makes *Telemachus* his foe;  
 And these my § friends shall guard the sacred ties||  
 Of hospitality, for they are wise.

Then girding his strong loins, the king prepares  
 To close in combat, and his body bares;  
 Broad spread his shoulders, and his nervous thighs  
 By just degrees like well-turn'd columns rise:  
 Ample his chest, his arms are round and long,  
 And each strong joint *Minerva* knit more strong,  
 (Attendant on her chief:) the suitor-crowd  
 With wonder gaze, and gazing speak aloud:

*Irus*, alas! shall *Irus* be no more,  
 Black fate impends, and this th' avenging hour!  
 Gods! how his nerves a matchless strength proclaim,  
 Swell o'er his well-strung limbs, and brace his frame!

Then pale with fears, and sick'ning at the sight,  
 They dragg'd th' unwilling *Irus* to the fight;  
 From his blank visage fled the coward blood,  
 And his flesh trembled as aghast he stood.

O that such baseness should disgrace the light!¶  
 O hide it, death, in everlasting night!

(Exclaims

## NOTES.

between two beggars into some dignity, by requiring the sanction of an oath to regulate the laws of the combat. It is the same solemnity used in the *Iliad* between *Paris* and *Menelaus*, and represents these combatants engaging with the formality of two heroes.

§ *Antinous* and *Eurymachus*.

|| When *Telemachus* speaks these words, he is to be supposed to turn to *Eurymachus* and *Antinous*, to whom he directs his discourse. It must be allowed that this is an artful piece of flattery in *Telemachus*, and he makes use of it to engage these two princes, who were the chief of the suitors, on his side.

¶ We shall here give an instance of the deep penetration of some critics in their comments upon these words; they have found in them the philosophy of *Pythagoras*, and the transmigration of souls.

The



(Exclaims *Antinous*) can a vigorous foe  
Meanly decline to combat age and woe?  
But hear me, wretch! if recreant in the fray,  
That huge bulk yield this ill contested day,  
Instant thou sail'st, to *Echetus* resign'd,\*  
A tyrant, fiercest of the tyrant kind,  
Who cast thy mangled ears and nose a prey  
To hungry dogs, and lops the man away.

While with indignant scorn he sternly spoke,  
In ev'ry joint the trembling *Irus* shook;  
Now front to front each frowning champion stands,  
And poises high in air his adverse hands.  
The chief yet doubts, or to the shades below  
To fell the giant at one vengeful blow,  
Or save his life; and soon his life to save  
The king resolves, for mercy sways the brave.  
That instant *Irus* his huge arm extends,  
Full on the shoulder the rude weight descends:  
The sage *Ulysses*, fearful to disclose  
The hero latent in the man of woes,  
Check'd half his might; yet rising to the stroke,  
His jaw-bone dash'd; the crashing jaw-bone  
broke:

Down drop'd he stupid from the stunning wound,  
His feet extended, quiv'ring beat the ground,  
His mouth and nostrils spout a purple flood,  
His teeth all shatter'd rush inmix'd with blood.

The peers transported, as outstretch'd he lies,  
With bursts of laughter rend the vaulted skies.  
Then dragg'd along, all bleeding from the wound,  
His length of carcass trailing prints the ground;  
Rais'd on his feet, again he reels, he falls,  
Till propp'd reclining on the palace walls;

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The verse in *Homer* they imagine is to be understood after this manner; *I wish thou hadst never been born! and mayest thou never exist again, or have a second being!* To recite such an absurdity, is to refute it. The verse when literally rendered bears this import; *I wish thou wert now dead, or hadst never been born!* an imprecation very natural to persons in anger, who seldom give themselves time to speak with profound allusions to philosophy.

\* The tradition concerning *Echetus* stands thus: he was king of *Epirus*, the son of *Euchenor* and *Phlogæa*; he had a daughter called *Metopè*, or as others affirm *Amphissa*; she being corrupted by *Echmodicus*, *Echetus* put out her eyes, and condemned her to grind pieces of iron made in the resemblance of corn; and told her she should receive her sight when she had ground the iron into flour. He invited *Echmodicus* to an entertainment, and cut off the extremities from all parts of his body, and cast

Then to his hand a staff the victor gave,  
And thus with just reproach address'd the slave:  
There terrible, affright the dogs, and reign  
A dreadful tyrant o'er the bestial train!  
But mercy to the poor and stranger show,  
Lest heav'n in vengeance send some mightier woe.

Scornful he spoke, and o'er his shoulder flung  
The broad patch'd scrip; the scrip in tatters hung  
Ill join'd, and knotted to a twisted thong.

Then turning short disdain'd a further stay,  
But to the palace measur'd back the way.

There as he rested, gath'ring in a ring  
The peers with smiles address their unknown king:

Stranger, may *Jove* and all th' aerial pow'rs  
With ev'ry blessing crown thy happy hours!  
Our freedom to thy prowess'd arm we owe  
From bold intrusion of thy coward foe;  
Instant the flying sail the slave shall wing  
To *Echetus*, the monster of a king.

While pleas'd he hears, *Antinous* bears the food,  
A kid's well fatted entrails, rich with blood:  
The bread from canisters of shining mould  
*Amphinomus*; and wines that laugh in gold,  
And oh! (he mildly cries) may heav'n display  
A beam of glory o'er thy future day!  
Alas! the brave too oft is doom'd to bear  
The gripes of poverty, and stings of care.

To whom with thought mature the king replies:  
The tongue speaks wisely, when the soul is wise;  
Such was thy father! in imperial state,  
Great without vice, that oft attends the great:  
Nor from the fire art thou the son declin'd;  
Then hear my words, and grave them in thy mind!†

Of

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them to the dogs; at length being seized with madness, he fed upon his own flesh, and died.

† There never was a finer lecture of morality read in any of the schools of the philosophers, than this which *Ulysses* delivers to *Amphinomus*; he ushers it in with great solemnity, and speaks to all mankind in the person of *Amphinomus*. It is quoted by a variety of authors. *Homer* considers man both with respect to the errors of the mind, and the calamities incident to the body; and upon a review of all mortal creatures, he attributes to man the unhappy superiority in miseries. But indeed *Homer* is so plain that he needs no interpretation, and any words but his own must disgrace him. Besides, this speech is beautiful in another view, and excellently sets forth the forgiving temper of *Ulysses*: he saw that all the sparks of virtue and humanity were not extinguished in *Amphinomus*; he therefore warns him with great solemnity to forsake the suitors; he imprints conviction

tion



Of all that breathes or groveling creeps on earth,  
Most vain is man! calamitous by birth;  
To-day with pow'r elate, in strength he blooms;  
The haughty creature on that pow'r presumes:  
Anon from heav'n a sad reverse he feels;  
Untaught to bear, 'gainst heav'n the wretch rebels.  
For man is changeful as his blifs or woe, \*  
Too high when prosp'rous, when distressed too low.  
There was a day, when with the scornful great  
I swell'd in pomp and arrogance of state;  
Proud of the pow'r that to high birth belongs;  
And us'd that pow'r to justify my wrongs.  
Then let not man be proud: but firm of mind,  
Bear the best humbly, and the worst resign'd;  
Be dumb when heav'n afflicts! unlike yon train  
Of haughty spoilers, insolently vain;  
Who make their queen and all her wealth a prey:  
But vengeance and *Ulysses* wing their way.  
O may'st thou, favour'd by some guardian pow'r,  
Far, far be distant in that deathful hour!  
For sure I am, if stern *Ulysses* breathe,  
These lawless riots end in blood and death.

Then to the Gods the rosy juice he pours,  
And the drain'd goblet to the chief restores.  
Stung to the soul, o'ercastr with holy dread,  
He shook the graceful honours of his head;  
His boding mind the future woe forestalls,  
In vain! by great *Telemachus* he falls,

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tion upon his mind, though ineffectually, and shews by it that when he falls by the hand of *Ulysses* in the succeeding parts of the *Odyssy*, his death is not a revenge but a punishment.

\* It must be allowed, that *Homer* gives a very unhappy, yet too just a picture, of human nature: man is too apt to be proud and insolent in prosperity, and mean and abject in adversity; and those men who are most overbearing in an happy state, are always most base and mean in the day of affliction.

† This is solely the act of *Minerva*, for *Penelope* is ignorant that she is to appear before her husband. This interview is excellently managed by *Homer*: *Ulysses* is to be convinced of his wife's fidelity; to bring this about, he introduces her upon the public stage, where her husband stands as a common unconcerned spectator, and hears her express her love for him in the warmest terms; here is no room for art or design, because she is ignorant that she speaks before *Ulysses*; and therefore her words must be supposed to proceed from the heart. This gives us a reason why *Homer* makes her dwell at large upon her passion for *Ulysses*, and paint it in the strongest colours, viz. to evidence her chastity, and urge

For *Pallas* seals his doom: all sad he turns  
To join the peers, resumes his throne, and mourns.

Meanwhile *Minerva* with instinctive fires  
Thy soul, *Penelope*, from heav'n inspires;  
With flatt'ring hopes the suitors to betray,  
And seem to meet, yet fly, the bridal day,  
Thy husband's wonder, and thy son's, to raise. †  
And crown the mother and the wife with praise,  
Then, while the streaming sorrow dims her eyes,  
Thus with a transient smile the matron cries.

*Eurynome*! to go where riot reigns  
I feel an impulse, tho' my soul distains;  
To my lov'd son the snares of death to shew,  
And in the traitor friend unmask the foe;  
Who smooth of tongue, in purpose insincere,  
Hides fraud in smiles, while death is ambush'd there.

Go warn thy son, nor be the warning vain,  
(Reply'd the sagest of the royal train)

But bath'd, anointed, and adorn'd descend;  
Pow'rful of charms, bid ev'ry grace attend;  
The tide of flowing tears awhile suppress;  
Tears but indulge the sorrow, not repress.  
Some joy remains: to thee a son is giv'n,  
Such as in fondness parents ask of heav'n.

Ah me! forbear, returns the queen, forbear;  
Oh! talk not, talk not of vain beauty's care!  
No more I bathe, since he no longer sees  
Those charms, for whom alone I wish'd to please.

The

## NOTES.

*Ulysses* to hasten the destruction of the suitors, by convincing him that she is able no longer to elude the marriage hour. But then it may be objected, if *Penelope's* sole design was to give a false hope to the suitors, does she not take a very wrong method, by speaking so very tenderly of *Ulysses*? is not this a more probable reason for despair, than hope? It is true, it would have been so, if in the conclusion of her speech she had not artfully added,

*But when my son grows man, the royal sway  
Resign, and happy be thy bridal day!*

So that *Telemachus* being now grown up to maturity, the suitors concluded that the nuptial hour was at hand. If then we consider the whole conduct of *Penelope* in this book, it must be allowed to be very refined and artful; she observes a due regard towards *Ulysses*, by shewing she is not to be persuaded to marry; and yet by the same words she gives the suitors hopes that the day is almost come when she intends to celebrate her nuptials; she manages so dexterously, as to persuade without a promise; and for this reason the words are put into the mouth of *Ulysses*, and it is *Ulysses* who gives the hopes, rather than *Penelope*.





*The Suitors of Penelope having in vain endeavour'd to use the Bow of Ulysses, the Queen & Telemachus deliver it into the hands of Ulysses, who immediately bends it & shoots thro' all the Rings.*

*Oliver Sculp<sup>t</sup>*



The day that bore *Ulysses* from this coast,  
 Blasted the little bloom these cheeks could boast.  
 But instant bid *Autonoë* descend,  
 Instant *Hippodamè* our steps attend;  
 Ill suits it, female virtue to be seen  
 Alone indecent, in the walks of men.

Then while *Eurynomè* the mandate bears,  
 From heav'n *Minerva* shoots with guardian cares:  
 O'er all her senses, as the couch she preſt,  
 She pours a pleasing, deep, and death-like reſt,\*  
 With ev'ry beauty ev'ry feature arms,  
 Bids her cheeks glow, and lights up all her charms,  
 In her love-darting eyes awakes the fires,  
 (Immortal gifts! to kindle ſoft deſires)  
 From limb to limb an air maſtetic ſheds,  
 And the pure ivory o'er her boſom ſpreads,  
 Such *Venus* ſhines, when with a meaſur'd bound  
 She ſmoothly gliding ſwims th' harmonious round,  
 When with the graces in the dance ſhe moves,  
 And fires the gazing Gods with ardent loves.

Then to the ſkies her flight *Minerva* bends,†  
 And to the queen the damſel train deſcends:  
 Wak'd at their ſteps, her flowing eyes uncloſe;  
 The tear ſhe wipes, and thus renews her woes.

Howe'er 'tis well! that ſleep awhile can free  
 With ſoft forgetfulneſs, a wretch like me;  
 Oh! were it giv'n to yield this tranſient breath,  
 Send, O *Diana*! ſend the ſleep of death!  
 Why muſt I waſte a tedious life in tears,  
 Nor bury in the ſilent grave my cares?  
 O my *Ulyſſes*! ever-honour'd name!  
 For thee I mourn till death diſſolves my frame.

Thus wailing, ſlow and ſadly ſhe deſcends,  
 On either hand a damſel train attends:  
 Full where the dome it's ſhining valves expands,  
 Radiant before the gazing peers ſhe ſtands;  
 A veil tranſlucent o'er her brow diſplay'd,  
 Her beauty ſeems, and only ſeems, to ſhade:

## NOTES.

\* This is an admirable ſtroke of art, to ſhew the determined reſolution of *Penelope*, to forbear the endeavour of making her perſon agreeable in any eyes but thoſe of *Ulyſſes*: a Goddeſs is obliged to caſt her into an involuntary repoſe, and to ſupply an adventitious grace while ſhe ſleeps.

† We ſee *Penelope* is a woman of ſo much wiſdom, as to be the favourite of *Minerva*. She acts in every point with the higheſt diſcretion, and is inſoluble for her huſband; yet the poet forbears to let her into the ſecret that *Ulyſſes* is returned: this is undoubtedly an intended ſatire, and *Homer* means, that a woman in every point diſcrete, is ſtill to be ſuſpected of loquacity: this ſeems to have been the

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Sudden ſhe lightens in their dazzled eyes,  
 And ſudden flames in ev'ry boſom riſe;  
 They ſend their eager ſouls with ev'ry look,  
 Till ſilence thus th' imperial matron broke:  
 O why! my ſon, why now no more appears  
 That warmth of ſoul that urg'd thy younger years?  
 Thy riper days no growing worth impart,  
 A man in ſtature, ſtill a boy in heart!  
 Thy well-knit frame unprofitably ſtrong,  
 Speaks thee an hero from an hero ſprung:  
 But the juſt Gods in vain thoſe gifts beſtow,  
 O wiſe alone in form, and brave in ſhew!  
 Heav'ns! could a ſtranger feel oppreſſion's hand  
 Beneath thy roof, and could'ſt thou tamely ſtand?  
 If thou the ſtranger's righteous cauſe decline,  
 His is the ſuff'rance, but the ſhame is thine.

To whom with filial awe, the prince returns:  
 That gen'rous ſoul with juſt reſentment burns,  
 Yet taught by time, my heart has learn'd to glow,  
 For others good, and melt at others woe:  
 But impotent theſe riots to repel,  
 I bear their outrage, tho' my ſoul rebel:  
 Helpleſs amid the ſnares of death I tread,  
 And numbers leagu'd in impious union dread:  
 But now no crime is their's: this wrong proceeds  
 From *Irus*, and the guilty *Irus* bleeds.‡  
 O would to *Jove*! or her whoſe arms diſplay  
 The ſhield of *Jove*, or him who rules the day!  
 That yon proud ſuitors, who licentious tread  
 Theſe courts, within theſe courts like *Irus* bled:  
 Whoſe looſe head tottering as with wine oppreſt,  
 Obliquely drops, and nodding knocks his breſt;  
 Pow'rleſs to move, his ſtagg'ring feet deny  
 The coward wretch the privilege to fly.

Then to the queen *Eurymachus* replies;  
 O juſtly lov'd, and not more fair than wiſe!  
 Should *Greece* thro' all her hundred ſtates ſurvey  
 Thy finiſh'd charms, all *Greece* would own thy ſway,  
 In

## NOTES.

real ſentiment of *Homer*, which he more fully declares in the eleventh book of the *Odyssey*.

‡ We are here to underſtand the fray between *Irus* and *Ulyſſes*. *Penelope* refers to the violence intended to be offered to *Ulyſſes*, when the footſtool was thrown at him by *Antinous*; we find that ſhe was acquainted with that aſſault from her ſpeech in the preceding book. In reality, the queen was ignorant of the combat between *Irus* and *Ulyſſes*; but *Telemachus* miſunderſtands her with deſign, and makes an apology for the ſuitors, fearing to raiſe a further diſorder, or provoke them to ſome more violent act of reſentment.



In rival crouds contest the glorious prize,  
Disproportioning realms to gaze upon thy eyes:  
O woman! loveliest of the lovely kind,  
In body perfect, and compleat in mind!

Ah me! returns the queen, when from this shore  
*Ulysses* sail'd, then beauty was no more!

The Gods decreed these eyes no more should keep  
Their wonted grace, but only serve to weep.

Should he return, whate'er my beauties prove,  
My virtues last; my brightest charm is love.

Now, grief, thou all art mine! the Gods o'ercast  
My soul with woes, that long, ah long must last!

I so faithfully my heart retains the day

That sadly tore my royal lord away:

He grasp'd my hand, and oh my spouse! I leave  
Thy arms, (he cry'd) perhaps to find a grave:

Fame speaks the *Trojans* bold; they boast the skill

To give the feather'd arrow wings to kill,

To dart the spear, and guide the rushing car

With dreadful inroad thro' the walks of war.

My sentence is gone forth, and 'tis decreed

Perhaps by righteous heav'n that I must bleed!

My father, mother, all, I trust to thee;

To them, to them transfer the love of me:

But when my son grows man, the royal sway

Resign, and happy be thy bridal day!\*

Such were his words; and *Hymen* now prepares

To light his torch, and give me up to cares;

Th' afflictive hand of wrathful *Jove* to bear:

A wretch the most compleat that breathes the air!

Fall'n ev'n below the rights to woman due!

Careless to please, with insolence ye woo!

## NOTES.

\* The original says, *resign the palace to Telemachus*: this is spoken according to the customs of antiquity: the wife, upon her second marriage, being obliged to resign the house to the heir of the family. This circumstance is inserted with great judgment: the suitors were determined to seize it upon marriage with *Penelope*, as appears from the second book of the *Odyssey*. *Penelope* therefore by this declaration gives the suitors to understand, that the palace belonged not to her, but *Telemachus*. This assertion has a double effect; it is intended to make the suitors less warm in their addresses; or if they persist, to set the injustice done to *Telemachus* in open view. The beauty of all the speeches of *Penelope* in this book is so obvious that it needs no explanation; *Homer* gives her a very amiable character, she is good in every relation of life, merciful to the poor and stranger, a tender mother, and an affectionate wife; every period is almost a lecture of morality.

† This conduct may appear somewhat extraordi-

The gen'rous lovers, studious to succeed,  
Bid their whole herds and flocks in banquets bleed;  
By precious gifts the vow sincere display:

You, only you, make her ye love your prey.

Well-pleas'd *Ulysses* hears his queen deceive

The suitor-train, and raise a thirst to give: †

False hopes she kindles, but those hopes betray,

And promise, yet elude the bridal day.

While yet she speaks, the gay *Antinous* cries,  
Offspring of kings, and more than woman wise!

'Tis right; 'tis man's prerogative to give,

And custom bids thee without shame receive::

Yet never, never, from thy dome we move,

Till *Hymen* lights the torch of spousal love.

The peers dispatch their heralds to convey

The gifts of love; with speed they take the way.

*Antobee Antinous* gives of shining dyes,

The varying hues in gay confusion rise

Rich from the artist's hand! twelve clasps of gold

Close to the less'ning waist the vest infold;

Down from the swelling loins, the vest unbound

Floats in bright waves redundant o'er the ground.

A bracelet rich with gold, with amber gay,

That shot effulgence like the solar ray,

*Eurymachus* presents: and ear-rings bright,

With triple stars, that cast a trembling light.

*Pisander* bears a necklace wrought with art;

And ev'ry peer, expressive of his heart,

A gift bestows: this done, the queen ascends,

And slow behind her damsel train attends.

Then to the dance they form the vocal strain,

Till *Hesperus* leads forth the starry train;

And

## NOTES.

nary, both in *Penelope* and *Ulysses*; she not only takes, but asks presents from persons whom she never intends to marry: is not this a sign either of avarice or falshood? and is not *Ulysses* equally guilty, who rejoices at it? But in reality, *Penelope* is no way faulty; she deceives the suitors with hopes of marriage by accepting these presents, but it is for this sole reason that she accepts them; she intends to give them false hopes, and by that method to defer the nuptial hour: it is not injustice, but an equitable reprisal; they had violently wasted her treasures, and she artfully recovers part of them by a piece of refined management. Besides, it was a disgrace to so great a princess to have so many admirers, and never to receive from their hands such presents as custom not only allows, but commands. Neither is *Ulysses* blameable, who rejoices at his wife's policy. He understood her intent, and being artful himself, smiles to see her artfulness.



And now he raises, as the day-light fades,  
His golden circler in the deep'ning shades :  
Three vases heap'd with copious fires display  
O'er all the palace a fictitious day ;  
From space to space the torch wide-beaming burns,  
And sprightly damsels trim the rays by turns.

To whom the king: Ill suits your sex to stay  
Alone with men! ye modest maids, away! \*  
Go, with the queen the spindle guide, or cull  
(The partners of her cares) the silver wool ;  
Be it my task the torches to supply  
Ev'n till the morning lamp adorns the sky ;  
Ev'n till the morning, with unwearied care,  
Sleepless I watch ; for I have learn'd to bear.  
Scornful they heard : *Melantho*, fair and young,  
(*Melantho*, from the loins of *Dolius* sprung,  
Who with the queen her years an infant led ;  
With the soft fondness of a daughter bred)  
Chiefly derides : regardless of the cares  
Her queen endures, polluted joys she shares  
Nocturnal with *Eurymachus* ; with eyes  
That speak disdain, the wanton thus replies.

Oh! whither wanders thy distemper'd brain,  
Thou bold intruder on a princely train ?  
Hence to the vagrant's rendezvous repair ; †  
Or shun in some black forge the midnight air.  
Proceeds this boldness from a turn of soul,  
Or flows licentious from the copious bowl ?  
Is it that vanquish'd *Irus* swells thy mind ?  
A foe may meet thee of a braver kind,  
Who short'ning with a storm of blows thy stay,  
Shall send thee howling all in blood away!

## NOTES.

\* *Homer* is perpetually giving us lessons of decency and morality. It may be thought that this interlude between *Ulysses* and the damsels of *Penelope* is foreign to the action of the *Odyssey* ; but in reality it is far from it: the poet undertook to describe the disorders which the absence of a prince occasions in his family ; this passage is an instance of it ; and *Homer* with good judgment makes these wantons declare their contempt of *Ulysses*, and their favour to the suitors, that we may acknowledge the justice of their punishment in the subsequent parts of the *Odyssey*.

† In *Greece* the beggars in winter retired by night to public forges for their warmth, or to some rendezvous where they entertained themselves as it were in a common assembly.

‡ It may be thought very unjustifiable in *Homer*, to introduce *Minerva* exciting the suitors to violence. But the sentiment is conformable to true theology: and the all-wise author of our being is pleased some-

To whom with frowns : O impudent in wrong !  
Thy lord shall curb that insolence of tongue ;  
Know to *Telemachus* I tell th' offence :  
The scourge, the scourge shall lash thee into sense.  
With conscious shame they hear the stern re-  
buke,

Nor longer durst sustain the sov'reign look.

Then to the servile task the monarch turns  
His royal hands : each torch refulgent burns  
With added day : mean while in museful mood,  
Absorpt in thought, on vengeance fix'd he stood.  
And now the martial maid, by deeper wrongs  
To rouse *Ulysses*, points the suitors tongues : †  
Scornful of age, to taunt the virtuous man,  
Thoughtless and gay, *Eurymachus* began.

Hear me (he cries) confederates and friends !  
Some God no doubt this stranger kindly sends ;  
The shining baldness of his head survey, §  
It aids our torch-light, and reflects the ray.

Then to the king that levell'd haughty *Troy*.  
Say, if large hire can tempt thee to employ.  
Those hands in work ? to tend the rural trade,  
To dress the walk, and form th' embow'ring shade.  
So food and raiment constant will I give :  
But idly thus thy soul prefers to live,  
And starve by strolling, not by work to thrive. }

To whom incens'd : Should we, O prince, engage  
In rival tasks beneath the burning rage  
Of summer suns, were both constrain'd to wield ||  
Foodless, the scythe along the burthen'd field ;  
Or should we labour, while the plowshare wounds  
With steers of equal strength, th' allotted grounds ;  
Beneath

## NOTES.

times to harden the hearts of the wicked ; (or rather to permit them to harden their own hearts) that they may fill up the measure of their crimes, and be ripe for judgment : yet we are not to imagine, that any person is necessitated to be wicked : it is not the hardening the heart that originally makes men impious ; but they are first impious, and then they are delivered over to an hardness of heart.

§ This is very satyrical ; it is drawn from the shining glass of an old man's bald head. We doubt not but *Homer* puts it into the mouth of *Eurymachus* to make him more odious, and to shew us that the same man who invades his prince's property, insults the stranger, and outrages the poor, pays no deference to old age, but is base enough to condemn what he ought to honour. Vice and folly are the province of satire, not human infirmity.

|| We doubt not but such employments as these, now only suitable to low life, will seem mean to many readers, and unworthy of the dignity of epic poetry.



Beneath my labours how thy wond'ring eyes  
Might see the sable field at once arise!  
Should *Jove* dire war unloose, with spear and shield  
And nodding helm, I tread th' ensanguin'd field,  
Fierce in the van: then wouldst thou, wouldst thou  
say,

Misname me glutton in that glorious day?  
No, thy ill-judging thoughts the brave disgrace;  
'Tis thou injurious art, not I am base.  
Proud, to seem brave among a coward train!  
But know thou art not val'rous, but vain.  
Gods! should the stern *Ulysses* rise in might,  
These gates would seem too narrow for thy flight.

While yet he speaks, *Eurymachus* replies,  
With indignation flashing from his eyes.

Slave, I with justice might deserve the wrong,  
Should I not punish that opprobrious tongue,  
Irrev'rent to the great, and uncontroul'd,  
Art thou from wine, or innate folly, bold?  
Perhaps, these outrages from *Irus* flow,  
A worthless triumph o'er a worthless foe!

He said, and with full force a footstool threw:  
Whirl'd from his arm with erring rage it flew;  
*Ulysses*, cautious of the vengeful foe,  
Stoops to the ground, and disappoints the blow.  
Not so a youth who deals the goblet round,  
Full on his shoulder it inflicts a wound,  
Dash'd from his hand the sounding goblet flies,  
He shrieks, he reels, he falls, and breathless lies.

Then wild uproar and clamour mount the sky,  
Till mutual thus the peers indignant cry;

## NOTES.

poetry. The truth is, the greatest persons followed such employments without any diminution of their dignities; nay, a skill in such works as agriculture was a glory even to a king: *Homer* here places it upon a level with military science, and the knowledge of the cultivation of the ground is equalled to glory in war.

\* This is very artful in *Telemachus*; he had spoken warmly in defence of *Ulysses*, and he apprehends lest he should have provoked the suitors too far; he therefore softens his expression, to avoid suspicions of a latent cause, why he interests himself so vigorously in vindication of a beggar, against the princes of the country. Besides, too obstinate an opposition might have provoked the suitors to have continued all night in the palace, which would have hindered *Ulysses* and *Telemachus* from concerting their measures to bring about their destruction:

O had this stranger sunk to realms beneath,  
To the black realms of darkness and of death,  
Ere yet he trod these shores! to strife he draws  
Peer against peer; and what the weighty cause?  
A vagabond! for him the great destroy  
In vile ignoble jars, the feast of joy.

To whom the stern *Telemachus* arose!  
Gods! what wild folly from the goblet flows?  
Whence this unguarded openness of soul,  
But from the licence of the copious bowl?  
Or heav'n delusion sends. But hence away!  
Force I forbear, and without force obey.\*

Silent, abash'd, they hear the stern rebuke,  
Till thus *Amphinomus* the silence broke.

True are his words, and he whom truth offends,  
Not with *Telemachus*, but truth contends;  
Let not the hand of violence invade  
The rev'rend stranger, or the spotless maid;  
Retire we hence! but crown with rosy wine  
The flowing goblet to the pow'rs divine;  
Guard he his guest beneath whose roof he stands;  
This justice, this the social right demands.

The peers assent; the goblet *Mulius* crown'd  
With purple juice, and bore in order round;  
Each peer successive his libation pours †  
To the blest Gods that fill th' aerial bow'rs;  
Then swill'd with wine, with noise the crowds obey,  
And rushing forth tumultuous reel away.

## NOTES.

*Telemachus* therefore to induce them to withdraw, uses menaces, but menaces approaching to persuasion; if he had used violence, matters must immediately have come to extremities.

† We have already observed that libations were made to the Gods before and after meals; here we see the suitors offer their libation before they retire to repose. We are not to ascribe this religious act to the piety of these debauchees, but to the customs of the times; they practise not true religion, but only the exteriors of it; they are not pious, but fashionable.

The action of this book is comprehended in a very short duration of time; it begins towards the close of the day, and ends at the time when the suitors withdraw to repose; this is the evening and part of the night of the thirty-ninth day.



## The NINETEENTH BOOK of the ODYSSEY.\*

## A R G U M E N T.

## THE DISCOVERY OF ULYSSES TO EURYCLEA.

*Ulysses and his son remove the weapons out of the armory. Ulysses, in conversation with Penelope, gives a fictitious account of his adventures; then assures her he had formerly entertained her husband in Crete; and describes exactly his person and dress, affirms to have heard of him in Phæacia and Thesprotia, and that his return is certain, and within a month. He then goes to bathe, and is attended by Euryclea, who discovers him to be Ulysses by the scar upon his leg, which he formerly received in hunting the wild boar on Parnassus. The poet inserts a digression, relating that accident, with all its particulars.*

CONSULTING secret with the blue-ey'd maid,  
Still in the dome divine *Ulysses* stay'd:  
Revenge mature for act inflam'd his breast;  
And thus the son the fervent fire addrest.  
Instant convey those steely stores of war  
To distant rooms, dispos'd with secret care:  
The cause demanded by the suitor-train,  
To soothe their fears a specious reason feign:  
Say, since *Ulysses* left his natal coast,  
Obscene with smoke, their beamy lustre lost,  
His arms deform'd, the roof they won't adorn:  
From the glad walls inglorious lumber torn.  
Suggest, that *Jove* the peaceful thought inspir'd,  
Left them by sight of swords to fury fir'd,  
Dishonest wounds, or violence of soul,  
Defame the bridal feast, and friendly bowl.

The prince obedient to the sage command,  
To *Euryclea* thus: The female band  
In their apartments keep; secure the doors: †  
These swarthy arms among the covert stores

Are seemlier hid; my thoughtless youth they  
blame,

Imbrown'd with vapour of the smould'ring flame.

In happy hour, (pleas'd *Euryclea* cries)  
Tutor'd by early woes, grow early wise!  
Inspect with sharpen'd sight, and frugal care,  
Your patrimonial wealth, a prudent heir.  
But who the lighted taper will provide,  
(The female train retir'd) your toils to guide?

Without infringing hospitable right,  
This guest (he cry'd) shall bear the guiding light:  
I cheer no lazy vagrants with repast;  
They share the meal that earn it ere they taste.

He said; from female ken she strait secures  
The purpos'd deed, and guards the bolted doors:  
Auxiliar to his son, *Ulysses* bears  
The plummy-crested helms, and pointed spears  
With shields indented deep in glorious wars.  
*Minerva* viewless on her charge attends, ‡  
And with her golden lamp his toil befriends:

Not

## NOTES.

\* The scene still continues in the palace of *Ulysses*; but new persons are introduced to carry on the action and diversify the story. This book opens with a repetition from the sixteenth; the ancients marked it with an asterisk, without any obelisk, to shew that it was here inserted with propriety.

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## NOTES.

† It is not without sufficient reason that *Telemachus* distrusts the maids; many of them were in the interest of the suitors: it was therefore necessary to conceal the place to which the arms were conveyed, lest they should betray the secret.

‡ The office here ascribed to *Minerva* has given great

7 A



Not such the sickly beams, which unsincere,  
Gild the gross vapor of this nether sphere!  
A present Deity the prince confess'd,  
And rap'd with ecstasy the fire address'd.

What miracle thus dazzles with surprize!  
Distinct in rows the radiant columns rise:  
The walls where-e'er my wand'ring sight I turn,  
And roofs, amidst a blaze of glory burn!  
Some visitant of pure ethereal race,  
With his bright presence deigns the dome to  
grace.

Be calm, replies the fire; to none impart,  
But oft revolve the vision in thy heart:  
Celestials, mantled in excess of light,  
Can visit unapproach'd by mortal sight.  
Seek thou repose; whilst here I sole remain,  
T'explore the conduct of the female train:  
The pensive queen perchance desires to know  
The series of my toils, to sooth her woe.

With tapers flaming day his train attends,  
His bright alcove th' obsequious youth ascends:  
Soft slumb'rous shades his drooping eye-lids close,  
Till on her eastern throne *Aurora* glows.

Whilst, forming plans of death, *Ulysses* stay'd,  
In council secret with the martial maid;  
Attendant nymphs in beauteous order wait  
The queen, descending from her bow'r of state.  
Her cheeks the warmer blush of *Venus* wear,  
Chasten'd with coy *Diana's* pensive air.  
An ivory seat with silver ringlets grac'd,  
By fam'd *Icmalius* wrought, the menials plac'd:\*  
With ivory silver'd thick the foot-stool shone,  
O'er which the panther's various hide was thrown.  
The sovereign seat with graceful air she press'd;  
To different tasks their toil the nymphs address'd:

## NOTES.

great offence, and been censured as mean, and unworthy of the Goddess; but we can fully vindicate *Homer*; *Pallas* is here an allegorical Deity intended by the poet to express the wisdom of *Ulysses*; he acts with as much prudence as if *Minerva* herself guided him in all his ways. We are to gather from this description, that *Ulysses* formed all the actions of this night with the utmost wisdom, or according to the Greek proverb, the counsels of this night were regulated with the exactest prudence and secrecy. *Callimachus*, a statuary in *Athens*, made an image of *Minerva* according to this picture in *Homer*: she held a lamp of gold, which was filled with an oil of such an un-wasting nature, as not to want to be replenished in the space of a whole year. This office of *Minerva* is not the bare act of carrying the torch which the Goddess here executes; she improves it into a miracle; the whole palace is enlightened with a celest-

The golden goblets some, and some restor'd  
From stains of luxury the polish'd board:  
These to remove th' expiring embers came,  
While those with unctuous fir foment the flame.

'Twas then *Melantho* with imperious mien  
Renew'd th' attack, incontinent of spleen:  
Avaunt, she cry'd, offensive to my sight!  
Deem not in ambush here to lurk by night,  
Into the woman state asquint to pry;  
A day-devourer, and an evening spy!  
Vagrant begone! before this blazing brand  
Shall urge—and wav'd it hissing in her hand:

Th' insulted hero rolls his wrathful eyes,  
And, Why so turbulent of soul? he cries;  
Can these lean shrivel'd limbs unnerv'd with age,  
These poor but honest rags, enkindle rage?  
In crowds we wear the badge of hungry fate,  
And beg degraded from superior state!  
Constrain'd! a rent charge on the rich I live;  
Reduc'd to crave the good I once could give:  
A palace, wealth, and slaves I late possess'd,  
And all that makes the great be call'd the bless'd:  
My gate, an emblem of my open soul,  
Embrac'd the poor, and dealt a bounteous dole:  
Scorn not the sad reverse, injurious maid!  
'Tis *Jove's* high will, and be his will obey'd!  
Nor think thyself exempt: that rosy prime  
Must share the general doom of with'ring time:  
To some new channel soon, the changeful tide  
Of royal grace th' offended queen may guide;  
And her lov'd lord unplume thy tow'ring pride.  
Or were he dead, 'tis wisdom to beware:  
Sweet blooms the prince beneath *Apollo's* care;†  
Your deeds with quick impartial eye surveys;  
Potent to punish what he cannot praise.

Her

## NOTES.

tial fire, and *Ulysses* and *Telemachus* gather full assurances of her favour and success from that miraculous illumination: this circumstance raises the description out of lowness into dignity.

\* *Homer* in both his poems takes all opportunities of celebrating the famous artificers of antiquity. We doubt not but most of them were his particular friends, and to do them honour, he gave them place in his works, and rendered their names and his own gratitude immortal. We may likewise learn the nature of the noblest pieces of art in *Homer's* days from his poetry.

† It may be asked why *Telemachus* is said to owe the preservation of his life to *Apollo*? We answer; all immediate deaths in the male sex were ascribed to him, as they were to *Diana* in the female; it may therefore be said with great propriety that it is owing to the favour of *Apollo*, that *Telemachus* had not died

an



Her keen reproach had reach'd the sov'reign's ear;  
 Loquacious insolent! she cries, forbear: \*  
 To thee the purpose of my soul I told,  
 Venial discourse unblam'd with him to hold.  
 The storied labours of my wand'ring lord,  
 To sooth my grief he haply may record:  
 Yet him, my guest, thy venom'd rage hath stung:  
 Thy head shall pay the forfeit of thy tongue! †  
 But thou on whom my palace-cares depend,  
*Eurynomè*, regard the stranger friend:  
 A seat soft spread with furry spoils prepare,  
 Due distant for us both to speak, and hear.

The menial fair obeys with duteous haste:  
 A seat adorn'd with furry spoils she plac'd:  
 Due-distant for discourse the hero sat;  
 When thus the sov'reign from her chair of state:  
 Reveal, obsequious to my first demand,  
 Thy name, thy lineage, and thy natal land.

He thus: O queen! whose far re-sounding fame  
 Is bounded only by the starry frame:  
 Consummate pattern of imperial sway, ‡  
 Whose pious rule a warlike race obey!  
 In wavy gold thy summer vales are dress'd;  
 Thy autumns bend with copious fruit oppress'd:  
 With flocks and herds each grassy plain is stor'd;  
 And fish of ev'ry fin thy seas afford:  
 Their affluent joys the grateful realms confess;  
 And blest the pow'r that still delights to bless.

## NOTES.

an immediate death, or that he was arrived to manhood. As *Apollo* is the sun, he may be called the nourisher of all things that breathe, as well as of the inanimate creation; thus it is owing to his influence that every being comes to maturity.

\* Were this place to be rendered literally, it would be thus, *Thou bold impudent bitch*. It is spoken by *Penelope*. In our age it is an expression so vulgar as not to be uttered in common conversation, much less in epic poetry: it is true, it fully expresses the height of impudence, and in *Homer's* time it was no more mean, than calling a coward a *deer*, and both the expressions are joined together in the first book of the *Iliad*:

*Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer.*

It is there spoken by *Achilles*: and in another place of the *Iliad* *Jupiter* applies it to his wife, and calls *Juno* an impudent bitch: a plain indication that the expression was not mean, as it is at this day, because it was used by the greatest of heroes, and the supreme of Gods.

† The expression in the *Greek* is remarkable, and may be rendered, *which you shall wipe upon your own head*. From whence it appears, that the blood that

Gracious permit this pray'r, imperial dame!  
 Forbear to know my lineage, or my name:  
 Urge not this breast to heave, these eyes to weep;  
 In sweet oblivion let my sorrow sleep!  
 My woes awak'd will violate your ear;  
 And to this gay censorious train, appear  
 A winy vapour melting in a tear.

Their gifts the Gods resum'd, (the Queen re-join'd)  
 Exterior grace, and energy of mind;  
 When the dear partner of my nuptial joy,  
 Auxiliar troops combin'd; to conquer *Troy*.  
 My lord's protecting hand alone would raise  
 My drooping verdure, and extend my praise!  
 Peers from the distant *Samian* shore resort;  
 Here with *Dulichians* join'd, besiege the court:  
*Zacynthus*, green with ever-shady groves,  
 And *Ithaca*, presumptuous boast their loves:  
 Obtruding on my choice a second lord,  
 They press the *Hymenæan* rite abhor'd.  
 Mis-rule thus mingling with domestic cares,  
 I live regardless of my state-affairs:  
 Receive no stranger-guest, no poor relieve;  
 But ever for my lord in secret grieve!——  
 This art, instinct by some celestial pow'r,  
 I try'd, elusive of the bridal hour:  
 "Ye peers I cry, who press to gain a heart,  
 "Where dead *Ulysses* claims no future part:

"Rebate

## NOTES.

was found upon the sword was wiped upon the head of the slain; an intimation that his own blood was fallen upon the head of the deceased, and the living were free from it. This is a very remarkable custom, and there are many expressions like it in the scriptures; namely, *his blood be upon his own head*. It was customary amongst the *Romans* to wash their hands, in token of innocence and purity from blood: thus the *Roman* governor washed his hands, and said, *I am innocent of the blood of this just person*.

‡ *Homer* here gives an amiable picture of a mild and just government: it is a truth certain and universal, where the subject enjoys the fruits of his industry, the earth will always be well cultivated, and bring forth in abundance; the sea will furnish the land with plenty of fishes, and men will plant when they are sure to gather the fruits. It is the constant observation of all travellers, the worst situation under an easy government enjoys more plenty, and is fuller of inhabitants, than the best soil and happiest situation under an arbitrary power. This whole passage is very beautiful, and the more beautiful, because the words proceed from the mouth of a king.



"Rebate your loves, each rival suit suspend,  
 "Till this funereal web my labours end:  
 "Cease, till to good *Lacites* I bequeath  
 "A pall of state, the ornament of death.  
 "For when to fate he bows, each *Grecian* dame  
 "With just reproach were licens'd to defame;  
 "Should he, long honour'd in supreme command,  
 "Want the last duties of a daughter's hand."  
 The fiction pleas'd! their loves I long elude;  
 The night still ravell'd, what the day renew'd,  
 Three years successful in my art conceal'd,  
 My ineffectual fraud the fourth reveal'd:  
 Befriended by my own domestic spies,  
 The woof unwrought the suitor-train surprize.  
 From nuptial rites they now no more recede,  
 And fear forbids to falsify the brede.  
 My anxious parents urge a speedy choice,  
 And to their suffrage gain the filial voice:  
 For rule mature, *Telemachus* deploras  
 His dome dishonour'd, and exhausted stores—  
 But stranger! as thy days seem full of fate,  
 Divide discourse, in turn thy birth relate:

## NOTES.

\*. It is not without a good reason that *Ulysses* is so particular in the geography of *Crete*; he does it, that *Penelope* from the knowledge of the truth which he speaks concerning that island, may be induced to give the reader credit to his succeeding fictions. In the *Iliad*, book 2, *Homer* calls *Crete* the island with an hundred cities. Here he affirms it to have no more than ninety. *Strabo* is very full upon this difficulty, lib. 10. *Ephorus* (says that author) judges that ten cities were built by the *Dorians* after the *Trojan* war, under *Althæmenes*; and therefore *Ulysses* here mentions *Crete* as having only ninety: but this opinion carries no probability. Others affirm, that ten cities were demolished by the enemies of *Idomeneus*; but this is no more than a conjecture: the truth is, *Homer* does not affirm that there were an hundred cities in the time of the war with *Troy*, but in his own age; (for the poet in that place speaks in his own person) if he had put the words into the mouth of any one who had lived in the time of the war, he would not have called it the isle of the hundred, but ninety cities, according to the description of *Ulysses*; it being very improbable, that ten of the *Cretan* cities should be destroyed, either during the war, or after the return of *Idomeneus*; for *Homer* himself testifies that he returned safe to *Crete* with all his soldiers, lib. 3, of the *Odyssey*. And therefore he had sufficient forces to defend his country. But though we allow that those ten cities had been destroyed after his return, yet how could *Ulysses* come to the knowledge of it,

Thy port asserts thee of distinguish'd race;  
 No poor unfather'd product of disgrace.  
 Princess! he cries, renew'd by your command,  
 The dear remembrance of my native land,  
 Of secret grief unseals the fruitful source;  
 And tears repeat their long-forgotten course!  
 So pays the wretch, whom fate constrains to roam,  
 The dues of nature to his natal home!—  
 But inward on my soul let sorrow prey;  
 Your sovereign will my duty bids obey.

*Crete* awes the circling waves, a fruitful soil! \*  
 And ninety cities crown the sea-born isle:  
 Mix'd with her genuine sons, adopted names  
 In various tongues avow their various claims: †  
*Cydonians* dreadful with the bended yew,  
 And bold *Pelasgi* boast a native's due:  
 The *Dorians*, plum'd amid the files of war,  
 Her foodful glebe with fierce *Achaians* share;  
*Cnossus*, her capital of high command;  
 Where sceptred *Minos* with impartial hand  
 Divided right; each ninth revolving year ‡  
 By *Jove* receiv'd, in council to confer. \*

His

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having neither been in *Crete*, nor met with any *Cretan* to inform him in all his voyages? It is therefore probable, that in the time of the *Trojan* war *Crete* had no more than ninety cities, but an hundred in the days of *Homer*: and this fully reconciles the *Iliad* with the *Odyssey*; in the *Odyssey* it is *Ulysses* that speaks, in the *Iliad*, *Homer*. *Virgil* speaks of *Crete* after the manner of *Homer*. The other ten cities were built by the *Dorians* (as *Ephorus* writes) under *Althæmenes*.

† The meaning of this is, that the natural inhabitants of *Crete* were mixed with strangers who had settled in the island; or as some imagine, *Ulysses* speaks this out of fear, lest *Penelope* should discover him not to be a native of *Crete* from his wrong pronunciation of the language of the *Cretans*. We may gather from *Strabo*, that the *Dorians* inhabited the eastern parts, the *Cydonians* the western, the *Eteo-Cretans* the southern, and the rest of the nation being most powerful, possess the plain country lying towards the north: the *Eteo-Cretans*, that is, the true *Cretans*, were the original inhabitants of the island, and probably also the *Cydonians*.

‡ This *Minos*, king of *Crete*, was an excellent law-giver; and to give his laws the greater veneration he used to descend into a cave sacred to *Jupiter*, and pretend that he had there received them from the mouth of that Deity; this is the reason why *Homer* tells us he conversed with *Jupiter*. This *Minos* was the most just of all mankind, and for this reason was supposed





*King Ulysses on his Return from his Remarkable Voyages  
& Adventures, Discourses with his Queen Penelope, who owing  
to the Alteration in Twenty Years absence, cannot recollect  
his Person.*

*Hawkins sculp.*

*Published by Alex.<sup>r</sup> Hogg, at the Kings Arms, N<sup>o</sup> 16. Paternoster Row.*



His son *Deucalion* bore successive sway;  
 His son, who gave me first to view the day!  
 The royal bed an elder issue blest,  
*Idomeneus*, whom *Ilian* fields attest  
 Of matchless deed: untrain'd to martial toil  
 I liv'd inglorious in my native isle,  
 Studious of peace; and *Æthon* is my name.  
 'Twas then to *Crete* the great *Ulysses* came;  
 For elemental war, and wintry fove,  
 From *Malea*'s gusty cape his navy drove  
 To bright *Lucina*'s fane; the shelvy coast \*  
 Where loud *Amnissus* in the deep is lost.  
 His vessels moor'd, (an incommodious port!)  
 The hero speeded to the *Cnossian* court:  
 Ardent the partner of his arms to find;  
 In leagues of long commutual friendship join'd.  
 Vain hope! ten suns had warm'd the western strand,  
 Since my brave brother with his *Cretan* band  
 Had fail'd for *Troy*: but to the genial feast  
 My honour'd roof receiv'd the royal guest:

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supposed to be made one of the infernal judges. *Plutarch* in the life of *Demetrius* makes a fine remark upon this description of *Minos*; "*Homer* (says he) has not honoured with the glorious title of the disciple of *Jupiter*, the greatest warrior or oppressor, or a renowned tyrant; but the man famous for his justice and probity, a legislator, and a benefactor to mankind."

\* Upon the *Amnissus* there is a cave sacred to *Ilythia*, or *Lucina*, who presides over child-birth. The reason why the poet places the cave by that river, is because some great lady has made use of it, upon an occasion in which women invoke the assistance of that Goddess; or perhaps because water is one of the great principles of generation, the temple of *Lucina* could not be placed in a more proper situation, than upon the banks of a river, and close by the sea.

† It was not to be expected, and indeed it was almost impossible that one person should entertain *Ulysses* and his whole fleet, which consisted of twelve vessels. This passage therefore give us a remarkable custom of antiquity, which was, that when any person with too great a number of attendants arrived in other countries, the prince received the chief personage and his particular friends, and the rest were entertained at the public expence.

‡ In this line the whole art of an epic poem is comprehended, which is a mixture of truths and fictions, but fictions conformable to verity; or to speak in the language of a critic, the fable of the epic poem should be both probable and marvellous;

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Beeves for his train the *Cnossian* peers assign,†  
 A public treat, with jars of gen'rous wine.  
 Twelve days, while *Boreas* vex'd th' aerial space,  
 My hospitable dome he deign'd to grace:  
 And when the north had ceas'd the stormy roar,  
 He wing'd his voyage to the *Phrygian* shore.

Thus the fam'd hero, perfected in wiles,  
 With fair similitude of truth beguiles ‡  
 The queen's attentive ear: dissolv'd in woe,  
 From her bright eyes the tears unbounded flow.  
 As snows collected on the mountain freeze;  
 When milder regions breathe a vernal breeze,  
 The fleecy pile obeys the whisp'ring gales,  
 Ends in a stream, and murmurs thro' the vales;  
 So, melted with the pleasing tale he told,  
 Down her fair cheek the copious torrent roll'd:  
 She to her present lord laments him lost, §  
 And views that object which she wants the most!  
 With'ring at heart to see the weeping fair,  
 His eyes look stern, and cast a gloomy stare; ||

Of

## NOTES.

astonishing, yet credible: if it be only credible, it differs in nothing from history; if only marvellous, it is no better than a romance. The great secret therefore of an epic writer is to produce in the reader's mind at the same time both belief and astonishment; and this is here performed by *Ulysses*.

§ This is added by *Homer* not for our information, for we already know it; but because it is a reflection which must necessarily occur to every reader: it is a thing extraordinary to lament a person present, as if he were absolutely lost; and we reap a double satisfaction from the relation, by observing the behaviour of *Penelope* towards *Ulysses*, and of *Ulysses* towards *Penelope*; while he is at the same time in one sense both absent and present.

|| There is a beautiful contrast between *Ulysses* and *Penelope*; *Penelope* indulges her passion for *Ulysses*; *Ulysses* restrains his for *Penelope*; the picture of *Ulysses* is drawn to the life, he is assaulted at once with several passions, astonishment and admiration on the one side, and compassion and a desire to comfort *Penelope* on the other; these passions being in an equal ballance, and exerting an equal force, he remains fixed, like a wave driven by contrary winds, and yields to neither of their impulses; it is thus *Ulysses* continues in a steady admiration, as if he had lost all thought. This passage is too beautiful not to have been explained by the ancients; *Plutarch* quotes it as an instance of the command a wife man ought to have over his passions. "*Ulysses* who was the most eloquent, yet was the most silent of men, all his faculties were obedient; and subject to reason,



Of horn the stiff relentless balls appear,  
Or globes of iron fix'd in either sphere;  
Firm wisdom interdicts the soft'ning tear.  
A speechless interval of grief ensues,  
Till thus the queen the tender theme renews.

Stranger! that e'er thy hospitable roof  
*Ulysses* grac'd, confirm by faithful proof:  
Delineate to my view my warlike lord,  
His form, his habit, and his train record.

'Tis hard, he cries, to bring to sudden fight  
Ideas that have wing'd their distant flight:  
Rare on the mind those images are trac'd,  
Whose footsteps twenty winters have defac'd;  
But what I can, receive.—In ample mode,  
A robe of military purple flow'd\*  
O'er all his frame: illustrious on his breast,  
The double-clasping gold the king confest,  
In the rich woof a hound mosaic drawn  
Bore on full stretch, and seiz'd a dappled fawn:  
Deep in the neck his fangs indent their hold;  
They pant, and struggle in the moving gold.  
Fine as a filmy web beneath it shone  
A vest, that dazzled like a cloudless sun:

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reason, he commanded his eye not to weep, his tongue not to speak, and his very heart not to pant or tremble: his reason influenced even his inward motions, and subdued the very blood and vital spring." And in his treatise of moral virtues, he again quotes these verses; "*Ulysses* had compleatly subjected all his faculties to right reason, and he held even his spirits, his blood, and his tears under the government of his judgment."

\* This is a remarkable passage, and gives us an exact description of the habit of a king in the days of *Homer*, or perhaps still earlier in the days of *Ulysses*. Purple seems anciently to have been appropriated to kings, and to them on whom they bestowed it; thus *Judges* viii. 26, the sacred historian mentions purple raiment that was on the kings of *Midian*. Thus *Esther* viii. 15, a garment of fine linen and purple is given to a favourite by king *Ahasuerus*; and 1 *Maccabees* xliii. the *Jews* made a decree, that *Simon* should wear purple and gold, and that none of the people should wear purple or a buckle of gold without his permission, in token that he was the chief magistrate of the *Jews*; thus also *Mac.* x. 89, *Alexander* lent *Jonathan* a buckle of gold, as the use is to be given to such as are of the king's blood. *Ulysses* is here drest much after the same manner; he wears purple, and a buckle or clasp of gold, as a sign of his regality. But what

The female train who round him throng'd to gaze,  
In silent wonder sigh'd unwilling praise.

A sabre, when the warrior press'd to part,  
I gave, enamel'd with Vulcanian art:

A mantle purple-ting'd, and radiant vest,  
Dimension'd equal to his size, express  
Affection grateful to my honour'd guest.

A fav'rite herald in his train I knew,†

His visage solemn sad, of sable hue:

Short woolly curls o'erflec'd his bending head,

O'er which a promontory-shoulder spread:

*Eurybates*! in whose large soul alone

*Ulysses* view'd an image of his own.

His speech the tempest of her grief restor'd;

In all he told she recogniz'd her lord:

But when the storm was spent in plenteous show'rs,

A pause inspiriting her languish'd pow'rs,

O thou, she cry'd, whom first inclement fate

Made welcome to my hospitable gate;

With all thy wants the name of poor shall end;

Henceforth live honour'd, my domestic friend!

The vest much envy'd on your native coast,

And regal robe with figur'd gold embost,

In

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we would chiefly observe is, that the art of embroidery was known in those early ages, nay perhaps was in greater perfection than at this day. Some persons indeed tell us, that this was interwoven into the cloth, and was made in the loom, but the words of *Homer* will admit of the other interpretation, and it is evident that embroidery was known amongst the orientals in the age of *Ulysses*, from *Judges* v. 20. *Have they not sped? have they not divided the prey, to Sisera a prey of divers colours, a prey of divers colours of needle-work, of divers colours of needle-work on both sides, meet for the necks of them that take the spoil?* Here is evidently mention made of embroidery; and perhaps such was this robe of *Ulysses*; but however this be, it is manifest that all manner of creatures were figured upon the habit of great personages, and that those creatures were inwrought so naturally as to seem to be alive.

† This is very artful in *Ulysses*: *Penelope* had asked what kind of person her husband was; *Ulysses* fears to give a description of himself, lest by drawing the copy like the original now before the eyes of *Penelope*, she should discover him to be *Ulysses*: he therefore diverts the inquiry, yet at the same time satisfies her curiosity, by adding a new circumstance to confirm his veracity, by describing his attendant and herald *Eurybates*.



In happier hours my artful hand employ'd,  
When my lov'd lord this blissful bow'r enjoy'd :  
The fall of *Troy* erroneous and forlorn  
Doom'd to survive, and never to return !

Then he, with pity touch'd : O royal dame !  
Your ever-anxious mind, and beauteous frame,  
From the devouring rage of grief reclaim.

not the fondness of your soul reprove  
For such a lord ! who crown'd your virgin-love  
With the dear blessing of a fair increase ;  
Himself adorn'd with more than mortal grace :  
Yet while I speak, the mighty woe suspend ;  
Truth forms my tale ; to pleasing truth attend.

The royal object of your dearest care,  
Breathes in no distant clime the vital air :

In rich *Thesprotia*, and the nearer bound  
Of *Thessaly*, his name I heard renown'd :

Without retinue, to that friendly shore  
Welcom'd with gifts of price, a sumless store !  
His sacrilegious train, who dar'd to prey  
On herds devoted to the God of day,  
Were doom'd by *Jove*, and *Phæbus*' just decree,  
To perish in the rough *Trinacrian* sea.

To better fate the blameless chief ordain'd,  
A floating fragment of the wreck regain'd,  
And rode the storm ; till by the billows tost,  
He landed on the fair *Phæacian* coast.

That race who emulate the life of Gods,  
Receive him joyous to their blest abodes :  
Large gifts confer, a ready sail command,  
To speed his voyage to the *Grecian* strand.  
But your wise lord, (in whose capacious soul  
High schemes of pow'r in just succession roll)  
His *Ithaca* refus'd from fav'ring fate,\*

Till copious wealth might guard his regal state.

## NOTES.

\* *Ulysses* amassed great riches by being driven from country to country : every prince where he arrived made him great presents, according to the laudable customs of hospitality in former ages. The word in the *Greek* is borrowed from beggars, who by strolling from place to place get their livelihood ; and hence it was made use of simply to amass, or make collections. We may observe that *Ulysses* gives himself great commendations through this whole interview ; he calls himself the godlike *Ulysses*, and says, that there were few men in the world like him. This is not a sign of vanity or ostentation, since *Ulysses* speaks in the character of a stranger : he must therefore speak in the same manner as a stranger would have spoke ; that is, with honour of *Ulysses*, to ingratiate himself with *Penelope*. Besides, this conduct conduces to per-

*Phedon* the fact affirm'd, whose sov'reign sway  
*Thesprotian* tribes, a duteous race, obey :

And bade the Gods this added truth attest,  
(While pure libations crown'd the genial feast).

That anchor'd in his port the vessels stand,  
To waft the hero to his natal land.

I for *Dulichium* urge the wat'ry way ;

But first the *Ulyssæan* wealth survey ;

So rich the value of a store so vast

Demands the pomp of centuries to waste !

The darling object of your royal love,

Was journey'd thence to *Dodonean Jove* ;

By the sure précept of the sylvan shrine,

To form the conduct of his great design :

Irresolute of soul, his state to shrowd

In dark disguise, or come, a king avow'd ?

Thus lives your lord ; nor longer doom'd to roam ;

Soon will he grace this dear paternal dome.

By *Jove*, the source of good, supreme in pow'r !

By the blest genius of this friendly bow'r !

I ratify my speech ; before the sun

His annual longitude of heav'n shall run ;

When the pale empress of yon starry train

In the next month renews her faded wane,

*Ulysses* will assert his rightful reign.

What thanks ! what boon ! reply'd the queen, are due,

When time shall prove the storied blessings true !

My lord's return should fate no more retard,

Envy shall sicken at thy vast reward.

But my prophetic fears, alas ! presage,

The wounds of destiny's relentless rage

I long must weep ! nor will *Ulysses* come,

With royal gifts to send you honour'd home !—

Your other task, ye menial train, forbear :

Now wash the stranger, and the bed prepare ;†

With

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suade *Penelope*, that he is the person he pretended to be, and by the consequence contributes to prevent a discovery.

† This was one of the first rites of hospitality observed towards strangers, amongst the ancients ; the scriptures abound with instances of it : *Abraham* offers water to wash the feet of the angels whom he mistook for strangers, &c. There was also a bath for the stranger, but this seems to have been a greater honour than that of washing the feet ; this may be gathered from the manner in which it was performed ; the daughters of the family, even young princesses, assisted at the bath ; but the washing the feet was an office committed to servants : thus the daughter of *Nestor* in the third *Odyssey* bathed *Telemachus*, but *Ulysses* being disguised like a beggar, *Euryclæa* washes his feet. This agrees exactly with another passage of scripture ;



With splendid palls the downy fleece adorn :  
 Up-rising early with the purple morn,  
 His sinews thrunk with age, and stiff with toil,  
 In the warm bath foment with fragrant oil.  
 Then with *Telemachus* the social feast  
 Partaking free, my sole invited guest ;  
 Whoe'er neglects to pay distinction due,  
 The breach of hospitable right may rue.  
 The vulgar of my sex I most exceed  
 In real fame, when most humane my deed :  
 And vainly to the praise of queen aspire,  
 If stranger ! I permit that mean attire,  
 Beneath the feastful bow'r. A narrow space \*  
 Confines the circle of our destin'd race ;  
 'Tis our's, with good the scanty round to grace. }  
 Those who to cruel wrong their state abuse,  
 Dreaded in life, the mutter'd curse pursues ;  
 By death dis-rob'd of all their savage pow'rs,  
 Then, licens'd rage her hateful prey devours.

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scripture ; when *David* sent to ask *Abigail* to wife, 1 *Sam.* xxv. 41, she made answer, *Let thine handmaid be a servant to wash the feet of the servants of my lord.* Our memory fails, if there be any other passage, either in the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*, where this practice of washing the feet is directly mentioned ; the reason is, this was an office performed only to inferior persons ; the bath was for heroes and kings. Now both *Homer's* poems are filled with the characters of such personages, and therefore there was no room to mention it in other places : it is true, the word here does not necessarily imply the washing of the feet, but washing in general ; yet here it is to be understood of the feet, for *Euryclea* in the act of washing them discovers this stranger to be *Ulysses*.

\* The sense is here cut short, and *Homer*, like a good painter, leaves something to be supplied by the reader's imagination. Life is short, (says *Penelope*) we ought therefore to employ it in doing good. The motive indeed which she uses, is not entirely conformable to true theology ; she here proposes glory as the sole aim of doing virtuous actions ; though in other places *Homer* plainly asserts, that we ought to act with piety to please the Gods.

+ I will have an old woman to wash me (says *Ulysses*). The reason of this request is not evident at first view ; but *Ulysses* acts thus to avoid the insults and contempt of the younger damsels of *Penelope*, who had sufficiently outraged him in this and the preceding book ; they would think themselves degraded by performing such an office to a beggar. Some ancient critics rejected three verses here ; it is

But he whose in-born worth his acts commend,  
 Of gentle soul, to human race a friend ;  
 The wretched he relieves diffuse his fame,  
 And distant tongues extol the patron-name.

Princess, he cry'd, in vain your bounties flow  
 On me, confirm'd, and obstinate in woe,  
 When my lov'd *Crete* receiv'd my final view,  
 And from my weeping eyes her cliffs withdrew ;  
 These tatter'd weeds (my decent robe resign'd)  
 I chose, the livery of a woful mind !  
 Nor will my heart corroding cares abate  
 With splended palls, and canopies of state :  
 Low-couch'd on earth, the gift of sleep I scorn,  
 And catch the glances of the waking morn.  
 The delicacy of your courtly train  
 To wash a wretched wand'rer would disdain ;  
 But if, in tract of long experience try'd, +  
 And sad similitude of woes ally'd,  
 Some wretch reluctant views aerial light,  
 To her mean hand assign the friendly rite.

Pleas'd

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absurd, say they, that *Ulysses* should chuse *Euryclea* for this office, who was the only person who could discover him, and ruin his designs ; he knew she was acquainted with the wound that afterwards discovers him : but the truth is, *Ulysses* knew *Euryclea* to be a person of wisdom, and he was in hopes to draw her over to his interest, and make use of her in his affairs in the future part of the *Odyssey* ; and this he does upon many important occasions, in particular in locking up the palace at the time of the battle between him and the suitors ; so that by her means he prevents the report of that great incident from being carried to their partizans abroad : here therefore he artfully brings it about, that *Euryclea* should be assigned to this office, not only to avoid the insults of the other females, but to make use of her faithfulness and wisdom to carry on the designs, and make the way more easy to the suitors destruction. The choice therefore was prudent ; she was aged, and acquainted with human miseries, not only by reason of her age. but had herself suffered in all the afflictions of *Penelope* and *Telemachus* ; we find she is described as a mother to the whole family, and she all along adopts the afflictions of it. But then it may be asked, if *Euryclea* was a person of such wisdom and fidelity, why does not *Ulysses* trust her with the secret of his return ? The reason is plain, it would not only have been contrary to his cautious nature, but a breach of all decency to trust himself to *Euryclea*, and not to *Penelope* ; this would in some measure have raised the character of the servant, above that of his wife and queen.



Pleas'd with his wife reply, the queen re-join'd:

Such gentle manners, and so sage a mind,  
In all who grac'd this hospitable bow'r  
I ne'er discern'd, before this social hour.  
Such servant as your humble choice requires,  
To light receiv'd the lord of my desires,  
New from the birth: and with a mother's hand  
His tender bloom to manly growth sustain'd:  
Of matchless prudence, and a duteous mind;  
Though now to life's extremest verge declin'd,  
Of strength superior to the toil assign'd.—  
Rise, *Euryclea*! with officious care  
For the poor friend the cleansing bath prepare:  
This debt his correspondent fortunes claim,  
Too like *Ulysses*, and perhaps the same!  
Thus old with woes my fancy paints him now!  
For age untimely marks the careful brow.  
Instant obsequious to the mild command,  
Sad *Euryclea* rose: with trembling hand

She veils the torrent of her tearful eyes;  
And thus impassion'd to herself replies.\*

Son of my love, and monarch of my cares!  
What pangs for thee this wretched bosom bears!  
Are thus by *Jove* who constant beg his aid  
With pious deed, and pure devotion, paid?  
He never dar'd defraud the sacred fane,  
Of perfect hecatombs in order slain:  
There oft implor'd his tutelary pow'r,  
Long to protract the sad sepulchral hour;  
That form'd for empire with paternal care,  
His realm might recognize an equal heir.  
O destin'd head! the pious vows are lost;  
His God forgets him on a foreign coast!—†  
Perhaps, like thee, poor guest! in wanton pride  
The rich insult him, and the young deride!  
Conscious of worth revil'd, thy gen'rous mind  
The friendly rite of purity declin'd;  
My will concurring with my queen's command,  
Accept the bath from this obsequious hand.

A strong

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\* *Aristotle*, in his third book of rhetoric, quotes this action of *Euryclea* as an instance of a *paralogism* familiar to *Homer*; and again in his poetics, he cites it to the same purpose: a *paralogism* consists in making use of false reasoning, and drawing a false consequence from true premises: "All men, says *Aristotle*, are naturally persuaded that where such a thing is, or is done, such another must happen; we may therefore make them easily believe that if the last is, the first must consequently be; but in reality, the latter which we lay down as truth being often false, the former is so more frequently; for it does not follow, that because one thing is, another must necessarily be; but because we are persuaded of the truth of the latter, we conclude falsely, that the former is also true." The reader will enter into the meaning of *Aristotle*, and understand what a *paralogism* is, by an example of it; for instance, if we were to prove a man to be in love, we bring it about that he is pale: now this is a false reasoning, or *paralogism*, because a person may be pale from other reasons than love. Thus in the instance of *Euryclea*, "*Homer* (says *Aristotle*) imposes upon his reader, by mentioning a sign that is known, to draw a consequence from it, to prove a thing that is not known;" that is, *Homer* endeavours to prove that the whole story concerning *Euryclea* is true, and that she really hid her eyes when she wept, because this is a consequence of passion, and because it is natural for persons to conceal their eyes with their hands while they weep. This also is a *paralogism*, for every syllable concerning *Euryclea* may be a fiction of the poet, though such a gesture is natural

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to a person in her circumstances; the imposition consists in this, namely, in the art of the poet, in endeavouring to deceive us into a belief, that because persons when they weep conceal their eyes, therefore it is true that *Euryclea* thus actually wept; the latter may be evidently false, though the former may be true; *Aristotle* brings this practice of *Homer* as an example to all poets how to tell lies as they ought, or agreeably.

† *Euryclea*, we see, is astonished to find that a person who is remarkable for his piety should be unfortunate; the age was not enlightened enough to know that calamity is often a proof of virtue, and a trial, not a punishment. *Maximus Tyrius*, the *Platonic*, 22 *dissert.* excellently explains this subject: "Who (says that author) can deny *Ulysses* to be a man of piety? *Jupiter* remembers him, *Minerva* loves him, *Mercury* guides him, *Calypso* is enamoured with him, and *Leucothea* saves his life! Who then can deny but that heaven tried him with all his afflictions, that he might appear to be, and deserve to be called a good man? this is the reason why he suffered at *Troy*, from the suitors, by the *Cyclops*, by *Circe*, and by shipwreck; this is the reason why he wandered as a vagabond, and a beggar, that he was half naked, that he was struck and insulted, and suffered a thousand insolencies from the riots of the suitors: it was the favour and love of heaven that brought him into all these afflictions, and not the anger of *Neptune*." When a good man suffers, heaven frequently chuses him out as an hero, who knows how to behave bravely in the day of adversity, and this is agreeable to true theology.

7 C



A strong emotion shakes my anguish'd breast;  
 In thy whole form *Ulysses* seems express'd:\*  
 Of all the wretched harbour'd on our coast,  
 None imagin'd e'er like thee my master lost.  
 Thus half discover'd thro' the dark disguise,  
 With cool composure feign'd, the chief replies:†  
 You join your suffrage to the public vote;  
 The same you think, have all beholders thought.  
 He said: replenish'd from the purest springs,  
 The laver strait with busy care she brings:

## NOTES.

\* *Homer* continually draws his reflections from the present object: *Penelope*, at the sight of this distressed and ill-clothed stranger, breaks out into a tender sentiment, and cries, "Perhaps my *Ulysses* is such as he!" that is, "he was not such by nature, but misfortune:" but if we understand it of a bodily resemblance, the sentiment is still beautiful, and the reader cannot without pleasure see *Penelope* deceived in comparing *Ulysses* with *Ulysses*.

† This is very artful in *Ulysses*: if he had denied the resemblance, it might have given suspicion; he therefore confesses it, and by confessing it persuades *Euryclea* that he is not the real *Ulysses*.

‡ The reason why *Ulysses* turns towards the darkness is to avoid discovery, and that *Euryclea* might not examine him too curiously: but this is not the whole design of *Homer*; the poet thus describes *Ulysses* to give probability to the future story; for it is from this action alone that the fainting of *Euryclea*, her laying her hand on the chin of *Ulysses*, his seizure of her throat to hinder her from discovering him, escape the notice of *Penelope*; *Ulysses* is seated out of the view, and withdrawn from observation.

§ This story concerning the wound of *Ulysses*, may, we fear, in some parts of it, seem somewhat tedious; it may therefore be necessary to shew that it is introduced with judgment; and though not entirely entertaining, yet artful. *Aristotle* in the eighth chap. of his *Poetics*, speaking of the unity of the action of the *Odysssey*, mentions this wound of *Ulysses*. *Homer*, says he, who excelled other poets in all respects, seems perfectly to have known this defect, (*viz.* that all the actions of an hero do not constitute the unity of the action, but only such as are capable to be united with the fable) for in composing the *Odysssey*, he has not mentioned all the adventures of *Ulysses*: for example, he has not joined the wound he received upon *Parnassus* with the account of his feigned madness, when the *Greeks* assembled their army; for because one of them happened, it was neither necessary nor probable that the other should also happen; but he has inserted all

In the deep vase, that shone like burnish'd gold,  
 The boiling fluid temperates the cold.  
 Mean-time revolving in his thoughtful mind  
 The scar, with which his manly knee was sign'd;  
 His face averting from the crackling blaze,‡  
 His shoulders intercept th' unfriendly rays.  
 Thus cautious, in th' obscure he hop'd to fly  
 The curious search of *Euryclea's* eye.  
 Cautious in vain! nor ceas'd the dame to find §  
 The scar, with which his manly knee was sign'd.

This

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that could have respect to one and the same action. We have in this account two remarkable events in the life of *Ulysses*, his feigned madness, and his wound received upon *Parnassus*: the poet mentions the wound, but is silent about his madness: he saw that the latter had no connection either in truth or probability with the subject of his poem, and therefore he says not a word of it; he has acted otherwise with respect to the wound received upon *Parnassus*: for although that wound was no more to the matter of his poem, than the madness, yet he speaks of it, because he found an opportunity of inserting it so naturally into his principal action, that it becomes a necessary part of it, since it causes a remembrance of his hero, that is, since it is the occasion of *Euryclea's* discovering *Ulysses*; so that this history which is here related at length is no foreign episode, but a natural part of the subject, by being thus artfully united to it. This fully teaches us of what nature the different parts which a poet uses to form one and the same action ought to be; namely, either necessary or probable consequences of one another, as the remembrance of *Ulysses* was of this wound: every adventure then that has not this connection ought to be rejected as foreign, and as breaking the unity of the action: and therefore *Homer* took care not to interrupt the unity of the *Odysssey*, by the episode of the feigned madness of *Ulysses*; for that incident could not be produced by any that were necessary or proper to the poem, nor produce any that had the least relation to it. This remembrance, or discovery by the wound, is mentioned in another place; see the twenty-first book of the *Odysssey*. *Aristotle* in his seventeenth chap. of the *Poetics*, prefers this remembrance to that there made to *Eumæus*; it is (observes that author) here managed with more address and art; it is done without design, and seems a consequence of the story; there *Ulysses* himself discovers the wound: here it arises from the subject, and a series of incidents: there *Ulysses* has recourse to it, and it causes no surprize, because there is no great art in shewing a mark, which



'This on *Parnassus* combating the boar,  
With glancing rage the tusky savage tore.  
Attended by his brave maternal race,  
His grandfire sent him to the sylvan chace,  
*Autolycus* the bold: (a mighty name\*  
For spotless faith and deeds of martial fame:  
*Hermes* his patron-god those gifts bestow'd, †  
Whose shrine with weanling lambs he wont to  
load.)

His course to *Ithaca* this hero sped,  
When the first product of *Laertes'* bed  
Was new disclos'd to birth; the banquet ends,  
When *Euryclia* from the queen descends,  
And to his fond embrace the babe commends. }  
"Receive, she cries, your royal daughter's son; ‡  
"And name the blessing that your pray'rs have won.  
Then thus the hoary chief. "My victor arms  
"Have aw'd the realms around with dire alarms:  
"A sure memorial of my dreaded fame  
"The boy shall bear; *Ulysses* be his name!

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which we are willing to have known. All remembrances therefore which produce their effects by design have little ingenuity: whereas those which are brought about by chance, surprize us, and are instances of the poet's art and address.

\* The words in this difficult passage literally run thus, "he surpassed all men in swearing and stealing:" a terrible character! if it were to be understood according to the letter: it has been imagined, that *Homer* commends *Autolycus* for his address in robbery, and making equivocal oaths; like the person who made a truce with his enemies for several days, and immediately went and ravaged their territories by night, and defended it, by telling them that the truce was not made for the night but the day: or like the person mentioned by *Athenæus*, who stole a fish, and gave it to his neighbour, and being questioned about it, swore, that he had it not himself, nor saw any other person steal it. But this is not the meaning of *Homer*, for he calls *Autolycus* a good man, and adds, that his address and fidelity in keeping an oath, was the gift of a God. The truth is, the former word does not here signify theft, nor the latter perjury: the former signifies a laudable address in concealing our own designs, and discovering those of our enemies; it consists in surprising them, when they least expect us, in beating up their quarters, carrying off their convoys, their provisions, and in short all manner of stratagems, authorized by the laws of war. *Plato* in his first book *de Repub.* makes it plain, that this is the sense of *Homer*: he there quotes this passage, and asserts that he is the best

"And when with filial love the youth shall come }  
"To view his mother's foil, my *Delphic* dome }  
"With gifts of price shall send him joyous home. }  
Lur'd with the promis'd boon, when youthful prime  
Ended in man, his mother's natal clime  
*Ulysses* sought; with fond affection dear  
*Amphithea's* arms receiv'd the royal heir:  
Her ancient § lord an equal joy possess;  
Instant he had prepare the genial feast:  
A steer to form the sumptuous banquet bled;  
Whose stately growth five flow'ry summers fed:  
His sons divide, and roast with artful care  
The limbs; then all the tasteful viands share.  
Nor ceas'd discourse (the banquet of the soul) }  
Till *Phæbus* wheeling to the western goal }  
Resign'd the skies, and night involv'd the pole. }  
Then drooping eyes the slumb'rous shade oppress,  
Sated they rose, and all retir'd to rest.

Soon as the morn, new rob'd in purple light,  
Pierc'd with her golden shafts the rear of night;

*Ulysses,*

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guardian of an army, who knows how to steal the counsels and enterprises of the enemy: from this, it is there inferred, that justice is a kind of chicanery, by which we serve our friends, and bring detriment to our enemies; but this must be understood with some restriction: it is lawful to deceive an enemy in war, but in common life criminal. The qualities therefore that *Homer* commends in *Autolycus*, are his dexterity in discovering, penetrating, and preventing the designs of his enemies, and the religious observance of his oaths, and not theft and perjury.

† The reason why *Homer* attributes these gifts to *Mercury* is, because he was the president of secrecy, or of all things that are acted with a desire of concealment. He is also the God of speech, it therefore appertained to that Deity to guard the verity of it, in particular of oaths, being the precedent of speaking.

‡ We have here an ancient custom observed by the *Greeks*; the child was placed by the father upon the grandfather's knees, as a token that a grandchild was the most agreeable present that a son could make to his father. Thus the father of *Phœnix* implored the furies, that *Phœnix* might never have a son to place upon his grandfather's knees. It has been already remarked that it was customary in *Greece* for the parents to name the child; here the grandfather named *Ulysses*: but this is done by permission of the parents, for *Autolycus* bids them give the name.

§ *Autolycus.*



*Ulysses*, and his brave maternal race  
 The young *Autolyci*, assay the chace.  
*Parnassus*, thick perplex'd with horrid shades,  
 With deep-mouth'd hounds the hunter-troop invades;  
 What time the sun, from ocean's peaceful stream,  
 Darts o'er the lawn his horizontal beam.  
 The pack impatient snuff the tainted gale;  
 The thorny wilds the wood-men fierce assail:  
 And foremost of the train, his cornel spear  
*Ulysses* wav'd, to rouse the savage war.  
 Deep in the rough recesses of the wood,  
 A lofty copse, the growth of ages, stood:  
 Nor winter's boreal blast, nor thund'rous show'r,  
 Nor solar ray, could pierce the shady bow'r,  
 With wither'd foliage strew'd, a heapy store!  
 The warm pavillion of a dreadful boar.  
 Rous'd by the hounds and hunters mingling cries,  
 The savage from his leafy founder flies:  
 With fiery glare his sanguine eye-balls shine,  
 And bristles high impale his horrid chine.  
 Young *Ithacus* advanc'd, defies the foe,  
 Poising his lifted lance in act to throw;  
 The savage renders vain the wound decreed,  
 And springs impetuous with opponent speed!  
 His tusks oblique he aim'd the knee to goar;  
 Aloope they glanc'd, the sinewy fibres tore,  
 And bar'd the bone: *Ulysses* undismay'd;  
 Soon with redoubled force the wound repay'd;

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\* This is a remarkable instance of the antiquity of that idle superstition of curing wounds by incantation or charms: yet *Homer* is no way blameable for mentioning it; he wrote according to the opinion of the age, which whether true or false vindicates him as a poet. Indeed almost all other poets have spoken more boldly than *Homer* of the power of incantations. *Pliny* thought this point worthy of a serious discussion. And *Attalus* affirms, that if a man chance to spy a scorpion, and pronounces the word *duo*, it will lie still, and never shoot his sting. We think these grave authors outdo even the fictions of poets; and we hardly believe that any of them would have ventured to provoke a serpent trusting to the charm. But we are to understand this charm not merely as a form of words, but as joined with musical notes, and then it may appear more rational: for the cure of the Sciatica, *Theophrastus* commends the *Phrygian* music, and *A. Gellius Apollonius* in his book *de Miris*, affirms from *Theophrastus*, that music cures many diseases both of mind and body. And the same author affirms, that many in his time, especially the *Thebans*, used the pipe for the cure of several sicknesses. We will not affirm that such

To the right shoulder joint the spear apply'd,  
 His further flank with streaming purple dy'd:  
 On earth he rush'd with agonizing pain;  
 With joy, and vast surprize, th' applauding train }  
 View'd his enormous bulk extended on the plain.  
 With bandage firm *Ulysses*' knee they bound;  
 Then chaunting mystic lays, the closing wound\*  
 Of sacred melody confess'd the force;  
 The tides of life regain'd their azure course.  
 Then back they led the youth with loud acclaim;  
*Autolycus*, enamour'd with his fame,  
 Confirm'd the cure: and from the *Delphic* dome  
 With added gifts return'd him glorious home.  
 He safe at *Ithaca* with joy receiv'd,  
 Relates the chace, and early praise achiev'd.  
 Deep o'er his knee in steam'd, remain'd the scar:  
 Which noted token of the woodland war  
 When *Euryclea* found, th' ablution ceas'd;  
 Down dropp'd the leg, from her slack hand releas'd;  
 The mingled fluids from the vase redound;  
 The vase reclining floats the floor around!  
 Smiles dew'd with tears the pleasing strife express  
 Of grief, and joy, alternate in her breast.  
 Her fluttering words in melting murmurs dy'd;  
 At length abrupt — My son! — my king! — she  
 cry'd.†  
 His neck with fond embrace infolding fast,  
 Full on the queen her raptur'd eyes she cast,

Ardent

## NOTES.

charms of music have no power in some maladies; every one knows what an effect the harp of *David* had over the spirit of *Saul*; but we have either lost, or not yet found out the art. A natural reason may be assigned for it; for as the musical notes move the air, so the air moves the inward spirits, and the humours of the body, which are the seat of diseases; so that by this new motion they may be condensed, rarified, dissipated, or expelled, according as they are agitated or influenced by the concussion of the musical notes; but however this be, if other poets may say that charms have power to stop rivers in their courses, *Homer* is not to be condemned for ascribing the power of stopping blood to incantations.

† It may seem incredible that this dialogue between *Ulysses* and *Euryclea* could be held in the presence of *Penelope*, and she not hear it: how is this to be reconciled to probability? We answer, the poet has admirably guarded against this objection; it is for this reason that he mentions the falling of *Ulysses*'s leg into the water, the found of the vessel from that accident, the overturning of it, and the effusion of the water: all these different sounds may



Ardent to speak the monarch safe restor'd;  
 But studious to conceal her royal lord,  
*Minerva* fix'd her mind on views remote,  
 And from the present bliss abstracts her thought.  
 His hand to *Euryclea*'s mouth apply'd,  
 Art thou foredoom'd my pest? the hero cry'd:  
 Thy milky founts my infant lips have drain'd:  
 And have the fates thy babbling age ordain'd  
 To violate the life thy youth sustain'd?  
 An exile have I told, with weeping eyes,  
 Full twenty annual suns in distant skies:  
 At length return'd, some God inspires thy breast  
 To know thy king, and here I stand confest.  
 This heav'n-discover'd truth to thee consign'd,  
 Reserve, the treasure of thy inmost mind:  
 Else if the Gods my vengeful arm sustain,  
 And prostrate to my sword the suitor-train;  
 With their lewd mates, thy undistinguish'd age  
 Shall bleed a victim to vindictive rage.

Then thus rejoin'd the dame, devoid of fear:  
 What words, my son, have pass'd thy lips severe?  
 Deep in my soul the trust shall lodge secur'd,\*  
 With ribs of steel, and marble heart immur'd.  
 When heav'n, auspicious to thy right avow'd,  
 Shall prostrate to thy sword the suitor-crowd;

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may easily be supposed to drown the voice of *Euryclea*, so as it might not be heard by *Penelope*; it is true, she could not but observe this confusion that happened while *Euryclea* washes; but the age of *Euryclea* might naturally make her believe that all this happened by accident through her feebleness, and *Penelope* might be persuaded that it was thus occasioned, having no reason to suspect the truth: besides, what is more frequent on the theatre than to speak to the audience, while the persons on the stage are supposed not to hear? In reality, it is evident that *Ulysses* and *Euryclea* were at a proper distance from *Penelope*, probably out of decency while the feet were washing; for as soon as that office is over, *Homer* tells us that *Ulysses* drew nearer to the fire where *Penelope* sat, that he might resume the conference.

\* *Ulysses* and every person that had relation to him were remarkable for their taciturnity: they had all profited under so great a master of secrecy as *Ulysses*: it is practised by his wife, his son, and his nurse; his very companions, who attended him in his voyages, possessed this virtue in so eminent a degree as to suffer themselves to be dashed in pieces by the *Cyclops*, rather than discover him to that giant. The moral that we are to gather from this fable

No. 34.

The deeds I'll blazon of the menial fair;  
 The lewd to death devote, the virtuous spare.  
 Thy aid avails me not, the chief reply'd;  
 My own experience shall their doom decide;  
 A witness-judge precludes a long appeal:  
 Suffice it thee thy monarch to conceal.

He said: obsequious with redoubled pace,  
 She to the fount conveys th' exhausted vase:  
 The bath renew'd, she ends the pleasing toil  
 With plenteous unction of ambrosial oil.†  
 Adjusting to his limbs the tatter'd vest,  
 His former seat receiv'd the stranger guest;  
 Whom thus with pensive air the queen address.

Tho' night, dissolving grief in grateful ease,  
 Your drooping eyes with lost oppression seize;  
 Awhile, reluctant to her pleasing force,  
 Suspend the restless hour with sweet discourse.  
 The day (ne'er brighten'd with a beam of joy!)  
 My menials, and domestic cares employ:  
 And, unattended by sincere repose,  
 The night afflicts my ever-wakeful woes:  
 When nature's hush'd beneath her brooding shade,  
 My echoing griefs the starry vault invade.  
 As when the months are clad in flow'ry green,  
 Sad *Philomel*, in bow'ry shades unseen,‡

To

## NOTES.

is, that the safety of princes counsels consist in secrecy.

† We are not to imagine that this custom of anointing the feet was an instance of luxury: it prevailed over the oriental world solely out of necessity, to avoid offensiveness in those hot regions. This custom prevailed many ages after *Homer*, and we have an instance of it in the woman who washed the feet of our Lord and Saviour with tears, and anointed them with oil. This place is a plain proof that oil was used after washing the feet, as well as after bathing.

‡ This simile is not only introduced to express the sorrow of *Penelope*, but the nature of it: it is not so much intended to illustrate her grief, as her various agitations and different thoughts compared to the different accents in the mournful song of the nightingale; for thus *Homer* applies it. *Homer* relates this story very differently from later authors: he mentions nothing of *Progne*, *Tereus*, or *Pandion*, unless that name be the same with *Pandareus*; *Itylus* likewise is by them called *Itys*. The story is thus, according to these writers: *Philomela* was the wife of *Tereus* king of *Thrace*, she had a sister named *Progne*, whom *Tereus* ravished and cut her tongue out, that she might not discover the crime to *Philomela*; but

7 D

*Progne*



To vernal airs attunes her varied strains;  
 And *Itylus* sounds warbling o'er the plains:  
 Young *Itylus*, his parents darling joy!  
 Whom chance mis-led the mother to destroy:  
 Now doom'd a wakeful bird to wail the beauteous  
 boy.

So in nocturnal solitude forlorn,  
 A sad variety of woes I mourn!  
 My mind reflective, in a thorny maze  
 Devious, from care to care incessant strays.  
 Now, wav'ring doubt succeeds to long despair;  
 Shall I my virgin nuptial vow revere;  
 And joining to my son's my menial train,  
 Partake his councils, and assist his reign?  
 Or, since mature in manhood, he deplores  
 His dome dishonour'd, and exhausted stores;  
 Shall I, reluctant! to his will accord;  
 And from the peers select the noblest lord;  
 So by my choice avow'd, at length decide  
 These wasteful love-debates, a mourning bride?—  
 A visionary thought I'll now relate,  
 Illustrate, if you know, the shadow'd fate.

A team of twenty geese (a snow-white train!)  
 Fed near the limpid lake with golden grain,  
 Amuse my pensive hours. The bird of *Jove*  
 Fierce from his mountain-eyrie downward drove:

Each fav'rite fowl he pounc'd with deathful sway,  
 And back triumphant wing'd his airy way.  
 My pitying eyes effus'd a plenteous stream,  
 To view their death thus imag'd in a dream:  
 With tender sympathy to sooth my soul,  
 A troop of matrons, fancy-form'd, condole.  
 But whilst with grief and rage my bosom burn'd,  
 Sudden the tyrant of the skies return'd:  
 Perch'd on the battlements he thus began,  
 (In form an eagle, but in voice a man)  
 O queen! no vulgar vision of the sky  
 I come, prophetic of approaching joy:  
 View in this plummy form thy victor lord;  
 The geese (a glutton race) by thee deplor'd,  
 Portend the suitors fated to my sword.  
 This said, the pleasing feather'd omen ceas'd,  
 When from the downy bands of sleep releas'd,  
 Fast by the limpid lake my swan-like train  
 I found, insatiate of the golden grain.

The vision self-explain'd (the chief replies)  
 Sincere reveals the sanction of the skies:  
*Ulysses* speaks his own return decreed;  
 And by his sword the suitors sure to bleed.

Hard is the task, and rare, the queen rejoin'd,  
 Impending destinies in dreams to find:  
 Immur'd within the silent bow'r of sleep,\*  
 Two portals firm the various phantoms keep:

Of

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*Progne* betrayed it by weaving the story in a piece of embroidery; upon this *Philomela* slew her own son *Itys* or *Itylus*, and served up his flesh to the table of her husband *Tereus*; which being made known to him, he pursues *Philomela* and *Progne*, who are feigned to be changed into birds for their swift flight into *Athens*, by which they escaped the revenge of *Tereus*. *Philomela* is fabled to be turned into a nightingale, and *Progne* into a swallow; it being observed by *Pausanias*, that no swallow ever builds in *Thrace*, or nightingale is ever seen there, as hating the country of *Tereus*. But *Homer* follows a different history: *Pandareus* son of *Merops* had three daughters, *Meropè*, *Cleothera*, and *Aëdon*: *Pandareus* married his eldest daughter *Aëdon* to *Zethus* brother of *Amphion*, mentioned in the eleventh *Odyssey*; she had an only son named *Itylus*; and being envious at the numerous family of her brother-in-law *Amphion*, she resolves to murder *Amaleus* the eldest of her nephews; her own son *Itylus* was brought up with the children of *Amphion*, and lay in the same bed with this *Amaleus*. *Aëdon* directs her son *Itylus* to absent himself one night from the bed, but he forgets her orders; at the time determined, she conveys herself into the apartment, and murders her

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own son *Itylus*, by mistake, instead of her nephew *Amaleus*: upon this, almost in distraction, she begs the Gods to remove her from the race of human-kind; they grant her prayer, and change her into a nightingale.

\* This seems to be a bold fiction, and commentators have laboured hard to shew the reason of it: some imagine, that by the horn is meant a tunic of the eye, which is called horny; and that the ivory represents the teeth; and that by these allusions the poet intended to express that what we hear spoken may be false, but what we see must infallibly be true: that is, according to this fable, the ivory gate emits falsehood, that of horn, truth. Others explain *Homer* by referring to the nature of horn and ivory, horn being pervious to the sight, and ivory impenetrable. We will give the reader another solution; by horn which is transparent, *Homer* means the air, or heavens which are translucent; by ivory, he denotes the earth which is gross and opaque: thus the dreams which come from the earth, that is, through the gate of ivory, are false; those from heaven, or the gate of horn, true. But it may be thought that there are no grounds, from the words of *Homer*, for such an interpretation. Probably this fable is built



Of iv'ry one; whence flit to mock the brain,  
 Of winged lies a light fantastic train:  
 The gate oppos'd pellucid valves adorn,  
 And columns fair incas'd with polish'd horn:  
 Where images of truth for passage wait,  
 With visions manifest of future fate.  
 Not to this troop, I fear, that phantom soar'd,  
 Which spoke *Ulysses* to his realms restor'd;  
 Delusive semblance!—But my remnant life  
 Heav'n shall determine in a gameful strife:  
 With that fam'd bow *Ulysses* taught to bend,  
 For me the rival archers shall contend.  
 As on the lifted field he us'd to place  
 Six beams, oppos'd to six in equal space:  
 Elanc'd a-far by this unerring art,  
 Sure thro' six circlets flew the whizzing dart.  
 So, when the sun restores the purple day,  
 Their strength and skill the suitors shall assay:  
 To him the spousal honour is decreed,  
 Who thro' the rings directs the feather'd reed.  
 Torn from these walls (where long the kinder pow'rs  
 With pomp and joy have wing'd my youthful hours!)  
 On this poor breast no dawn of bliss shall beam;  
 The pleasure past supplies a copious theme  
 For many a dreary thought, and many a doleful dream!

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upon a real foundation, and that there were places called the gates of falsehood and truth: *Diodorus Siculus* in his second book describing the ceremonies concerning the dead, mentions the gates of oblivion, of hatred and lamentation; and then adds, that there are other gates in the same place; namely, in *Memphis* in *Ægypt*, that are called the gates of verity, near which there is a statue of justice without an head; now *Homer* in the twenty-fourth *Odyssey* places the region of dreams in the way to the infernal shades, and it is past dispute that he borrows all these fables of *Styx*, *Cocytus*, (that is, of the gates of hatred, lamentation,) &c. from *Ægypt*, and places

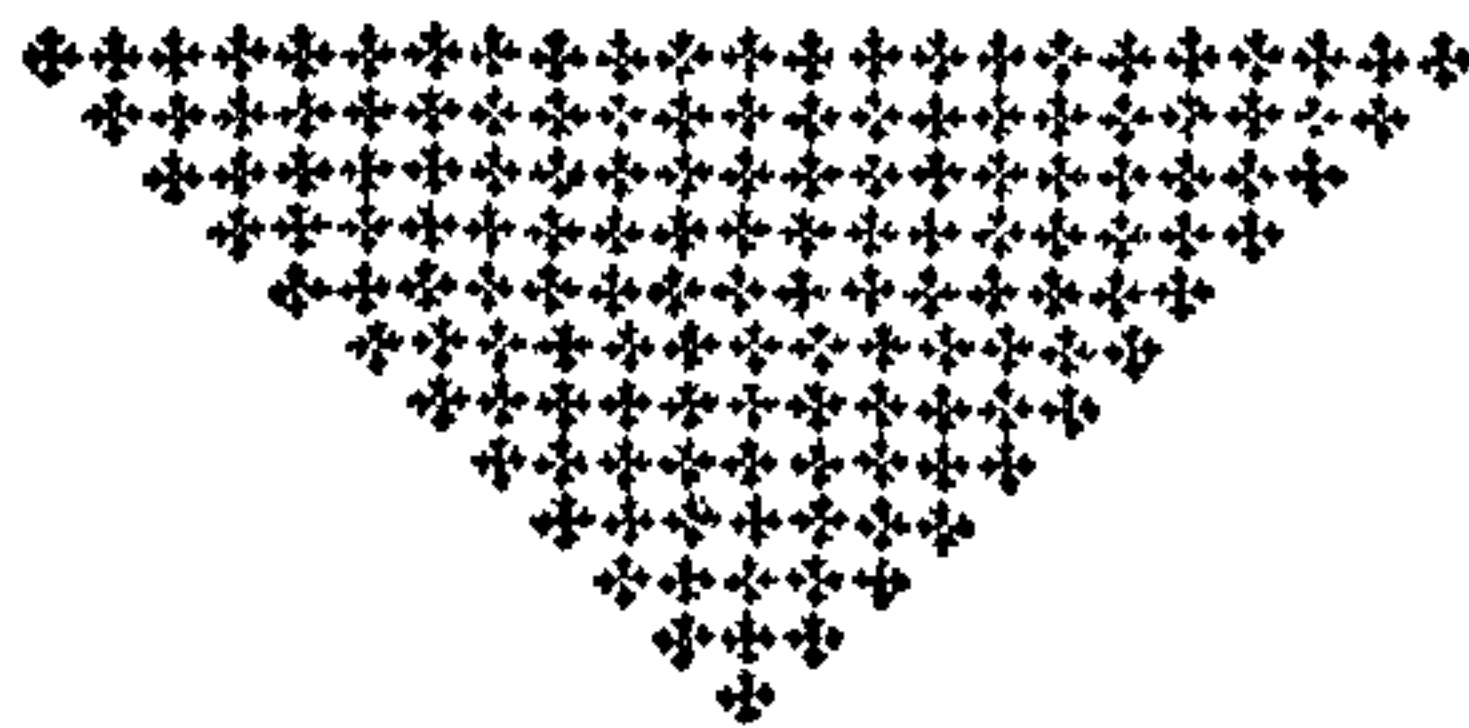
Propose the sportive lot, the chief replies,  
 Nor dread to name yourself the bowyer's prize:  
*Ulysses* will surprize th' unfinish'd game  
 Avow'd, and falsify the suitors' claim.

To whom with grace serene the queen rejoin'd:  
 In all thy speech what pleasing force I find!  
 O'er my suspended woe thy words prevail,  
 I part reluctant from the pleasing tale.  
 But heav'n that knows what all terrestrials need,  
 Repose to night, and toil to day decreed:  
 Grateful vicissitude! yet me withdrawn,  
 Wakeful to weep and watch the tardy dawn  
 Establish'd use enjoins; to rest and joy  
 Estrang'd since dear *Ulysses* sail'd to *Troy*!  
 Mean-time instructed is the menial tribe  
 Your couch to fashion as yourself prescribe.

Thus affabl', her bow'r the queen ascends;  
 The sov'reign step a beauteous train attends:  
 There imagin'd to her soul *Ulysses* rose;  
 Down her pale cheek new-streaming sorrow flows:  
 Till soft oblivious shade *Minerva* spread,  
 And o'er her eyes ambrosial slumber shed.

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them in hell, after *Orpheus*, who adopted all his ceremonies according to the rites of burial observed at *Memphis*, as *Diodorus* fully proves: if therefore he borrows the fable of the gates of oblivion, &c. from *Ægypt*, why may he not the story of the gates of falsehood and verity? especially since he takes his whole relation concerning hell from the customs of the *Ægyptians*, and this region of dreams is placed by him in the passage to hell: it may therefore not be impossible but this story of the gates of sleep, may have a real foundation, and be built upon the customs of the *Ægyptians*.





## The TWENTIETH BOOK of the ODYSSEY.

## A R G U M E N T.

*While Ulysses lies in the vestibule of the palace, he is witness to the disorders of the women. Minerva comforts him, and casts him asleep. At his awaking he desires a favourable sign from Jupiter, which is granted. The feast of Apollo is celebrated by the people, and the suitors banquet in the palace. Telemachus exerts his authority amongst them, notwithstanding which, Ulysses is insulted by Ctesippus, and the rest continue in their excesses. Strange prodigies are seen by Theoclymenus the augur, who explains them to the destruction of the wooers.*

**A**N ample hide divine *Ulysses* spread,  
And form'd of fleecy skins his humble bed:  
(The remnants of the spoil the suitor-crowd  
In festival devour'd, and victims vow'd.)  
Then o'er the chief, *Eurynome* the chaste  
With duteous care a downy carpet cast:

With dire revenge his thoughtful bosom glows,  
And ruminating wrath, he scorns repose.  
As thus pavilion'd in the porch he lay,  
Scenes of lewd loves his wakeful eyes survey.  
Whilst to nocturnal joys impure, repair  
With wanton glee, the prostituted fair.\*

His

## NOTES.

\* Silence and a decent reserve is the ornament of the fair sex; levity and laughter betray them into an unguarded behaviour, and make them susceptible of wanton impressions. The *Athenians* had a temple sacred to love and *Venus*, the whisperer. *Venus* was called the Whisperer, because they who had offered up their prayers applied their mouths to the ear of the statue of that Goddess, and whispered their petitions; an intimation, that women ought to govern their tongue, and not let it transgress either by loudness or loquacity. But this no ways affects the ladies of *Great Britain*; they speak so well, they should never be silent.—*Ulysses*, *Homer* tells us, is almost provoked to kill these females with his own

## NOTES.

hands: this has been imagined a thought unworthy an hero. The like objection has been made against *Aeneas* in *Virgil*. But the objection is probably with too great severity, both against *Homer* and *Virgil*: it is no disgrace to the best or bravest man, to be subject to such passions as betray him into no unworthy actions: a hero is not supposed to be insensible; he distinguishes himself as such, if he restrains them within the bounds of reason. Both *Aeneas* and *Ulysses* are fired with a just indignation, and this is agreeable to human nature; but both of them proceed to no outrageous action, and this shews that their passions are governed by superior reason. It may be further added, that the case is very different



His heart with rage this new dishonour stung,  
 Wav'ring his thoughts in dubious balance hung;  
 Or, instant should he quench the guilty flame  
 With their own blood, and intercept the shame;  
 Or to their lust indulge a last embrace,  
 And let the peers consummate the disgrace?  
 Round his swol'n heart the murmurous fury rolls;  
 As o'er her young the mother-mastiff growls,\*  
 And bays the stranger-groom: so wrath compressed  
 Recoiling, mutter'd thunder in his breast.  
 Poor suffer'ing heart! he cry'd, support the pain †  
 Of wounded honour, and thy rage restrain.  
 Not fiercer woes thy fortitude could foil,  
 When the brave partners of thy ten years toil  
 Dire *Polypheme* devour'd: I then was freed  
 By patient prudence, from the death decreed.

Thus anchor'd safe on reason's peaceful coast,  
 Tempests of wrath his soul no longer tost;  
 Restless his body rolls, to rage resign'd:  
 As one who long with pale-ey'd famine pin'd, ‡  
 The fav'ry cates on glowing embers cast  
 Incessant turns, impatient for repast:

## NOTES.

ferent between *Aeneas* and *Ulysses*. The persons whom *Ulysses* intends to punish are his subjects and servants, and such a punishment would be no more than an act of justice, as he is their master and king; and we find in the sequel of the *Odyssey* that he actually inflicts it. It should therefore be thought an instance of *Homer's* judgment, in painting the disorders of these servants in such strong colours, that we may acknowledge the justice, when he afterwards brings them to punishment.

\* This in the original is a very bold expression, but *Homer*, to soften it, instances a comparison which reconciles us to it. The similitude itself is very expressive: as the mastiff barks to guard her young, so labours the soul of *Ulysses* in defence of his son and wife, *Penelope* and *Telemachus*. Great honour was paid to dogs by the ancients; they were kept as a piece of state by princes and heroes; and therefore a comparison drawn from them was held to be as noble as if it had been drawn from a lion, or any other beast.

† These two verses prove that *Homer* understood the soul to be uncompounded and distinct from the body. If the soul were a compounded substance, if it were harmony (as some philosophically assert) it would never act discordantly from the parts which compose it; but we see the contrary, we see the soul guide and govern the parts of which she herself is pretended to be composed; she resists, threatens, and restrains our passions, our fears, avarice, and anger:

No. 34.

*Ulysses* so, from side to side devolv'd,  
 In self-debate the suitors doom resolv'd.  
 When in the form of mortal nymph array'd,  
 From heav'n descends the *Jove*-born martial maid;  
 And hov'ring o'er his head in view confess'd,  
 The Goddess thus her fav'rite care address'd.

Oh thou, of mortals most inur'd to woes!  
 Why roll those eyes unfriended of repose?  
 Beneath thy palace-roof forget thy care;  
 Blest in thy queen! blest in thy blooming heir!  
 Whom, to the Gods when suppliant fathers bow,  
 They name the standard of their dearest vow.

Just is thy kind reproach, (the chief rejoind)  
 Deeds full of fate distract my various mind,  
 In contemplation rapt. This hostile crew  
 What single arm hath prowess to subdue?  
 Or if by *Jove's*, and thy auxiliar aid,  
 They're doom'd to bleed; O say, celestial maid,  
 Where shall *Ulysses* shun, or how sustain,  
 Nations embattled to revenge the slain?

Oh impotence of faith! *Minerva* cries,  
 If man on frail unknowing man relies, §

Doubt

## NOTES.

in short, the soul speaks to the body as to a substance of a nature entirely different from it's own. *Homer* therefore evidently understood, that the soul ought to govern and direct the passions, and that it is of a nature more divine than harmony.

‡ No passage in the whole *Odyssey* has fallen under more ridicule than this comparison. *Homer* (says a severe critic) compares *Ulysses* turning in his bed to a black pudding broiling on a gridiron; whereas the truth is, he compares that hero turning and tossing in his bed; burning with impatience to satisfy himself with the blood of the suitors, to a man in sharp hunger preparing the entrails of a victim over a great fire; and the agitation represents the agitation of *Ulysses*. The comparison is borrowed from sacrifices which yielded blood and fat, and was therefore so far from being despicable, that it was looked upon with veneration by antiquity.

§ There is excellent reasoning in this: if a friend whom we know to be wise and powerful, advises us, we are ready to follow his instructions; the Divine Being gives us his council, and we refuse it. The protection of a prince or potentate gives us full tranquillity, and banishes from us all uneasy apprehension. We have an all-powerful Being for our protector, and for our father; and yet the knowledge of it is not sufficient to drive away our fears, inquietudes, and discontents. The poet almost in every book mentions the destruction of the suitors by the single hand of *Ulysses*, to reconcile us to it by degrees,

7 E

that



Doubt you the Gods? Lo *Pallas*' self descends,  
 Inspires thy counsels, and thy toils attends.  
 In me affianc'd, fortify thy breast,  
 Tho' myriads leagu'd thy rightful claim contest:  
 My sure divinity shall bear the shield,  
 And edge thy sword to reap the glorious field.  
 Now, pay the debt to craving nature due,  
 Her faded pow'rs with balmy rest renew.  
 She ceas'd: ambrosial slumbers seal his eyes;  
 His care dissolves in visionary joys:

The Goddess pleas'd, regains her natal skies.  
 No so the queen; the downy bands of sleep  
 By grief relax'd, she wak'd again to weep:  
 A gloomy pause ensu'd of dumb despair;  
 Then thus her fate invoc'd, with fervent pray'r.

*Diana!* speed thy deathful ebon dart,\*  
 And cure the pangs of this convulsive heart.  
 Snatch me, ye whirlwinds! far from human race,†  
 Tost through the void illimitable space:

## NOTES.

that we may not be shocked at the great catastrophe of the poem as incredible: it is particularly judicious to insist upon it in this place in a manner so solemn, to prepare us for the approaching event. If the destruction of the suitors should appear humanly improbable by being ascribed solely to *Ulysses*, it is at least reconcilable to divine probability, and becomes credible through the intervention of a Goddess.

\* We doubt not but the reader will be pleased with the beauty of this soliloquy. There is an assemblage of tender images and moving complaints, and yet they are such as betray no meanness of spirit: the lamentation of *Penelope* is the lamentation of a queen and heroine; she mourns, but it is with dignity. The poet makes a good use of her sorrows, and they excellently sustain her character of persevering to elude the addresses of the suitors, when she wishes even to die rather than to yield to them.

† Some suppose, the ancients were persuaded that some persons were carried away by storms and whirlwinds. But we would rather imagine such expressions to be entirely figurative and poetical; it is probable that what gave occasion to these fictions might be no more than the sudden deaths of some persons, and their disappearance was ascribed, in the language of poetry, to storms and whirlwinds. The *Orientals* delighted in such bold figures. *Job* xxvii. 21, *The east wind carrieth him away, and as a storm hurrieth him out of his place.* And *Isaiab* xli. 16, *The wind shall carry them away, and the whirlwind shall scatter them.*

Or if dismounted from the rapid cloud,  
 Me with his whelming wave let Ocean shroud!  
 So, *Pandarus*, thy hopes, three orphans fair  
 Were doom'd to wander through the devious air;  
 Thyself untimely and thy consort dy'd,  
 But four celestials both your cares supply'd.  
*Venus* in tender delicacy rears ‡  
 With honey, milk, and wine, their infant years:  
 Imperial *Juno* to their youth assign'd §  
 A form majestic, and sagacious mind:  
 With shapely growth *Diana* grac'd their bloom;  
 And *Pallas* taught the texture of the loom,  
 But whilst to learn their lots in nuptial love,  
 Bright *Cytherea* sought the bow'r of *Jove*;  
 (The God supreme, to whose eternal eye  
 The registers of fate expanded lie)  
 Wing'd *Harpies* snatch'd th' unguarded charge  
 away, ||  
 And to the furies bore a grateful prey.

Be

## NOTES.

‡ *Venus* is said to feed these infants with wine, milk, and honey; that is, she nursed them in their infancy, with plenty and abundance. For this is the import of the expression: a land flowing with milk and honey means a land of the greatest fertility, as is evident from the writings of *Moses*.

§ It may seem that *Homer* ascribes improper gifts to this Goddess; wisdom is the portion of *Minerva*, beauty of *Venus*, why then are they here ascribed to *Juno*? This seems an insolvable difficulty. But it may be explained, by remarking, that the beauty of princesses is different from that of persons of an inferior station; their beauty consists in a majesty that is every way great and noble, and strikes with awe, very different from the little affectations and formal softnesses of inferior beauty; the former kind is the gift of *Venus* to the lower part of the fair sex, the latter is bestowed on princesses and queens, by *Juno* the regent of the skies.

|| It is not evident what is meant by these princesses being carried away by the *Harpies*. Some think that they wandered from their own country, and fell into the power of cruel governesses, whose severities the poet ascribes to the *Furies*. Others imagine, that these two princesses having seen the unhappy fate of their sister *Aëdon*, (who was married to *Zethus*, and slew her own son) feared a like calamity; and dreading marriage, retired to some distant solitude, where never being heard of, it gave room for the fiction. It must be allowed that the thought excellently agrees with the wishes of *Penelope*: these princesses were taken away at the point of



Be such my lot! or thou *Diana* speed  
 Thy shaft, and send me joyful to the dead;  
 To seek my lord among the warrior-train,  
 Ere second vows my bridal faith profane.  
 When woes the waking sense alone assail,  
 Whilst night extends her soft oblivious veil,  
 Of other wretches care the torture ends:  
 No truce the warfare of my heart suspends!  
 The night renews the day-distracting theme,  
 And airy terrors sable ev'ry dream.  
 The last alone a kind illusion wrought,  
 And to my bed my lov'd *Ulysses* brought,  
 In manly bloom; and each majestic grace  
 As when from *Troy* he left my fond embrace;\*  
 Such raptures in my beating bosom rise,  
 I deem it sure a vision of the skies.  
 Thus, whilst *Aurora* mounts her purple throne,†  
 In audible laments she breathes her moan;

## NOTES.

of their marriage; *Penelope* believes herself to be in the same condition, and wishes to be lost rather than submit to second nuptials. This speech has a further effect; we find *Penelope* reduced to the utmost exigency, she has no farther subterfuge; the poet therefore judiciously paints this exigency in the strongest colours, to shew the necessity of unravelling the intrigue of the poem in the conclusion of the *Odyssey*.

\* This little circumstance is not without a good effect: it shews that the whole soul of *Penelope* was possessed with the image of *Ulysses*. *Homer* adds, *such as he was when he sailed to Troy*; which is inserted to take off our wonder, that she should not discover him; this *Ulysses* in disguise is not like the *Ulysses* she formerly knew, and now delineates in her imagination.

† This is the morning of the fortieth day; for part of the eighteenth book, and the whole nineteenth, and so far of the twentieth book, contain no more than the evening of the thirty-ninth day.

‡ It may be asked, why should *Ulysses* imagine that *Penelope* knew him to be *Ulysses*, after a speech that expressed so much concern for his absence? We answer, *Ulysses* having only heard the voice, not distinguished the words of her lamentation, mistakes the tears of *Penelope* for tears of joy; he suspects that the discovery is made by *Euryklea* or *Telemachus*; that they have told her the truth to give her comfort; and fears lest in the transport of her joy she should act something that would betray him to the suitors, and prevent his designs: he therefore immediately withdraws, and makes a prayer to heaven

The sounds assault *Ulysses'* wakeful ear; ‡  
 Misjudging of the cause, a sudden fear  
 Of his arrival known, the chief alarms;  
 He thinks the queen is rushing to his arms.  
 Up springing from his couch, with active haste  
 The fleece and carpet in the dome he plac'd;  
 (The hide, without, imbib'd the morning air)  
 And thus the Gods invoc'd, with ardent pray'r.  
*Jove*, and ethereal thrones! with heav'n to friend;  
 If the long series of my woes shall end;  
 Of human race now rising from repose,  
 Let one a blissful omen here disclose; §  
 And to confirm my faith, propitious *Jove!*  
 Vouchsafe the sanction of a sign above.  
 Whilst lowly thus the chief adoring bows,  
 The pitying God his guardian aid avows.  
 Loud from a sapphire sky his thunder sounds: ||  
 With springing hope the hero's heart rebounds.

Soon

## NOTES.

for a sign to re-assure his hopes, that he may proceed with confidence to their destruction.

§ The reader will fully understand the import of this prayer, from the nature of the omens, and the notions of them among the ancients: *If, says Ulysses, my prayer is heard, let there be a voice from within the palace to certify me of it*; and immediately a voice is heard, *O Jupiter, may this day be the last to the suitors!* Such speeches as fell accidentally from any person were held ominous, and one of the ancient ways of divination; *Ulysses* understands it as such, and accepts the omen. It was in use among the *Romans*, as appears from *Tully* on divination, when *P. Æmilius* was going to war with *Perseus* king of the *Macedonians*, he found his little daughter in tears: *O father, says she, Perseus is dead!* meaning her little dog named *Perseus*; *Æmilius* immediately replied, *O daughter, I embrace the omen*, applying it to *Perseus* king of the *Macedonians*; who was afterwards conquered by him, and died a captive in *Rome*. The same practice was used by the *Hebrews*, it was called *Bath Kol*; this is an instance of it: two *Rabbies* desiring to see *Samuel* a *Babylonish* doctor, *let us follow*, said they, *the hearing of Bath Kol*; travelling therefore near a school, they heard a boy reading these words out of *Samuel* xxv. 1, *And Samuel died*. They observed it, and found that their friend was dead. The *Sortes Virgilianæ* afterwards were much of this kind.

|| It was this circumstance, of thunder bursting from a serene sky, that made it ominous: it was noted as such amongst the *Romans* in the books of the augurs. The *stoics* drew an argument from thunder



Soon, with consummate joy to crown his pray'r,  
An omen'd voice invades his ravish'd ear.  
Beneath a pile that close the dome adjoin'd;  
Twelve female slaves the gift of *Ceres* grind,\*  
Task'd for the royal board to bolt the bran  
From the pure flour (the growth and strength of  
man)

Discharging to the day the labour due,  
Now early to repose the rest withdrew;  
One maid, unequal to the task assign'd,  
Still turn'd the toilsome mill with anxious mind;  
And thus in bitterness of soul divin'd.

Father of Gods and men! whose thunders roll  
O'er the *cerulean* vault, and shake the pole;  
Whoe'er from heav'n has gain'd this rare ostent,  
(Of granted vows a certain signal sent)  
In this blest moment of accepted pray'r  
Piteous, regard a wretch consum'd with care!  
Instant, O *Jove*! confound the suitor train,  
For whom o'er-toil'd I grind the golden grain:  
Far from this dome the lewd-devourers cast,  
And be this festival decreed their last!

Big with their doom denounc'd in earth and sky,  
*Ulysses'* heart dilates with sacred joy.  
Mean-time the menial train with unctuous wood  
Heap'd high the genial hearth, *Vulcanian* food:  
When, early dress'd, advanc'd the royal heir;  
With manly grasp he wav'd a martial spear.  
A radiant sabre grac'd his purple zone,  
And on his foot the golden sandal shone.  
His steps impetuous to the portal press'd;  
And *Euryclea* thus he there address'd.

## NOTES.

thunder from a serene air against the doctrines of *Epicurus*, who taught that the Gods had no regard of human affairs; for they concluded such thunder to be præter-natural, and an argument of a divine Providence.

\* This little particularity shews us the great profusion of the suitors, who employed twelve mills to find them bread. There is a particular energy in the original; it denotes the great labour and assiduity of these people in preparing the bread, and consequently the great waste of the suitors. It likewise preserves a piece of antiquity, that kings formerly had mills in their palaces to provide for their families, and that these mills were attended by women; we suppose because preparing bread was an household care, and therefore fell to the lot of female servants.

† This speech of *Telemachus* may seem to be wanting in filial respect, as it appears to condemn

Say thou, to whom my youth it's nurture  
owes,

Was care for due refection, and repose,  
Bestow'd the stranger guest? Or waits he griev'd,  
His age not honour'd, nor his wants reliev'd?  
Promiscuous grace on all the queen confers; †  
(In woes bewilder'd, oft the wisest errs.)

The wordy vagrant to the dole aspires,  
And modest worth with noble scorn retires.

She thus: O cease that ever-honour'd name  
To blemish now; it ill deserves your blame:  
A bowl of gen'rous wine suffic'd the guest;  
In vain the queen the night-refection press;  
Nor would he court repose in downy state,  
Unblest'd, abandon'd to the rage of fate!  
A hide beneath the portico was spread,  
And fleecy skins compos'd an humble bed:  
A downy carpet cast with duteous care,  
Secur'd him from the keen nocturnal air.

His cornel javelin pois'd, with regal port,  
To the sage *Greeks* conven'd in *Themis'* court, ‡  
Forth-issuing from the dome the prince repair'd:  
Two dogs of chace, a lion-hearted guard,  
Behind him sow'rly stalk'd. Without delay  
The dame divides the labour of the day;  
Thus urging to the toil the menial train.  
What marks of luxury the marble stain!  
It's wonted lustre let the floor regain;  
The seats with purple cloathe in order due;  
And let th' absterfiv sponge the board renew: §  
Let some refresh the vase's sullied mould;  
Some bid the goblets boast their native gold:

Some

## NOTES.

the conduct of his mother: but the contrary is to be gathered from it. His blame is really a commendation; it shews that her affection was so great for *Ulysses*, that she received every vagrant honourably, who deceived her with false news about him; and that other persons who brought no tidings of him, though men of great worth, were less acceptable.

‡ It was customary for kings and magistrates to go early every morning into the public assemblies, to distribute justice, and take care of the public affairs: but this assembly contributing nothing to the action of the *Odyssey*, the poet passes it over in a cursory manner, without any enlargement.

§ The table was not anciently covered with linen, but carefully cleaned with wet sponges. They made use of no napkins to wipe their hands, but the soft and fine part of the bread, which they afterwards threw to the dogs.



Some to the spring, with each a jar, repair,  
And copious waters pure for bathing bear:  
Dispatch! for soon the suitors will assuage  
The lunar feast-rites to the God of day.\*

She said; with duteous haste a bevy fair  
Of twenty virgins to the spring repair:  
With varied toils the rest adorn the dome.  
Magnificent, and blithe, the suitors come,  
Some wield the sounding ax; the dodder'd oaks  
Divide, obedient to the forceful strokes.  
Soon from the fount, with each a brimming urn,  
(*Eumæus* in their train) the maids return.  
Three porkers for the feast, all brawny chin'd,  
He brought; the choicest of the tusky kind:  
In lodgments first secure his care he view'd,  
Then to the king this friendly speech renew'd:  
Now say sincere, my guest! the suitor-train  
Still treat thy worth with lordly dull disdain;  
Or speaks their deed a bounteous mind humane?

Some pitying God (*Ulysses* sad reply'd)  
With vollied vengeance blast their tow'ring pride!  
No conscious blush, no sense of right restrains  
The tides of lust that swell their boiling veins;  
From vice to vice their appetites are tost,  
All cheaply sated at another's cost!

While thus the chief his woes indignant told,  
*Melanthius*, master of the bearded fold,  
The goodliest goats of all the royal herd  
Spontaneous to the suitors' feast prefer'd:  
Two grooms assistant bore the victims bound;  
With quav'ring cries the vaulted roofs resound:

## NOTES.

\* This was the last day of one month, and the first of the following: the Greek months were lunar, the first day of every month was a day of great solemnity, and it was consecrated to *Apollo*, the author and fountain of light.

† To understand this passage, it is necessary to remember that *Melanthius* and *Philæti* fed their flocks and herds in *Cephalenia*, an adjacent island, under the dominion of *Ulysses*; but living in different parts of it, they are brought over in separate vessels, by different ferrymen.

‡ This is the reasoning of *Philæti*; kings are in a peculiar manner the care of the Gods; and if the Gods exempt not kings from calamities, how can inferior persons expect to be exempted, or complain in the day of adversity?

§ These words are to be ascribed to the excess of sorrow which *Philæti* feels for the sufferings of *Ulysses*; for they certainly transgress the bounds of reason. But if we consider the state of theology in *Homer's* time, the sentence will appear less offensive;

No. 35.

And to the chief austere, aloud began  
The wretch unfriendly to the race of man.

Here, vagrant, still? offensive to my lords!  
Blows have more energy than airy words;  
These arguments I'll use: nor conscious shame,  
Nor threats, thy bold intrusion will reclaim.  
On this high feast the meanest vulgar boast  
A plenteous board! hence! seek another host!  
Rejoinder to the churl the king disdain'd,  
But shook his head, and rising wrath restrain'd.  
From *Cephalenia* cross the surgy main  
*Philæti* late arriv'd, a faithful swain.  
A steer ungrateful to the bull's embrace,  
And goats he brought, the pride of all their race;  
Imported in a shallop not his own: †  
The dome re-echo'd to their mingled moan.  
Strait to the guardian of the bristly kind  
He thus began, benevolent of mind.

What guest is he, of such majestic air?  
His lineage and paternal clime declare:  
Dim thro' th' eclipse of fate, the rays divine  
Of sov'reign state with faded splendor shine.  
If monarchs by the Gods are plung'd in woe, ‡  
To what abyss are we foredoom'd to go!  
Then affable he thus the chief address'd,  
Whilst with pathetic warmth his hand he press'd.  
Stranger! may fate a milder aspect shew,  
And spin thy future with a whiter clue!  
O *Jove*! for ever deaf to human cries; §  
The tyrant, not the father of the skies!

Unpious

## NOTES.

“How can *Jupiter* (says *Philæti*) who is our father, throw his children into such an abyss of misery? Thou, oh *Jove*, hast made us, yet hast no compassion when we suffer.” It is no easy matter to answer this argument from the heathen theology, and no wonder therefore if it confounds the reason of *Philæti*; but we who have certain hopes of a future state, can readily solve the difficulty: that state will be a time of retribution, and will amply recompense the good man for all his calamities. It may be observed in general, that this introduction of *Philæti* and his speech, so warm in the cause of *Ulysses*, is inserted here with admirable judgment: the poet intends to make use of his assistance in the destruction of the suitors; he therefore brings him in giving *Ulysses* full assurance of his fidelity; so that when that hero reveals himself to him, he does not depart from his cautious character, being before certified of his honesty. *Philæti* is not to be looked upon as a common servant, but as an officer of state and dignity: and whatever has been said in these

7 F

annotations



Unpiteous of the race thy will began,  
 The fool of fate, thy manufacture, man,  
 With penury, contempt, repulse, and care,  
 The galling load of life is doom'd to bear.  
*Ulysses* from his state a wand'rer still,  
 Upbraids thy pow'r, thy wisdom, or thy will:  
 O monarch ever dear!—O man of woe!—  
 Fresh flow my tears, and shall for ever flow!  
 Like thee, poor stranger guest, deny'd his home!  
 Like thee, in rags obscene decreed to roam!  
 Or haply perish'd on some distant coast,  
 In *Stygian* gloom he glides a pensive ghost!  
 O, grateful for the good his bounty gave,  
 I'll grieve, till sorrow sink me to the grave!  
 His kind protecting hand my youth prefer'd,  
 The regent of his *Cephalenian* herd:  
 With vast increase beneath my care it spreads,  
 A stately breed! and blackens far the meads.  
 Constrain'd, the choicest beeves I thence import,  
 To cram these cormorants that croud his court:  
 Who in partition seek his realm to share;  
 Nor human right, nor wrath divine revere.  
 Since here resolv'd oppressive these reside,  
 Contending doubts my anxious heart divide:  
 Now to some foreign clime inclin'd to fly,  
 And with the royal herd protection buy:  
 Then, happier thoughts return the nodding scale,  
 Light mounts despair, alternate hopes prevail:  
 In op'ning prospects of ideal joy,  
 My king returns; the proud usurpers die.

To whom the chief: In thy capacious mind  
 Since daring zeal with cool debate is join'd;  
 Attend a deed already ripe in fate:  
 Attest, oh *Jove*! the truth I now relate!  
 This sacred truth attest each genial pow'r,  
 Who blest the board, and guard this friendly bow'r!  
 Before thou quit the dome (nor long delay)  
 Thy wish produc'd in act, with pleas'd survey,  
 Thy wond'ring eyes shall view: his rightful  
 reign

By arms avow'd *Ulysses* shall regain,  
 And to the shades devote the suitor-train.

## NOTES.

annotations concerning *Eumæus* may be applied to *Philæti*; *Ulysses* promises to marry him into his own family in the sequel of the *Odyssey*; consequently he is a personage worthy to be an actor in epic poetry.

\* It may be asked why *Amphinomus* gives this interpretation to the prodigy; and why might not the eagle denote the suitors, and the pigeon *Telemachus*? No doubt but such an interpretation would have been specious, but contrary to the rules of au-

O *Jove* supreme, the raptur'd swain replies,  
 With deeds consummate soon the promis'd joys!  
 These aged nerves, with new-born vigor strung,  
 In that blest cause should emulate the young—  
 Assents *Eumæus* to the pray'r address;  
 And equal ardors fire his loyal breast.

Mean-time the suitors urge the prince's fate,  
 And deathful arts employ the dire debate:  
 When in his airy tour, the bird of *Jove*  
 Trust'd with his sinewy pounce a trembling dove;  
 Sinister to their hope! This omen ey'd  
*Amphinomus*, who thus presaging cry'd.\*

The Gods from force and fraud the prince defend;  
 O peers! the sanguinary scheme suspend:  
 Your future thought let fable fate employ;  
 And give the present hour to genial joy.

From council strait th' assenting peerage ceas'd,  
 And in the dome prepar'd the genial feast.  
 Dis-rob'd, their vests apart in order lay,  
 Then all with speed succinct the victims slay:  
 With sheep and shaggy goats the porkers bled,  
 And the proud steer was on the marble spread.  
 With fire prepar'd they deal the morsels round,  
 Wine rosy-bright the brimming goblets crown'd,  
 By sage *Eumæus* borne: the purple tide  
*Melanthius* from an ample jar supply'd:  
 High canisters of bread *Philæti* plac'd;  
 And eager all devour the rich repast.  
 Dispos'd apart, *Ulysses* shares the treat!  
 A trivet-table, and ignobler seat,†

The prince appoints; but to his fire assigns  
 The tasteful inwards, and nectareous wines.  
 Partake my guest, he cry'd, without controul  
 The social feast, and drain the cheering bowl:  
 Dread not the railer's laugh, nor ruffian's rage;  
 No vulgar roof protects thy honour'd age;  
 This dome a refuge to thy wrongs shall be,  
 From my great fire too soon devolv'd to me!  
 Your violence and scorn, ye suitors cease,  
 Lest arms avenge the violated peace.

Aw'd by the prince, so haughty, brave, and young,  
 Rage gnaw'd the lip, amazement chain'd the tongue.

Be

## NOTES.

gury. The eagle is the king of birds, and must therefore of necessity denote the chief personage, and consequently could only be applied to *Ulysses*, or *Telemachus*. *Amphinomus* thus interprets it, and the suitors acquiesce in his interpretation.

† This circumstance is not inserted unnecessarily; the table is suitable to the disguise of *Ulysses*, and it might have created a jealousy in the suitors if *Telemachus* had used him with greater distinction.



Be patient, peers! at length *Antinous* cries;  
 The threats of vain imperious youth despise:  
 Would *Jove* permit the meditated blow,  
 That stream of eloquence should cease to flow.  
 Without reply vouchsaf'd, *Antinous* ceas'd:  
 Mean-while the pomp of festival increas'd:  
 By heralds rank'd, in marshall'd order move  
 The city-tribes, to pleas'd *Apollo's* grove:  
 Beneath the verdure of which awful shade,  
 The lunar hecatomb they grateful laid;  
 Partook the sacred feast, and ritual honours paid. }  
 But the rich banquet in the dome prepar'd,  
 (An humble side-board set) *Ulysses* shar'd.  
 Observant of the prince's high behest,  
 His menial train attend the stranger guest;  
 Whom *Pallas* with unpard'ning fury fir'd,  
 By lordly pride and keen reproach inspir'd.  
 A *Samian* peer, more studious than the rest  
 Of vice, who teem'd with many a dead-born  
 jest;

And urg'd, for title to a consort queen,  
 Unnumber'd acres arable and green;  
 (*Ctesippus* nam'd) this lord *Ulysses* ey'd,  
 And thus burst out, imposthumate with pride.

The sentence I propose, ye peers, attend:  
 Since due regard must wait the prince's friend,  
 Let each a token of esteem bestow:

This gift acquits the dear respect I owe;  
 With which he nobly may discharge his seat,  
 And pay the menials for the master's treat.

He said; and of the steer before him plac'd,  
 That sinewy fragment at *Ulysses* cast,  
 Where to the pattern-bone by nerves combin'd, }  
 The well-horn'd foot indissolubly join'd;  
 Which whizzing high, the wall unseemly sign'd. }

## NOTES.

\* Some tell us that there is an herb frequent in the island of *Sardinia*, which by tasting distorts the muscles, that a man seems to laugh while he is under a painful agony; and from thence the *Sardinian laugh* became a proverb, to signify a laugh which concealed an inward pain. Others refer the expression to an ancient custom of the *Sardinians* (a colony of the *Lacedemonians*); it is pretended that upon a certain festival every year, they not only slew all their prisoners of war, but also all the old men that were above seventy, and obliged these miserable wretches to laugh while they underwent the severity of torment. Either of these reasons fully explains the meaning of the *ghastly smile*, and shews it to denote an exterior laugh, and an inward pain.

† It is observable that *Telemachus* swears by the

The chief indignant grins a ghastly smile;\*  
 Revenge and scorn within his bosom boil:  
 When thus the prince with pious rage inflam'd:  
 Had not th' inglorious wound thy malice aim'd  
 Fall'n guiltless of the mark, my certain spear  
 Had made thee buy the brutal triumph dear:  
 Nor should thy sire a queen his daughter boast,  
 The suitor now had vanish'd in a ghost:  
 No more, ye lewd compeers, with lawless pow'r  
 Invade my dome, my herds and flocks devour:  
 For genuine worth, of age mature to know,  
 My grape shall redden, and my harvest grow.  
 Or if each other's wrongs ye still support,  
 With rapes and riot to prophane my court;  
 What single arm with numbers can contend?  
 On me let all your lifted swords descend,  
 And with my life such vile dishonours end. }

A long cessation of discourse ensu'd,

By gentler *Agelaus* thus renew'd.

A just reproof, ye peers! your rage restrain

From the protected guest, and menial train:

And prince! to stop the source of future ill,

Assent yourself, and gain the royal will.

Whilst hope prevail'd to see your fire restor'd,

Of right the queen refus'd a second lord.

But who so vain of faith, so blind to fate,

To think he still survives to claim the state?

Now press the sovereign dame with warm desire

To wed, as wealth or worth her choice inspire:

The lord selected to the nuptial joys,

Far hence will lead the long-contended prize:

Whilst in paternal pomp, with plenty blest,

You reign, of this imperial dome posses't.

Sage and serene *Telemachus* replies;†

By him at whose behest the thunder flies!

And

## NOTES.

*sorrows* of his father; an expression, in our judgment, very noble, and at the same time, full of a filial tenderness. This was an ancient custom amongst the *Oriental*s, as appears from an oath not unlike it in *Genesis* xxxi. 53. And Jacob *swore by the fear of his father* Isaac. But how is this speech to be understood? for how can *Telemachus* persuade his mother to marry, when he knows that *Ulysses* is returned? There is a concealed and an apparent meaning in the expression. *Telemachus* swears that he will not hinder his mother from taking an husband, but he means *Ulysses*: the words therefore are ambiguous, and the ambiguity deceives the suitors, who believe that by this oath *Telemachus* obliges himself not only not to hinder, but promote the intended nuptials.



And by the name on earth I most revere,  
By great *Ulysses*, and his woes I swear!  
(Who never must review his dear domain;  
Inroll'd, perhaps, in *Pluto's* dreary train.)  
Whene'er her choice the royal dame avows,  
My bridal gifts shall load the future spouse:  
But from this dome my parent queen to chace!—  
From me, ye gods! avert such dire disgrace.

But *Pallas* clouds with intellectual gloom  
The suitors souls, insensate of their doom!  
A mirthful phrenzy seiz'd the fated croud;\*  
The roofs resound with causeless laughter loud:  
Floating in gore, portentous to survey!†  
In each discolour'd vase the viands lay:  
Then down each cheek the tears spontaneous flow,  
And sudden sighs precede approaching woe.  
In vision rapt; the *Hyperefian* seer‡  
Uprose, and thus divin'd the vengeance near.

O race to death devote! with *Stygian* shade  
Each destin'd peer impending fates invade:  
With tears your wan distorted cheeks are drown'd;  
With sanguine drops the walls are rubied round:

## NOTES.

\* It is in the *Greek*, *They laughed with other men's cheeks*. There are many explications of this passage: some imagine it to denote a feigned and pretended laughter. But if we consult the conduct of the suitors, a contrary interpretation will seem to be necessary: for this laughter of the suitors appears to be very real, and from the heart. *Homer* calls it *excessive*, *inextinguished*; and again, they laughed *with joy*; which expressions denote a real and unfeigned laughter. But how will the words be brought to bear this construction? Very naturally: they laughed as if they had borrowed their cheeks, as if their cheeks were not their own, and consequently they were not afraid to use them with licence and excess; such persons as the suitors having no regard for any thing that belongs to another. But there are some lines in the *Greek* that make it doubtful; for immediately after the expression of laughing with other men's cheeks, *Homer* adds, that their eyes *flowed with tears*, and *sorrow seized their souls*. It is true, *Homer* describes the suitors under an alienation of mind, and a sudden distraction occasioned by *Minerva*; and from hence we may gather the reasons why they are torn by so sudden a transition to contrary passions, from laughter to tears; this moment they laugh extravagantly, and the next they weep with equal excess; persons in such a condition being liable to such vicissitudes.

† This is to be looked upon as a prodigy, the

Thick swarms the spacious hall with howling ghosts,  
To people *Orcus*, and the burning coasts!  
Nor gives the sun his golden orb to roll,  
But universal night usurps the pole!

Yet warn'd in vain, with laughter loud elate  
The peers reproach the sure divine of fate;  
And thus *Eurymachus*: The dotard's mind  
To ev'ry sense is lost, to reason blind:  
Swift from the dome conduct the slave away;  
Let him in open air behold the day. §

Tax not, (the heav'n-illumin'd seer rejoin'd) ||  
Of rage, or folly, my prophetic mind,  
No clouds of error dim th' etherial rays,  
Her equal pow'r each faithful sense obeys.  
Unguided hence my trembling steps I bend,  
Far hence, before yon hov'ring deaths descend;  
Lest the ripe harvest of revenge begun,  
I share the doom ye suitors cannot shun.

This said, to sage *Piræus* sped the seer,  
His honour'd host, a welcome inmate there.  
O'er the protracted feast the suitors sit,  
And aim to wound the prince with pointless wit:

Cries

## NOTES.

belief of which was established in the old world, and consequently, whether true or false, may be allowed to have a place in poetry. In the following speech of *Theoclymenus*, there is a beautiful enthusiasm of poetry; but how are we to understand that *Theoclymenus* sees these wonders, when they are invisible to all the suitors? *Theoclymenus* was a prophet, and speaks of things future as present; it is the eye of the prophet that sees these events, and the language of prophecy that speaks of them as present. Thus when he says he sees the palace red with blood, and thronged with ghosts; he anticipates the event, which is verified in the approaching death of the suitors.

‡ *Theoclymenus*.

§ The suitors taking the prediction of *Theoclymenus* literally, viz. *I see you all involved in darkness*, think him distracted, not conceiving his words to be a prophecy; and therefore by way of derision command him to be carried into a place of public resort, that he may convince himself it is full day.

|| The answer of *Theoclymenus* appears to be both pleasant and serious: "I have eyes, (says he) and therefore have no occasion for a guide to lead me from the palace; I have ears, and therefore hear that my absence is desired; I have both my feet, and therefore am able to go away without giving others the trouble to assist me; and I have an understanding well informed, by which I see the evil that threatens the suitors, and haste away to avoid it."





Achilles having driven the Trojans into the Xanthus pursues in after them and makes a great Slaughter: that River displeas'd at his Cruelty almost smothers him with his Waters in the midst whereof Neptune and Pallas support him & Vulcan by driving up the River delivers him.

J. Fourdrinier sculp.



Cries one, with scornful leer and mimic voice,  
 Thy charity we praise, but not thy choice;  
 Why such profusion of indulgence shown  
 To this poor, tim'rous, toil-detesting drone?  
 That other feeds on planetary schemes,  
 And pays his host with hideous noon-day dreams.  
 But, prince! for once at least believe a friend,  
 To some *Sicilian* mart these courtiers send,\*  
 Where, if they yield their freight across the main,  
 Dear sell the slaves! demand no greater gain.

Thus jovial they; but nought the prince replies;  
 Full on his fire he roll'd his ardent eyes;

## NOTES.

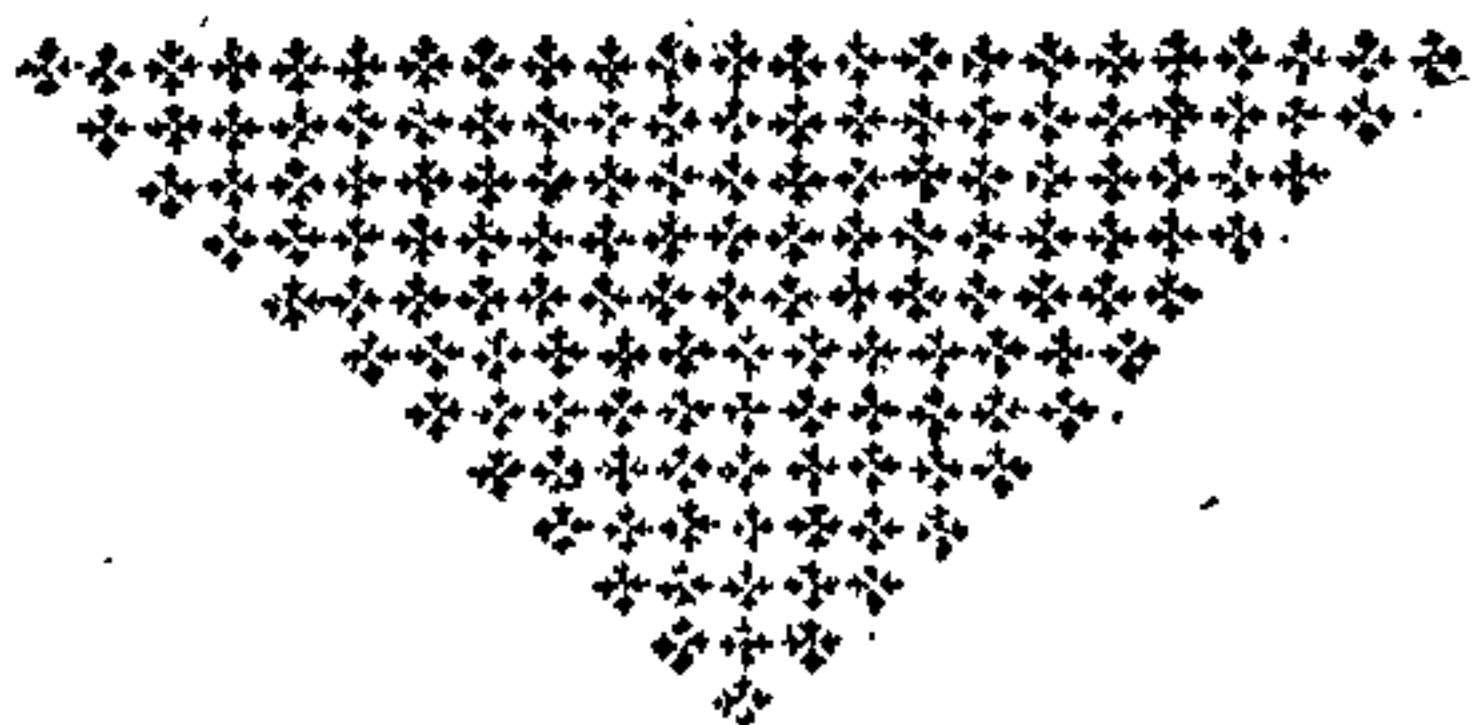
\* It is evident from this passage that the name of *Sicily* is very ancient. The reason why the poet never mentions this word in describing the wanderings of *Ulysses* which happen chiefly near *Sicily*, is to make his poetry more to countenance those fabulous relations and miracles which he has told to the *Phæacians*, he chuses to speak of it by names less known, and less familiar to his readers. It is likewise probable from this passage, that the *Sicilians* traded in slaves; and that they were remarkable for their barbarity to their slaves; the suitors speaking by way of terror to intimidate *Theoclymenus*; and the expression seems to bear the same import with that concerning *Echetus*, we will send him to

Impatient strait to flesh his virgin-sword;  
 From the wise chief he waits the deathful word.  
 Nigh in her bright alcove, the pensive queen†  
 To see the circle sat, of all unseen.  
 Sated at length they rise, and bid prepare  
 An eve-repast, with equal cost and care;  
 But vengeful *Pallas* with preventing speed  
 A feast proportion'd to their crimes decreed;  
 A feast of death! the feasters doom'd to bleed!

## NOTES.

*Echetus*, or the *Sicilians*, who will use him with the utmost cruelty.

† The word in the original signifies a large seat that would hold two persons. This circumstance is not inserted in vain: the poet describes *Penelope* thus seated, that she might see and hear the actions and designs of the suitors, in order to form her conduct according to the occasion. Now for instance, she perceives their insolence risen to such an height, that she dares make no further delay, but immediately proclaims herself the prize of the best archer: and this naturally connects the story with the next book.





## The TWENTY-FIRST BOOK of the ODYSSEY.\*

## A R G U M E N T.

## THE BENDING OF ULYSSES'S BOW.

Penelope, to put an end to the solicitation of the suitors, proposes to marry the person who should first bend the bow of Ulysses, and shoot through the ringlets. After their attempts have proved ineffectual, Ulysses taking Eumæus and Philætius apart, discovers himself to them; then returning, desires leave to try his strength at the bow, which though refused with indignation by the suitors, Penelope and Telemachus cause it to be delivered to his hands. He bends it immediately, and shoots through all the rings. Jupiter in the same instant thunders from heaven; Ulysses accepts the omen, and gives a sign to Telemachus, who stands ready armed at his side.

AND Pallas now, to raise the rivals' fires,  
With her own art Penelope inspires:  
Who now can bend Ulysses' bow, and wing  
The well-aim'd arrow thro' the distant ring,

Shall end the strife, and win th' imperial dame;  
But discord and black death await the game!  
The prudent queen the lofty stair ascends,  
At distance due a virgin-train attends!

A brazen

## NOTES.

\* This book is intitled the *proposition of the bow*: this action of Penelope has given occasion of raillery both to modern and ancient critics; they insinuate that she proposed this exercise of the bow to try the strength of her gallants, determining to have regard to that single qualification in the choice of her husband. Some have directly charged her with inconstancy, and affirm that she had a son named Pan, because all the suitors had a share in him. It is the exercise of the bow that has occasioned these imputations; for none of Homer's commentators have given the reason why she proposes that exercise in particular; and therefore seeing no reason for it, they have invented a false one, and give the story a ridiculous air. We flatter ourselves that a better solution may be found out, and a reason given why Penelope proposes this exercise in particular, and preferable to any other. We are to remember that this day was sacred to Apollo; this is evident from

## NOTES.

the preceding book, where the *Ithacans* offer an hecatomb in a grove consecrated to that Deity: the diversion suits the day, the exercise of the bow being proper to be practised on the festival of that Deity, who is the patron of it. Several of the titles of Apollo are derived from it. If any thing further were wanting to reconcile us to the conduct of Penelope in proposing the bow; an instance almost parallel to it might be produced from history. When Cambyfes was preparing to make war against *Æthiopia*, the king of that country bent his great bow with two fingers in the presence of the *Persian* ambassadors, and unbending it again, delivered it to them with these words, that when the *Persians* could do the like, they might hope to conquer the *Æthiopians*. There is nothing more absurd in the delivery of the bow to the suitors by Penelope, than in the same act of the *Æthiopian* king to the *Persian* ambassadors.



A brazen key she held, the handle turn'd,\*  
 With steel and polish'd elephant adorn'd:  
 Swift to the inmost room she bent her way,  
 Where safe repos'd the royal treasures lay;  
 There shone high-heap'd the labour'd brass and ore,  
 And there the bow which great *Ulysses* bore,  
 And there the quiver, where now guiltless slept  
 Those winged deaths that many a matron wept.

This gift, long since when *Sparta's* shores he trod,  
 On young *Ulysses Iphitus* bestow'd:  
 Beneath *Orsilochus* his roof they meet;  
 One loss was private, one a public debt:  
*Messena's* state from *Ithaca* detains†  
 Three hundred sheep, and all the shepherd swains;  
 And to the youthful prince to urge the laws,  
 The king and elders trust their common cause.  
 But *Iphitus* employ'd on other cares,  
 Search'd the wide country for his wand'ring mares,  
 And mules, the strongest of the lab'ring kind;  
 Hapless to search! more hapless still to find!  
 For journeying on to *Hercules* at length,  
 The lawless wretch, the man of brutal strength,

## NOTES.

\* The numerous particularities and digressive histories crowded together in the beginning of this book have not escaped censure. The poet very circumstantially describes the key, and the make of it, as likewise the bow and quiver, then tells us who gave it to *Ulysses*; at the mention of the donor's name he starts into a little history of him, and returns not in many lines to his subject; he then no less circumstantially describes the chamber, and the frame of the door, he descends to every particular of *Penelope's* opening it, and every step and motion she takes till she produces the bow before the suitors. This conduct has been liable to objection, as made up of particulars of small importance to no proposed end. But notwithstanding, every circumstance is not without it's effect and beauty, and nothing better shews the power of the poet's diction.

† It has been disputed whether *Messene* here was a city or a country; *Strabo* affirms it to be a country, *lib. 8*. It was a port of *Laconia*, under the dominion of *Menelaus* in the time of the war of *Troy*; and then (continues that author) the city named *Messene* was not built. *Pausanias* is of the same opinion. Now *Orsilochus* lived in *Pheræ*, a city of *Messenia*, and consequently *Ulysses* and *Iphitus* meeting at his palace in *Messenia*, *Homer* must mean the country, not the city. So that even this digression is not foreign to the purpose: the poet largely describes the bow, being to make great use of it in the sequel of the *Odyssey*: he shews it was originally in

Deaf to heav'n's voice, the social rite transgress;‡  
 And for the beauteous mares destroy'd his guest.  
 He gave the bow; and on *Ulysses'* part  
 Receiv'd a pointed sword and missile dart:  
 Of luckless friendship on a foreign shore  
 Their first, last pledges! for they met no more.  
 The bow, bequeath'd by this unhappy hand,  
*Ulysses* bore not from his native land!  
 Nor in the front of battle taught to bend,  
 But kept, in dear memorial of his friend.

Now gently winding up the fair ascent,  
 By many an easy step, the matron went;  
 Then o'er the pavements glides with grace divine,  
 (With polish'd oak the level pavements shine)  
 The folding gates a dazzling light display'd,  
 With pomp of various architrave o'erlay'd.  
 The bolt, obedient to the silken string,  
 Forsakes the staple as she pulls the ring;  
 The wards respondent to the key turn round;  
 The bars fall back; the flying valves resound;  
 Loud as a bull makes hill and valley ring,§  
 So roar'd the lock when it releas'd the spring.

She

## NOTES.

the possession of *Eurytus*, the most famous archer in the world: nay, this very digression may appear to be absolutely necessary; it being requisite to describe that bow, as of no common excellence and strength, which was not to be drawn by any of the suitors; and at the same time it sets off the strength of the hero of the poem, who alone is able to bend it.

‡ The table was held sacred by the ancients, by means of which, honour was paid to the God of Friendship and Hospitality: it was therefore a crime to dishonour it by any indecent behaviour. The statues of the Gods were raised upon the tables, they were consecrated by placing on them salt, which was always esteemed holy, and by offering libations to the Gods from them: the table therefore is called in *Plutarch*, the altar of the Gods of Friendship and Hospitality; and therefore to have eaten at the same table, was esteemed an inviolable obligation of friendship; and to transgress against the table, a breach of the laws of hospitality, and the blackest of crimes. We will only add that it was customary upon making an alliance of hospitality to give mutual tokens; thus *Ulysses* here presents *Iphitus* with a sword and spear; *Iphitus* *Ulysses* with a bow. - And the producing these tokens was a recognition of the covenant of hospitality between the persons themselves, and their descendants in following generations.

§ This description presents us with a noble image:



She moves majestic thro' the wealthy room,  
Where treasur'd garments cast a rich perfume;  
There from the column where aloft it hung,  
Reach'd, in it's splendid case, the bow unstrung:  
Across her knees she laid the well-known bow,\*  
And pensive sat, and tears began to flow.

To full satiety of grief she mourns,  
Then silent, to the joyous hall returns,  
To the proud suitors bears in pensive state  
Th' unbended bow, and arrows wing'd with fate.

Behind, her train the polish'd coffer brings,  
Which held th' alternate brags and silver rings,  
Full in the portal the chaste queen appears,  
And with her veil conceals the coming tears:  
On either side awaits a virgin fair;  
While thus the matron, with majestic air.

Say you, whom these forbidden walls inclose,  
For whom my victims bleed, my vintage flows;  
If these neglected, faded charms can move?  
Or is it but a vain pretence, you love?

If I the prize, if me you seek to wife,  
Hear the conditions, and commence the strife.  
Who first *Ulysses'* wond'rous bow shall bend,  
And thro' twelve ringlets the fleet arrow send,  
Him will I follow, and forsake my home,  
For him forsake this lov'd, this wealthy dome,  
Long, long the scene of all my past delight,  
And still to last, the vision of my night!

Graceful she said, and bade *Eumæus* show  
The rival peers the ringlets and the bow.  
From his full eyes the tears unbidden spring,  
Touch'd at the dear memorials of his king.

## NOTES.

image: *Homer* introduces it to shew the largeness and strength of the door, which resounds as it opens. This exalts a trifling circumstance into sublimity and dignity, and renders a common action poetical.

\* The bow recalls to her mind the thought of her husband, and this raises her sorrows. The least trifle that once belonged to a beloved person, is sufficient to cast a cloud over the soul, which naturally falls in a shower of tears: and no doubt the exercise which the suitors are to practise with the bow, upon which her future fate depends, aggravates her sorrows; she weeps not only for the loss of *Ulysses*, but at the thought that she is ready to enter upon second nuptials, contrary to her inclinations.

+ This speech is not without some obscurity. The sense is as follows: "Surely, says *Telemachus*, *Jupiter* has disordered my understanding: I see my mother, wife as she is, preparing to leave the palace, and enter upon a second marriage; and yet in these melancholy circumstances, I think of nothing but

*Philæti* too relents, but secret shed  
The tender drops. *Antinous* saw, and said.

Hence to your fields, ye rustics! hence away,  
Nor stain with grief the pleasures of the day;  
Nor to the royal heart recall in vain

The sad remembrance of a perish'd man.  
Enough her precious tears already flow—

Or share the feast with due respect, or go  
To weep abroad, and leave to us the bow:

No vulgar task! Ill suits this courtly crew  
That stubborn horn which brave *Ulysses* drew.

I well remember (for I gaz'd him o'er  
While yet a child) what majesty he bore!

And still (all-infant as I was) retain

The port, the strength, the grandeur of the man!

He said, but in his soul fond joys arise,  
And his proud hopes already win the prize.

To speed the flying shaft thro' every ring,  
Wretch! is not thine! the arrows of the king  
Shall end those hopes, and fate is on the wing!

Then thus *Telemachus*. Some God I find +  
With pleasing phrenzy has possess'd my mind;  
When a lov'd mother threatens to depart,  
Why with this ill-tim'd gladness leaps my heart!

Come then ye suitors! and dispute a prize

Richer than all th' *Achaian* state supplies,

Than all proud *Argos*, or *Mycæna* knows,

Than all our isles or continents enclose:

A woman matchless, and almost divine,

Fit for the praise of ev'ry tongue but mine.

No more excuses then, no more delay;

Haste to the trial—Lo! I lead the way.

I too

## NOTES.

diverting myself, and being an idle spectator of this exercise of the bow: no, no, this is not to be suffered: you (the suitors) use your utmost efforts to rob me of *Penelope*, I will therefore use mine to retain her; a woman the most excellent in any nation. But why do I praise her? you know her worth; use therefore no pretext to defer the trial of the bow, that we may come to an issue; I will try the bow with you; and if I succeed, then I will retain her as the prize of the conquest; then she shall not be obliged to second nuptials: nor will *Penelope* abandon a son, who emulating his father, is (like him) able to bear the prize from so many antagonists." This is the true meaning of the words of *Telemachus*; the diction indeed is somewhat embarrassed, and the connection a little obscure; but this is done by the poet, to express the disorder and hurry of mind in *Telemachus*, who fears for the fate of *Penelope*: therefore the connection of the periods is interrupted, to represent *Telemachus*, starting through eagerness of spirit



I too may try, and if this arm can wing  
The feather'd arrow thro' the destin'd ring,  
Then if no happier knight the conquest boast,  
I shall not sorrow for a mother lost;  
But blest in her, possess these arms alone,  
Heir of my father's strength, as well as throne.

He spoke; then rising, his broad sword unbound,  
And cast his purple garment on the ground.  
A trench he open'd; in a line he plac'd  
The level axes, and the points made fast.  
(His perfect skill the wond'ring gazers ey'd,  
The game as yet unseen, as yet untry'd.)  
Then, with a manly pace, he took his stand;  
And grasp'd the bow, and twang'd it in his hand.  
Three times, with beating heart he made essay;  
Three times, unequal to the task gave way:  
A modest boldness on his cheek appear'd:  
And thrice he hop'd, and thrice again he fear'd,  
The fourth had drawn it. The great fire with  
joy \*  
Beheld, but with a sign forbade the boy.

## NOTES.

spirit from thought to thought, without order or regularity.

\* It is not apparent at the first view why *Ulysses* prohibits *Telemachus* from drawing the bow; but it would have defeated his whole design, and rendered the death of the suitors impracticable; for *Telemachus* had declared that he would retain *Penelope*, if he succeeded in the exercise of the bow; and this of necessity would create an immediate contest between that hero and the suitors, and bring matters unreasonably to extremity. Another reason may be this: *Ulysses* fears lest *Telemachus* by besiding the bow should make it more supple and flexible, and therefore commands him to desist, lest it should be drawn by the suitors; besides, if he had drawn it, it would have raised an emulation amongst them, and they would have applied the utmost of their abilities not to be outdone by so young a person as *Telemachus*; but his despair to effect it, makes them less solicitous, the trial being equally unsuccessful to them all. It may also be observed that there is a very happy address made to *Telemachus* by *Homer*; he shews us that he could have drawn it, but desists in obedience to *Ulysses*: thus the poet has found out a way to give *Telemachus* the honour of the victory without obtaining it; and at the same time shews the superior wisdom of *Ulysses*, who restrains his son in the heat of his attempt; and makes him by a happy presence of mind at once foresee the danger, and prevent it.

† *Antinous* makes this proposition, that every per-  
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His ardour strait th' obedient prince suppress,  
And artful thus the suitor-train address.

Oh lay the cause on youth yet immature!  
(For heav'n forbid, such weakness should endure)  
How shall this arm, unequal to the bow,  
Retort an insult, or repel a foe?  
But you! whom heav'n with better nerves has blest,  
Accept the trial, and the prize contest.

He cast the bow before him, and apart  
Against the polish'd quiver propt the dart.  
Resuming then his seat, *Epitheus*' son  
The bold *Antinous* to the rest begun.

“ From where the goblet first begins to flow, †  
“ From right to left, in order take the bow;  
“ And prove your several strengths.” — The princes  
heard,

And first *Leiodes*, blameless priest, appear'd: ‡  
The eldest born of *Oenops*' noble race,  
Who next the goblet held his holy place:  
He, only he of all the suitor-throng,  
Their deeds detested, and abjur'd the wrong.

With

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son may try his skill without confusion. Perhaps it is proposed by *Antinous* by way of omen, the right-hand being reckoned fortunate: but however that be, it is very evident that in the entertainments of the ancients the cup was delivered towards the right-hand. This observation explains various passages in many ancient authors, as well as in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*: the custom indeed is of no great importance, but it is at least a curiosity, and valuable because ancient. We doubt not but the bowl out of which these persons drank, would by antiquaries be thought inestimable; and the possession of an ancient bowl is not quite so valuable as the knowledge of an ancient custom.

‡ The word in the original signifies a person who makes predictions from victims or from the smoke of the sacrifice. This *Leiodes*, the poet tells us, sat next to the bowl; the reason of it possibly was because the suitors feared lest poison should be mixed in it, and they thought themselves safe through his care and inspection: or it might perhaps be, that he sat there in discharge of his office as a prophet, to make libations to the Gods; as was customary at the beginning and end of all entertainments. The poet adds, that this prophet was placed at the extremity of the apartment either because he was an enemy to the insolence of the suitors, and therefore withdrew from their conversation; or to shew that his place was the first, and therefore he was the most proper person to begin the experiment, that the rest might make trial according as they were seated, successively;



With tender hands the stubborn horn he strains,  
The stubborn horn resisted all his pains!  
Already in despair he gives it o'er:  
Take it who will, he cries, I strive no more.  
What num'rous deaths attend this fatal bow? \*  
What souls and spirits shall it send below?  
Better indeed to die, and fairly give  
Nature her debt, than disappointed live,  
With each new fun to some new hope a prey,  
Yet still to-morrow falser than to-day.

How long in vain *Penelope* we sought?  
This bow shall ease us of that idle thought,  
And send us with some humbler wife to live,  
Whom gold shall gain, or destiny shall give.  
Thus speaking, on the floor the bow he plac'd,  
(With rich inlay the various floor was grac'd)  
At distance far the feather'd shaft he throws,  
And to the seat returns from whence he rose.

To him *Antinous* thus with fury said,  
What words ill omen'd from thy lips have fled?  
Thy coward function ever is in fear;  
Those arms are dreadful which thou canst not bear.

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cessively; and what makes this the more probable is, that the propination always began from the most honourable person.

\* There is in these words a full and clear prediction of the destruction of the suitors by the bow of *Ulysses*. This *Leiodes* falls by the sword of *Ulysses* in the next book; but is it not injustice to take away the life of a person who is here described as a man of virtue, detesting the actions of the suitors, and dignified with prophecy? It is easy to answer this objection; he is one of the suitors to *Penelope*, as appears from his trying the bow amongst the rest of them, in order to obtain her in marriage, and consequently he is involved in the general crime: this distinguishes his case from that of *Medon* and *Phemius*, whom *Ulysses* spares, it appearing that they made no pretensions to the bed of *Penelope*, whereas *Leiodes* endeavours to marry the queen, which single act would exclude *Ulysses* from his own bed and dominions. Besides, if we would escape the punishment of wicked men, we must not only detest their crimes, but conversation.

† This passage has been egregiously misunderstood, and it has been imagined that this unguent is to anoint the limbs of the suitors to make them more supple, after the manner of the wrestlers who observed that custom; but it is very evident in the *Greek*, that it is the bow, not the limbs of the suitors, that is to be anointed.

‡ It is wonderful how exactly the poet observes

Why should this bow be fatal to the brave?  
Because the priest is born a peaceful slave.  
Mark then what others can——He ended there,  
And bade *Melanthius* a vast pile prepare;  
He gives it instant flame: then fast beside  
Spreads o'er an ample board a bullock's hide.  
With melted lard they soak the weapon o'er,  
Chafe ev'ry knot, and supple every pore. †  
Vain all their art, and all their strength as vain:  
The bow inflexible resists their pain.

The force of great *Eurymachus* alone  
And bold *Antinous*, yet untry'd, unknown:  
Those only now remain'd; but those confess  
Of all the train the mightiest and the best.

Then from the hall, and from the noisy crew, ‡  
The masters of the herd and flock withdrew.  
The king observes them: he the hall forsakes,  
And, past the limits of the court, o'ertakes.  
Then thus with accent mild *Ulysses* spoke:  
Ye faithful guardians of the herd and flock,  
Shall I the secret of my breast conceal,  
Or (as my soul now dictates) shall I tell?

Say,

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the distribution of time; he distinctly marks the action of every day, and allots a proper space to every action. In this place the poem goes forward while *Ulysses* withdraws to engage the assistance of *Philæti* and *Eumæus*. The suitors are amused and employed about the bow, while *Ulysses* steals away from their observation, and returns without raising their jealousy. The poet likewise manages the time of the discovery of *Ulysses* very judiciously; though he knew the fidelity of *Eumæus* and *Philæti*, yet he trusts them not with the knowledge of his person, till the very hour of execution; agreeable to the general character of his cautious nature and profound secrecy. But then is not this an imputation to *Penelope*, that he should chuse to discover himself to these two persons, rather than to his queen? The answer is, There was a necessity for his discovery to the former, but none to the latter; he wants their assistance in the future engagement, and makes good use of it; whereas a discovery made to the queen could have been of no advantage, and might possibly have proved detrimental; besides, this is a season that requires expedition: and we find *Ulysses* complies with it, and is very concise in the discovery and interview with *Philæti* and *Eumæus*. The poet therefore reserves the discovery of *Ulysses* to *Penelope* to a time of more leisure, that he may dwell upon it more largely, and beautify his poem with so essential an ornament with greater solemnity.



Say, should some fav'ring God restore again  
The lost *Ulysses* to his native reign?  
How beat your hearts? what aid would you afford?  
To the proud suitors, or your ancient lord?

*Philæti* thus. Oh were thy word not vain!  
Would mighty *Jove* restore that man again!  
These aged sinews with new vigour strung  
In his blest cause should emulate the young.  
With equal vows *Eumæus* too implor'd  
Each pow'r above, with wishes for his lord.

He saw their secret souls, and thus began.  
Those vows the Gods accord: behold the man!  
Your own *Ulysses*! twice ten years detain'd  
By woes and wand'rings from his hapless land:  
At length he comes; but comes despis'd, un-  
known,

And finding faithful, you, and you alone.  
All else have cast him from their very thought,  
Ev'n in their wishes, and their pray'rs, forgot!  
Hear then, my friends! If *Jove* this arm succeed,  
And give yon impious revellers to bleed,  
My care shall be, to bless your future lives  
With large possessions and with faithful wives;  
Fast by my palace shall your domes ascend;  
And each on young *Telemachus* attend,  
And each be call'd his brother, and my friend.  
To give you firmer faith, now trust your eye;  
Lo! the broad scar indented on my thigh,  
When with *Autolychus*'s sons, of yore,  
On *Parnass*' top I chac'd the tusky boar.

His ragged vest then drawn aside disclos'd  
The sign conspicuous, and the scar expos'd:\*

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\* There are two kinds of *remembrances*, *natural* and *adventitious*; the former sort is simple and without art, which poets use for want of invention; as for instance, when they bring about the discovery of a person by some natural mark or token upon the body: the latter are either marks upon the body, or scars occasioned by some accident, or token distinct from the body, such as the casket, &c. which *Plautus* and *Terence* use in the discovery of several persons in their comedies: of this latter kind is this scar of *Ulysses*; it is an adventitious remembrance, but made by necessity. *Ulysses* has not opportunity to wait till the discovery is made accidentally, as in the nineteenth book; he is absolutely compelled to make it designedly, to engage *Eumæus* and *Philæti* in his cause, by plainly proving to them that he was the real *Ulysses*. If therefore that hero shews less art in the manner of the remembrance, he shews more wisdom in accommodating his conduct

Eager they view'd; with joy they stood amaz'd;  
With tear-full eyes o'er all their master gaz'd:  
Around his neck their longing arms they cast,  
His head, his shoulders, and his knees embrac'd:  
Tears follow'd tears; no word was in their pow'r:  
In solemn silence fell the kindly show'r.  
The king too weeps, the king too grasps their  
hands,

And moveless, as a marble fountain, stands.

Thus had their joy wept down the setting sun,  
But first the wife-man ceas'd, and thus begun.  
Enough—on other cares your thought employ,  
For danger waits on all untimely joy;  
Full many foes, and fierce, observe us near:  
Some may betray, and yonder walls may hear.  
Re-enter then, not all at once, but stay  
Some moments you, and let me lead the way.  
To me, neglected as I am, I know  
The haughty suitors will deny the bow;  
But thou *Eumæus*, as 'tis borne away,  
Thy master's weapon to his hand convey.  
At ev'ry portal let some matron wait,†  
And each lock fast the well-compacted gate:  
Close let them keep, whate'er invades their ear;  
Tho' arms, or shouts, or dying groans they hear.  
To thy strict charge, *Philæti*! we consign  
The court's main gate: to guard that pass be  
thine.

This said, he first return'd: the faithful swains  
At distance follow, as their king ordains.  
Before the flame *Eurymachus* now stands,  
And turns the bow, and chafes it with his hands:

Still

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to the opportunity, and using the present conjuncture advantageously, to bring about his own re-establishment. We will only further observe the judgment of *Homer* in making this discovery with the utmost brevity, concluding it in the compass of two verses: he had before enlarged upon the wound, and the reader is already fully instructed in the story: there is likewise another reason that requires conciseness; the urgency of the time demands it, for *Ulysses* and *Eumæus* could not be long in conference without observation, and raising the jealousy of the suitors.

† This is a very necessary injunction; *Ulysses* fears not only lest any of the suitors should make his escape, but also lest any of the women who were friends to the suitors should give information to their partisans abroad, and introduce them to their assistance.



Still the tough bow unmov'd. The lofty man  
Sigh'd from his mighty soul, and thus began:  
I mourn the common cause; for, oh my friends!  
On me, on all, what grief, what shame attends?  
Not the lost nuptials can affect me more,  
(For *Greece* has beauteous dames on ev'ry shore)\*  
But baffled thus! confess'd so far below  
*Ulysses'* strength, as not to bend his bow!  
How shall all ages our attempt deride!  
Our weakness scorn! *Antinous* thus reply'd.

Not so, *Eurymachus*: that no man draws  
The wond'rous bow, attend another cause.  
Sacred to *Phæbus* is the solemn day,†  
Which thoughtless we in games would waste  
away:

Till the next dawn this ill-tim'd strife forego,  
And here leave fixt the ringlets in a row.  
Now bid the few'r approach, and let us join  
In due libations, and in rites divine.  
So end our night: before the day shall spring,  
The choicest off'rings let *Melanthius* bring;  
Let then to *Phæbus'* name the fatted thighs  
Feed the rich smokes, high-curling to the skies.  
So shall the patron of these arts bestow  
(For his the gift) the skill to bend the bow.

They heard well-pleas'd: the ready heralds bring  
The cleansing waters from the limpid spring:

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\* No doubt but *Eurymachus* misrepresents his real sentiments, when he makes the loss of *Penelope* of little importance; but his conduct is an exact picture of human nature: when we have used our utmost endeavours to obtain our desires, and have failed in the attempt, the object immediately loses it's value, and we would be thought to despise it. To be easy under any disappointment is the result of reason; but to seem to despise what we have been very solicitous to obtain, arises from the pride of our natures, which persuades us to endeavour to cheat the world into an opinion that we have not been disappointed: the remedy for this disease of our minds, is a regular conduct, and to hold the ballance even in all our affairs, that the scale be not raised too high or depressed too low.

† *Antinous* in this reply speaks, as well as *Eurymachus*, with dissimulation; he is unwilling to give a true reason, and therefore invents a false one: the true reason why he defers the trial of the bow is, because he fears his inability to draw it: the feigned reason is a pretended piety paid to the day: it was a day to be observed religiously, and he insinuates that all sports upon it are a prophanation of it; and con-

The goblet high with rosy wine they crown'd,  
In order circling to the peers around.  
That rite compleat, up-rose the thoughtful man,  
And thus his meditated scheme began.

If what I ask your noble minds approve,  
Ye peers and rivals in the royal love!  
Chief, if it hurt not great *Antinous'* ear,  
(Whose sage decision I with wonder hear)  
And if *Eurymachus* the motion please;  
Give heav'n this day, and rest the bow in peace.  
To-morrow let your arms dispute the prize,  
And take it he, the favour'd of the skies!  
But since till then, this trial you delay,  
Trust it one moment to my hands to-day:  
Fain would I prove, before your judging eyes,  
What once I was, whom wretched you despise;  
If yet this arm it's ancient force retain;  
Or if my woes (a long continu'd train)

And wants and insults, make me less than man? }  
Rage flash'd in lightning from the suitors eyes,  
Yet mix'd with terror at the bold emprise.

*Antinous* then: O miserable guest!  
Is common sense quite banish'd from thy breast?  
Suffic'd it not within the palace plac'd  
To sit distinguish'd, with our presence grac'd,  
Admitted here with princes to confer,  
A man unknown, a needy wanderer?

To

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requently, *Apollo* being provoked, disables them from drawing the bow, of which he is the patron. This is the reason why he proposes to offer a libation, to atone for the abuse of the day by their diversions. But perhaps the reason why *Antinous* defers the exercise of the bow to the following day, is not because he thought it unlawful to proceed in it, on the festival of *Apollo*; for why should an exercise which was instituted in honour of that Deity, be thought a prophanation of the day? We should therefore rather conclude, that the impiety intended by *Antinous*, was their omission in not offering a sacrifice to that God before they began the trial, that he might prosper their endeavours: the conclusion of his speech makes this opinion probable: "Let us now defer the experiment, and offer the sacrifice in the morning to *Apollo*, that he may give us success in drawing the bow;" which implies that they were unsuccessful because they had forgot to sacrifice. We will only add that *Antinous* mentions a goat as an offering to *Apollo*; we have before seen bulls, sheep, and bullocks offered to that Deity; the reason why a goat is a proper victim, we suppose, is because he is a rural God, and patron of shepherds, and therefore



To copious wine this insolence we owe,  
 And much thy betters wine can overthrow:  
 The great *Eurytion* when this frenzy stung,  
*Pirithous'* roofs with frantic riot rung; \*  
 Boundless the *Centaur* rag'd; till one and all  
 The heroes rose, and dragg'd him from the hall;  
 His nose they shorten'd, and his ears they slit,  
 And sent him sober'd home, with better wit.  
 Hence with long war the double race was curst,  
 Fatal to all, but to th' aggressor first.  
 Such fate I prophecy our guest attends,  
 If here this interdicted bow he bends:  
 Nor shall these walls such insolence contain;  
 The first fair wind transports him o'er the main;  
 Where *Echetus* to death the guilty brings,  
 (The worst of mortals, ev'n the worst of kings)  
 Better than that, if thou approve our cheer,  
 Cease the mad strife, and share our bounty here.

To this the queen her just dislike express'd:  
 'Tis impious, prince! to harm the stranger guest,  
 Base to insult who bears a suppliant's name,  
 And some respect *Telemachus* may claim.  
 What if th' immortals on the man bestow  
 Sufficient strength to draw the mighty bow?  
 Shall I, a queen, by rival chiefs ador'd,  
 Accept a wand'ring stranger for my lord?  
 A hope so idle never touch'd his brain:  
 Then ease your bosoms of a fear so vain.  
 Far be he banish'd from this stately scene,  
 Who wrongs his princess with a thought so mean.

O fair! and wisest of so fair a kind!  
 (Respectful thus *Eurymachus* rejoin'd)

Mov'd by no weak surmise, but sense of shame,  
 We dread the all-arraigning voice of fame;  
 We dread the censure of the meanest slave,  
 The weakest woman: all can wrong the brave.  
 "Behold what wretches to the bed pretend  
 "Of that brave chief whose bow they could not  
 bend!  
 "In came a beggar of the strolling crew,  
 "And did what all those princes could not do."  
 Thus will the common voice our deeds defame,  
 And thus posterity upbraid our name.

To whom the queen. If fame engage your views,†  
 Forbear those acts which infamy pursues;  
 Wrong and oppression no renown can raise;  
 Know, friend! that virtue is the path to praise.  
 The stature of our guest, his port, his face,  
 Speak him descended from no vulgar race.  
 To him the bow, as he desires, convey:  
 And to his hand if *Phœbus* gives the day,  
 Hence, to reward his merit, he shall bear  
 A two-edg'd faulchion and a shining spear,  
 Embroider'd sandals, a rich cloak and vest,  
 And safe conveyance to his port of rest.

O royal mother! ever honour'd name!  
 Permit me (cries *Telemachus*) to claim  
 A son's just right. No *Grecian* prince but I  
 Has pow'r this bow to grant, or to deny.  
 Of all that *Ataca's* rough hills contain,  
 And all wide *Elis'* courser-breeding plain,  
 To me alone my father's arms descend;  
 And mine alone they are, to give or lend.

Retire,

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fore all kinds of beasts were offered to him promiscuously.

\* The story of the *Centaur* is this; *Pirithous* a *Lapith* marrying *Hippodamia* the daughter of *Adraftus*, invited the *Centaur*s and *Lapith*æ to his nuptials; the *Centaur*s drinking to great excess, and offering violence to the bride; engaged them in a quarrel; *Eurytion* was the person who began the disorder, and the war that ensued became fatal to the whole nation of the *Centaur*s. The *Lapith*ites were a people of *Thessaly* inhabiting the mountains *Pindus* and *Othrys*; the *Centaur*s were their neighbours, and dwelt in mount *Pelion*. This war between the *Lapith*ites and the *Centaur*s probably lasted about a year: for it began on the day of the nuptials of *Pirithous*, and on the day that his son *Polypætes* was born, he obtained a decisive victory over the *Centaur*s, and drove them from mount *Pelion*.

† This answer of *Penelope* is very severe and very just: *Eurymachus* had said, if this beggar draws the  
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bow, we shall lose our reputation: *Penelope* answers, it is in vain to be solicitous about your reputation, when your lives are a series of infamous actions; fame is the reward of good, and shame the portion of base and unworthy deeds: it is no dishonour to a prince to be surpassed by a beggar, in strength, but a prince is more infamous than a beggar, if his actions betray him to be a worse man: a base action sinks him into contempt, and taints his nobility. The sentiment is just and happy: these princes place disgrace where it is not; they think it a shame to yield in strength to this stranger, where is really no shame; mere strength is the praise of a beast, not of a prince: on the contrary, what is really a shame, they think to be none; they prey upon a king, who was a friend to all mankind, they act a thousand insolent and base deeds, and yet apprehend no discredit. This is an unhappy, and we wish it were an unjust, picture of human nature.



Retire, oh queen! thy household task resume, \*  
Tend, with thy maids, the labours of the loom;  
The bow, the darts, and arms of chivalry,  
These cares to man belong, and most to me.

Mature beyond his years, the queen admir'd  
His sage reply, and with her train retir'd:  
There in her chamber as she sat apart,  
Revolv'd his words, and plac'd them in her heart.  
On her *Ulysses* then she fix'd her soul,  
Down her fair cheek the tears abundant roll,  
Till gentle *Pallas*, piteous of her cries,  
In slumber clos'd her silver-streaming eyes.

Now thro' the press the bow *Eumæus* bore,  
And all was riot, noise, and wild uproar.  
Hold, lawless rustic! whither wilt thou go?  
To whom, insensate, dost thou bear the bow?  
Exil'd for this to some sequester'd den,  
Far from the sweet society of men,  
To thy own dogs a prey thou shalt be made;  
If heav'n and *Phœbus* lend the suitors aid.

Thus they. Aghast he laid the weapon down,  
But bold *Telemachus* thus urg'd him on.  
Proceed, false slave, and flight their empty words;  
What? hopes the fool to please so many lords?  
Young as I am, thy prince's vengeful hand  
Stretch'd forth in wrath, shall drive thee from the  
land.

## NOTES.

\* This speech has been accused of too great a liberty, and as wanting in respect from a son to a mother: *Telemachus* speaks with authority, when he ought to have shewed obedience and filial duty. But these critics mistake the design and intention of *Telemachus*; he speaks directly to *Penelope*, but obliquely and intentionally to the suitors: it is for this reason that he says he is supreme in the palace, viz. to let them know that he will not give up the sway into their power. He tells *Penelope* that the bow shall be used as he directs; this is done to intimidate the suitors, and prepare the way for the delivery of it to *Ulysses*, contrary to their injunctions to *Eumæus*. The verses are the same with those in the 6th book of the *Iliad*. There *Hector* speaks to *Andromache*, a tender husband to a fond wife, and the speech was never taxed with any want of love and kindness. In that place *Hector* remembers that he is an husband, yet forgets not that he is an hero. In this, *Telemachus* deviates not from the duty of a son, yet speaks in the character and stile of a prince. There is an absolute necessity that *Penelope* should withdraw, that she might not be present at the scene of blood and slaughter. It is for the same reason that the poet introduces *Minerva* casting her into a profound sleep,

Oh! could the vigour of this arm as well  
Th' oppressive suitors from my walls expell!  
Then what a shoal of lawless men should go  
To fill with tumult the dark courts below!

The suitors with a scornful smile survey  
The youth, indulging in the genial day.  
*Eumæus*, thus encourag'd, hastes to bring  
The strife-full bow, and gives it to the king.  
Old *Euryclea* calling then aside,  
Hear what *Telemachus* enjoins (he cry'd);†  
At ev'ry portal let some matron wait,  
And each lock fast the well-compacted gate;  
And if unusual sounds invade their ear,  
If arms, or shouts, or dying groans they hear,  
Let none to call or issue forth presume,  
But close attend the labours of the loom.

Her prompt obedience on his order waits;  
Clos'd in an instant were the palace gates.  
In the same moment forth *Philæti* flies,  
Secures the court, and with a cable ties  
The utmost gate; (the cable strongly wrought‡  
Of *Byblos*' reed; a ship from *Egypt* brought)  
Then unperceiv'd and silent at the board  
His seat he takes, his eyes upon his lord.

And now his well-known bow the master  
bore,

Turn'd on all sides, and view'd it o'er and o'er: §  
Left

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that she might be entirely ignorant of the death of the suitors: this is absolutely necessary; for if she had been acquainted that *Ulysses* was returned, and the suitors slain by his hand, there could have been no room for the interview between *Ulysses* and *Penelope* in the succeeding parts of the *Odyssey*.

† It is very evident that this command proceeds not from *Telemachus* but *Ulysses*: it was *Ulysses* who gave directions to shut the door of the women's apartment; but *Eumæus* is ignorant that *Euryclea* was acquainted with the return of *Ulysses*, and therefore speaks as from *Telemachus*. He knew very well that she would obey the oracles of *Telemachus*, but if she had not been acquainted with the return of *Ulysses*, she would have made some hesitation, believing the beggar to be really a stranger, and not *Ulysses*.

‡ The word in the *Greek* does not signify the *Ægyptian Papyrus*, but a plant growing in the marshes of *Ægypt*, that bears the resemblance of the *Papyrus*. Of this plant the ancients made their cordage; on the top of which there grew fibrous threads resembling hair.

§ This little particularity is not inserted in vain: *Ulysses* is ready to engage in a terrible combat; it is therefore



Left time or worms had done the weapon wrong,  
It's owner absent, and untry'd so long.

While some deriding—How he turns the bow!  
Some other like it sure the man must know,  
Or else would copy; or in bows he deals;  
Perhaps he makes them, or perhaps he steals.—  
Heav'n to this wretch (another cry'd) be kind!  
And bless, in all to which he stands inclin'd,  
With such good fortune as he now shall find.

Heedless he heard them; but disdain'd reply;  
The bow perusing with exactest eye.

Then, as some heav'nly minstrel, taught to sing,  
High notes responsive to the trembling string,  
To some new-strain when he adapts the lyre,  
Or the dumb lute refits with vocal wire,  
Relaxes, strains, and draws them to and fro;

So the great master drew the mighty bow:  
And drew with ease. One hand aloft display'd.

The bending horns, and one the string essay'd.

From his essaying hand the string let fly\*

Twang'd short and sharp, like the shrill swallow's  
cry.

A gen'ral horror ran thro' all the race,.

Sunk was each heart, and pale was ev'ry face. .

Signs from above ensu'd: th' unfolding sky †

In lightning burst; Jove thunder'd from on high.

## NOTES.

therefore very necessary to be curious in the examination of the bow, to be certain that he might depend upon it: if he had observed that it had been decayed through time, his prudence would have furnished him with some other instrument.

\* The comparison is not intended to represent the sweetness of the sound, but only the quality and nature of it; and means a harsh or jarring sound, or somewhat rough; such a sound as the swallow makes when she sings by starts, and not in one even tenure. The swallow is inharmonious, and *Aristophanes* uses it to signify those who are enemies to the muses; and here the poet uses it to denote a shrill, harsh, or jarring sound.

† The signal of battle is here given in thunder by *Jupiter*, as in the eleventh book of the *Iliad*. This prepares us for the greatness of the following action, which is ushered in with thunder from heaven: and we are not surprized to see *Ulysses* defeat his enemies,

Fir'd at the call of heav'n's Almighty Lord,  
He snatch'd the shaft that glitter'd on the board:

(Fast by, the rest lay sleeping in the sheath,  
But soon to fly the messengers of death.)

Now sitting as he was, the chord he drew,

Thro' ev'ry ringlet levelling his view:

Then notch'd the shaft, releast, and gave it wing;

The whizzing arrow vanish'd from the string,

Sung on direct, and threaded ev'ry ring.

The solid gate it's fury scarcely bounds;

Pierc'd thro' and thro', the solid gate resounds.

Then to the prince: Nor have I wrought thee  
shame;

Nor err'd this hand unfaithful to it's aim;

Nor prov'd the toil too hard; nor have I lost †

That ancient vigor, once my pride and boast.

Ill I deserv'd these haughty peers disdain;

Now let them comfort their dejected train,

In sweet repast the present hour employ, ‡

Nor wait till ev'ning for the genial joy.

Then to the lute's soft voice prolong the night,

Music, the banquet's most refin'd delight.

He said; then gave a nod; and at the word :

*Telemachus* girds on his shining sword.

Fast by his father's side he takes his stand:

The beamy javelin lightens in his hand.

## NOTES.

when *Jupiter* declares himself in his favour: *Homer* calls his thunder a sign and a prodigy: it is a sign, because it predicts the event; and a prodigy, because the thunder proceeds from a serene sky.

‡ This circumstance is very necessary; *Ulysses* excites the suitors to supper by day-light, because it would be more easy for him to assault them while they sat at table; the posture would give him some advantage; and he adds *before evening*, because if they had supped by the light of the torch, upon extinguishing it, they had greatly embarrassed him, and perhaps rendered his designs ineffectual through the benefit of the darkness. Neither is it without reason that he proposes singing and music; he does it to draw away their thoughts from any jealousy of intended violence; and by this method he gives the assault unexpectedly, and begins the slaughter before they are prepared to make any opposition.



## The TWENTY-SECOND BOOK of the ODYSSEY.\*

## A R G U M E N T.

## THE DEATH OF THE SUITORS.

*Ulysses begins the slaughter of the suitors by the death of Antinous. He declares himself, and lets fly his arrows at the rest. Telemachus assists, and brings arms for his father, himself, Eumæus, and Philætiüs. Melanthius does the same for the woers. Minerva encourages Ulysses in the shape of Mentor. The suitors are all slain, only Medon and Phemius are spared. Melanthius and the unfaithful servants are executed. The rest acknowledge their master with all demonstrations of joy.*

**T**HEN fierce the hero o'er the threshold strode;  
 Stript of his rags, he blaz'd out like a god.  
 Full in their face the lifted bow he bore,  
 And quiver'd deaths, a formidable store;

Before his feet the rattling show'r he threw,  
 And thus terrific, to the suitor crew.

One vent'rous game this hand has won to-day,  
 Another, princes! yet remains to play;

Another

## NOTES.

\* We are now come to the great event or catastrophe of the *Odyssey*, which is the destruction of the suitors. The manner by which the poet conducts it, has been praised and censured, by some as noble and heroic, by others as romantic and incredible: it is therefore highly necessary to vindicate *Homer* in the chief action of the whole poem, that he may not be found culpable, in the place where he ought to be the most exact, and draw his hero to the best advantage. The objection made against this decisive action is, that the poet makes *Ulysses* perform impossibilities; no one person, with such small assistance, being able to destroy above an hundred enemies. It is no answer to say that *Pallas* descends to aid *Ulysses*, for it has been already proved, that all incidents which require a divine probability, should be so disengaged from the action, that they may be subtracted from it without destroying it; whereas this action is essential to it. The objection lies in the omission of the suitors in not rushing

## NOTES.

at once upon *Ulysses* in an united body. Now this was impossible, he stood upon the threshold in a narrow pass, and by this advantage he was able to make it good against a great inequality of numbers. It is not difficult to bring instances of a like nature from undoubted history: *Cocles* alone defended the bridge over the *Tyber* against the whole army of *Porfena*, and stood unmoveable till the *Romans* broke it down behind him. And *Leonidas* the *Spartan* general defended the pass of *Thermopylae* with a small number, against three millions of *Persians* led by *Xerxes*; and if he had not been betrayed, he would have probably defeated his whole army. In both these instances there was a greater inequality of numbers, than between *Ulysses* and the suitors. The reader will be reconciled to the probability of these relations if he considers that the whole business of war was anciently decided by mere strength of body: fire-arms now set all men upon a nearer level; but in these early ages, the strongest person was the greatest hero;

a man



Another mark our arrow must attain.

*Phœbus* assist! nor be the labour vain.\*

Swift as the word the parting arrow sings,  
And bears thy fate, *Antinous*, on it's wings:  
Wretch that he was, of unprophetic soul!  
High in his hands he rear'd the golden bowl;  
Ev'n then to drain it lengthen'd out his breath;  
Chang'd to the deep, the bitter draught of death:  
For fate who fear'd amidst a feastful band?  
And fate to numbers by a single hand?†

## NOTES.

a man of superior and uncommon strength drove his enemies before him like an army of boys, and with as much facility. From this observation it is evident that *Homer* scarce transgresses the bounds of historic truth, when he describes *Achilles* chasing whole squadrons of *Trojans*: he wrote according to the manners of his times, and drew after the life, though sometimes he improved a feature to give grace to the picture of his hero. Thus in the scripture, from the mere advantage of strength, we see a single *Goliath* defy the whole armies of *Israel*. *Rapin* commends the conduct of *Homer* in bringing about the destruction of the suitors. The unravelling the whole *Odyssey* by their deaths, is very great, and very becoming an hero; that whole story is dressed up in colours so decent, and at the same time so noble, that antiquity can hardly match any part of the narration; here *Homer* has displayed himself to the best advantage. We shall be sufficiently convinced of the judgment of *Homer* in describing the suitors falling chiefly by *Ulysses*, if we consider the nature of Epic poetry. The chief action is to be performed by the hero of the poem: thus *Hector* falls by *Achilles*; *Turnus* by *Æneas*: the death of the suitors is the chief action of the *Odyssey*, and therefore it is necessarily to be executed by *Ulysses*; for if any other person had performed it, that person would have done an action more noble than the hero of the poem, and eclipsed his glory. It is for the same reason that the poet refuses all easy methods to re-establish *Ulysses*: he throws him into difficulties which he is to surmount by his own prowess and magnanimity. *Homer* might easily have raised an army, and placed *Ulysses* at the head of it; but the more difficult way being most conducive to his honour, he rejects all easy methods, shews him struggling with infinite hazards, out of which he extricates himself personally by his wisdom and courage. By these means he completes the character of his hero, leaves a noble image of his worth upon the minds of the spectators, and makes him go off the stage with the utmost applause.

No. 36.

Full through his throat *Ulysses'* weapon past,  
And pierc'd the neck. He falls, and breathes his last.  
The tumbling goblet the wide floor o'erflows.  
A stream of gore burst spouting from his nose; ‡  
Grim in convulsive agonies he sprawls:  
Before him spurn'd, the loaded table falls,  
And spreads the pavement with a mingled flood  
Of floating meats, and wine, and human blood.  
Amaz'd, confounded, as they saw him fall,  
Uprose the throngs tumultuous round the hall;

O'er

## NOTES.

\* *Ulysses* addresses a prayer to *Apollo* to give success to his present enterprize; he directs it to him, because he is the God of Archery; and he concludes in four words, in compliance with the exigence of the time, which will not permit him to speak at large. This prayer to *Apollo* confirms our observation, that *Penelope* proposed the trial of the bow in honour of that Deity, and we find that it was customary from a remarkable passage in the *Iliad*, book 4.

But first to speed thy shaft, address thy vow  
To Lycian *Phœbus* with the silver bow;  
And swear the firstlings of the flock to pay  
On *Zelia's* altars, to the God of day.

It is from the urgency of the time that the speech of *Ulysses*, as well as the prayer, is concise: it would have been very injudicious, when he was ready to assault his enemies unexpectedly, to have prefaced the onset with a long oration; this would have given them an alarm, and time to make an opposition.

† This particular is very artful: the poet, while he writes, seems to be surprized at the difficulty of the enterprize he is about to relate. He is in doubt of the great event, and stands still in admiration of it. This has a double effect; it sets the courage of *Ulysses* in a strong point of light, who executes what might be almost thought an impossibility; and at the same time it excellently contributes to make the story credible; for *Homer* appears to be held in suspense by the greatness of the action; an imitation that nothing but the real truth and deference to veracity could extort from him a belief of it: thus by seeming to make the relation improbable, the poet establishes the probability of it.

‡ The word in the original commonly signifies a pipe or musical instrument: the ancients used it to denote a fountain; here therefore it implies a flux or fountain of blood, and very happily paints the blood spouting from the nostrils, as from a fountain; and in this sense, it gives us a full image of the nature of the wound; the blood sprung as from a pipe, through the mouth of the wound, or from the veins, through the nostrils.

7 K



O'er all the dome they cast a haggard eye,  
 Each look'd for arms in vain; no arms were nigh:  
 Aim'st thou at princes? (all amaz'd they said)  
 Thy last of games unhappy hast thou play'd;  
 Thy erring shaft has made our bravest bleed,  
 And death, unlucky guest, attends thy deed.  
 Vultures shall tear thee—Thus incens'd they spoke,\*  
 While each to chance ascrib'd the wond'rous stroke.  
 Blind as they were; for death ev'n now invades  
 His destin'd prey, and wraps them all in shades.  
 Then grimly frowning with a dreadful look,  
 That wither'd all their hearts, *Ulysses* spoke.

Dogs, ye have had your day; ye fear'd no more  
*Ulysses* vengeful from the *Trojan* shore;†  
 While to your lust and spoil a guardless prey,  
 Our house, our wealth, our helpless handmaids lay:  
 Not so content, with bolder frenzy fir'd,  
 Ev'n to our bed presumptuous you aspir'd:  
 Laws or divine or human fail'd to move,  
 Or shame of men, or dread of Gods above;  
 Heedless alike of infamy or praise,  
 Or Fame's eternal voice in future days:  
 The hour of vengeance, wretches, now is come,  
 Impending fate is your's, and instant doom.

## NOTES.

\* This passage was looked upon as spurious by the ancients; for they thought it impossible that all the suitors should speak the same sentiment, as by compact, like a *Chorus* in a tragedy. But the poet speaks thus to represent the confusion of the suitors at the death of *Antinous*. And as all the suitors imagined that *Antinous* was slain by accident, therefore the whole assembly having the same sentiment, the poet ascribes to every member of it the same expression.

† The mention of the return of *Ulysses* from *Troy* is not inserted casually: he speaks thus to intimidate his enemies, by recalling to their minds all the brave actions that he performed before it. Were not this his intention, he would have varied his expression, for in reality he has been absent from *Troy* near ten years, and returns from the *Phæacian*, not the *Trojan* shores.

‡ This expression is judiciously inserted, and with good reason put into the mouth of one of the suitors, namely *Eurymachus*. The poet is now punishing them for their crimes; it is therefore very necessary that the reader should be satisfied that they deserve punishment; for if it be not an act of justice, it is murder. The poet therefore brings them all confessing themselves guilty by the mouth of *Eurymachus*; their crime is the intended murder of *Telemachus*, and the usurpation of the throne of *Ulysses*. If

Thus dreadful he. Confus'd the suitors stood,  
 From their pale cheeks recedes the flying blood;  
 Trembling they sought their guilty heads to hide,  
 Alone the bold *Eurymachus* reply'd.

If, as thy words import, (he thus began)  
*Ulysses* lives, and thou the mighty man,  
 Great are thy wrongs, and much hast thou sustain'd.  
 In thy spoil'd palace, and exhausted land;  
 The cause and author of those guilty deeds,  
 Lo! at thy feet unjust *Antinous* bleeds.  
 Not love, but wild ambition was his guide,  
 To slay thy son, thy kingdom to divide,‡  
 These were his aims, but juster *Jove* deny'd.  
 Since cold in death th' offender lies; oh spare  
 Thy suppliant people, and receive their pray'r!  
 Brass, gold, and treasures shall the spoil defray,  
 Two hundred oxen ev'ry prince shall pay:  
 The waste of years refunded in a day.

Till then thy wrath is just—*Ulysses* burn'd  
 With high disdain, and sternly thus return'd.

All, all the treasures that enrich'd our throne  
 Before your rapines, join'd with all your own,  
 If offer'd, vainly should for mercy call;  
 'Tis you that offer, and I scorn them all;

Your

## NOTES.

this had not been set in a clear light, there might have been room for a suspicion that *Ulysses* inflicted a punishment too great for the guilt of the suitors. For was it a crime that deserved death, to aim at the marriage of *Penelope*? This is not to be supposed; for they took her to be a widow, and might therefore without a crime ask her in marriage. Was death due for the waste and profusion of the riches of *Ulysses*? This might have been redressed, by a full repayment, and a just equivalent. *Homer* therefore, to shew that there is a cause for the severity of the punishment, sets their crimes in open view, which are an intentional murder, and an actual treason. The place likewise where he inserts this circumstance is well chosen, viz. in the place where the punishment is related; and by this method we acknowledge the equity of it. It is true, *Eurymachus* throws the guilt upon *Antinous* as the chief offender; but all the suitors have been his associates, and approved of all his violent and bloody designs through the *Odyssy*, and therefore are justly involved in the same punishment; so that *Ulysses* punishes rebellious subjects by the authority of a king. *Homer* likewise observes justice in the death of *Antinous*; he is the first in guilt, and the first that falls by his hero's hands.



Your blood is my demand, your lives the prize,  
Till pale as yonder wretch each suitor lies.  
Hence with those coward terms; or fight or fly,  
This choice is left ye, to resist or die;  
And die I trust ye shall.—He sternly spoke:  
With guilty fears the pale assembly shook.  
Alone *Eurymachus* exhorts the train:  
Yon archer, comrades, will not shoot in vain;  
But from the threshold shall his darts be sped,  
(Who-e'er he be) till ev'ry prince lie dead.  
Be mindful of yourselves, draw forth your swords,  
And to his shafts obtend these ample boards,\*  
(So need compels.) Then all united strive  
The bold invader from his post to drive;  
The city rous'd shall to our rescue haste,†  
And this mad archer soon have shot his last.

Swift as he spoke, he drew his traitor sword,  
And like a lion rush'd against his lord:  
The wary chief the rushing foe repress,  
Who met the point, and forc'd it in his breast:  
His failing hand deserts the lifted sword,  
And prone he falls extended o'er the board!

## NOTES.

\* *Eurymachus* exhorts the suitors to make use of the tables to oppose *Ulysses* in the manner of shields; from whence it may be gathered that every suitor had a peculiar table. This may be confirmed from this book; for when *Antinous* falls, he overturns a table; which, if there had been but one, would have been too large to be thus overthrown.

† It is impossible but that the suitors must have many friends amongst the *Ithacans*. Interest or ill-humour engages men in faction; but this is not the full import of the sense of *Homer*: the *Ithacans* were ignorant that *Ulysses* was returned, and no wonder therefore if they engaged in defence of the princes of their land, against a stranger and a beggar; for such in appearance was *Ulysses*.

‡ Some interpret this passage very much to the disadvantage of the courage of *Telemachus*: they observe that he is yet new to the horrors of war, and therefore wanting the heart to meet his enemy in the front, gives him this wound between the shoulders: that as soon as he has given the blow, out of fear he leaves the spear in the wound; an action as disreputable, as to throw away the shield in battle; and lastly, that it is fear that suggests to his mind the expedient to fetch the arms, a pretext to be distant from danger. But it is not difficult to defend *Telemachus*. *Amphinomus* was assaulting *Ulysses*, and consequently his back was turned towards *Telemachus*, and this occasions the wound in that part. This combat is not a combat of honour, where

Before him wide, in mix'd effusion roll  
Th' untasted viands, and the jovial bowl.  
Full thro' his liver past the mortal wound,  
With dying rage his forehead beats the ground,  
He spurn'd the seat with fury as he fell,  
And the fierce soul to darkness divid'd, and hell.  
Next bold *Amphinomus* his arm extends  
To force the pass: the god-like man defends.  
Thy spear, *Telemachus*! prevents th' attack,  
The brazen weapon driving thro' his back,‡  
Thence thro' his breast it's bloody passage tore;  
Flat falls he thund'ring on the marble floor,  
And his crush'd forehead marks the stone with  
gore.

He left his jav'lin in the dead, for fear  
The long incumbrance of the weighty spear  
To the fierce foe advantage might afford,  
To rush between and use the shorten'd sword.  
With speedy ardour to his fire he flies,  
And, arm, great father! arm (in haste he cries);§  
Lo hence I run for other arms to wield,  
For missile jav'lins, and for helm and shield;

Fast

## NOTES.

points of ceremony are observed; *Telemachus* was therefore at liberty to destroy his enemy by any methods, without any imputation of cowardice; especially considering the inequality of the parties. Neither is it out of fear that he quits his spear; but from a dictate of wisdom: he is afraid lest some of the suitors should attack him while he is disengaging it, and take him at an advantage, while he has no weapon to use in his own defence; besides he has no farther occasion for it, he hastes away to provide other arms, not only for himself, but for *Ulysses* and his friends; and this is so far from being the suggestion of fear, that it is the result of wisdom.

§ *Homer* almost constantly uses the epithet *winged words*. A word while it remains unspoken is a secret, but being communicated, it changes it's name into common rumour; it is then *flown* from us; and this is the reason why *Homer* calls words *winged*: he that lets a bird fly from his hand, does not easily catch it again; and he that lets a word slip from his tongue cannot recall it; it flies abroad, and flutters from place to place every moment. It has indeed in some passages a still closer meaning; when a person speaks with precipitation, the epithet expresses the swiftness of the speech, the words are winged; it is here applied with particular propriety; *Telemachus* asks a question in the compass of four lines, and receives an answer in two from *Ulysses*; the time not allowing any delay.



Fast by our side let either faithful swain  
In arms attend us, and their part sustain.

Haste and return, (*Ulysses* made reply)  
While yet th' auxiliar shafts this hand supply;  
Left thus alone, encounter'd by an host,  
Driv'n from the gate, th' important pass be lost.

With speed *Telemachus* obeys, and flies  
Where pil'd on heaps the royal armour lies;  
Four brazen helmets, eight refulgent spears,  
And four broad bucklers, to his tire he bears:  
At once in brazen panoply they shone,  
At once each servant brac'd his armour on;  
Around their king a faithful guard they stand,  
While yet each shaft flew deathful from his hand:  
Chief after chief expir'd at ev'ry wound,  
And swell'd the bleeding mountain on the ground.  
Soon as his store of flying fates was spent,  
Against the wall he set the bow unbent: \*  
And now his shoulders bear the massy shield,  
And now his hands two beamy jav'ins wield;  
He frowns beneath his nodding plume, that play'd  
O'er the high crest, and cast a dreadful shade.

## NOTES.

\* The poet may be thought too circumstantial in the disposal of the bow; but there is reason for it; he shews *Ulysses* placed it out of the reach of the suitors, who, if they had seized the bow, might have furnished themselves with arrows from the dead bodies of their friends, and employed them against *Ulysses*: this caution was therefore necessary.

† The word in the *Greek* literally signifies an upper door. It has given great trouble to the commentators to explain the situation of these two passages. Some imagine that by the former there was a descent into the court-yard, and so to the street; but this cannot be true: for *Agelaus* exhorting his associates to seize this passage, makes use of the word *ascend*, and not to *descend* into the court-yard: besides, he bids them raise the people by *shouting to them*, which seems to imply, that this place overlooked the streets, from whence a shout might be heard by the people. Probably there was a way leading to the roof of the porch of the palace fronting the street, from whence a person standing in the open air and shouting might raise the city; or as for greater clearness it is here translated a window, which answers all these purposes. From what has been observed, it appears evidently that there was another passage to the upper apartments of the palace; for this was guarded by *Eumæus*, and was inaccessible, and consequently *Melanthius* conveys the arms to the suitors by some other stair-case. The ancients thought this whole passage so obscure, that they

There stood a window near, whence looking  
down †

From o'er the porch, appear'd the subject town.  
A double strength of valves secur'd the place,  
A high and narrow, but the only pass:  
The cautious king, with all preventing care,  
To guard that outlet, plac'd *Eumæus* there:  
When *Agelaus* thus: Has none the sense  
To mount yon window, and alarm from thence  
The neighbour town? the town shall force the door,  
And this bold archer soon shall shoot no more.

*Melanthius* then: That outlet to the gate  
So near adjoins, that one may guard the strait.  
But other methods of defence remain,  
Myself with arms can furnish all the train;  
Stores from the royal magazine I bring,  
And their own darts shall pierce the prince and king.

He said; and mounting up the lofty stairs,  
Twelve shields, twelve lances, and twelve helmets  
bears: ‡

All arm, and sudden round the hall appears  
A blaze of bucklers, and a wood of spears.

The

## NOTES.

drew a plan of these inward passages of the palace; in this they figured the porch, the higher aperture, the other stair-case, and the room where the arms were laid. But *Dacier* starts another difficulty: if *Melanthius* could go up to the room where the arms lay, why could he not go from thence into the courts of the palace, and raise the city? The answer is, because the arms were placed in an inward apartment, and there was no passage from thence into the palace-yards. Her mistake arose from her opinion that there was an entry into the palace by the upper door. If indeed *Telemachus* had brought down the arms this way, then there must have been a passage for *Melanthius* to the place from whence *Agelaus* bids him raise the city; for if *Telemachus* had passed to the armory by it, why might not *Melanthius* from it? But this is not the case, for this door or window is not mentioned till *Telemachus* has furnished *Ulysses* and his friends with armour; and consequently *Homer* cannot intend that we should understand that *Telemachus* ascended to the armory by it.

‡ This description may appear incredible; for how could one person be able to carry such a load of armour at one time? But we are not to make this supposition; the poet speaks indefinitely, and leaves us at liberty to conjecture that *Melanthius* brought them at several times; thus a little lower we find him going again for arms to furnish the rest of the suitors.



The hero stands oppress'd with mighty woe,  
On ev'ry side he sees the labour grow :  
O curst event ! and oh unlook'd-for aid !  
*Melanthius* or the women have betray'd—  
Oh my dear son !—The father with a sigh !  
Then ceas'd ; the filial virtue made reply.

Falseness is folly, and 'tis just to own  
The fault committed ; this was mine alone ;  
My haste neglected yonder door to bar ;  
And hence the villain has supply'd their war.  
Run good *Eumæus* then, and (what before\*  
I thoughtless err'd in) well secure that door :  
Learn if by female fraud this deed were done,  
Or (as my thought misgives) by *Dolius'* son.

While yet they spoke, in quest of arms again  
To the high chamber stole the faithless swain,  
Not unobserv'd : *Eumæus* watchful ey'd ;  
And thus address'd *Ulysses* near his side.

The miscreant we suspected takes that way ;  
Him, if this arm be pow'rful, shall I slay ?  
Or drive him hither, to receive the meed  
From thy own hand, of this detested deed ?

Not so (reply'd *Ulysses*) leave him there,  
For us sufficient is another care :

Within the structure of this palace wall  
To keep inclos'd his masters till they fall.†  
Go you and seize the felon ; backward bind  
His arms and legs, and fix a plank behind ;  
On this, his body by strong cords extend,  
And on a column near the roof suspend ;  
So study'd tortures his vile days shall end.

The ready swains obey'd with joyful haste,  
Behind the felon unperceiv'd they past,  
As round the room in quest of arms he goes :  
(The half-shut door conceal'd his lurking foes)  
One hand sustain'd a helm, and one the shield‡  
Which old *Laertes* wont in youth to wield,  
Cover'd with dust, with dryness chapt and worn,  
The brass corroded, and the leather torn :  
Thus laden, o'er the threshold as he stept,  
Fierce on the villain from each side they leapt,  
Back by the hair the trembling dastard drew,  
And down reluctant on the pavement threw.

Active

## NOTES.

\* This passage, where *Telemachus* bids *Eumæus* go and see who brings the arms, proves that *Telemachus* did not before absent himself from the battle out of cowardice : here he chuses to partake the danger with *Ulysses*, and sends *Eumæus* and *Philæti* to execute his orders ; a sign that he does not consult his safety at the expence of his honour. But it may seem extraordinary, that *Ulysses* and *Telemachus* should be in doubt to know the person who brought the arms to the suitors ; especially when *Agelaus* had held a public conference with *Melanthius* in order to it ; but, probably they spoke with a low voice, and at a proper distance from *Ulysses*. It may also be objected that *Melanthius* could not possibly bring the arms without the observation of *Ulysses* and his friends. To solve this difficulty we must have recourse to the second private door, mentioned in a former annotation : by this passage he ascends and descends without a discovery ; that passage standing in such a situation, as not to be visible to those who were on the opposite side of the palace. What may seem to contradict this observation is, what *Homer* afterwards adds, for he directly tells us, that *Eumæus* observed that the person who brought the arms was *Melanthius* : but that expression may only imply, that he saw *Melanthius* going from the rest of the company, and hailing toward that ascent, and therefore justly concludes him to be the person.

† It may be asked, when *Eumæus* retires from the  
No. 36.

## NOTES.

guard of the passage, what hinders the suitors from seizing it, and by it giving notice to the city of their danger ? What *Ulysses* here says obviates this objection. He tells *Eumæus*, that he and *Telemachus* will defend it against all the efforts of his enemies : by this expression he gives us to understand, that *Telemachus* shall post himself in the place of *Eumæus*, and make it good till he has executed justice upon *Melanthius*.

‡ We see *Melanthius* after a diligent search finds only one helm and one shield ; and the shield is described as almost spoiled with age : from hence we may gather that there were no more left in the armoury ; for it is probable that *Melanthius* would not have returned with so few arms if he could have found more ; nor would he have brought the decayed shield ; if he could have supplied himself with a stronger ; so that all the arms of *Ulysses* were seventeen helmets, twelve at first delivered to the suitors by *Melanthius*, one more he was now bringing, and *Ulysses* and his friends were in possession of four : there were the same number of shields, and twenty spears, twelve given to the suitors, and eight to the assistants of *Ulysses*. This was his private armoury for the defence of his palace : and we are not to conclude, that these were the whole arms of the nation ; there probably was a public repository for armour for the public use of their armies against their enemies.



Active and pleas'd, the zealous swains fulfil  
At ev'ry point their master's rigid will:  
First, fast behind, his hands and feet they bound,  
Then streighten'd cords involv'd his body round:  
So drawn aloft, athwart the column ty'd,  
The howling felon swung from side to side.

*Eumæus* scoffing then with keen disdain:  
There pass thy pleasing night, oh gentle swain!  
On that soft pillow, from that envy'd height  
First may'st thou see the springing dawn of light;  
So timely rise, when morning streaks the east,  
To drive thy victims to the suitors' feast.

This said, they left him, tortur'd as he lay;  
Secur'd the door, and hasty strode away:  
Each, breathing death, resum'd his dang'rous post  
Near great *Ulysses*; four against an host.  
When lo! descending to her hero's aid  
*Jove's* daughter *Pallas*, war's triumphant maid:  
In *Mentor's* friendly form she join'd his side;  
*Ulysses* saw, and thus with transport cry'd.

Come, ever welcome, and thy succour lend;  
Oh every sacred name in one! my friend!  
Early we lov'd, and long our loves have grown:  
What-e'er thro' life's whole series I have done  
Or good, or grateful, now to mind recall,  
And aiding this one hour, repay it all.

Thus he; but pleasing hopes his bosom warm  
Of *Pallas* latent in the friendly form.  
The adverse host the phantom warrior ey'd,  
And first loud threat'ning, *Agelaius* cry'd.

## NOTES.

\* *Pallas* is here an allegorical Deity, and represents the courage and wisdom which was exerted by *Ulysses* in the destruction of the suitors: the poet puts the words into the mouth of a Goddess, to give ornament and dignity to his poetry; but they are only the suggestions of his own heart, which reproaches him for being so slow in punishing the insolence of his adversaries. If we take them in this sense, they will be in the nature of a soliloquy: the poet indeed was obliged to introduce a Deity, to give importance to the decisive action of his whole poem: thus *Jupiter* assists *Aeneas* in *Virgil*; *Minerva*, *Achilles* in the *Iliad*, and the same Goddess *Ulysses* here in the *Odyssey*. We very well know that all these passages have been blamed by some critics as derogatory to the courage of these heroes, who cannot conquer their enemies but through the assistance of a Deity. But these objections are already sufficiently answered. We may observe that a Deity descends to assist *Ulysses*, but that the suitors are left to their own conduct: this furnishes us with

*Mentor* beware, nor let that tongue persuade  
Thy frantic arm to lend *Ulysses* aid;  
Our force successful shall our threat make good,  
And with the fire's and son's commix thy blood.  
What hop'st thou here? Thee first the sword shall  
slay,

Then lop thy whole posterity away;  
Far hence thy banish'd consort shall we send;  
With his thy forfeit lands and treasures blend;  
Thus, and thus only, shalt thou join thy friend.

His barb'rous insult ev'n the Goddess fires,  
Who thus the warrior to revenge inspires.

Art thou *Ulysses*? where then shall we find\*  
The patient body and the constant mind?  
That courage, once the *Trojans* daily dread,  
Known nine long years, and felt by heroes dead?  
And where that conduct, which reveng'd the lust  
Of *Priam's* race, and laid proud *Troy* in dust?  
If this, when *Helen* was the cause, were done,  
What for thy country now, thy queen, thy son  
Rise then in combat, at my side attend;  
Observe what vigour gratitude can lend,  
And foes how weak, oppos'd against a friend!

She spoke; but willing longer to survey  
The fire and son's great acts, with-held the day;  
By farther toils decreed the brave to try,  
And level pois'd the wings of victory:  
Then with a change of form eludes their fight,  
Perch'd like a swallow on a rafter's height,†  
And unperceiv'd, enjoys the rising fight.

*Damastor's*

## NOTES.

a very just and pious moral, and teaches us that heaven guards and assists good men in adversity, but abandons the wicked, and lets them perish for their follies.

† We have seen the Deities, both in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, changing themselves into the shape of birds: thus, *Lib. 7*, of the *Iliad*,

*Th' Athenian maid, and glorious God of day  
With silent joy the settling hosts survey;  
In form like vultures, on the breech's height,  
They sit conceal'd, and wait the future fight.*

This perhaps may be the occasion of all such fictions. The superstition of the heathen world induced the ancients to believe that the appearance of any bird in a critical hour, was a sign of the presence of a Divinity, and by degrees they began to persuade themselves, that the Gods appeared to them in the form of those birds. Hence arose all the honours paid to augurs, and the reliance upon divination drawn from the flight of birds: and almost every Deity had a bird sacred to him. The eagle to *Jupiter*, the peacock

to



*Damastor's* son, bold *Agelaius*, leads  
The guilty war; *Eurynomus* succeeds;  
With these, *Pisander* great *Polyctor's* son,  
Sage *Polybus*, and stern *Amphimedon*,  
With *Demoptolemus*: these six survive,  
The best of all the shafts had left alive.  
Amidst the carnage desp'rate as they stand,  
Thus *Agelaius* rous'd the lagging band.

The hour is come, when yon' fierce man no  
more

With bleeding princes shall bestrow the floor:  
Lo! *Mentor* leaves him with an empty boast;  
The four remain, but four against an host.  
Let each at once discharge the deadly dart,  
One sure of six shall reach *Ulysses'* heart:  
Thus shall one stroke the glory lost regain:  
The rest must perish, their great leader slain.

Then all at once their mingled lances threw,  
And thirsty all of one man's blood they flew;  
In vain! *Minerva* turn'd them in her breath,  
And scatter'd short, or wide, the points of death;  
With deaden'd sound, one on the threshold falls,  
One strikes the gate, one rings against the walls;  
The storm past innocent. The godlike man  
Now loftier trod, and dreadful thus began:  
'Tis now (brave friends) our turn, at once to throw  
(So speed 'em heav'n) our javelins at the foe.  
That impious race to all their past misdeeds  
Would add our blood. Injustice still proceeds.

He spoke: at once their fiery lances flew:  
Great *Demoptolemus*, *Ulysses* flew;  
*Euryades* receiv'd the prince's dart;  
The goatherd's quiver'd in *Pisander's* heart;  
Fierce *Elatus* by thine, *Eumæus*, falls;  
Their fall in thunder echoes round the walls.

## NOTES.

to *Juno*, &c. *Pallas* here takes the form of a swallow, because it is a domestic bird, and therefore may be said to appear within the walls of the palace with most probability.

\* The danger beginning to abate by the fall of the chief of the enemy, *Ulysses* advances from his stand: there was a necessity for this conduct: *Ulysses* and his three assistants had killed four enemies with their spears; and consequently the poet was obliged to supply them with fresh weapons, otherwise, if they had discharged their spears once more, they must have been left naked and defenceless, having only two a-piece brought by *Telemachus*. This observation shews the exactness which *Homer* maintains in his relation.

† This refers to a passage in the latter end of the twentieth book of the *Odyssey*, where *Ctesippus* throws

The rest retreat: the victors now advance,\*  
Each from the dead resumes his bloody lance.  
Again the foe discharge the steely show'r;  
Again made frustrate by the virgin pow'r.  
Some, turn'd by *Pallas* on the threshold fall,  
Some wound the gate, some ring against the wall;  
Some weak, or pond'rous with the brazen head,  
Drop harmless, on the pavement sounding dead.

Then bold *Amphimedon* his javelin cast;  
Thy hand, *Telemachus*, it lightly raz'd:  
And from *Ctesippus'* arm the spear elanc'd  
On good *Eumæus'* shield and shoulder glanc'd;  
Not lessen'd of their force (so slight the wound)  
Each sung along, and drop'd upon the ground.  
Fate doom'd thee next, *Eurydamus*, to bear  
Thy death, ennobled by *Ulysses'* spear.

By the bold son *Amphimedon* was slain:  
And *Polybus* renown'd the faithful swain.  
Pierc'd thro' the breast the rude *Ctesippus* bled,  
And thus *Philæti*us gloried o'er the dead.

There end thy pompous vaunts and high disdain;

Oh sharp in scandal, voluble and vain!  
How weak is mortal pride! to heav'n alone  
Th' event of actions and our fates are known:  
Scoffer, behold what gratitude we bear:

The victim's heel is answer'd with this spear.†

*Ulysses* brandish'd high his vengeful steel,

And *Damastorides* that instant fell;

Fast by *Leocritus* expiring lay,

The prince's javelin tore it's bloody way

Thro' all his bowels: down he tumbles prone,  
His batter'd front and brains besinear the stone.

Now *Pallas* shines confess'd; aloft she spreads  
The arm of veng'ance o'er their guilty heads;‡

The

## NOTES.

the foot of a bullock at *Ulysses*. *Philæti*us here gives him a mortal wound with his spear, and tells him it is a return for the foot of the bullock. This likewise became a proverb, to express a return of evil for evil; the like may be observed of the death of *Antinous*, who was killed as he lifted the bowl to drink: which is exactly rendered by our proverb, *Many things happen between the cup and the lip*. Thus likewise the kindness of the *Cyclops* was used proverbially, to denote a severe injury disguised under a seeming civility; that monster having promised *Ulysses* mercy, but it was only the mercy to devour him last. These little instances prove the great veneration the ancients had for *Homer*.

‡ The *Aegis* is at large described, *Lib.* 5, of the *Iliad*.

— round



The dreadful *Ægis* blazes in their eye;  
 Amaz'd they see, they tremble, and they fly:  
 Confus'd, distracted, thro' the rooms they fling,  
 Like oxen madden'd by the breeze's sting,\*  
 When sultry days, and long, succeed the gentle  
 spring.

Nor half so keen, fierce vultures of the chase  
 Stoop from the mountains on the feather'd race.  
 When the wide field extended snares beset,  
 With conscious dread they shun the quiv'ring net:  
 No help, no flight: but wounded ev'ry way,  
 Headlong they drop: the fowlers seize the prey.  
 On all sides thus they double wound or wound,  
 In prostrate heaps the wretches beat the ground,  
 Unmanly shrieks precede each dying groan,  
 And a red deluge floats the reeking stone.

## NOTES.

— round the margin roll'd,

A fringe of serpents, hissing, guard the gold:

Here all the terrors of grim war appear;

Here rages force, here tremble flight and fear;

Here storm'd contention, and here fury frown'd,

And the dire orb portentous Gorgon crown'd.

We see the terrible effects which the shield causes are created by the poet into a kind of beings, and animated to fight on the side of his hero.

\* The fury of the battle being now over, *Homer* pauses with the action; and letting his fancy rove in search of foreign ornaments, beautifies and enlivens the horrors of it with two similitudes, drawn from subjects very distant from the terrors they are brought to illustrate. The former of an herd of cattle, represents the confusion and affright of the suitors; the latter of the birds, their weakness and unavailing flight. The gadfly shews the fury and close pursuit of *Ulysses* and his assistants, the hawks their courage, and superior power. This description shews that this is no ill-chosen similitude; it very well paints the suitors flying in an herd, and *Ulysses* wounding them as they fly. The latter simile from the hawks, affords some curiosity in regard to the ancient manner of that sport. It is evident that this passage is an instance, that flying of birds of prey, in the nature of our hawking, was practised by the ancients: the nets were fixed in the plain ground; the fowlers with their falcons took their station upon the adjoining eminences; when the birds, driven from their rising ground, flew to the plain, they met with the nets, and endeavouring to escape them, crowded into flocks: then the hawk or vulture was loosed, and descending upon his prey, slew them in multitudes; for the birds were incapable of resisting, and at the same time were afraid of the nets, and therefore could not escape: this is

*Liodes* first before the victor falls: †  
 The wretched augur thus for mercy calls.  
 O gracious hear, let not thy suppliant bleed:  
 Still undishonour'd or by word or deed  
 Thy house, for me, remains; by me repress'd  
 Full oft was check'd th' injustice of the rest:  
 Averse they heard me when I counsell'd well,  
 Their hearts were harden'd, and they justly fell.  
 Oh spare an augur's consecrated head,  
 Nor add the blameless to the guilty dead:  
 Priest as thou art! for that detested band,  
 Thy lying prophecies deceiv'd the land:  
 Against *Ulysses* have thy vows been made;  
 For them, thy daily orisons were paid:  
 Yet more, ev'n to our bed thy pride aspires:  
 One common crime one common fate requires.

Thus:

## NOTES.

the reason why the fowlers are said to rejoice at the sport: a plain indication, that the poet intended to describe the sportsman's flying his bird at the prey. Indeed the ancients were used to take even deer with nets, by flying at them birds of prey, in conformity to this description of *Homer*: this is manifest from a passage in *Arrian*, lib. 2, c. 1, where he speaks of men placing their fears where they have nothing to fear: "For what remains, we are like deer, for they fearing the birds that are flown at them, what course do they take? To what place of refuge do they run to be in security? To the nets, and so perish, mistaking their danger for their greatest safety." *Minerva* in this similitude is the bird of prey descending from the mountain, for she it is who scatters the suitors by displaying her *Ægis* from the roof of the palace. In the winding up of the comparison, *Homer* likewise by the vulture denotes *Ulysses* and his assistants.

† This *Liodes* is the last person who survives of the suitors; he was an augur and a prophet, and ought therefore to have followed wiser counsels: he tells *Ulysses* that he endeavoured to restrain the suitors from their insolence; but he himself aspired to the bed of *Penelope*, and consequently was an associate in their conspiracies. *Liodes* falls without resistance; and indeed it would have been very improper to have represented him encountering *Ulysses* in a single combat, when above an hundred had not been able to stand before him: besides, fighting is out of the character of *Liodes*; he was not a man of the sword, but an augur: it would therefore have been contrary to his function, to have drawn him engaging *Ulysses*; and consequently it is with great propriety that he is described falling not as a warrior, but as a suppliant.





Hector returning and having driven the Greeks to their Retrenchments, attacks them there in with fury: breaks down a passage with a Stone of an enormous size, enters at the head of his Troops and pursues them to their Ships.

B. XII.

T. Fairbairn sculp.



Thus speaking, from the ground the sword he took  
Which *Agelaus*' dying hand forsook;  
Full thro' his neck the weighty faulchion sped:  
Along the pavement roll'd the mutt'ring head.

*Phemius* alone the hand of vengeance spar'd,  
*Phemius* the sweet, the heav'n-instructed bard.  
Beside the gate the rev'rend minstrel stands;  
The lyre, now silent, trembling in his hands;  
Dubious to supplicate the chief, or fly  
To *Jove*'s inviolable altar nigh,\*  
Where oft *Laertes* holy vows had paid,  
And oft *Ulysses* smoaking victims laid.  
His honour'd harp with care he first set down,  
Between the laver and the silver throne;  
Then prostrate stretch'd before the dreadful man,  
Persuasive, thus, with accent soft began.

O king! to mercy be thy soul inclin'd,  
And spare the poet's ever-gentle kind.  
A deed like this thy future fame would wrong,  
For dear to Gods and men is sacred song.  
Self-taught I sing; by heav'n, and heav'n alone  
The genuine seeds of poesy are sown;  
And (what the Gods bestow) the lofty lay,  
To Gods alone, and god-like worth, we pay.  
Save then the poet, and thyself reward;  
'Tis thine to merit, mine is to record.

## NOTES.

\* This altar of *Jupiter Herceus* stood in the palace-pard; so called from the out-wall enclosing the court-yard. It stood in the open air, where they sacrificed to *Jupiter* the guardian or protector. These places were places of sanctuary, and by flying to them the person was thought to be under the immediate protection of the Deity, and therefore in some cases inviolable. The same practice prevailed amongst the Jews, for we find frequently in the scriptures that it was customary to fly to the altar as to a place of refuge, which is evident from the expression of laying hold on the horns of the altar. This is the reason why *Phemius* entertains an intention to fly to the altar of *Jupiter Herceus*. *Plutarch*, in his treatise upon music, informs us, that *Demodocus* was reported to have wrote a poem, intitled, *The destruction of Troy*: and *Phemius* another, called, *The return of the Grecian captains*: but by these poets, *Homer* probably means only himself, who was author of two poems, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. *Homer* plainly shews us the notion he had of the great qualifications that were necessary to form a good poet. He must sing of men and Gods; that is, be thoroughly acquainted with all things both human and divine; he must be self-taught; that is, as we express it, he must be a genius; he must have a  
No. 37.

That here I sung, was force and not desire;  
This hand reluctant touch'd the warbling wire:  
And let thy son attest, nor fordid pay  
Nor servile flatt'ry stain'd the moral lay.

The moving words *Telemachus* attends,  
His sire approaches, and the bard defends.  
Oh mix not, father, with those impious dead  
The man divine; forbear that sacred head;  
*Medon* the herald too our arms may spare,  
*Medon*, who made my infancy his care;  
If yet he breathes, permit thy son to give  
Thus much to gratitude, and bid him live.

Beneath a table, trembling with dismay,  
Couch'd close to earth, unhappy *Medon* lay,  
Wrapt in a new-slain ox's ample hide:  
Swift at the word he cast his skreen aside,  
Sprung to the prince, embrac'd his knee with tears,  
And thus with grateful voice address'd his ears:

O prince! O friend! lo here thy *Medon* stands:  
Ah stop the hero's unresisted hands,  
Incens'd too justly by that impious brood,  
Whose guilty glories now are set in blood.

To whom *Ulysses* with a pleasing eye:  
Be bold, on friendship and my son rely;  
Live, an example for the world to read,†  
How much more safe the good than evil deed:

Thou

## NOTES.

natural ability, which is indeed to be improved, but not capable of being learned, by study: he adds, that besides this felicity of nature, he must have an heavenly inspiration; this implies that he must have a kind of enthusiasm, an elevation of soul which is not to be obtained by labour and industry, and consequently is the gift of heaven. Thus *Pindar*,

The bards, whom true poetic flame inspires,  
Receive from nature more than human fires;  
In vain from arts alone they tune the voice,  
Like crows they croak, nor is it song, but noise.

This is the *Mens Divinior* of *Horace*: by industry men may become great scholars and philosophers; but no man was ever a great poet, without being in the strictest sense a great genius. *Aristotle* in his *Rhet.* 1. 7, quotes the above in the original, as an instance that natural are more excellent than acquired abilities; he gives the reason of it; namely, because they are more uncommon, and not to be obtained by human industry.—What *Homer* adds after all this, to raise the character of his poet, is very remarkably moral. That he never turned his talents to flattery, nor was it voluntarily that he served or entertained unworthy men, but was merely compelled to it by their violence.

† The moral intended to be taught by the fable of the



Thou with the heav'n-taught bard, in peace resort  
From blood and carnage to yon open court:  
Me other work requires—With tim'rous awe  
From the dire scene th' exempted two withdraw,  
Scarce sure of life, look round, and trembling move  
To the bright altars of protector *Jove*.

Mean while *Ulysses* search'd the dome, to find  
If yet there live of all th' offending kind.  
Not one! compleat the bloody tale he found,  
All steep'd in blood, all gasping on the ground.  
So, when by hollow shores the fisher train\*  
Sweep with their arching nets the hoary main,  
And scarce the meshy toils the copious draught  
contain,

All naked of their element, and bare,  
The fishes pant, and gasp in thinner air;  
Wide o'er the sands are spread the stiff'ning prey  
Till the warm sun exhales their soul away.

And now the king commands his son to call  
Old *Euryclea*, to the deathfull hall:

## NOTES.

the *Odyssy* is, to shew virtue, though long in distress, at length triumphant; and vice, though long successful, unfortunate in the conclusion: it is to this effect that *Ulysses* here speaks; and to give his words more weight, he throws them into a sentence. It is with excellent judgment that it is here placed by *Homer*: the punishment is no sooner over but *Ulysses* declares the equity of it; he speaks to all mankind, and lays it down as an universal truth that virtue is to be preferred before vice, and invites us to the practice of the former, by shewing the success of it in his own victory; and deters us from the latter, by representing the ill consequences of it in the destruction of the suitors.

\* The ancients observe, that this is the only place where *Homer* manifestly speaks of catching fish with nets: for these words, *lib. 5. v. 595* of the *Iliad*,

— and sweep away

*Sons, fires and wives, an undistinguish'd prey;*  
may be applied to the taking of beasts or birds by nets, and consequently ought not to be appropriated to fishing. Thus it is evident that this art was practised very anciently amongst the *Grecians*; it was likewise known early to the *Hebrews* and *Aegyptians*. Thus *Isaiab* xix. 8, *The fishers (of Aegypt) shall mourn, all they that cast the angle into the brook shall lament, and they that spread nets upon the waters shall languish.* And that they fished the seas with nets, is evident from *Ezekiel* xxvi. 5. *It shall be a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea.* The comparison is very just; and the last line of it

The son observant not a moment stays;  
The aged governess with speed obeys:  
The sounding portals instant they display;  
The matron moves, the prince directs the way.  
On heaps of death the stern *Ulysses* stood,  
All black with dust and cover'd thick with blood.  
So the grim lion from the slaughter comes,†  
Dreadful he glares, and terribly he foams,  
His breast with marks of carnage painted o'er,  
His jaws all dropping with the bull's black gore.

Soon as her eyes the welcome object met,  
The guilty fall'n, the mighty deed compleat;  
A scream of joy her feeble voice essay'd:  
The hero check'd her, and compos'dly said.

Woman, experienc'd as thou art, controul  
Indecent joy, and feast thy sacred soul.  
T'insult the dead is cruel and unjust;‡  
Fate, and their crime, have sunk them to the  
dust;

Nor

## NOTES.

gives a peculiar honour and distinction to *Ulysses*: that hero is the sun who kills the suitors, in application of the similitude.

† Comparisons are as rare in the *Odyssy* as they are frequent in the *Iliad*; and the difference arises from the difference of the subjects: the subject of the *Iliad* is great, and therefore properly illustrated by noble images, and a variety of sublime comparisons: the subject of the *Odyssy* requires to be related in a less exalted stile, and with greater simplicity. This book is an undeniable testimony of the truth of this observation: the story of it approaches nearer to the nature of the *Iliad* than any other book of the *Odyssy*, and we find it is more adorned with comparisons than almost all the rest of the poem.

‡ The word in the original signifies a voice of joy. In other places it is used to denote a sorrowful lamentation. We are wonderfully pleased with the noble sentiment of *Ulysses* contained in these lines. It is full of piety and humanity: good nature feels for the sufferings of any of it's fellow creatures. Even in punishment we are to remember, that those we punish are men, and inflict it as a necessary justice, not as a triumph. Such here is the conduct of *Ulysses*; he is so far from rejoicing in his success, that he restrains others from it; and seems to be a mourner at the funeral of his enemies. He falls into the same thought with *Job* xxxi. 29, *If I rejoiced at the destruction of him that hated me, or lifted up myself when evil found him, if I suffered my mouth to sin, by wishing a curse to his soul, &c.*—Were a prince, who makes war for glory, to stand upon a field of battle



Nor heeded these the censure of mankind,  
The good and bad were equal in their mind.\*  
Justly the price of worthlessness they paid,  
And each now wails an unlamented shade.

But thou sincere! Oh *Euryclæa*, say,  
What maids dishonour us, and what obey?

Then she. In these thy kingly walls remain  
(My son) full fifty of the handmaid train,  
Taught by my care to cull the fleece, or weave,  
And servitude with pleasing tasks deceive;  
Of these, twice six pursue their wicked way,†  
Nor me nor chaste *Penelope* obey;  
Nor fits it that *Telemachus* command‡  
(Young as he is) his mother's female band.

## NOTES.

battle immediately after victory, amidst the horrors of the dead, and the groans of the dying; it would surely mortify his ambition to see such horrible monuments of his glory. If the death of thousands of brave men were weighed in a scale against a name, a popular empty breath of a multitude, and if reason held the balance, how easily would the disproportion be discovered?

\* There is some obscurity in these words, *they neither respected the good nor the bad man*. A reverence is due to a good man, and consequently it is a crime to deny it; but why should it be objected to the suitors as a fault that they despised the bad man, whose actions deserved to be despised? *Eustathius* answers, the original word may signify a person of a low condition, the poor man, or the stranger; and this justifies the assertion. But perhaps the poet uses it to shew that they despised and outraged all men universally without distinction, whether persons of probity or dishonesty; they considered not the condition of others, but were insolent to all mankind.

† It is remarkable, that of fifty women, so few as twelve only should yield to the desires of the suitors. But it is not indeed affirmed that the rest were ever tempted by any importunities. *Plutarch*, in his treatise of education, informs us, that *Bion* wittily applied this passage to the study of the sciences: when the suitors failed in their attempts upon *Penelope*, they condescended to address her maids: so men who are not capable of understanding philosophy, busy themselves with studies of no value.

‡ This is an instance of the maternal wisdom of *Penelope*; and at the same time a vindication of *Telemachus* for not restraining the insolence and immodesty of these female servants; they were out of his jurisdiction, and under the immediate protection

Hence to the upper chambers let me fly,  
Where slumbers soft now close the royal eye;  
There wake her with the news—the matron cry'd;  
Not so (*Ulysses* more sedate reply'd), §  
Bring first the crew who wrought these guilty deeds.  
In haste the matron parts: the king proceeds.

Now to dispose the dead, the care remains  
To you, my son, and you, my faithful swains;  
Th'offending females to that task we doom,  
To wash, to scent, and purify the room.  
These (ev'ry table cleans'd, and ev'ry throne,  
And all the melancholy labour done) ||  
Drive to yon court, without the palace wall,  
There the revenging sword shall smite them all;

So

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of *Penelope*. But is not this removal of the fault from *Telemachus*, an imputation upon the queen? and if the son wanted an excuse for not punishing their crimes, is the mother unblameable, who not only permits the disorder of their lives, but forbids *Telemachus* to redress it? is it to be supposed that this chaste matron was more indulgent to female frailty than *Telemachus*? The true reason is, *Telemachus* could not, and *Penelope* durst not, shew a just resentment against these criminals: they had too great an interest in the chief of the suitors to stand in awe of the queen, or fear her vengeance. This is evident, for *Penelope* herself was in a great measure in their power, and the same authority that supported the suitors in their insolence against the queen, would support these females against her revenge for their immodesty.

§ *Ulysses* gives this injunction, because he is unwilling to wound the eyes of *Penelope* with a spectacle of such horror as the dead bodies and blood of the suitors. It was indeed necessary to find some reasonable pretext for not introducing the queen immediately; this might be expected from the fondness and affection of an husband towards a beloved wife, and therefore *Ulysses* makes even his fondness for her a reason why he delays his discovery, namely, his care not to grieve her with such a terrible scene of slaughter: besides, the death of the female servants is to succeed, and it would have been indecent to have made her assisting or present at their execution. The poet reaps a further advantage from this conduct; for by it he introduces the discovery to *Penelope*, in a time of leisure, and finds an opportunity to describe at large that surprizing and tender incident.

|| It would in these ages be thought barbarous in a king to command his son to perform an execution of so much horror: but anciently it was thought



So with the suitors let them mix in dust,  
Stretch'd in a long oblivion of their lust.

He said: the lamentable train appear,  
Each vents a groan, and drops a tender tear;  
Each heav'd her mournful burthen, and beneath  
The porch, depos'd the ghastly heaps of death.  
The chief severe, compelling each to move,  
Urg'd the dire task imperious from above.  
With thirsty sponge they rub the tables o'er,  
(The swains unite their toil) the walls, the floor }  
Wash'd with th' effusive wave, are purg'd of gore. }  
Once more the palace set in fair array,  
To the base court the females take their way;  
There compass'd close between the dome and wall,  
(Their life's last scene) they trembling wait their  
fall.

Then thus the prince. To these shall we afford  
A fate so pure, as by the martial sword?  
To these, the nightly prostitutes to shame,  
And base revilers of our house and name?  
Thus speaking, on the circling wall he strung  
A ship's tough cable, from a column hung;  
Near the high top he strain'd it strongly round,  
Whence no contending foot could reach the ground.  
Their heads above connected in a row,  
They beat the air with quiv'ring feet below:  
Thus on some tree hung struggling in the snare,  
The doves or thrushes flap their wings in air.  
Soon fled the soul impure, and left behind  
The empty corse to waver with the wind.

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thought no dishonour: thus in the scripture *Gideon* having taken *Zeba* and *Salmana*, two *Midian* kings, commands his son to kill them with the sword in his presence. Some wish *Homer* had deviated from this custom; that he had given both *Ulysses* and *Telemachus* sentiments of more humanity, and spared his reader a description of such a terrible execution. We are not delighted with any thing that has a tendency to inhumanity more than these critics; but it may be answered that *Homer* was obliged to write according to the custom of the age. *Virgil* has ascribed an act more cruel to the pious *Aeneas* who sacrifices several unfortunate young men who were his captives. *Æn.* II. v. 15.

*Then pinion'd with their hands behind appear*

*Th' unhappy captives marching in the rear;*

*Appointed off' rings in the victor's name,*

*To sprinkle with their blood the funeral flame.*

This act is to be ascribed to the manner of the age, and the customs of war in the days of *Aeneas*, and not to his inhumanity: but here it may seem essential to the very nature of epic poetry to relate this

Then forth they led *Melanthius*, and began  
Their bloody work: they lopp'd away the man,  
Morsel for dogs! then trimm'd with brazen sheers  
The wretch, and shorten'd of his nose and ears;  
His hands and feet last felt the cruel steel:  
He roar'd, and torments gave his soul to hell.—  
They wash, and to *Ulysses* take their way,  
So ends the bloody business of the day.

To *Euryclea* then address the king:  
Bring hither fire, and hither sulphur bring,  
To purge the palace: then the queen attend,  
And let her with her matron-train descend;  
The matron-train with all the virgin band  
Assemble here, to learn their lord's command.

Then *Euryclea*; Joyful I obey,  
But cast those mean dishonest rags away;  
Permit me first thy royal robes to bring:  
Ill suits this garb the shoulders of a king.  
“Bring sulphur strait and fire (the monarch cries);”  
She hears, and at the word obedient flies.  
With fire and sulphur cure of noxious fumes,  
He purg'd the walls and blood-polluted rooms.  
Again the matron springs with eager pace,  
And spreads her lord's return from place to place.  
They hear, rush forth, and instant round him stand,  
A gazing throng, a torch in ev'ry hand.  
They saw, they knew him, and with fond embrace  
Each humbly kist his knee, or hand, or face;  
He knows them all; in all such truth appears,  
Ev'n he indulges the sweet joy of tears.

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act of justice: the moral of it is, to see the good rewarded and the wicked punished, in the conclusion of the fable. These criminals had been as guilty in their several capacities as the suitors themselves; it was therefore necessary that their punishment should be set before the reader, as well as that of the suitors.

\* The reason why *Ulysses* orders sulphur to be brought, is, because every thing was thought to be polluted by a dead body, and he uses it by way of purification. *Homer* describes the female servants descending with torches; this is done to shew the exact time of the action of this book, which is comprehended in the evening of the fortieth day. *Ulysses* forbids *Euryclea* to bring a better garment: this little particularity is inserted with judgment; for the disguise of *Ulysses* in the garb of a beggar contributes to increase the incredulity of *Penelope*, and consequently to all those doubts and fears, and that struggle between the love of a husband and dread of an impostor, which are the subject of the succeeding book.



## The TWENTY-THIRD BOOK of the ODYSSEY.\*

## A R G U M E N T.

*Euryclæa awakens Penelope with the news of Ulysses's return; and the death of the suitors. Penelope scarcely credits her, but supposes some God has punished them, and descends from her apartment in doubt. At the first interview of Ulysses and Penelope, she is quite unsatisfied. Minerva restores him to the beauty of his youth; but the queen continues incredulous, till by some circumstances she is convinced, and falls into all the transports of passion and tenderness. They recount to each other all that has past during their long separation. The next morning Ulysses, arming himself and his friends, goes from the city to visit his father.*

THEN to the queen, as in repose she lay,  
The nurse with eager rapture speeds her way;  
The transports of her faithful heart supply  
A sudden youth, and give her wings to fly.

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\* This book contains the discovery of *Ulysses* to *Penelope*. Several objections have been made to it, the strength of which consists chiefly in the incredulity of *Penelope*, and the slowness she uses to make an undeniable discovery: this *Rapin* judges to be contrary to the passion of love, and consequently that the poet writes unnaturally. There is somewhat of the *Frenchman* in this criticism: *Homer* in his opinion wants vivacity; and if *Rapin* had been to have drawn *Ulysses*, we had seen him all transport and extasy. But where there is most fancy, there is often the least judgment. *Penelope* thought *Ulysses* to be dead; he had been absent twenty years; and through absence and his present disguise, he was another person from that *Ulysses* whom she knew, when he failed to *Troy*; so that he was become an absolute stranger. From this observation we may appeal to the reader's judgment, if *Penelope*, without full conviction, ought to be persuaded that this person was

No. 37.

And sleeps my child? the rev'rend matron cries:  
*Ulysses* lives! arise, my child, arise!  
At length appears the long-expected hour!  
*Ulysses* comes! the suitors are no more!

No

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the real *Ulysses*? And how could she be convinced, but by asking many questions, and descending to particularities, which must necessarily occasion delay in the discovery? If indeed *Ulysses* and *Penelope* had met after a shorter absence, when one view would have assured her that he was her real husband, then too much transport could not have been expressed by the poet: but this is not the case, she is first to know her husband, before she could or ought to express her fondness for his return, otherwise she might be in danger of misplacing it upon an impostor: but she is no sooner convinced that *Ulysses* is actually returned, but she receives him with as much fondness as can be expressed, or as *Rapin* could require.

While yet he speaks, her pow'rs of life decay,  
She sickens, trembles, falls and faints away:  
At length recovering, to his arms she flew,  
And strain'd him close, as to his breast she grew.  
7 N Till



No more they view the golden light of day;  
Arise, and bless thee with the glad survey!

Touch'd at her words, the mournful queen rejoin'd,  
Ah! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind?  
The righteous pow'rs who tread the starry skies,\*  
The weak enlighten, and confound the wise,  
And human thought with unresisted sway,  
Depress, or raise, enlarge or take away:

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Till this moment the discovery was not evidently made, and her passion would have been unseasonable; but this is no sooner done, but she falls into an agony of affection. Besides *Aristotle* informs us, there was a play, called *The False Ulysses*: it was formed upon a story of a person who designed to surprize *Penelope*, and told her, that he was her husband; and to confirm it, pretended to remember a bow, which he used before he went to the siege of *Troy*. This shews that *Penelope* had been in danger from impostors, and it is therefore very prudent in her to be upon the guard, and not to yield without full conviction.—But there is a dispute of a different nature mentioned by *Monsieur Bayle*; namely, whether if *Penelope* had yielded to an impostor, believing him to be really *Ulysses*, she had been guilty of adultery? *Monsieur Basnage* thus argues: “Let us suppose a wife transported with love for an husband, running eagerly to the person she mistakes for him: this woman has no design to be deceived, one cannot blame her ardor; it is lawful, if he proves her real husband: in short, her ignorance is involuntary, and occasioned solely by a laudable passion for her husband: yet if this person proves an adulterer, is the wife entirely inexcusable? ought her eagerness and precipitation to give her no uneasiness? Undoubtedly it ought, because she is supposed to act precipitately, without a full examination: her passion is stronger than her reason, and therefore she is blameable.” The author of the *General Critique on Maimbourg* is more indulgent: he judges that if a woman does not refuse a strict examination out of a blameable motive, she is excusable, though she happens to oblige an impostor. “If a wife, deceived by the resemblance between her husband and an impostor, shall allow the latter the privileges of the marriage-bed, this action is no stain to her chastity; and the husband would be the most unreasonable creature breathing, should he blame it as a breach of conjugal fidelity, provided she is no way accessory to the imposition.” So that according to this author, though the wife is betrayed by her precipitation, yet she is to be accounted innocent; because the precipitation is occasioned by a vehemence of

Truth, by their high decree, thy voice forsakes,  
And folly, with the tongue of wisdom speaks.  
Unkind, the fond illusion to impose!  
Was it to flatter or deride my woes?  
Never did I a sleep so sweet enjoy, †  
Since my dear lord left *Ithaca* for *Troy*:  
Why must I wake to grieve, and curse thy shore?  
O *Troy*—may never tongue pronounce thee more!

Be

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love for her husband. But we fear few husbands who should take their wives in such circumstances would excuse them, or believe that they had used due circumspection. In short, *Monsieur Bayle* rightly decides the question, by saying, that every person who acts precipitately is culpable; and that no person can act rationally, without a full and satisfactory examination. And indeed if this rule were observed, there would scarce be any room for the aforesaid supposition. The resemblance between man and man is never so perfect, but the difference upon a strict observation is discernable; we may therefore conclude, that a wife who should suffer such a deceit, was not very unwilling to be deceived; especially when there must be between a man and wife a thousand particularities, which could only be known to the wife and husband, which upon a due scrutiny would discover the imposture.—We shall mention another difficulty of a similar nature started by *Seneca*. “If any person should make an assignation with his own wife in disguise, supposing her to be the wife of another person, would he be guilty of adultery?” He answers in the affirmative; though the wife herself would be innocent; for he is guilty intentionally. This may be illustrated by the example of *Jacob*, who was blameless when he was deceived by *Leah*, who personated his wife *Rachel*; but *Leah* was culpable, though *Jacob* was innocent, for she very well knew that she was not wife to *Jacob*. But this is the province of a casuist, not a commentator.

\* This is an admirable sentiment: it is consonant to many expressions in the holy scriptures. God is the Lord of spirits, and gives and takes away as seems best to his infinite wisdom. The thoughts of man, as well as his life, are equally in the power of the Almighty.

† *Homer* very judiciously mentions this profound sleep of *Penelope*; for it might have been thought improbable, that she should not awake at the noise and confusion of the battle. It was solely to reconcile it to credibility, that in a preceding book *Pallas* was introduced to throw her into it: besides, the women's apartment was always in the upper part



Be gone: another might have felt our rage,  
But age is sacred, and we spare thy age.

To whom with warmth: My soul a lie disdains;  
*Ulysses* lives, thy own *Ulysses* reigns:

That stranger, patient of the suitors wrongs,  
And the rude licence of ungovern'd tongues,  
He, he is thine! thy son, his latent guest  
Long knew, but lock'd the secret in his breast;  
With well-concerted art to end his woes,  
And burst at once in vengeance of the foes.

While yet she spoke, the queen in transport sprung\*  
Swift from the couch, and round the matron hung;  
Fast from her eye descends the rolling tear,  
Say, once more say, is my *Ulysses* here?  
How could that num'rous and outrageous band  
By one be slain, tho' by an hero's hand?

I saw it not, she cries, but heard alone,  
When death was busy, a loud dying groan,  
The damsel train turn'd pale at ev'ry wound,  
Immur'd we sat, and catch'd each passing sound;  
When death had seiz'd her prey, thy son attends,  
And at his nod the damsel train descends;  
There terrible in arms *Ulysses* stood,  
And the dead suitors almost swam in blood;  
Thy heart had leap'd the hero to survey,  
Stern as the surly lion o'er his prey,

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of the house; and consequently *Penelope* was at a sufficient distance from the place of the combat, and may be easily supposed not to be awaked by it. The circumstance of *Penelope's* not being awaked by the cries of the suitors, furnishes us with a reason why they are heard by the *Ithacans* that lived near the palace: for if she who is within the palace is not disturbed by the noise, it is credible enough, that the *Greeks* who lived at some distance from the palace should not hear it.

\* We are not to gather from this transport of *Penelope*, that she is fully convinced of the return of *Ulysses*: she is yet incredulous; but she must have been insensible if she had continued unmoved at the mention of the arrival of an husband, whose return has been described through the whole *Odyssey* as the chief object of all her desires. Besides, she receives the death of the suitors with joy; she cannot disbelieve the testimony of *Euryklea* concerning their deaths; but thinking it impossible that they should be slain by any one person, she ascribes their destruction not to *Ulysses*, but a Deity. But then is not such a supposition extravagant? and can it be reconciled to probability, that a God should really be supposed to descend to work their destruction? It may be answered, that the excess of the assertion

Glorious in gore!—now with sulphureous fires,  
The dome he purges, now the flame aspires;  
Heap'd lie the dead without the palace walls,—  
Haste, daughter haste, thy own *Ulysses* calls!  
Thy ev'ry wish the bounteous Gods bestow,  
Enjoy the present good, and former woe;  
*Ulysses* lives his vanquish'd foes to see;  
He lives to thy *Telemachus* and thee!

Ah no! with sighs *Penelope* rejoin'd,  
Excess of joy disturbs thy wand'ring mind;  
How blest this happy hour, should he appear,  
Dear to us all, to me supremely dear!  
Ah no! some God the suitors death decreed,  
Some God descends, and by his hand they bleed;  
Blind! to condemn the stranger's righteous cause,  
And violate all hospitable laws!

The good they hated, and the pow'rs defy'd;  
But heav'n is just, and by a God they dy'd.  
For never must *Ulysses* view this shore;  
Never! the lov'd *Ulysses* is no more!

What words (the matron cries) have reach'd my ears?  
Doubt we his presence, when he now appears?  
Then hear conviction: ere the fatal day  
That forc'd *Ulysses* o'er the watry way,  
A boar fierce-rushing in the sylvan war  
Plough'd half his thigh; I saw, I saw the scar,

And

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ought to be ascribed to the excess of joy in the speaker: *Penelope* is in a transport, and no wonder she speaks with amplification: she judges it impossible that such a great event should be wrought by a mortal hand; and it is therefore very natural, while she is under a surprize, and her thoughts raised above the bounds of calm reason, to ascribe it to a Deity. It has been believed that all the notions of good and bad Dæmons that prevailed among the ancients were borrowed from truth, and that they received them by tradition from the offices of good and bad angels: if we might be allowed to make this supposition, then what *Penelope* here speaks may be reconciled to strict verity; then we may find a reason why she may without extravagance ascribe the suitors deaths to a dæmon or deity. Thus, 2 *Kings*, cap. xix. v. 35, *That night the angel of the Lord went out, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred fourscore and five thousand.* If this supposition be thought disallowable, the former will be a sufficient vindication. We will only add that the poet artfully turns the incredulity of *Penelope* to the praise of *Ulysses*; the exploit was so great, that no mortal was brave enough to perform it; it must therefore be wrought by a God; but this God is at length discovered to be *Ulysses*.



And wild with transport had reveal'd the wound;  
But ere I spoke, he rose, and check'd the sound.  
Then daughter haste away! and if a lie  
Flow from this tongue, then let thy servant die!

To whom with dubious joy the queen replies,  
Wife is thy soul, but errors seize the wife;  
The works of Gods what mortal can survey? \*  
Who knows their motives, who shall trace their way?  
But learn we instant how the suitors trod  
The paths of death, by man or by a God.

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\* This assertion is made with great judgment. *Euryclea* had given almost a demonstrative proof that she was not mistaken in the person of *Ulysses*: she had instanced in the scar which he received by a boar on mount *Parnassus*; and this seemed to be an undeniable evidence of her veracity: what method then could the poet take to carry on *Penelope's* incredulity, and give her room to resist such evidence with any appearance of reason? *Penelope* answers with profound wisdom; her words are short, but contain excellent truth and morality: this is her meaning: "*Euryclea*, you appeal to your senses for the truth of your affirmation; you saw the wound, and touched it as you bathed him; and he forbade you to make a discovery of his person: from hence you conclude, that it is *Ulysses* who has slain the suitors; not remembering that the Gods are able thus to shew themselves to man, and assume at their pleasure such disguises: how then do you know but this is a God? Are you able to know the ways of a Deity?" To this *Euryclea* makes no reply; from whence we may gather, that it was believed to be an undeniable truth, that the Divine Beings sometimes assumed the shape of man, and appeared visibly upon earth. Such expressions as these might almost persuade us of the reality of a former conjecture, that these notions were borrowed from a tradition of the appearances of angels; they being so consonant to the testimony of the holy scriptures, and so agreeable to the manifestation of those celestial beings.

+ *Penelope* apprehends that the person mentioned by *Euryclea* is not *Ulysses*: yet her apprehensions are not so strong as to exclude all hopes that he is her husband; in this state of uncertainty she descends, doubtful whether to meet him as such, or first to prove him whether he be the real *Ulysses*; and this explains her conduct in this place: if he evidently were *Ulysses*, she ought to receive him with transport; but if he be not *Ulysses*, then all such advances would be acts of immodesty, and a reproach of her prudence. Ladies are best judges of what is decent

Thus speaks the queen, and no reply attends,  
But with alternate joy and fear descends;  
At ev'ry step debates, her lord to prove! †  
Or rushing to his arms, confess her love!  
Then gliding thro' the marble valves in state,  
Oppos'd, before the shining fire she sat.  
The monarch, by a column high enthron'd, ‡  
His eye withdrew, and fix'd it on the ground; §  
Curious to hear his queen the silence break:  
Amaz'd she sat, and impotent to speak;

O'er

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amongst ladies, and *Madam Dacier* affirms, that the point of decency is well maintained by *Homer* through this whole interview; and that antiquity can shew nothing wherein a severity of manners is better observed. And indeed it must be allowed, that in this respect *Penelope* proceeds with no more than a necessary caution; it would have been very absurd to have described her flying to the embraces of a stranger, merely upon the testimony of *Euryclea*, without waiting for a personal and ocular demonstration.

† The circumstance of persons of figure being placed by a column occurs frequently in the *Odyssey*; it may therefore be necessary to explain it: it is mentioned twice in the eighth book, but being there applied to *Domodocus* who was blind, it may be thought to mean only that he leaned against the pillar by reason of his blindness; but this is not the full import of the words, they denote dignity; and a seat erected near the column was a seat of distinction. Thus *2 Kings xi. 14. Behold the king stood by a pillar, as the manner was, and the princes, &c. by the king.* Thus we see the royal station was by some remarkable pillar. And again, *2 Kings xxiii. 3. And the king stood by a pillar, and made a covenant, &c.* So that by this expression of *Ulysses* being seated by a column, we are to understand that he received *Penelope* as a king; and he took the royal seat, to convince her that he was the real *Ulysses*.

§ We have all along been vindicating the conduct of *Penelope*, for not immediately acknowledging *Ulysses*. Her ignorance of his person is her vindication; but how then is *Ulysses* to be justified, who is in no doubt about *Penelope*? Why does he not fly with transport to the wife of his affection? The reason is very evident: he very well knows that *Penelope* is uncertain about his person; he therefore forbears to offer violence to her modesty by any caresses, while she is in this state of uncertainty, and which decency requires her to refuse, till she is assured that the person who offers them is *Ulysses*. *Homer* tells us, that *Ulysses* turned his eyes towards the



O'er all the man her eyes she rolls in vain,  
Now hopes, now fears, now knows, then doubts  
again.\*

At length *Telemachus*—Oh who can find  
A woman like *Penelope* unkind?  
Why thus in silence? why with winning charms  
Thus slow, to fly with rapture to his arms?  
Stubborn the breast that with no transport glows,  
When twice ten years are past of mighty woes:  
To softness lost, to spousal love unknown,  
The Gods have form'd that rigid heart of stone!†  
O my *Telemachus*! the queen rejoin'd,  
Distracting fears confound my lab'ring mind;

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the ground. Perhaps he does it that *Penelope* may not immediately discover him; or the poet intended no more than to draw *Ulysses* here, as he drew him in the *Iliad*, lib. 3. and describe him according to his usual behaviour.

— In thought profound,  
His modest eyes he fix'd upon the ground.

Thus also he is represented by *Ovid. Metam. lib. 13.*

Then from his seat arose *Laertes' son*,  
Look'd down a while, and paus'd ere he begun.

\* The reader will certainly be curious to know how *Penelope* accosts *Ulysses* in this first interview, and the poet manages it with excellent judgment: she must be supposed to be under a great surprize and confusion of thought; this surprize takes away her speech; she is tost between hopes and fears, and consequently it is very natural, before she speaks, to examine him with her eyes.

† It has been objected that *Telemachus* here makes too free a remonstrance to *Penelope*; and that he is wanting in reverence towards his mother. There is a difference between a son and a husband, and what is decent in the mouth of the latter would be irreverent in the former. *Telemachus* being fully assured that it is the real *Ulysses*, appears shocked at the indifference of *Penelope*. And indeed the warmth of the expression is to be imputed to the emotion of the speaker; so that we are not to look upon it as an outrage of decency toward *Penelope*, but a warm expostulation occasioned by his zeal for *Ulysses*.

‡ This expression furnishes another cause for the incredulity of *Penelope*; *Ulysses* imputes it to his disguise, and is far from resenting it as a want of conjugal affection. This may seem to be an unreasonable transition: *Homer* brings *Ulysses* and *Penelope* together, raises our expectations to see a warm and tender description at the discovery of the husband to the wife, and all of a sudden he starts from the subject, and leaves us under an uncertainty equal to

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Pow'rless to speak, I scarce uplift my eyes,  
Nor dare to question: doubts on doubts arise.  
O deign he, if *Ulysses*, to remove  
These boding thoughts, and what he is, to prove!  
Pleas'd with her virtuous fears, the king replies,  
Indulge, my son, the cautions of the wife;  
Time shall the truth to sure remembrance bring:  
This garb of poverty belies the king;‡  
No more.—This day our deepest care requires,  
Cautious to act what thought mature inspires.  
If one man's blood, tho' mean, distain our hands,§  
The homicide retreats to foreign lands;

By

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that of *Penelope*. To this we answer that the occasion presses: *Ulysses* finds it necessary to provide for his own safety, before the people of *Ithaca* are informed of the slaughter of the suitors; this is the dictate of good sense; he first acts the wise man, by guarding against an imminent danger; and then shews the tender husband, by his affection to *Penelope*; and this is the reason why he adjourns the discovery. Besides, this interval, which is very short, gives time to *Penelope* to recollect her spirits from surprize, and makes her mistress of her own thoughts. In that view the reader is to look upon this break, like a pause between the acts in a tragedy, and as an artful interruption to introduce the unravelling more naturally, and with greater probability.

§ *Ulysses* here argues very conclusively: if the person who has shed one man's blood only, and that man of inferior station; if he is yet obliged to fly into banishment, lest he should be slain by any of the dead person's relations or friends; what have they to fear, who have not only slain one man, but above an hundred, and these not Plebeians, but Princes? They must necessarily have many avengers, who will be ready to pursue our lives. But it may be objected, that *Ulysses* is a king, and therefore above apprehensions of punishment. It is true *Ulysses* is a king, yet subject to the laws: his government was not so despotic, as to have no reason to fear the resentments of the chief families of his subjects, whose heirs were slain by his hand. We cannot entirely agree with this last sentiment: *Ulysses* had only done an act of justice upon these offenders, and had transgressed no law by it, and ought therefore to apprehend no vengeance from the law. We should rather ascribe the apprehensions of *Ulysses*, to a fear of a sudden assault from the friends of the suitors before he could discover himself to be the real *Ulysses*. He is afraid of an assassination, not a legal punishment; the rage of the people, not the justice of the law.



By us, in heaps th' illustrious peerage falls,  
Th' important deed our whole attention calls.\*

Be that thy care, *Telemachus* replies,  
The world conspires to speak *Ulysses* wife;  
For wisdom all is thine! lo I obey,  
And dauntless follow where you lead the way;  
Nor shalt thou in the day of danger find  
Thy coward son degen'rate lag behind.

Then instant to the bath, (the monarch cries)  
Bid the gay youth and sprightly virgins rise,  
Thence all descend in pomp and proud array,  
And bid the dome resound the mirthful lay;  
While the sweet lyrist airs of rapture sing,  
And forms the dance responsive to the strings.  
That hence th' eluded passengers may say,†  
Lo! the queen weds! we hear the spousal lay!  
The suitors' death unknown, till we remove‡  
Far from the court, and act inspir'd by *Jove*.

Thus spoke the king: th' observant train obey,  
At once they bathe, and dress in proud array:  
The lyrist strikes the string; gay youths advance,  
And fair-zon'd damsels form the sprightly dance.  
The voice, attun'd to instrumental sounds,  
Ascends the roof: the vaulted roof rebounds;  
Not unobserv'd: the *Greeks* eluded say  
Lo! the queen weds! we hear the spousal lay!

## NOTES.

\* *Ulysses*, to prove *Telemachus*, and to form a judgment of his wisdom, asks his advice upon the present emergence; but the poet, in his answer observes a due decency: *Telemachus* pays a laudable deference to the superior wisdom of *Ulysses*, and modestly submits to his judgment. What we are to gather from this conduct is, that no person should be so self-confiding in his own judgment, as to despise that of other men, though those men are inferior in wisdom.

† This is an instance of the art of *Ulysses*, essential to his character, and maintained through the whole *Odyssey*. The suitors had been accustomed to retire from the palace, and sleep in other places by night: it would therefore have alarmed the whole city, and made them apprehensive that some calamity had befallen them, if there had not appeared a seeming reason why they returned not to their several houses as usual; *Ulysses* therefore invents this stratagem to deceive them into an opinion that they staid to celebrate the queen's nuptials. But there appears to be a strong objection against this part of the relation: we have already seen the suitors slain, without being heard by the *Ithacans* of the city; is it then probable that the sound of the music should be heard abroad, when the cries, shouts and groans, during the fight, were not heard out of the palace?

Inconstant! to admit the bridal hour:

Thus they—but nobly chaste she weds no more.

Mean-while the wearied king the bath ascends;  
With faithful cares *Eurynome* attends,  
O'er ev'ry limb a show'r of fragrance sheds:  
Then dress'd in pomp, magnificent he treads.  
The warrior-goddes gives his frame to shine:  
With majesty enlarg'd; and grace divine.  
Back from his brows in wavy ringlets fly:  
His thick large locks, of *Hyacinthine* dye.  
As by some artist to whom *Vulcan* gives  
His heav'nly skill, a breathing image lives;  
By *Pallas* taught, he frames the wond'rous mould,  
And the pale silver glows with fusile gold:  
So *Pallas* his heroic form improves  
With bloom divine, and like a God he moves;  
More high he treads, and issuing forth in state,  
Radiant before his gazing consort sat.  
And oh my queen! he cries; what pow'r above  
Has steel'd that heart, averse to spousal love!  
Canst thou, *Penelope*, when heav'n restores  
Thy lost *Ulysses* to his native shores,  
Canst thou, oh cruel! unconcern'd survey  
Thy lost *Ulysses*, on this signal day?  
Haste, *Euryclea*, and dispatchful spread §  
For me, and me alone, th' imperial bed:

My

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Was the music louder than these united noises? It is not easy to solve this difficulty, unless we are allowed to imagine that the more than usual stay of the suitors in the palace had raised the curiosity of some of the *Ithacans* to inquire the reason of it; who consequently approaching the palace might hear the music and dancing, and conclude that it was occasioned by the queen's marriage. Besides, in the stillness of the night, a lower sound may be further heard, than one more loud, during the noise and hurry of the day: it being evident from the preceding book, that the fight was by day.

‡ It may be asked, what occasions this recess of *Ulysses*? Will he be better able to resist his enemies in the country than in the city? The answer is, he withdraws that he may avoid the first resentments of the *Ithacans*, upon the discovery of the death of the suitors. Besides, it is by this method in his power to conceal his person, till the violence of the people is settled; or raise a party to resist their efforts: at the worst, he is certain to secure his flight, if his affairs should be reduced to extremities.

§ These words have given occasion of censure from *Montfieur de la Mothe de Vayer*: according to whom the precaution of *Penelope* is not much to be admired; “*Ulysses* made himself suspicious by expressing



My weary nature craves the balm of rest:  
But heav'n with adamant has arm'd her breast.

Ah no! she cries, a tender heart I bear,\*  
A foe to pride; no adamant is there;  
And now, ev'n now it melts! for sure I see  
Once more *Ulysses* my belov'd in thee;

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pressing so much eagerness to go to bed with *Penelope*; she was so far from having time enough to know him, that she had scarce spoke three words to him, but he bluntly commands *Euryclea* to get the bed ready for them." So that, according to this author, *Penelope* mistrusts his impatience; she imagines the reason why he is so hasty, is because he fears that a longer time would discover his imposture, and frustrate his desires. And indeed if *Ulysses* had given such a command, the objection had not been without a foundation. But *La Mothe* is deceived: *Ulysses* does not ask a bed for himself and *Penelope*, but for himself alone, because his wife vouchsafed not to come near him, and used him with a seeming cruelty.

\* *Penelope* speaks negatively, and the meaning of her words are, that she is not influenced by pride and cruelty, to persist in her incredulity, but by a laudable care and caution. *Penelope* may be held forth as a pattern to all women upon the like occasion; her own eyes persuade her that the person with whom she confers is *Ulysses*; *Euryclea* acknowledges her master; *Telemachus* his father; yet she dares not immediately credit her own eye, *Euryclea* or *Telemachus*. Thus *Ulysses* found it easier to subdue above an hundred enemies than the diffidence and incredulity of *Penelope*.

† It must be allowed that this is a very artful turn of thought in *Penelope*. *Ulysses* commands a bed to be prepared, *Penelope* catches the word, and seeming to consent, orders *Euryclea* to carry the bed out of the bridal apartment, and prepare it. Now this bed was of such a nature as to be inwrought into the substance of the apartment itself, and could not be removed: if therefore *Ulysses* had acquiesced in the injunction given by *Penelope*, and not discovered the impossibility of it, she might have very justly concluded him an impostor, being manifestly ignorant of the secret of his own marriage-bed. But *Eustathius* starts an objection against this whole process of the discovery, which he calls insoluble; the difficulty is as follows: *Penelope* imagines that the person who pretends to be her husband, is not really *Ulysses*, but a God, who not only assumes his form, but, to favour the imposture, the resemblance of the wound received from the boar: now if he be a God, how is it possible she should conceive him

Fix'd in my soul as when he sail'd to *Troy*,  
His image dwells: then haste the bed of joy!  
Haste, from the bridal bow'r the bed translate,  
Fram'd by his hand, and be it drest in state!

Thus speaks the queen, still dubious, with disguise;†  
Touch'd at her words, the king with warmth replies,  
Alas!

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to be ignorant of the secret of the marriage-bed, and consequently how can she be convinced of the reality of *Ulysses* from his knowledge of it, when it must necessarily be known to a God, as well as to the real *Ulysses*? All that she ought to gather from it is, that the person with whom she speaks is *Ulysses*, or a God. *Eustathius* replies, that *Penelope* upon the discovery of the secret makes no scruple to yield; because whether it be *Ulysses*, or a God, her case is happy: if he prove to be *Ulysses*, she has her wishes; if a God, it is no small piece of good fortune. *Dacier* condemns this solution, and tells us, that *Penelope* was so faithful to her husband, that she would not have received even a God in the place of *Ulysses*: the true answer (continues that author) is to be drawn from the Pagan theology, according to which the inferior Deities were supposed to have a finite knowledge, and consequently *Penelope* might think the discovery of the nuptial-bed a full conviction of the reality of *Ulysses*, it being so great a secret that even a God might be ignorant of it. But this is all fancy; for allowing this person to be a God, why might not *Penelope* imagine him to be a Deity of the superior order, and for that reason well acquainted with the secrets of this nuptial bower? especially because *Jupiter* himself was notorious for such amorous illusions. *Dacier* herself confesses this to be no just solution, but gives a very different reason: how is it possible (says she) that this bed and whole apartment should be built by the single hand of *Ulysses*, without being seen by any person while he builds it? or how can any one be assured that a secret that is known to a third person is not through weakness or interest discovered to others? We will lay together what occurs by way of reply. The first objection is, that *Penelope* imagines *Ulysses* to be a God, and consequently his knowledge of the nuptial-bed ought not to have induced her to believe him to be the real *Ulysses*. The answer is, *Penelope* thought him a God only during her first transport; it is to be imputed to her surprize, that she at all thinks him a Deity. This is very evident, for from the moment she saw him, the thought of his divinity vanishes, and she never mentions one word concerning such a supposition, nay from the first glance she almost believes him to be the real *Ulysses*.

" O'er



Alas for this! what mortal strength can move  
Th' enormous burthen, who but heav'n above?  
It mocks the weak attempts of human hands;  
But the whole earth must move, if heav'n commands.  
Then fear sure evidence, while we display  
Words seal'd with sacred truth, and truth obey:  
This hand the wonder fram'd; an olive spread  
Full in the court it's ever verdant head.  
Vast as some mighty column's bulk on high\*  
The huge trunk rose, and heav'd into the sky;  
Around the tree I rais'd a nuptial bow'r  
And roof'd defensive of the storm and show'r;

The spacious valvé, with art inwrought, conjoins;  
And the fair dome, with polish'd marble shines.  
I lopp'd the branchy head; aloft in twain  
Sever'd the bole, and smooth'd the shining grain;  
Then posts, capacious of the frame, I rais'd,  
And bore it, regular from space to space:  
Athwart the frame, at equal distance lie  
Thongs of tough hides, that boast a purple dye;  
Then polishing the whole, the finish'd mould  
With silver shone, with elephant, and gold.  
But if o'erturn'd by rude, ungovern'd hands,  
Or still inviolate the olive stands,

'Tis

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"O'er all the man her eyes she rolls in vain,  
"Now hopes, now fears, now knows, then doubts  
again."

She is so far from thinking him a Deity, that she is almost persuaded that he is her husband. If this be allowed, the first difficulty ceases: for granting her belief that the person before her is a real man, and no man but *Ulysses* was acquainted with the nuptial bed; it follows, that this man is the real *Ulysses*, and that this incident is not ill chosen by the poet in the discovery of *Ulysses*. *Dacier* objects, that this apartment could not possibly be erected without being known to other persons; but we have seen *Ulysses* build a ship in a solitary island, without the assistance of any man, in the fifth *Odyssey*; and why may he not then be allowed to do the same, with respect to this nuptial bower? All kind of arts in mechanics were anciently practised by the greatest personages, and their knowledge and dexterity in them was esteemed a glory. This consideration may perhaps reconcile the reader to this part of the discovery. The only difficulty that now remains is this: *Ætoris*, a female servant, is allowed to be in the secret; how then can *Penelope* be assured that she has not betrayed it? *Homer* himself obviates this objection; he has in a very solemn manner told us, that only twelve of all the female train were guilty of a breach of trust, and therefore *Penelope* may safely rely upon the fidelity of *Ætoris*. Besides, it adds no small weight to this vindication of *Homer*, to observe, that the whole procedure of the discovery is accidental; how could *Ulysses* foreknow that the proof of his veracity would depend upon his knowledge of the bridal bower; and consequently it is not to be imagined that he should have made any clandestine inquiries about it. It may be added, that *Ulysses* has been no more than five days upon the *Ithacan* shores, and probably had never seen *Ætoris*, who alone was acquainted with the nature of this bed: no person was

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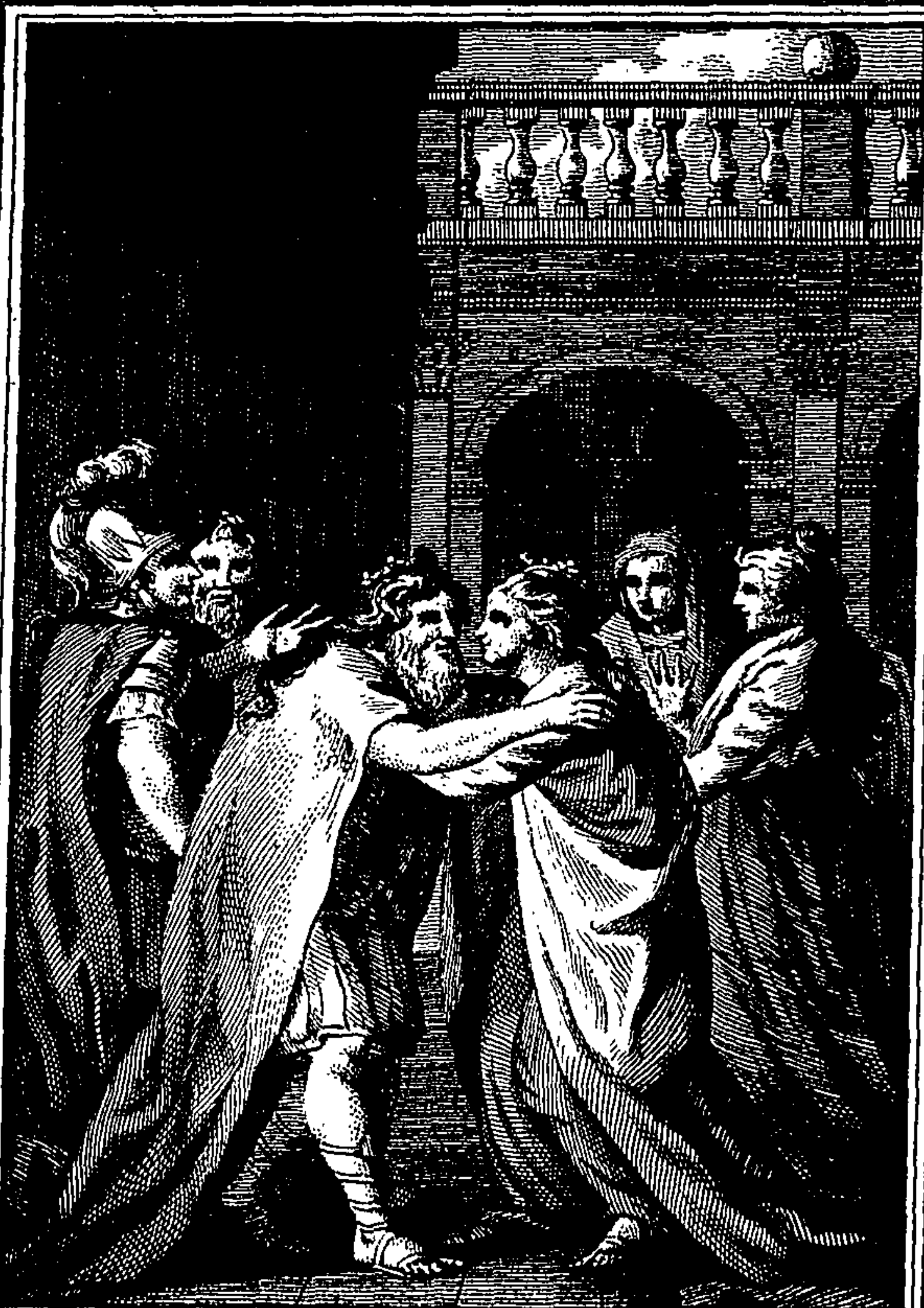
anciently permitted to enter the women's apartment, but fathers, husbands, or brothers; this therefore was the greatest secret in all families; this secret *Penelope* proposes in the trial of *Ulysses*, and upon his knowledge of it receives him as her husband. To instance almost in a parallel case; *Orestes* in *Euripides* tells *Iphigenia*, that the lance which *Pelops* used in the combat against *Ænomaus* was lodged in her apartment; this circumstance convinces her that the person who knew this secret must be her brother *Orestes*, no persons of a more distant relation being admitted into such privacies.

\* The whole of this relation is very wonderful; for it is not easy to conceive that the bole of an olive-tree should be so large as to contain upon the dimensions of it a whole bedstead. But *Homer* must be imagined to write according to the customs of the age in which he lived, unless we can suppose he unnecessarily invented an absurdity: we therefore doubt not but there were anciently such beds as this of *Ulysses*. Besides, the more wonderful this bed is, the better it serves for the purpose of *Homer*, in convincing us that the person who was acquainted with a matter so uncommon must be the real *Ulysses*, and not an impostor; it is for this purpose that the poet describes the bower built round the olive-tree, before the framing of the bed is at all mentioned.

*Around the tree I rais'd a nuptial bow'r,  
And roof'd defensive of the storm and show'r;  
Then lopp'd the branchy head; aloft in twain  
Sever'd the bole, and smooth'd the shining grain.*

This is particularly described by *Homer*, to convince us that the place where the bed stood was entirely secret; it being closed up from observation before this particular apartment was undertaken, and therefore the knowledge of it was a strong argument that the person who was acquainted with it must be the real *Ulysses*.





*Penelope in the presence of Telemachus, Euryclia, &c.  
flying to the Arms of Ulysses, and acknowledging  
him to be her own long-lost Husband.*

*Taylor sculp.*

*Published by Alex.<sup>r</sup> Hogg, at the Kings Arms, N<sup>o</sup> 16, Paternoster Row.*



'Tis thine, O queen, to say: and now impart,  
 If fears remain, or doubts distract thy heart?  
 While yet he speaks, her pow'rs of life decay;  
 She sickens, trembles, falls, and faints away:  
 At length recovering, to his arms she flew,  
 And strain'd him close, as to his breast she grew:  
 The tears pour'd down amain: and oh, she cries,  
 Let not against thy spouse thine anger rise!  
 O vers'd in every turn of human art,  
 Forgive the weakness of a woman's heart!  
 The righteous pow'rs that mortal lots dispose,  
 Decree us to sustain a length of woes,  
 And from the flow'r of life, the bliss deny  
 To bloom together, fade away, and die.  
 O let me, let me not thine anger move,  
 That I forbore, thus, thus, to speak my love;  
 Thus in fond kisses, while the transport warms,  
 Pour out my soul, and die within thy arms!  
 I dreaded fraud! men, faithless men, betray  
 Our easy faith, and make the sex their prey:  
 Against the fondness of my heart I strove,  
 'Twas caution, O my lord, not want of love:  
 Like me had *Helen* fear'd, with wanton charms\*  
 Ere the fair mischief set two worlds in arms,  
 Ere *Greece* rose dreadful in th' avenging day,  
 Thus had she fear'd, she had not gone astray.

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\* This passage occasioned great disputes amongst the ancient critics; some contended that it should be thus read; *If Helen had known the stranger, she would not have yielded to him; therefore the Greeks rose in arms to free her from the impostor.* They defend this construction by having recourse to a tradition, that *Paris* could never have obtained the consent of *Helen* if *Venus* had not given him the resemblance of *Menelaus*, in whose form he prevailed upon that fatal beauty: otherwise the instance is no way parallel; for if *Helen* was not deceived, how can her example be brought to induce *Penelope* to act with caution, lest she take an impostor to her bed instead of an husband? We confess this construction of the *Greek* appears very obscure; contrary to the style of *Homer*, which is always clear and natural. Besides, it contradicts the whole story of *Helen* through the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and she herself no where alleges this deceit as her excuse, but frequently condemns her own conduct in forsaking the bed of *Menelaus*. But granting that she was thus deceived originally, the deceit must necessarily soon appear, and yet she voluntarily cohabits many years with *Paris*. The other interpretation may therefore perhaps be preferable; namely, if *Helen* had considered what evils

But heav'n, averse to *Greece*, in wrath decreed  
 That she should wander, and that *Greece* should bleed:  
 Blind to the ills that from injustice flow,  
 She colour'd all our wretched lives with woe.  
 But why these sorrows when my lord arrives?  
 I yield, I yield! my own *Ulysses* lives!  
 The secrets of the bridal bed are known  
 To thee, to me, to *Aëtoris* alone,  
 (My father's present in the spousal hour,  
 The sole attendant on our genial bow'r.)  
 Since what no eye has seen thy tongue reveal'd,  
 Hard and distrustful as I am, I yield.  
 Touch'd to the soul the king with rapture hears,  
 Hangs round her neck, and speaks his joy in tears.  
 As to the shipwreck'd mariner, the shores,  
 Delightful rise, when angry *Neptune* roars,  
 Then, when the surge in thunder mounts the sky,  
 And gulph'd in crouds at once the sailors die,  
 If one more happy, while the tempest raves,  
 Out-lives the tumult of conflicting waves,  
 All pale, with ooze deform'd, he views the strand,  
 And plunging forth with transport grasps the land.  
 The ravish'd queen with equal rapture glows,  
 Clasps her lov'd lord, and to his bosom grows.  
 Nor had they ended till the morning ray:  
 But *Pallas* backward held the rising day,†

The

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might ensue from her injury to *Menelaus*, she would have acted more wisely: this *Penelope* introduces to vindicate her conduct in acting with so much caution; she opposes her wariness to the inconsiderateness of *Helen*, and ascribes all the calamities of *Greece* to it.

† We are not to look upon this merely as a poetical ornament, there is no necessity for it. The battle between the suitors and *Ulysses* happened in the evening; since then we have seen the palace purified, the dead suitors carried away, and the female servants punished; *Euryclëa* has held a long conference with *Penelope*, there has been singing and dancing in the palace, and an interview at large described between *Ulysses* and *Penelope*; then the poet proceeds to recapitulate the story of the whole *Odyssey*; now all these incidents could not be comprehended in the compass of one night: *Homer* therefore, to reconcile it to probability, introduces *Atinëva* to protract it, and make the time proportionable to the incidents. But perhaps it may be thought a violent machine, and contrary to the laws of nature, to suppose the course of the night alterable: the answer is, poets are allowed to write according to common sense, and what *Homer* here relates could not shock the



The wheel of night retarding, to detain  
 The gay *Aurora* in the wavy main;  
 Whole flaming steeds, emerging thro' the night,  
 Beam o'er the eastern hills with streaming light.  
 At length *Ulysses* with a sigh replies:—  
 Yet fate, yet cruel fate repose denies;  
 A labour long, and hard, remains behind;  
 By heav'n above, by hell beneath enjoin'd:  
 For, to *Tiresias* thro' th' eternal gates  
 Of hell I trod, to learn my future fates.  
 But end we here—the night demands repose,  
 Be deck'd the couch! and peace a-while my woes!  
 To whom the queen. Thy word we shall obey,  
 And deck the couch; far hence be woes away!  
 Since the just Gods, who tread the starry plains  
 Restore thee safe, since my *Ulysses* reigns.  
 But what those perils heav'n decrees, impart;  
 Knowledge may grieve, but fear distracts the heart.\*  
 To this the king. Ah why must I disclose  
 A dreadful story of approaching woes?  
 Why in this hour of transport wound thy ears,  
 When thou must learn what I must speak with  
 tears?  
 Heav'n, by the *Theban* ghost, thy spouse decrees  
 Torn from thy arms, to sail a length of seas;  
 From realm to realm a nation to explore  
 Who ne'er knew salt, or heard the billows roar,  
 Nor saw gay vessel stem the surgy plain,  
 A painted wonder, flying on the main,  
 An oar my hand must bear; a shepherd eyes  
 The unknown instrument with strange surprize,

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ears of the ancients, who had before heard of the like story at the conception of *Hercules*. We will only observe, that *Homer* gives no more than two horses to *Aurora's* chariot, *Lampus* and *Phaëton*; whereas the chariot of the sun is described with four in *Ovid*.

\* *Ulysses* had said in the sentence immediately preceding,

“A labour long, and hard, remains.”

This could not fail of alarming *Penelope*, and raising all her curiosity to know it. *Homer* would greatly have offended against nature, if he had not described her under an impatience upon the mention of it; her fondness is too sincere to be indifferent upon such a suggestion, but her answer to *Ulysses* chiefly demands observation.

“If heav'n a kind release from ills foreshows,

“Triumph, thou happy victor of thy woes!”

This discovers a greatness of spirit worthy of a queen and heroine: she is threatened to lose *Ulysses* by a

And calls a corn-van: this upon the plain  
 I fix, and hail the monarch of the main;  
 Then bathe his altars with the mingled gore  
 Of victims vow'd, a ram, a bull, a boar:  
 Thence swift re-sailing to my native shores,  
 Due victims slay to all th' ætherial pow'rs.  
 Then heav'n decrees in peace to end my days,  
 And steal myself from life by slow decays;  
 Unknown to pain in age resign my breath,  
 When late stern *Neptune* points the shaft of death;  
 To the dark grave retiring as to rest;  
 My people blessing, by my people blest.  
 Such future scenes th' all-righteous pow'rs display,  
 By their dread † Seer, and such my future day.  
 To whom thus firm of soul: If ripe for death,  
 And full of days, thou gently yield thy breath:  
 While heav'n a kind release from ills foreshows,  
 Triumph, thou happy victor of thy woes!  
 But *Eumeclea* with dispatchful care,  
 And sage *Eurynome*, the couch prepare:  
 Instant they bid the blazing torch display  
 Around the dome an artificial day;  
 Then to repose her steps the matron bends,  
 And to the queen *Eurynome* descends;  
 A torch she bears to light with guiding fires  
 The royal pair; she guides them, and retires.  
 Then instant his fair spouse *Ulysses* led  
 To the chaste love-rites of the nuptial bed.‡  
 And now the blooming youths and sprightly fair  
 Cease the gay dance, and to their rest repair;

But

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second absence, she is alarmed with a new train of his sufferings; but being informed that all these calamities will end in a prosperous issue, that long life and happiness attend him, she not only takes courage personally, but comforts her husband. *Homer* was too good a judge of decency to ascribe the weakness that attends the generality of that sex to *Penelope*; she has a bravery of soul worthy of a heroine in epic poetry. Besides, this is a further instance of *Homer's* judgment: the event of the *Odyssey* is to shew *Ulysses* happy; now if the poet had not fully satisfied the reader in this respect, he had not reinstated his hero in prosperity, and consequently had defeated the moral of the *Odyssey*, which is to shew wisdom and virtue triumphant, by representing his hero after all difficulties settled in full tranquillity.

† *Tiresias*.

‡ *Aristarchus*, and *Aristophanes* the grammarian, thought this verse to be the conclusion of the *Odyssey*, and



But in discourse the king and comfort lay,  
While the soft hours stole unperceiv'd away;  
Intent he hears *Penelope* disclose  
A mournful story of domestic woes.\*

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and consequently they judged the remaining part of this book and the whole 24th supposititious: those who were of a contrary opinion replied, that by ending the poem with that verse, many incidents of great importance would be rejected; for instance, the recapitulation of the whole *Odyssey*, and especially the discovery of *Ulysses* to his father *Laertes*, with all the beautiful fictions contained in it. They add, that if the little relation that the beginning of that book bears to the subject of the poem be a reason for the rejection of it, we must for the same reason abridge the poem, and reject a multitude of the fables which are scattered through the whole course of it. It may therefore be conjectured that *Aristarchus* and *Aristophanes* were not of opinion that the poem ended with this verse, but only the most necessary and important incidents. *Casaubon* in a remark upon a passage of *Strabo*, favours the opinion of *Aristarchus*, for he there speaks of the last book as if he suspected it to be spurious; and *Rapin* joins in the same judgment. *Homer* is to be defended in another manner, than by such arguments as are brought in answer to *Aristarchus*. The same objection has been made against the two last books of the *Iliad*, as against these of the *Odyssey*; the former ought to have ended with the decisive action in the death of *Hector*, and the latter with the discovery of *Ulysses* to *Penelope*, when his happiness seems to be established. But there is no weight in these objections. There is a difference between the unravelling of the action, and the full accomplishment of it; the action is unravelled by the death of the suitors; but there are consequences arising from their deaths that hinder the accomplishment of the action, namely, the danger of the resentments of their friends, who rise in arms to revenge their slaughter; and till their insurrection is pacified, *Ulysses* cannot be said to be in a state of security. The subject of the *Iliad* is the anger of *Achilles*; that of the *Odyssey*, the re-establishment of *Ulysses* in his dominions: now the anger of *Achilles* ends not with the death of *Hector*, nor is *Ulysses* fully re-established by the death of the suitors; he has another obstacle to overcome, and till the commotions of the *Ithacans* are appeased, the design of the poem is not executed, which is to shew *Ulysses* in peaceful possession of his palace and authority. We see in this very book, that *Ulysses* is forced

His servants insults, his invaded bed,  
How his whole flocks and herds exhausted bled,  
His generous wines dishonour'd shed in vain,  
And the wild riots of the suitor-train.

The

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to fly from his own palace; can he then be said to be re-established in tranquillity? This very action demonstrates, that what follows is part of the subject of the poem, and such a part, as if it had not been related, would have given us room to have imagined that *Homer* had never finished it, or that the conclusion of it had been lost. The beginning of the action is his sailing from *Troy* toward his country; the middle contains all the calamities he sustains in his return, the disorders of his family before and after it; and the end of the action is his re-establishment in the peaceful possession of his kingdoms, when he is acknowledged by his wife, father, family, and subjects. Now this is not compleated till the very end of the last book, and consequently that book is not spurious, but essential. The poet had ended very injudiciously, if he had stopped before; for the reader would have remained unsatisfied in two necessary points, viz. how he was made known to *Laertes*, and what vengeance the chief families of the nation endeavoured to take against the destroyers of their sons; but this storm being once blown over, and all his subjects who had taken arms being either vanquished or appeased, the action is compleated in all its parts, and consummates the *Odyssey*.

\* It is with great judgment that the poet passes thus briefly over the story of *Penelope*; he makes her impatience to hear the history of *Ulysses* the pretended occasion of her conciseness; the true reason is, he is unwilling to tire his reader by repeating what he already knows. It is likewise remarkable, that *Ulysses* does not begin his own adventures by a detail of his sufferings during the war of *Troy*; for this would have been foreign to the design of the *Odyssey*; but with his sailing from *Troy* to the *Cicons*, and enters directly into the subject of it. He likewise concludes an epitome of the whole *Odyssey* in the compass of one and thirty lines; and purposely contracts it, because we are already acquainted with the whole relation. We learn from this recapitulation in *Homer*, that the subject of the *Odyssey* is not alone the return of *Ulysses* to his country, and his re-establishment in it; but that it comprehends all his wanderings and all his voyages; all that he saw, or suffered in his return to it; in a word, all that he underwent after he set sail from the shores of *Troy*. Another advantage we reap from it is, that we see the



The king alternate a dire tale relates,  
 Of wars, of triumphs, and disastrous fates;  
 All he unfolds: his list'ning spouse turns pale,  
 With pleasing horror at the dreadful tale,  
 Sleepless devout each word; and hears, how slain  
*Cicons* on *Cicons* swell th' ensanguin'd plain;  
 How to the land of *Lote* unblest he sails;  
 And images the rills, and flow'ry vales!  
 How dath'd like dogs, his friends the *Cyclops* tore,  
 (Not unreveng'd) and quaff'd the spouting gore;  
 How the loud storms in prison bound, he sails  
 From friendly *Æolus* with prosp'rous gales;  
 Yet fate withstands! a sudden tempest roars,  
 And whirls him groaning from his native shores:  
 How on the barb'rous *Læstrigian* coast,  
 By savage hands his fleet and friends he lost;  
 How scarce himself surviv'd: he paints the bow'r,  
 The spells of *Circe*, and her magic pow'r;  
 His dreadful journey to the realms beneath,  
 To seek *Tiresias* in the vales of death;

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the order and train of the adventures of his hero, as they really happened, naturally and historically: for in his relation of them in the poem, he uses an artificial order; that is, he begins at the latter end, and finds an opportunity to insert all that precedes the opening of his poem by way of narration to the *Phæacians*: here he sets every event in it's natural order, so that with a glance of the eye we may distinguish what gives continuity to the action, and what is comprehended in it. By this method we are able to separate the time of the duration of the action; for in reality the poem begins many years before the return of *Ulysses*; but *Homer* begins his action but thirty five days before he lands in his own country. In the course therefore of the *Odyssey*, *Homer* gave us the artificial, here the natural order; which is an ease and assistance to the memory of the reader.

\* The story of these oxen is fully related, *lib.* 12. The crime of the companions of *Ulysses* was sacrilege, they having destroyed the herds sacred to a God. These herds were said to be immortal for the same reason that a select number of men in the army of *Xerxes* was, namely, because upon the death of any one of their number, whether by war or sickness, another was immediately substituted into his room, so that they never amounted to more or less than ten thousand. If we apply this piece of history to the herds of *Apollo*, it excellently explains *Homer's* poetry: they are called immortal, because upon the death of any one of the whole herd, another was

How in the doleful mansions he survey'd  
 His royal mother, pale *Anticlea's* shade;  
 And friends in battle slain, heroic ghosts!  
 Then how unharm'd he past the *Siren* coasts,  
 The jutting rocks where fierce *Charybdis* raves,  
 And howling *Scylla* whirls her thund'rous way  
 The cave of death! How his companions slay \*  
 The oxen sacred to the God of day,  
 Till *Jove* in wrath the rattling tempest guides,  
 And whelms th' offenders in the roaring tides:  
 How struggling thro' the surge, he reach'd the shores  
 Of fair *Ogygia*, and *Calypso's* bow'rs;  
 Where the gay blooming nymph constrain'd his stay, †  
 With sweet reluctant amorous delay;  
 And promis'd, vainly promis'd, to bestow  
 Immortal life exempt from age and woe:  
 How sav'd from storms *Phæacia's* coast he trod,  
 By great *Alcinous* honour'd as a God,  
 Who gave him last his country to behold,  
 With change of raiment, brass, and heaps of gold.

He

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brought into it's place; they are said neither to increase nor decay, because they were always of a fixed number, and continually supplied upon a vacancy. The reader will be apprized of the heinousness of the crime in killing these oxen, from an observation of *Bochart*, p. 314. The *Phœnicians* and *Egyptians* so superstitiously abstained from the flesh of the ox, that, as *Porphyry* affirms, they would sooner feed upon human flesh than that of such beasts. *Ælian* tells us, that it was death among the *Phrygians* to kill a labouring ox; and *Varro* declares, that the slaughtering of one of them was a capital offence among the ancients. We have been the more full upon this head, to shew that *Homer's* fiction is built upon a foundation of truth, and that he writes according to the religion of the ancients.

‡ This is a circumstance that *Ulysses* ought by no means to forget; for it gives him an opportunity to pay an high compliment to his wife, by letting her know he preferred her person to that of *Calypso* a Goddess: this is the reason why he enlarges upon it in five verses; whereas he concludes most of the other adventures in little more than one. But we may easily believe that he was silent about the nature of his conversation with that nymph; and indeed it would have lessened the compliment, and perhaps his welcome home, if he had not been able to keep a secret; he is very cautious in this respect; he enlarges upon the fondness of *Calypso* for his person, but suppresses, for a very obvious reason, the kind returns he made for her civilities.



He ended, sinking into sleep, and shares  
 A sweet forgetfulness of all his cares  
 Soon as soft slumber eas'd the toils of day,  
*Minerva* rushes thro' th' aerial way,  
 And bids *Aurora* with her golden wheels  
 Flame from the ocean o'er the eastern hills:  
 Up rose *Ulysses* from the genial bed,  
 And thus with thought mature the monarch said.  
 My queen, my consort! thro' a length of years,  
 We drank the cup of sorrow mix'd with tears,  
 Thou, for thy lord; while meth' immortal pow'rs  
 Detain'd reluctant from my native shores.  
 Now, blest again by heav'n, the queen display,  
 And rule our palace with an equal sway:  
 Be it my care, by loans, or martial toils,  
 To throng my empty'd folds, with gifts or spoils.

## NOTES.

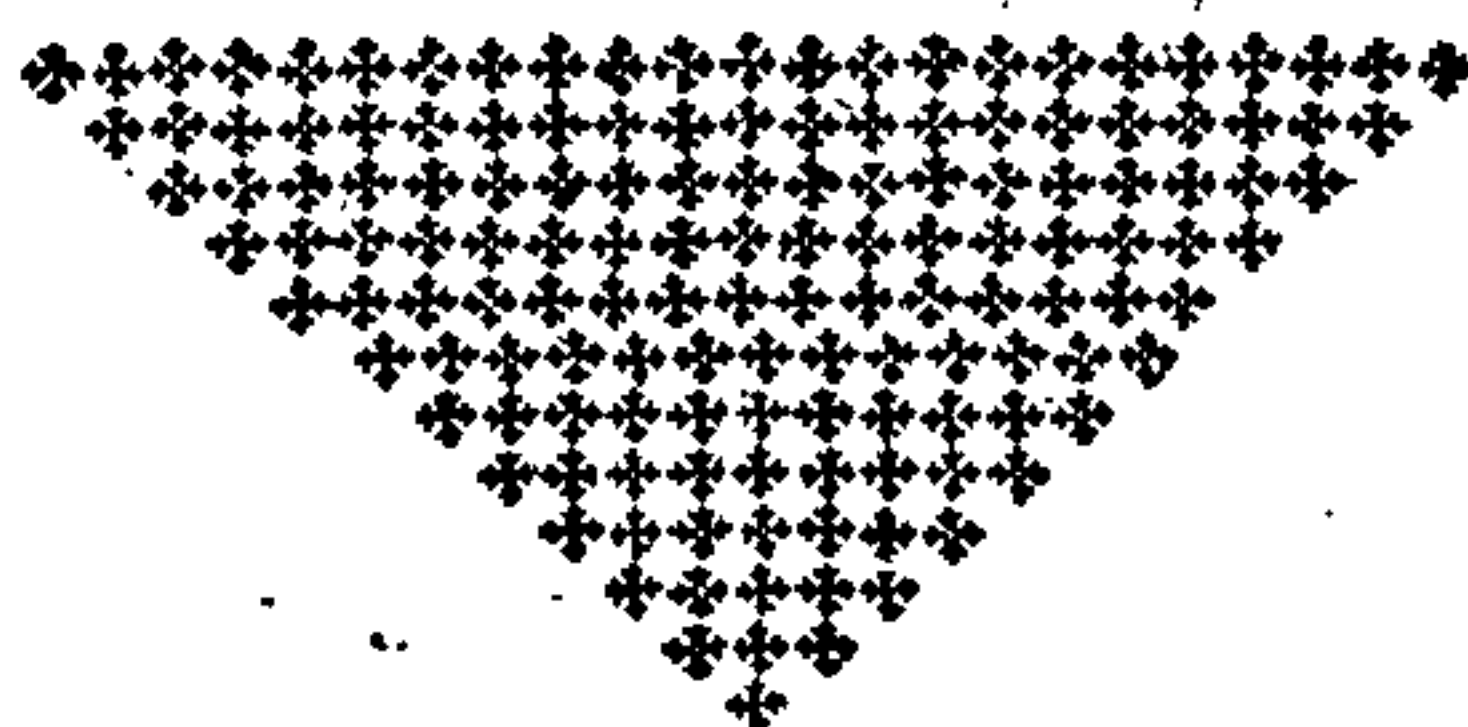
\* *Ulysses*, to avoid observation, leaves the city at the point of day, before the darkness was quite dispersed; this is the suggestion of his own wisdom, which is figured by *Minerva*.

This book ends in the morning of the forty-first day. There are but few verses in the translation, more than in *Homer*: our heroic verse consists but of ten syllables, the *Greek* oftentimes of seventeen. We

But now I haste to bless *Laertes*' eyes  
 With sight of his *Ulysses* ere he dies;  
 The good old man to wasting woes a prey,  
 Weeps a sad life in solitude away.  
 But hear, tho' wise! this morning shall unfold  
 The deathful scene, on heroes, heroes roll'd;  
 Thou with thy maid within the palace stay,  
 From all the scene of tumult far away!  
 He spoke, and sheath'd in arms, incessant flies  
 To wake his son; and bid his friends arise.  
 To arms! aloud he cries: his friends obey,  
 With glitt'ring arms their manly limbs array,  
 And pass the city gate; *Ulysses* leads the way.  
 Now flames the rosy dawn, but *Pallas* shrouds\*  
 The latent warriors in a veil of clouds.

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therefore write with the disadvantage of seven syllables, which makes it generally impossible to comprehend the sense of one line in *Homer* within the compass of one line in a translation, with any tolerable beauty; but in some parts, where the subject seemed to hang heavy, this has been attempted, and we trust with success.





## The TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK of the ODYSSEY.\*

## A R G U M E N T.

*The souls of the suitors are conducted by Mercury to the infernal shades. Ulysses in the country goes to the retirement of his father Laertes; he finds him busied in his garden all alone: the manner of his discovery to him is beautifully described. They return together to his lodge, and the king is acknowledged by Dolius and the servants. The Ithacensians, led by Eupithes the father of Antinous, rise against Ulysses, who gives them battle, in which Eupithes is killed by Laertes: and the goddess Pallas makes a lasting peace between Ulysses and his subjects, which concludes the Odyssey.*

CYLLENIUS now to Pluto's dreary reign  
Conveys the dead, a lamentable train!  
The golden wand, that causes sleep to fly,  
Or in soft slumber seals the wakeful eye,

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\* It has been already proved, that this book is the genuine work of *Homer*; but perhaps the reader may not be displeased to see the reasons why it was rejected by so great a critic as *Aristarchus*: we shall therefore lay them before him from *Didymus* and *Spondanus*. *Aristarchus* affirms, that this is the only place in *Homer* where *Mercury* performs the office of conducting the souls of the dead; that this is the only passage where he is called *Cyllenius*; that the ceremony of his guiding the souls is contrary to other descriptions of *Homer*, where they all descend without a guide into the mansions of the dead, even before the funeral rites; and that it is absurd to imagine a *white rock* in these kingdoms of darkness, &c. To which *Didymus* thus replies: If a single mention of any incident in *Homer* were a reason for it's objection, abundance of passages must be rejected. He adds, that although the souls of the dead descend without a guide in other places, this hinders not but they may descend with one; for they

That drives the ghosts to realms of night or day,  
Points out the long, uncomfortable way.  
Trembling the spectres glide, and plaintive vent  
Thin, hollow screams, along the deep descent.

As

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are in other places only said in general to descend, whereas here the manner of their descent is particularized. Neither is it any objection against this book, to say that it is contrary to the manner of *Homer* to describe the shades of the dead, received immediately into the state of *Achilles*, *Agamemnon*, &c. before the performance of their funeral ceremonies; this is a favour granted by *Mercury* to *Ulysses*, who was descended from that Deity, he being the father of *Arcisus*, and consequently great grandfather to *Ulysses*. It was the opinion of the ancients, that the shades of the deceased could visit the earth before the obsequies were finished, but not afterwards; this is evident from the words of *Patroclus* in the 23d book of the *Iliad*:

“ ——— To the further shore,

When once we pass, the soul returns no more.”  
It is therefore out of favour to *Ulysses*, that *Mercury* introduces these shades into the region where *Agamemnon* resided, before the funeral ceremonies, that the mighty



As in the cavern of some rifted den,  
Where flock nocturnal bats, and birds obscene;  
Cluster'd they hang, till at some sudden shock,  
They move, and murmurs run through all the rock:  
So cowering fled the fable heaps of ghosts,  
And such a scream fill'd all the dismal coasts.  
And now they reach'd the *Earth's* remotest ends,  
And now the gates where ev'ning *Sol* descends,  
And *Leucas'* rock, and *Ocean's* utmost streams,\*  
And now pervade the dusky land of *Dreams*,  
And rest at last, where souls unbodied dwell  
In ever-flow'ring meads of *Asphodel*.  
The empty forms of men inhabit there,  
Impassive semblance, images of air!

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might not return to earth and disquiet *Ulysses*. But there may be a stronger objection made against the former part of this book; namely, this is an episode which has no relation to the principal subject, and that we may retrench it without destroying any part of the action essential to the *Odyssey*. But it may be answered, that though it makes no part of the principal action, yet it has a sufficient connection with it: it is the sequel of the death of the suitors, and consequently the principal action is the cause of it; it is drawn and deduced from it, and *Homer* makes a very happy use of it to adorn and diversify his poem, with the history of what happened before *Troy*, after the conclusion of the *Iliad*; and in particular with the death of *Achilles*, and with a description of his funeral ceremonies.

\* This description of the descent into hell is more particular than that in the XIth *Odyssey*; and each particular is well suited to the subject; the descent is fabled to be by the ocean, because the sun seems to descend through it into night or the region of darkness, in the western parts of heaven. *Milton* fables the sun to rise through the gates of light, after the manner of the ancients.

“—— Till morn,

“Wak'd by the circling hours, with rosy hand

“Unbarr'd the gates of light——”

The circumstance likewise of going through the region of *dreams* is well chosen; dreams are the attendants of sleep, the brother of death; they come by night, and are therefore well imagined to have relation to the kingdom of death, and to be introductory to it. The only circumstance liable to objection is, the *Leucadian*, or *white rock*, which *Aristarchus* thought improperly placed in the road to the realms of darkness; but (replies *Eusebius*) this is only meant of a rock standing on the extremities of the earth, or a rock on which the last rays of the sun

Nought else are all that shin'd on earth before;  
*Ajax*, and great *Achilles* are no more!

Yet still a master ghost, the rest he aw'd,  
The rest ador'd him, tow'ring as he trod;

Still at his side is *Nestor's* son survey'd,  
And lov'd *Patroclus* still attends his shade.

New as they were to that infernal shore,  
The suitors stopp'd, and gaz'd the hero o'er.  
When, moving slow, the regal form they view'd  
Of great *Atrides*: him in pomp pursu'd  
And solemn sadness thro' the gloom of hell,  
The train of those who by *Ægythus* fell.

O mighty chief! (*Pelides* thus began)†  
Honour'd by *Jove* above the lot of man!

King

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fall. *Dacier* imagines, that there is a further meaning in the expression: “There is an island over against *Acarmania*, on the west of *Ithaca*, called *Leucas*, from a white rock standing in it; this rock was famous in antiquity, because lovers in despair threw themselves from the top of it into the ocean; it was called the *Lover's leap*, and being thus remarkable for the deaths of numbers of people, *Homer* places it here.” This is no ill explanation; for a rock may well be feigned to stand at the entrance of the regions of death, by which so many persons had entered into it. *Ovid* in his *Epistles* mentions this *Leucadian* rock.

“—— O you that love in vain,

“Fly hence, and seek the far *Leucadian* main:

“There stands a rock from whose impending sleep,

“*Apollo's* fane surveys the rolling deep;

“There injur'd lovers, leaping from above,

“Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.”

† This appears to be introduced somewhat unnaturally: *Achilles* had now been dead about ten years, and *Agamemnon* almost as long: it can therefore scarce be reconciled to probability, to imagine that they should not have met before this time, and mutually have satisfied their curiosities, by relating their several stories at some interview.—The shades of the suitors, (observes *Dacier*) when they are summoned by *Mercury* out of the palace of *Ulysses*, emit a feeble, plaintive, inarticulate sound. Whereas *Agamemnon* and the shades that have long been in the state of the dead speak articulately. But why should we suppose with *Dacier*, that these shades of the suitors have lost the faculty of speaking? We rather imagine, that the sounds they uttered were signs of complaint and discontent, and proceeded not from an inability to speak. After *Patroclus* was slain, he appears to *Achilles*, and speaks very articulately to him;



King of a hundred kings! to whom resign'd  
 The strongest, bravest, greatest of mankind.  
 Com'it thou the first, to view this dreary state?  
 And was the noblest the first mark of fate?  
 Condemn'd to pay the great arrear so soon,  
 The lot, which all lament, and none can shun;  
 Oh! better hadst thou sunk in *Trojan* ground,  
 With all thy full-blown honours cover'd round!  
 Then grateful *Greece* with streaming eyes might  
 raise

Historic marbles to record thy praise:  
 Thy praise eternal on the faithful stone  
 Had with transmissive glories grac'd thy son.  
 But heavier fates were destin'd to attend:  
 What man is happy, till he knows his end?  
 O son of *Peleus*! greater than mankind!  
 (Thus *Agamemnon*'s kingly shade rejoic'd)  
 Thrice happy thou! to press the martial plain  
 Midst heaps of heroes in thy quarrel slain:  
 In clouds of smoke, rais'd by the noble fray,  
 Great, and terrific ev'n in death you lay,\*  
 And deluges of blood flow'd round you ev'ry way. }

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him; yet to express his sorrow at his departure he acts like the suitors: for *Achilles*

"Like a thin smoke beholds the spirit fly,  
 "And hears a feeble, lamentable cry."

*Dacier* conjectures, that the power of speech ceases in the dead, till they are admitted into a state of rest; but *Patroclus* is an instance to the contrary in the *Iliad*, and *Elpenor* in the *Odyssey*, for they both speak before their funeral rites are performed, and consequently before they enter into a state of repose amongst the shades of the happy.

\* There is a very peculiar beauty in the versification of *Homer* in this place. The words in the original set the largeness of the body of *Achilles* stretched out upon the ground full before our eyes; we see him as it were in the description; so that the mind has time to dwell upon it, and admire the extent of the limbs of that hero.

† This description furnished *Aristarchus* with another objection to this book: he thought it improbable that the appearance of *Thetis* and her sea-nymphs should terrify the whole *Grecian* army; they say in answer, that all the ocean was in a great commotion as *Thetis* ascended. This uproar occasioned their fear; the *Greeks* were ignorant of the cause of it, and consequently apprehended some dreadful event; this is evident, for *Nestor* appeases their consternation by unfolding the reason of the tumult, and shewing them that it was occasioned

Nor ceas'd the strife, till *Jove* himself oppos'd,  
 And all in tempests the dire evening clos'd.  
 Then to the fleet we bore thy honour'd load,  
 And decent on the funeral bed bestow'd.  
 Then unguents sweet and tepid streams we shed;  
 Tears flow'd from ev'ry eye, and o'er the dead  
 Each clipt the curling honours of his head. }  
 Struck at the news, thy azure mother came;  
 The sea-green sisters waited on the dame:  
 A voice of loud lament thro' all the main  
 Was heard, and terror seiz'd the *Grecian* train:†  
 Back to their ships the frighted host had fled;  
 But *Nestor* spoke, they listen'd, and obey'd.  
 (From old experience *Nestor*'s counsel springs,  
 And long vicissitudes of human things.)  
 "Forbear your flight: fair *Thetis* from the main  
 "To mourn *Achilles* leads her azure train."  
 Around thee stand the daughters of the deep,  
 Robe thee in heavenly vests, and round thee weep,  
 Round thee, the *Muses*, with alternate strain,‡  
 In ever-consecrating verse, complain.

Each

## NOTES.

by the ascent of *Thetis*. The reader has undoubtedly observed how excellently *Homer* sustains his character; *Nestor* is the wisest man, both in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*: he has the experience of a very great age, and may therefore be supposed to be acquainted with all the most uncommon appearances in nature: the poet accordingly describes him as the only person not afraid in the *Grecian* army; there were others undoubtedly as brave as *Nestor*, but no one so wise; his intrepidity is therefore to be imputed to his wisdom, not bravery, and this furnishes us with an excellent moral; that ignorance is usually the source of fear. The character of *Achilles* is no less happily supported; the same love of glory is visible in all he speaks, that distinguishes his character through the *Iliad*: he still prefers a short life with fame, before old age without it. The sentiment is truly heroic; dishonour is worse than death, the happiness or misery of which is not to be measured by time, but glory; long life is but lengthened mortality, and they who live the longest have but the small privilege of creeping more leisurely than others to their graves.

‡ It is impossible not to be struck with the noble fictions of *Homer* in honour of *Achilles*; every circumstance is great. A whole army is in tears; the *Muses* celebrate his glory; a Goddess and her nymphs ennoble it with their presence and lamentations. At the funeral of other heroes, women and



Each warlike *Greek* the moving music hears,  
And iron hearted heroes melt in tears.  
Till sev'nteen nights, and sev'nteen days return'd,  
All that was mortal or immortal mourn'd.  
To flames we give thee, the succeeding day,  
And fatted sheep and fable oxen slay;  
What oils and honey blaze th' augmented fires,  
And like a God adorn'd, thy earthly part ex-  
pires.

Unnumber'd warriors round the burning pyle  
Urge the fleet courser's or the racer's toil;  
Thick clouds of dust o'er all the circle rise,  
And the mix'd clamour thunders in the skies,  
Soon as absorb'd in all-embracing flame  
Sunk what was mortal of thy mighty name,  
We then collect thy snowy bones, and place  
With wines and unguents in a golden vase,  
(The vase to *Thetis Bacchus* gave of old,  
And *Vulcan's* art enrich'd the sculptur'd gold)  
There we thy relics, great *Achilles!* blend\*  
With dear *Patroclus*, thy departed friend:  
In the same urn a sep'rate space contains  
Thy next belov'd, *Antilochus'* remains.  
Now all the sons of warlike *Greece* surround  
Thy destin'd tomb, and cast a mighty mound;  
High on the shore the growing hill we raise,  
That wide th' extended *Hellepont* surveys;

## NOTES.

captives are the mourners; here the *Muses* personally appear. Heaven and earth, men and gods interest themselves in the obsequies of so great an hero! Yet from this place *Aristarchus* draws an argument for rejecting this book: *Homer* (says he) no where else gives the number of the nine *Muses*, insinuating that their number was not fixed in his age; but *Homer* frequently invokes the *Muses*, why then should he be ignorant of the number? and if not ignorant of it, why might he not mention it? *Aristarchus* further adds, that it is absurd to imagine the body of *Achilles* could be preserved seventeen days without burial; but this may be ascribed to the power of *Thetis*, who may easily be supposed to preserve it. Besides, why might not the body be embalmed? and then there will be no occasion for a miracle, and the interposition of a Goddess: we must remember what she did to the body of *Patroclus* in the *Iliad*.

\* This is agreeable to the request made to *Achilles* by the ghost of *Patroclus*, in the *Iliad*:

"Hear then! and as in fate and love we join,

"Ah suffer that my bones may rest with thine!

"That golden urn thy Goddess's mother gave,

"May mix our ashes in one common grave!"

No. 38.

Where all, from age to age who pass the coast,  
May point *Achilles'* tomb, and hail the mighty ghost.  
*Thetis* herself to all our peers proclaims  
Heroic prizes and unequal games;  
The Gods assented; and around thee lay  
Rich spoils and gifts that blaz'd against the day.  
Oft have I seen with solemn fun'ral games  
Heroes and kings committed to the flames;  
But strength of youth, or valour of the brave  
With nobler contest ne'er renown'd a grave.  
Such were the games by azure *Thetis* giv'n,  
And such thy honours, O belov'd of heav'n!  
Dear to mankind thy fame survives, nor fades  
It's bloom eternal in the *Stygian* shades.  
But what to me avail my honours gone,  
Successful toils, and battles bravely won?  
Doom'd by stern *Jove*, at home to end my life,  
By curst *Ægysthus*, and a faithless wife!

Thus they; while *Hermes* o'er the dreary plain  
Led the sad numbers by *Ulysses* slain.  
On each majestic form they cast a view,  
And tim'rous pass'd, and awfully withdrew.  
But *Agamemnon*, thro' the gloomy shade,†  
His ancient host *Amphimedon* survey'd;  
Son of *Melanthius!* (he began) O say!  
What cause compell'd so many, and so gay,  
To tread the downward, melancholy way?

Say.

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It is likewise asserted by *Homer*, that the bones of *Antilochus* were repositied in the same urn with those of *Patroclus* and *Achilles*; where then is the peculiar honour paid to *Patroclus*, if *Antilochus* was partaker of it? The difference is, the bones of *Achilles* and *Patroclus* were mixed in the urn, those of *Antilochus* lay separately. *Homer* adds, that the whole army raised a monument to *Achilles*; this is done according to his own injunctions in the *Iliad*, for speaking of the tomb of *Patroclus*, he thus proceeds:

"Mean-time erect the tomb with pious hands,

"A common structure on the humble sands;

"Hereafter *Greece* some nobler work may raise,

"And late posterity record our praise."

*Achilles* means, that when he is dead the *Greeks* should raise one common monument to himself and *Patroclus*, which we see here effected.

† An objection has been raised against this passage, and it has been thought an absurdity that *Agamemnon* should be the guest of *Amphimedon*, and not of *Ulysses*, when he came to make an address to him, and was within his territories. *Didymus* answers, that this conduct in *Agamemnon* was occasioned by the refusal

7 R

of



Say, could one city yield a troop so fair?  
 Were all these partners of one native air?  
 Or did the rage of stormy *Neptune* sweep  
 Your lives at once, and whelm beneath the deep?  
 Did mighty thieves, or pirates cruel bands,  
 Drench with your blood your pillag'd country's  
 sands?

Or well-defending some beleagu'ed wall,  
 Say, for the public did ye greatly fall?  
 Inform thy guest; for such I was of yore  
 When our triumphant navies touch'd your shore;  
 Forc'd a long month the wintry seas to bear,\*  
 To move the great *Ulysses* to the war.

O king of men! I faithful shall relate  
 (Reply'd *Amphimedon*) our hapless fate,  
*Ulysses* absent, our ambitious aim  
 With rival loves pursu'd his royal dame;  
 Her coy reserve, and prudence mix'd with pride,  
 Our common suit nor granted, nor deny'd;  
 But close with inward hate our death design'd;  
 Vers'd in all arts of wily womankind.  
 Her hand, laborious, in delusion, spread  
 A spacious loom, and mix'd the various thread;  
 Ye peers (he cry'd) who press to gain my heart  
 Where dead *Ulysses* claims no more a part,  
 Yet a short space, your rival suit suspend,  
 Till this funereal web my labours end:

## NOTES.

of *Ulysses* to assist in the war of *Troy*: *Agamemnon* represented his denial, and went to the house of *Amphimedon*.

\* It is not obvious why *Ulysses*, who was a person of the greatest bravery, should be unwilling to engage in such an action of glory, as the war of *Troy*: was it because he foresaw that it would be a work of danger, or was he dissatisfied in the ground of it, which was only to revenge the rape of *He'len*, and nothing but a private injury? The former is a reason unworthy of his heroic character, the latter is no more than a conjecture. It may possibly be a truer reason, than he was unwilling to forsake his wife, of whom he was very fond, and whom he newly had married; but then it must be allowed, that he prefers his love to his glory. The manner how he was drawn to engage in the war of *Troy* was as follows: *Ulysses*, to deliver himself from the importunities of his friends to assist *Agamemnon*, pretended madness, and yoked two animals of a different kind to a plough, and began to work with them; *Palamades*, who suspected the imposture, took his son *Telemachus*, an infant, and laid him in the furrow before the plow; *Ulysses* turned aside not to hurt his child, and this discovered the imposition.

Cease, till to good *Laertes* I bequeath  
 A task of grief, his ornaments of death:  
 Left, when the fates his royal ashes claim,  
 The *Grecian* matrons taint my spotless fame;  
 Should he, long honour'd with supreme command,  
 Want the last duties of a daughter's hand.

The fiction pleas'd: our gen'rous train complies,  
 Nor fraud mistrusts in virtue's fair disguise.  
 The work she ply'd; but studious of delay,  
 Each following night revers'd the toils of day.  
 Unheard, unseen, three years her arts prevail;  
 The fourth, her maid reveal'd th' amazing tale,  
 And show'd, as unperceiv'd we took our stand,  
 The backward labours of her faithless hand,  
 Forc'd, she compleats it; and before us lay  
 The mingled web, whose gold and silver ray  
 Display'd the radiance of the night and day.

Just as she finish'd her illustrious toil,  
 Ill fortune led *Ulysses* to our isle.  
 Far in a lonely nook, beside the sea,  
 At an old swineherd's rural lodge he lay:  
 Thither his son from sandy *Pyle* repairs,  
 And speedy lands, and secretly confers.  
 They plan our future ruin, and resort  
 Confed'rate to the city and the court.  
 First came the son; the father next succeeds,  
 Clad like a beggar, whom *Eumæus* leads;

Propt

## NOTES.

*Aristotle* takes notice of the great judgment of *Homer* in suppressing this incident concerning *Ulysses*, it being unworthy of the bravery of an hero: he is proving, *chap. 8*, of his poetics, that all the actions of an hero's life are not to be inserted in an epic poem, for the actions of the same man are so many and different, that we can never reduce them to unity: for this reason *Homer* mentions not all the adventures of *Ulysses*, but only such as have relation to the subject of the *Odyssy*; he knew that this counterfeit madness had no connection either in truth or probability with the subject of his poem, and therefore he forbears the mention of it. The reader will understand the meaning of *Aristotle*, if he considers that the subject of the *Odyssy* is the story of a person who suffers great calamities in the return to his country, before he establishes himself in his dominions: now the counterfeited madness of *Ulysses* has no connection with these sufferings, and consequently is judiciously omitted by *Homer* as foreign to the design of the poem, and contrary to the unity of the action. A detail of all the adventures of an hero's life is the province of history; the relation of one single, great, and surprizing action is the subject of epic poetry.



Propt on a staff, deform'd with age and care,  
 And hung with rags, that flutter'd in the air.  
 Who could *Ulysses* in that form behold?  
 Scorn'd by the young, forgotten by the old,  
 Ill-us'd by all! to ev'ry wrong resign'd,  
 Patient he suffer'd with a constant mind.  
 But when, arising in his wrath t'obey  
 The will of *Jove*, he gave the vengeance way;  
 The scatter'd arms that hung around the dome  
 Careful he treasur'd in a private room:  
 Then, to her suitors bade his queen propose  
 The archer's strife: the source of future woes,  
 And omen of our death! In vain we drew  
 The twanging string, and try'd the stubborn yew;  
 To none it yields but great *Ulysses'* hands;  
 In vain we threat; *Telemachus* commands:  
 The bow he snatch'd, and in an instant bent;  
 Thro' ev'ry ring the victor arrow went.  
 Fierce on the threshold then in arms he stood;  
 Pour'd forth the darts, that thirsted for our blood, }  
 And frown'd before us, dreadful as a God!  
 First bleeds *Antinous*: thick the shafts resound;  
 And heaps on heaps the wretches strow the ground;  
 This way, and that, we turn, we fly, we fall;  
 Some God assisted, and unmann'd us all:

## NOTES.

\* It will not be improper here to particularize from whence antiquity raised the fictions concerning hell, and the nature of it. *Pluto* was the first that introduced the rites of sepulture, and other ceremonies bestowed on the dead: this is the reason why the ancients imagined him to be the king of the dead. *Rhadamanthus* is said to have been the most just man in the world, he severely punished robbers and other notorious offenders, and from his singular reputation for integrity was feigned to be the judge of the good and bad after death; and for the same reason *Minos* was joined with him in the same dignity. *Homer* borrowed his fictions from *Orpheus*, *Orpheus* from the *Ægyptians*: it was *Orpheus* who introduced the opinion of the pains of the damned, and of the *Elysian* fields, and taught that the souls of the dead were conducted by *Mercury* into the infernal mansions. *Homer* feigns that *Mercury* leads the shades of the dead by the ocean, the *Leucadian* rock, and the gates of the sun. All these fables are of *Ægyptian* extract; by the ocean, *Homer* means *Nilus*; by the gates of the sun, he means *Heliopolis*, a city sacred to the sun; the meadow into which the shades are conducted, denotes the pleasant meadows full of canes adjoining to *Memphis*; and the dead are feigned to reside there, because it was the general burial place amongst the *Ægyptians*. *Plu-*

Ignoble cries precede the dying groans;  
 And batter'd brains and blood besmear the stones.  
 Thus, great *Artides*! thus *Ulysses* drove  
 The shades thou seest, from yon fair realms above.  
 Our mangled bodies now deform'd with gore,  
 Cold and neglected, spread the marble floor.  
 No friend to bathe our wounds! or tears to shed  
 O'er the pale corse! the honours of the dead.  
 Oh blest *Ulysses* (thus the king exprest  
 His sudden rapture) in thy consort blest!  
 Not more thy wisdom, than her virtue, shin'd;  
 Not more thy patience, than her constant mind.  
*Icarius'* daughter, glory of the past,  
 And model to the future age, shall last:  
 The Gods, to honour her fair fame, shall raise  
 (Their great reward) a poet in her praise.  
 Not such, oh *Tyndarus*! thy daughter's deed,  
 By whose dire hand her king and husband bled:  
 Her shall the muse to infamy prolong,  
 Example dread! and theme of tragic song!  
 The gen'ral sex shall suffer in her shame,  
 And ev'n the best that bears a woman's name.  
 Thus in the regions of eternal shade\*  
 Confer'd the mournful phantoms of the dead.

While

## NOTES.

*tarch* in his treatise of *Isis* and *Osiris* agrees with this account of the extraction of these fables from *Ægypt*, and mentions at *Memphis* the gates of lamentation and oblivion, that is, of *Lethe*, and *Cocytus*; which being opened at the burial of the dead, gave a doleful and groaning sound. From hence they are thus described by *Homer* in the tenth *Odyssey*:

“ And where slow rolling from the *Stygian* bed  
 “ *Cocytus'* lamentable waters spread,  
 “ Where the dark rock o'erhangs th' infernal lake,  
 “ And mingling streams eternal murmurs make.”

These observations give light to most of *Homer's* fictions concerning hell, and shew that his poetry is built upon the custom of antiquity.—*Macrobius* explains all these particulars after a different manner: his solution supposes a state of pre-existence of the soul: “ If (says that author) to die, be the same as to go to the infernal regions; to enjoy the supernal, is then to live; and therefore before philosophy prevailed, the body itself was supposed to be the infernal receptacle of the soul, into which she descended as into a prison, from above; this was thought the sepulchre of the soul, and the cave of *Pluto*. The river of oblivion denotes the error of the soul, which forgets the majesty of the former state she enjoyed before she entered the body; *Phlegethon*, the ardor of our desires, and flames of anger; *Acheron* all our

words



While from the town, *Ulysses*, and his band,  
 Past to *Laertes*' cultivated land.  
 The ground himself had purchas'd with his pain,  
 And labour made the rugged soil a plain.\*  
 There stood his mansion of the rural sort,  
 With useful buildings round the lowly court:  
 Where the few servants that divide his care,  
 Took their laborious rest, and homely fare;  
 And one *Sicilian* matron, old and sage,  
 With constant duty tends his drooping age.

Here now arriving, to his rustic band  
 And martial son, *Ulysses* gave command,  
 Enter the house, and of the bristly swine  
 Select the largest to the pow'rs divine.  
 Alone, and unattended, let me try  
 If yet I share the old man's memory:  
 If those dim eyes can yet *Ulysses* know,  
 (Their light and dearest object long ago)  
 Now chang'd with time, with absence, and with  
 woe?

## NOTES.

words and actions that bring us into sorrows; so likewise, *Styx* implies our hatred, *Cocytus* our grief and lamentation. Thus also the punishments in hell are verified upon earth: the vulture which preys upon the liver of *Tityus*, is the sting of a guilty conscience; the ambitious man is the *Sisyphus*, who is eternally aspiring, and yet always disappointed; the avaritious man is the *Tantalus* who starves amidst his plenty, &c." By joining these two interpretations together, we have at once the double pleasure of a beautiful fable and instructive moral; from the whole we may collect, that although the ancients were ignorant of the true nature of a future state, yet they believed it, and expected there would be punishments and rewards in it. This note is of use to explain several passages in the eleventh *Odyssey*.

\* These words in the *Greek*, may be construed to signify that *Laertes* had purchased this place of retirement by his labour and industry: but probably *Homer* intends to express an allotment or portion of ground which was assigned *Laertes* by the public, as a reward for his heroic labours in war, and bravery in conquering his enemies, like that mentioned in the *Iliad*:

"The *Lycians* grant a chosen space of ground,  
 "With woods, with vineyards, and with harvests  
 "crown'd."

It may either be so, or *Homer* intending solely to paint the laborious life of *Laertes*, added this circumstance of his increasing his rural cell by his in-

Then to his train he gives his spear and shield;  
 The house they enter, and he seeks the field;  
 Thro' rows of shade with various frutage crown'd,  
 And labour'd scenes of richest verdure round.  
 Nor aged *Dolius*, nor his sons were there,  
 Nor servants, absent on another care;  
 To search the woods for sets of flow'ry thorn,  
 Their orchard-bounds to strengthen and adorn.

But all alone the hoary king he found;  
 His habit coarse, but warmly wrapt around;  
 His head, that bow'd with many a pensive care,  
 Fenc'd with a double cap of goat-skin hair:  
 His buskins old, in former service torn,  
 But well repair'd: and gloves against the thorn.†  
 In this array the kingly gard'ner stood,‡  
 And clear'd a plant, encumber'd with it's wood.

Beneath a neighb'ring tree, the chief divine  
 Gaz'd o'er his fire, retracing ev'ry line,  
 The ruins of himself! now worn away  
 With age, yet still majestic in decay!

Sudden

## NOTES.

dustry, as an instance of it; though the latter is more suitable to the character of a king.

† *Casaubon* in his remarks upon *Athenæus*, lib. 12, cap. 2, affirms, that anciently neither the *Greeks* nor the *Romans* ever wore any covering on their hands, which are now used so universally, that they are worn by the meanest people; but this place is an instance of *Casaubon*'s mistake. It is true, *Xenophon* gives this practice as an argument of the luxury and delicacy of the *Persians*, who suffered no part of the body to be exposed to the air, but wore "gloves upon their hands, and coverings on their very fingers." *Pliny* the younger mentions the same custom amongst the *Romans*. This then is the difference; the *Persians* wore these hand-coverings out of effeminacy and delicacy: whereas in *Greece* they were used only out of necessity, as a defence in rural labour; as appears from *Laertes*, they being never mentioned upon any other occasion, either in the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*.

‡ This is the first appearance of *Laertes*, he is the very picture of melancholy, his dress, his employ, and solitary life all discover a fixed sorrow and contempt of the world. It has been a dispute whether we are to ascribe this retreat of *Laertes* to a meanness of spirit, who forsakes his station, and is unequal to adversity; or to wisdom, and a noble neglect of the pomp and splendor of the world, by which he prefers a little rural retreat to all the magnificence of a palace, and a small garden to all the dominions of a king. *Plutarch* severely censures his



Sudden his eyes releas'd their wat'ry store ;  
 The much-enduring man could bear no more.  
 Doubtful he stood, if instant to embrace  
 His aged limbs, to kiss his rev'rend face,  
 With eager transport to disclose the whole,  
 And pour at once the torrent of his soul ?  
 Not so : his judgment takes the winding way \*  
 Of question distant, and of soft essay,  
 More gentle methods on weak age employs,  
 And moves the sorrows to enhance the joys.  
 Then to his fire with beating heart he moves,  
 And with a tender pleasantry reproves :  
 Who digging round the plant still hangs his head,  
 Nor aught remits the work, while thus he said.

## NOTES.

his conduct : " A person (observes that writer) who wastes his age in his bed, or in trivial affairs, makes himself an object of contempt, as *Homer* teaches by the examples of *Nestor* and *Laertes* : *Nestor*, by engaging in the war of *Troy*, obtained the utmost veneration ; while *Laertes*, who abandoned himself to solitude, was despised universally." We are unwilling to subscribe to this observation, being of opinion that the silent virtues of a good man in solitude are more amiable than all the noisy honours of active life. The picture of *Laertes* is undoubtedly drawn very naturally ; a tender father is afflicted for the loss of a brave and beloved son ; this bitter ingredient gives a disrelish to all the vanities of life ; he is deprived of an object that he valued above the world, he therefore neglects it as having nothing worthy of his cares, and abandons it for privacy and tranquillity. *Menedemus* in *Terence* is the very copy of *Laertes* in *Homer* ; an instance that he thought *Homer's* an exact representation of human nature ; and the applause with which that comedy was received, shews that all *Rome* was of the same judgment. Sorrow loves to be alone, rather seeks for amusements than business and glory ; and it may perhaps be true, that it shews more greatness of soul to resign a kingdom, than to conquer it. Pride, ambition, and guilty passions have raised many to the top of human glory ; but it evidences that a person is not influenced by vicious sentiments, who knows how to moderate his desires, and is able to retire from the splendor of a crown into obscurity. *Tully* mentions the manner of life in *Laertes*, without condemnation ; the place is to be found in his *Cato Major*, where he speaks of the innocent amusements of old age, and illustrates his assertions by the example of *Laertes*. But *Tully* mistakes *Homer*, for *Laertes* is not found dinging his ground. Perhaps he quoted by memory. We will only add, that

No. 39.

Great is thy skill, oh father ! great thy toil,  
 Thy careful hand is stamp'd on all the soil,  
 Thy squadron vineyards well thy art declare,  
 The olive green, blue fig, and pendant pear ;  
 And not one empty spot escapes thy care.  
 On ev'ry plant and tree thy cares are shewn,  
 Nothing neglected, but thyself alone.  
 Forgive me, father, if this fault I blame ;  
 Age so advanc'd may some indulgence claim.  
 Nor for thy sloth, I deem thy lord unkind ;  
 Nor speaks thy form a mean or servile mind :  
 I read a monarch in that princely air, †  
 The same thy aspect, if the same thy care ;

Soft

## NOTES.

*Tully* in his retirement at *Tusculum*, used to write to his friends, that he there led the life of *Laertes* : and *Tully* was too sensible of his own worth, to speak any thing to the disparagement of it.

\* It has been objected, that *Ulysses* here acts contrary to filial piety, and permits a tender father to continue in his sorrows, when it was in his power immediately to make him happy, by a discovery of his person ; they likewise condemn the words which *Homer* puts in the mouth of *Ulysses*. It must be allowed, that those words are frequently used by the poet in a bad sense, and signify *heart-wounding*, or *reproachful words* ; but here they are not so to be understood ; they only imply, *that Ulysses blamed Laertes out of tenderness for taking no more care of his person*. This is not a reproach, but the language of fondness and affection : or perhaps the poet meant to express that this inquiry raised images of sorrow in the soul of *Laertes*, and wounded his heart by naming the lost *Ulysses*. *Eustathius* solves the former objection by saying that *Ulysses* delayed the discovery, lest the suddenness of joy should prove fatal to *Laertes*. But *Homer* undoubtedly paints according to nature ; *Ulysses* bursts into tears at the sight of his father, yet restrains them, and tries if after twenty years absence he was known by him ; this delay raises the reader's curiosity, makes him, as it were, present at the interview, and impatient to hear the manner of the discovery : besides, this procedure excellently agrees with the general character of *Ulysses*, who is upon all emergencies master of his passions, and remarkable for disguise and an artful dissimulation ; this disguise has a very happy effect in this place, it holds us in a pleasing suspense, and makes us wait with attention to see the issue of the interview.

† The words in the *Greek* are not without obscurity, and may be explained two ways ; they may either



Soft sleep, fair garments, and the joys of wine,  
 These are the rights of age, and should be thine.  
 Who then thy master, say? and whose the land  
 So drest and manag'd by thy skilful hand?  
 But chief, oh tell me! (what I question most)  
 Is this the far-fam'd *Ithacensian* coast?  
 For so reported the first man I view'd,  
 (Some surly illander, of manners rude)  
 Nor farther conference vouchsaf'd to stay;  
 Heedless he whistled, and pursu'd his way.  
 But thou! whom years have taught to understand,  
 Humanely hear, and answer my demand:  
 A friend I seek, a wise one and a brave,  
 Say, lives he yet, or moulders in the grave?  
 Time was (my fortunes then were at the best)  
 When at my house I lodg'd this foreign guest;  
 He said, from *Ithaca's* fair isle he came,  
 And old *Laertes* was his father's name.  
 To him, whatever to a guest is ow'd  
 I paid, and hospitable gifts bestow'd;  
 To him sev'n talents of pure ore I told,  
 Twelve cloaks, twelve vests, twelve tunics stiff with  
 gold,

A bowl, that rich with polish'd silver flames,  
 And, skill'd in female works, four lovely dames.

At this the father, with a father's fears:  
 (His venerable eyes bedimm'd with tears)  
 This is the land; but ah! thy gifts are lost,  
 For godless men, and rude, possess the coast:  
 Sunk is the glory of this once fam'd shore!  
 Thy ancient friend, oh stranger, is no more!  
 Full recompence thy bounty else had borne;  
 For ev'ry good man yields a just return:  
 So civil rights demand; and who begins  
 The track of friendship, not pursuing, sins.  
 But tell me, stranger, be the truth confest,  
 What years have circled since thou saw'st that guest?

That hapless guest, alas! for ever gone!  
 Wretch that he was! and that I am! my son!  
 If ever man to misery was born,  
 'Twas his to suffer, and 'tis mine to mourn!  
 Far from his friends, and from his native reign;  
 He lies a prey to monsters of the main,  
 Or savage beasts his mangled reliques tear,  
 Or screaming vultures scatter thro' the air:  
 Nor could his mother fun'ral unguents shed,  
 Nor wail'd his father o'er th' untimely dead,  
 Nor his sad comfort, on the mournful bier,  
 Seal'd his cold eyes, or dropt a tender tear!

But tell me, who thou art? and what thy race?  
 Thy town, thy parents, and thy native place?  
 Or if a merchant in pursuit of gain,  
 What port receiv'd thy vessel from the main:  
 Or com'st thou single, or attend thy train?

Then thus the son. From *Alybas* I came,\*  
 My palace there; *Eperitus* my name.  
 Not vulgar born, from *Aphidas* the king.  
 Of *Polypemon's* royal line I spring.  
 Some adverse *Dæmon* from *Sicania* bore  
 Our wand'ring course, and drove us on your  
 shore:

Far from the town, an unfrequented bay  
 Reliev'd our weary'd vessel from the sea.  
 Five years have circled since these eyes pursu'd  
*Ulysses* parting thro' the fable flood;  
 Prosp'rous he sail'd, with dexter auguries,  
 And all the wing'd good omens of the skies.  
 Well hop'd we then to meet on this fair shore,  
 Whom heav'n alas! decreed to meet no more.

Quick thro' the father's heart these accents ran;  
 Grief seiz'd at once, and wrapt up all the man;  
 Deep from his soul he sigh'd, and sorrowing  
 spread†

A cloud of ashes on his hoary head.

Trembling

#### NOTES.

either signify, that *Laertes* appears to be a person of such distinction that he ought to live with more delicacy and dignity, viz. to bathe, and after a due repast to sleep in state; or they imply, that *Laertes* shews the dignity of a king in his person, who comes from the bath, and dines in state. *Ulysses* cannot compare *Laertes* to a king who is fresh from the bath and drest royally, for he tells us, he is covered with sweat and dust; he therefore means that his personage is noble, and like a king, that therefore he ought to live like a king, with respect to his food and his bath, and to indulge his age by allowing it ease and refreshment.

\* *Ulysses* is inexhaustible in his fictions; he here accommodates the names of persons and places to his

#### NOTES.

fortunes: *Alybas* is supposed to be a city of *Italy*, afterwards called *Metapontium*. It is placed by others in *Thrace*. It is here introduced to denote the wanderings of *Ulysses* by the sea; the word *Aphidas* denotes his generosity, which spares nothing towards his friends. He feigns himself to be the grandson of *Polypemon*, to represent the multitude of his sufferings; his name is *Eperitus*, from a word which signifies the struggle that he has met with in all his adventures, as well as the toils in the war of *Troy*, and against other enemies.

† This was a common practice amongst the ancient orientals, in token of the extremity of sorrow; it was used amongst the *Hebrews* as well as *Greeks*; thus *Ezek.* xxvii. 30: *They shall cast dust upon their heads.*



Trembling with agonies of strong delight \*  
 Stood the great son, heart-wounded with the fight :  
 He ran, he seiz'd him with a strict embrace,  
 With thousand kisses wander'd o'er his face,  
 I, I am he ; oh father rise ! behold  
 Thy son, with twenty winters now grown old ;  
 Thy son, so long desir'd, so long detain'd,  
 Restor'd, and breathing in his native land :  
 These floods of sorrow, oh my sire, restrain !  
 The vengeance is complete ; the suitor-train,  
 Stretch'd in our palace, by these hands lie slain.

Amaz'd, *Laertes*. " Give some certain sign,  
 " (If such thou art) to manifest thee mine."

Lo here the wound (he cries) receiv'd of yore,  
 The scar indented by the tusky boar,  
 When by thyself and by *Anticlea* sent,  
 To old *Autolychus's* realms I went.

Yet by another sign thy offspring know ;  
 The sev'ral trees you gave me long ago,  
 While, yet a child, these fields I lov'd to trace,†  
 And tread thy footsteps with unequal pace :

To ev'ry plant in order as we came,  
 Well-pleas'd you told it's nature, and it's name,  
 Whate'er my childish fancy ask'd, bestow'd ;  
 Twelve pear-trees bowing with their pendent load,  
 And ten, that red with blushing apples glow'd ;  
 Full fifty purple figs ; and many a row  
 Of various vines that then began to blow,  
 A future vintage ! when the *Hours* produce  
 Their latent buds, and *Sol* exalts the juice.

Smit with the signs which all his doubts explain,  
 His heart within him melts ; his knees sustain

Their feeble weight no more ; his arms alone  
 Support him, round the lov'd *Ulysses* thrown ;  
 He faints, he sinks, with mighty joys oppress'd :  
*Ulysses* clasps him to his eager breast.

Soon as returning life regains it's seat,  
 And his breath lengthens, and his pulses beat ;  
 Yes, I believe (he cries) almighty *Jove* !

Heav'n rules us yet, and Gods there are above.

'Tis so—the suitors for their wrongs have paid—

But what shall guard us, if the town invade ?

If, while the news thro' ev'ry city flies,

All *Ithaca* and *Cephalenia* rise ?

To this *Ulysses*. As the Gods shall please

Be all the rest ; and set thy soul at ease.

Haste to the cottage by this orchard side,

And take the banquet which our cares provide :

There wait thy faithful band of rural friends,

And there the young *Telemachus* attends.

Thus having said, they trac'd the garden o'er,

And stooping enter'd at the lowly door.

The swains and young *Telemachus* they found,

The victim portion'd, and the goblet crown'd.

The hoary king his old *Sicilian* maid

Perfum'd and wash'd, and gorgeously array'd.

*Pallas* attending gives his frame to shine

With awful port, and majesty divine ;

His gazing son admires the god-like grace,

And air celestial dawning o'er his face.

What God, he cry'd, my father's form improves ?

How high he treads, and how enlarg'd he moves ?

Oh ! would to all the deathless pow'rs on high,

*Pallas* and *Jove*, and him who gilds the sky !

(Reply'd

## NOTES.

*heads*. Job ii. 12: *They rent every one his mantle, and sprinkled dust upon their heads*. Thus also *Achilles* in the eighteenth of the *Iliad* ;

" His purple garments, and his golden hairs,  
 Those he deforms in dust, and these he tears."

\* The *Greek* expression is remarkable, and signifies that a sharp sensation struck his nostrils. *Eustathius* judges, that the meaning is, that *Ulysses* perceived himself ready to burst into tears ; a kind of a pricking, sharp sensation being felt in the nostrils before the eruption of tears. *Casanbon* more fully explains it ; he observes, that all violent passions cause a sensation in the nostrils, arising from the ebullition of the spirits, which mount toward the brain, and endeavouring to free themselves from restraint find a vent by the nostril, and crowding through it, dilate it in their passage ; this is evident from animals, and the nobler kinds of them, as the bull, the horse, the lion, whose nostrils always dilate when moved to anger.

## NOTES.

† The word in the original signifies a very young boy : *Homer* uses it to express the age, when out of a childish simplicity *Ulysses* asked his father to grant him such trees. Such requests are very natural in children, and we see the same practised every day ; parents out of fondness indulge the requests of their children in such little particularities, and a bird, an horse, &c. continues the child's favourite for many years. It must be allowed, that no poet ever followed nature so faithfully as *Homer*. *Virgil* perhaps has reached his noblest elevations and sublimities, but there is a greater variety of natural incidents, more exact pictures of human life in *Homer* than in all other poets. Some painters excel in the boldness of their figures, and know how to draw a hero or a God, but are less happy in lower subjects ; but *Homer* draws universally, and is excellent upon all occasions ; he paints the largest figures or the least sketches equally natural, and with equal beauty.



(Reply'd the king elated with his praise)  
 My strength were still, as once in better days:  
 When the bold *Cephalus* the leaguer form'd,  
 And proud *Nericus* trembled as I storm'd.\*  
 Such were I now, not absent from your deed  
 When the last sun beheld the suitors bleed,  
 This arm had aided your's; this hand bestrown  
 Our floors with death, and push'd the slaughter on; }  
 Nor had the fire been sep'rate from the son.

They commun'd thus; while homeward bent their  
 way

The swains, fatigu'd with labours of the day;  
*Dolius* the first, the venerable man,  
 And next his sons, a long-succeeding train,  
 For due reflection to the bow'r they came,  
 Call'd by the careful old *Sicilian* dame,  
 Who nurs'd the children, and now tends the fire; †  
 They see their lord, they gaze, and they admire.  
 On chairs and beds in order seated round,  
 They share the gladsome board; the roofs resound.  
 While thus *Ulysses* to his ancient friend:

"Forbear your wonder, and the feast attend;  
 "The rites have waited long." The chief com-  
 mands

Their loves in vain; old *Dolius* spreads his hands,  
 Springs to his master with a warm embrace,  
 And fastens kisses on his hands and face;  
 Then thus broke out. Oh long, oh daily mourn'd!  
 Beyond our hopes, and to our wish, return'd!  
 Conducted sure by heav'n! for heav'n alone }  
 Could work this wonder: welcome to thy own!  
 And joys and happiness attend thy throne! }  
 Who knows thy blest, thy wish'd return? oh say, }  
 To the chaste queen shall we the news convey? }  
 Or hears she, and with blessings loads the day? }

## NOTES.

\* We doubt not but the reader has observed, that *Laertes* uses the very turn of language and manner of self-commendation so remarkable in almost all the speeches of *Nestor*: this is to be ascribed to the nature of old age in general, which loves a little to boast, and relates the exploits of youth with the utmost satisfaction. The reason why *Homer* describes *Laertes* enlarged with strength and majesty by *Minerva*, is to reconcile the future story to probability; *Laertes* acts the hero, engages at the head of his friends, and kills the leader of his enemies; this might appear to be an exploit too great for a weak old man wasted away with sorrows: the poet therefore knowing that he had lost his natural vigour through age, supplies the defect with preternatural strength, and by this method renders him equal to his future actions.

Dismiss that care, for to the royal bride  
 Already is it known (the king reply'd,  
 And strait resum'd his seat) while round him bows  
 Each faithful youth, and breathes out ardent vows:  
 Then all beneath their father take their place,  
 Rank'd by their ages, and the banquet grace.

Now flying fame the swift report had spread  
 Thro' all the city, of the suitors dead.

In throngs they rise, and to the palace croud;  
 Their sighs were many, and the tumult loud.

Weeping they bear the mangled heaps of slain,  
 Inhume the natives in their native plain, }

The rest in ships are wasted o'er the main. ‡

Then sad in council all the seniors sat,  
 Frequent and full, assembled to debate.

Amid the circle first *Eupithes* rose,

Big was his eye with tears, his heart with woes:

The bold *Antinous* was his age's pride,

The first who by *Ulysses'* arrow dy'd.

Down his wan cheek the trickling torrent ran,  
 As mixing words with sighs, he thus began.

Great deeds, oh friends! this wond'rous man has  
 wrought,

And mighty blessings to his country brought.

With ships he parted and a num'rous train,

Those, and their ships he bury'd in the main.

Now he returns, and first essays his hand

In the best blood of all his native land.

Haste then, and ere to neighb'ring *Pyle* he flies, }

Or sacred *Elis*, to procure supplies; }

Arise (or ye for ever fall) arise! }

Shame to this age, and all that shall succeed!

If unreveng'd your sons and brothers bleed.

Prove that we live, by vengeance on his head,

Or sink at once forgotten with the dead.

Here

## NOTES.

† We are not to imagine that this *Sicilian* was the wife of *Dolius*; *Homer* gives her the title of mother to his children, because she had the care of their education; for she was their nurse, not their mother.

‡ To understand this we must remember, that many of the suitors came from the neighbouring islands, *Samos*, *Zacynthus*, &c. and therefore they are said to be transported by sea, to be buried in their native countries: this custom prevailed over all the oriental world: but there may be a particular reason why this is done by the *Ithacans*; they might intend to raise those several islands to engage against *Ulysses*, and draw them to arms by such moving spectacles.







Here ceas'd he, but indignant tears let fall.  
Spoke when he ceas'd: dumb sorrow touch'd them  
all.

When from the palace to the wond'ring throng  
Sage *Medon* came, and *Phemius* came along;  
(Restless and early sleep's soft bands they broke)  
And *Medon* first th' assembled chiefs bespoke.

Hear me, ye peers and elders of the land,\*  
Who deem this act the work of mortal hand;  
As o'er the heaps of death *Ulysses* strode,  
These eyes, these eyes beheld a present God,  
Who now before him, now beside him stood,  
Fought as he fought, and mark'd his way with blood:  
In vain old *Mentor*'s form the God bely'd,  
'Twas heav'n that struck, and heav'n was on his side.

A sudden horror all th' assembly shook,  
When slowly rising, *Halitherses* spoke: †  
(Rev'rend and wise, whose comprehensive view  
At once the present and the future knew).  
Me too ye fathers hear! from you proceed  
The ills ye mourn; your own the guilty deed:  
Ye gave your sons, your lawless sons the reign,  
(Oft warn'd by *Mentor* and myself in vain)

## NOTES.

\* There is great art in the speeches of *Medon* and *Eupithes*: *Eupithes* said that *Ulysses* had slain the bravest of the *Greeks*; *Medon* allows it, but adds, that it was done by the will of the Gods: the consequence therefore is, that to fight against *Ulysses* upon this account, is to fight against the Gods. *Eupithes* applies to their revenge, *Medon* to their fears; *Eupithes* sheds tears to move their compassion, *Medon* intimidates them by averring that the assistance of the Gods was visible on the side of *Ulysses*. The persons likewise whom *Homer* employs to plead against *Eupithes* are well chosen; *Halitherses* is a prophet, *Medon* an herald, and both persons esteemed sacred by their offices; this is the reason why the *Greeks* are said to be struck with awe at their appearance.

† The speech of *Medon* had a good effect upon the audience; for *Homer* adds, that the whole assembly grew afraid; *Halitherses* perceived it, and seconds it. He insists upon a new head of persuasion, and sets forth the justice of the late action of *Ulysses*: the suitors were slain (says he) for their crimes, and you are guilty for not restraining their outrages; and then to deter them from their present designs, he represents their danger in engaging against their king. From these speeches *Homer* draws the probability of the future part of the story; he divides the enemy, and wins over almost half of their numbers; whereas, had they proceeded unanimously,

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An absent hero's bed they sought to soil,  
An absent hero's wealth they made their spoil:  
Immoderate riot, and intemperate lust!  
Th' offence was great, the punishment was just.  
Weigh then my counsels in an equal scale,  
Nor rush to ruin. Justice will prevail.

His moderate words some better minds persuade:  
They part, and join him; but the number staid.  
They storm, they shout, with hasty frenzy fir'd,  
And second all *Eupithes*' rage inspir'd:  
They cast their limbs in brass; to arms they run;  
The broad effulgence blazes in the sun.  
Before the city, and in ample plain,  
They meet: *Eupithes* heads the frantic train:  
Fierce for his son, he breathes his threats in air;  
*Fate* hears them not, and *Death* attends him there.

This past on earth, while in the realms above  
*Minerva* thus to cloud-compelling *Jove*. †  
May I presume to search thy secret soul?  
Oh pow'r supreme, oh ruler of the whole!  
Say, hast thou doom'd to this divided state  
Or peaceful amity, or stern debate?  
Declare thy purpose; for thy will is fate.

Is

## NOTES.

*Ulysses* must necessarily have perished by their power. It is observable, that though *Phemius* accompanies *Medon*, yet he is silent; the reason is, he as it were speaks by the mouth of *Medon*, he was witness to the assistance of heaven on the part of *Ulysses*, and approves and confirms by his presence the truth of his testimony. It is thus on the stage where the whole chorus was anciently supposed to speak by the mouth of their prolocutor.

† *Homer*, to give importance to the conclusive action of his poem, introduces *Jupiter* and *Minerva* in debate about the event of it. At the beginning of the *Odyssey* he describes the Gods in consultation for the re-establishment of *Ulysses*: in the conclusion of it, we see *Jupiter* himself rewarding the virtue and bravery of *Ulysses*, and decreeing him to reign in peace and tranquillity. This is carried on with great judgment: we are fully satisfied that the action of the *Odyssey* is complicated in the happiness of the hero, when we hear *Jupiter* giving his sanction to it. Besides, it leaves a noble image of the greatness of *Ulysses*, and of the whole story of the *Odyssey*, upon the reader's mind, when we see it is of such weight as to engage *Jupiter* in it's favour. Thus in imitation of *Homer*, toward the conclusion of the *Æneid*, *Virgil* describes *Jupiter* and *Juno* in debate concerning the decisive action between *Turnus* and *Æneas*.



Is not thy thought my own? (the God replies,  
Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted skies)  
Had not long since thy knowing soul decreed,  
The chief's return should make the guilty bleed?  
'Tis done, and at thy will the fates succeed.

Yet hear the issue: since *Ulysses'* hand\*  
Has slain the suitors, heav'n shall bless the land.  
None now the kindred of th' unjust shall own;  
Forgot the slaughter'd brother, and the son:  
Each future day increase of wealth shall bring,  
And o'er the past, *Oblivion* stretch her wing.  
Long shall *Ulysses* in his empire rest,  
His people blessing, by his people blest.  
Let all be peace—He said, and gave the nod  
That binds the fates; the sanction of the God:  
And prompt to execute th' eternal will,  
Descended *Pallas* from th' *Olympian* hill.

Now sat *Ulysses* at the rural feast,  
The rage of hunger and of thirst repress'd:  
To watch the foe a trusty spy he sent:  
A son of *Dolius* on the message went,  
Stood in the way, and at a glance beheld  
The foe approach'd, embattled on the field.  
With backward step he hastens to the bow'r,  
And tells the news. They arm with all their pow'r.  
Four friends alone *Ulysses'* cause embrace,†  
And six were all the sons of *Dolius'* race:  
Old *Dolius* too his rusted arms put on;  
And, still more old, in arms *Laertes* shone.  
Trembling with warmth, the hoary heroes stand,  
And brazen panoply invests the band.

## NOTES.

\* The design of the *Odysssey* is to shew virtue rewarded, and vice punished; here to introduce this act of justice with the greater solemnity, *Jupiter* is represented giving his assent to it: "Let there be peace, (says that Deity) but let justice be done, and the guilty punished;" the reader must necessarily be satisfied with the equity of the cause of *Ulysses*, when he hears *Jupiter* himself directing in it. Besides, this conduct of *Homer* presents us with an excellent moral; it shews us that the Deity is the governor of human affairs, and arbiter of peace and war; as he directs, the scenes of blood are opened or closed, and the words of *Homer*, the will of heaven is accomplished, may be applied to the *Odysssey* as well as the *Iliad*.

† The poet tells us the exact number of the party of *Ulysses*, which consisted of ten persons under the direction of *Dolius*, *Laertes*, and *Ulysses*: how many were under *Eupithes* is uncertain, we therefore are at liberty to suppose them more or less superior in

The op'ning gates at once their war display:  
Fierce they rush forth: *Ulysses* leads the way.  
That moment joins them with celestial aid,  
In *Mentor's* form, the *Jove* descended maid:  
The suff'ring hero felt his patient breast  
Swell with new joy, and thus his son address'd:  
Behold, *Telemachus*! (nor fear the sight)  
The brave embattled; the grim front of fight!  
The valiant with the valiant must contend:  
Shame not the line whence glorious you descend,  
Wide o'er the world their martial fame was spread;  
Regard thyself, the living, and the dead.

Thy eyes, great father! on this battle cast,  
Shall learn from me *Penelope* was chaste.  
So spoke *Telemachus*! the gallant boy  
Good old *Laertes* heard with panting joy;  
And, blest! thrice blest this happy day! he cries,  
The day that shows me, ere I close my eyes,  
A son and grandson of th' *Arcean* name  
Strive for fair virtue, and contest for fame!

Then thus *Minerva* in *Laertes'* ear:  
Son of *Arcegius*, rev'rend warrior, hear!  
*Jove* and *Jove's* daughter first implore in pray'r,  
Then whirling high, discharge thy lance in air.  
She said, infusing courage with the word.  
*Jove* and *Jove's* daughter then the chief implor'd,  
And whirling high, dismiss the lance in air,  
Full at *Eupithes* drove the deathful spear:‡  
Then brass-cheek'd helmet opens to the wound;  
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms resound.

Before

## NOTES.

number; *Medon* and *Halietherfes* had withdrawn almost half of his assistants, and by that method reduced the enemy to a greater equality: it is probable that they had no very extraordinary inequality, for the onset is so sudden, that the friends of the dead suitors could not have time to embody; besides, it appears from the sixteenth *Odysssey*, that of the whole band of suitors, twelve only were *Ithacans*, the rest came from the adjacent islands, and therefore none of their friends could as yet be arrived to assist *Eupithes*, and consequently this party consisted solely of *Ithacans*, and were not perhaps greatly superior to *Ulysses*. This observation likewise furnishes us with a reason why the enemy was so easily defeated, by so small a body of men as engaged for *Ulysses*.

‡ This is an admirable incident, or change of fortune in favour of *Ulysses*. The son of *Antinous* is slain by the son of *Laertes*, and the father of *Antinous* by the father of *Ulysses*. We now see *Ulysses* happy in his wife, his son, and his father: victori-  
ous.



Before the father and the conqu'ring son  
Heaps rush'd on heaps; they fight, they drop, they run.  
Now by the sword and now the javelin fall  
The rebel race, and death had swallow'd all;  
But from on high the blue-ey'd virgin cry'd;  
Her awful voice detain'd the headlong tide.

“Forbear ye nations! your mad hands forbear  
From mutual slaughter: *Peace* descends to spare.”

Fear shook the nations. At the voice divine  
They drop their javelins, and their rage resign.  
All scatter'd round their glitt'ring weapons lie;  
Some fall to earth, and some confus'dly fly.

## NOTES.

ous over his enemies, and his subjects submitting to his authority; and therefore the action is now complete, and terminates with the *Odyssey*.

\* The meaning of the passage is no more than this, when stript of it's poetical ornaments: *Mentor*, a person of great wisdom, acts as a mediator between the king and his subjects, he regulates the conditions of peace, and ratifies it with sacrifices to the Gods; this being an act of wisdom, poetry ascribes it to *Minerva*.

We must observe with what dignity *Homer* concludes the *Odyssey*: to honour his hero, he introduces two Deities, *Jupiter* and *Pallas*, who interest themselves in his cause: he then paints *Ulysses* in the boldest colours, as he rushes upon the enemy with the utmost intrepidity, and his courage is so ungovernable, that *Jupiter* is forced to restrain it with his thunder. It is usual for orators to reserve the strongest arguments for the conclusion, that they may leave them fresh upon the reader's memory; *Homer* uses the same conduct, he represents his hero in all his terror, he shews him to be irresistible, and by this method leaves us fully possess'd with a noble idea of his magnanimity. It has already been observed, that

With dreadful shouts *Ulysses* pour'd along,  
Swift as an eagle, as an eagle strong.  
But *Jove's* red arm the burning thunder aims;  
Before *Minerva* shot the livid flames;  
Blazing they fell, and at her feet expir'd:  
Then stopt the Goddess, trembled, and retir'd.

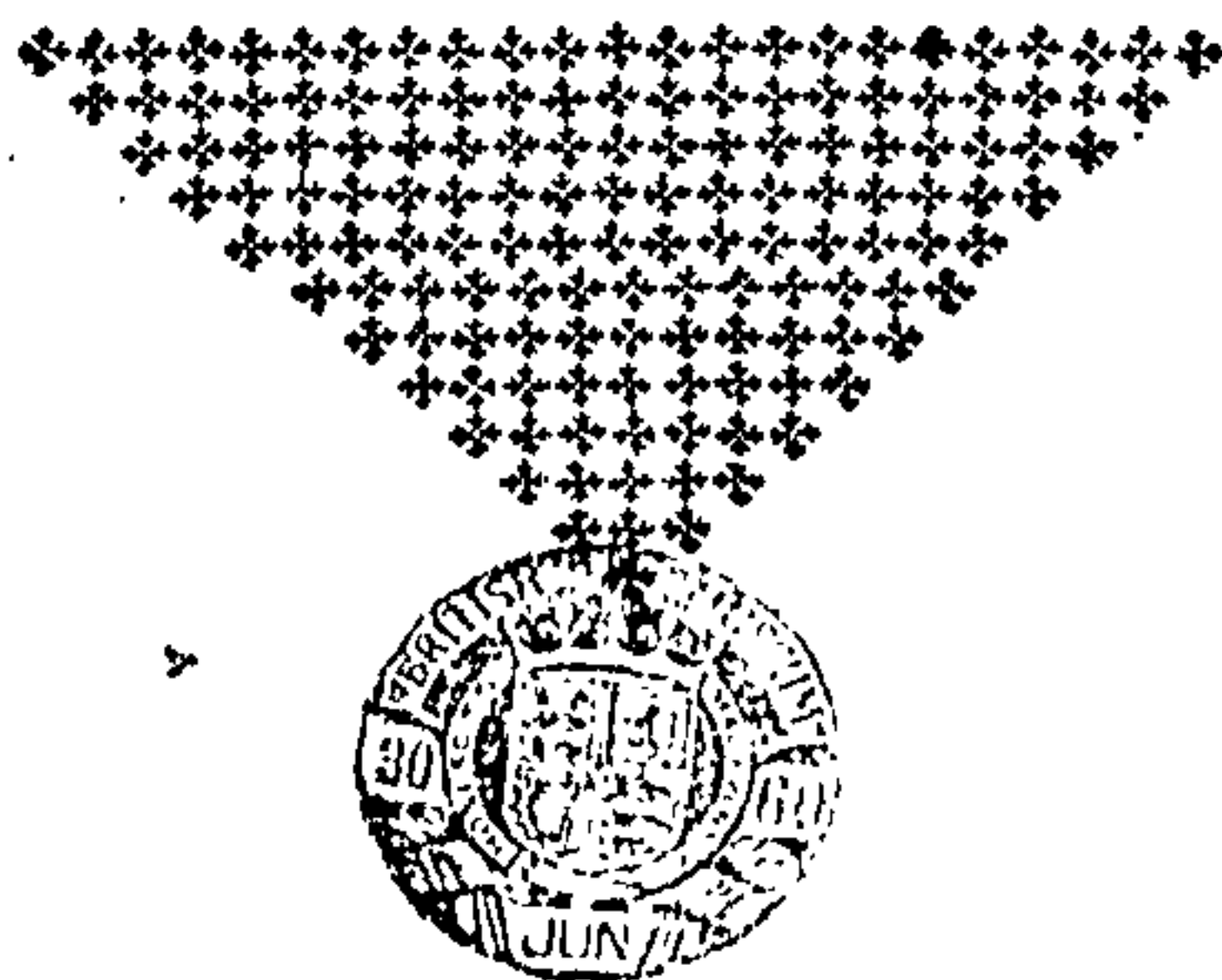
Descended from the Gods! *Ulysses*, cease;  
Offend not *Jove*: obey, and give the peace.

So *Pallas* spoke: the mandate from above  
The king obey'd. The virgin-seed of *Jove* \*  
In *Mentor's* form, confirm'd the full accord,  
“And willing nations knew their lawful lord.”

## NOTES.

the end of the action of the *Odyssey* is the re-establishment of *Ulysses* in full peace and tranquillity; this is not effected, till the defeat of the suitors friends: and therefore if the poet had concluded before this event, the *Odyssey* had been imperfect. It was necessary that the reader should not only be informed of the return of *Ulysses* to his country and the punishment of the suitors, but of his re-establishment by a peaceful possession of his regal authority; which is not executed, till these last disorders raised by *Eupithes* are settled by the victory of *Ulysses*, and therefore this is the natural conclusion of the action.

This book opens with the morning, and ends before night, so that the whole story of the *Odyssey* is comprehended in the compass of one and forty days. The epic poem ought not to be too long: we should be able to retain all the several parts of it at once in our memory: if we lose the idea of the beginning when we come to the conclusion, it is an argument that it is of too large an extent, and it's length destroys it's beauty. Agreeable to this decision, the *Æneid*, *Iliad*, and *Odyssey* are conformable to this rule of *Aristotle*, and every one of those poems may be read in the compass of a single day.





## WORKS OF HOMER,

The Celebrated GRECIAN POET.

## The BATTLE of the FROGS and MICE.\*

## B O O K I.

## NAMES OF THE MICE.

Psycarpax, *one who plunders granaries.*  
 Troxartes, *a bread-eater.*  
 Lychomyle, *a lick of meal.*  
 Pternotractas, *a bacon-eater.*  
 Lychopinax, *a lick of dishes.*  
 Embalichytros, *a creeper into pots.*  
 Lychenor, *a name from licking.*  
 Troglodytes, *one who runs into holes.*  
 Artophagus, *who feeds on bread.*  
 Tyroglyphus, *a cheese-scooper.*  
 Pternoglyphus, *a bacon-scooper.*  
 Pternophogus, *a bacon-eater.*  
 Cnissodioctes, *one who follows the steam of kitchens.*  
 Sitophagus, *an eater of wheat.*  
 Meridarpax, *one who plunders his share.*

## NAMES OF THE FROGS.

Phylagnatus, *one who swells his cheeks.*  
 Pelcus, *a name from mud.*  
 Hydromeduse, *a ruler in the waters.*  
 Hypsiboas, *a loud bawler.*  
 Pelion, *from mud.*  
 Seutlæus, *called from the beets.*  
 Polyphonus, *a great babbler.*  
 Lymnocharis, *one who loves the lake.*  
 Crambophagus, *a cabbage-eater.*  
 Lymnisius, *called from the lake.*  
 Calaminthus, *from the herb.*  
 Hydrocharis, *who loves the water.*  
 Borborocates, *who lies in the mud.*  
 Prassophagus, *an eater of garlic.*  
 Pelusius, *from mud.*  
 Pelobates, *who walks in the dirt.*  
 Prassæus, *called from garlic.*  
 Craugafides, *from croaking.*

TO fill my rising song with sacred fire;  
 Ye tuneful Ninc, ye sweet celestial quire!  
 From Helicon's imbow'ring height repair,  
 Attend my labours, and reward my pray'r.

## NOTES.

\* The Battle of the Frogs and Mice is a very beautiful piece of raillery, and one of the most complete and pointed satires on human greatness, that ever

The dreadful toils of raging Mars I write;  
 The springs of contest, and the fields of fight;  
 How threat'ning Mice advanc'd with warlike grace,  
 And wag'd dire combats with the croaking race.

Nor.

## NOTES.

flowed from the pen of any writer, either ancient or modern. It has been thought by some, that Homer wrote it as a trial of his force before his greater performances;



Nor louder tumults shook *Olympus'* tow'rs,  
When earth-born giants dar'd immortal pow'rs.  
These equal acts an equal glory claim,  
And thus the *Muse* records the tale of fame.

Once on a time, fatigu'd and out of breath,  
And just escap'd the stretching claws of death,  
A gentle *Mouse*, whom cats pursu'd in vain,  
Flies swift-of foot across the neighb'ring plain,  
Hangs o'er a brink his eager thirst to cool,  
And dips his whiskers in the standing pool;  
When near a courteous *Frog* advanc'd his head,  
And from the waters, hoarse-resounding said,  
What art thou, stranger? What the line you  
boast?

What chance hath cast thee panting on our coast?  
With strictest truth let all thy words agree,  
Nor let me find a faithless mouse in thee.  
If worthy friendship, proffer'd friendship take,  
And ent'ring view the pleasurable lake:  
Range o'er my palace, in my bounty share,  
And glad return from hospitable fare.  
This silver realm extends beneath my sway,  
And me, their monarch, all it's frogs obey.  
Great *Physignathus* I, from *Peleus'* race,  
Begot in fair *Hydromeduse'* embrace,  
Where by the nuptial bank that paints his side,  
The swift *Eridanus* delights to glide,  
Thee too, thy form, thy strength, and port proclaim,  
A scepter'd king; a son of martial fame;  
Then trace thy line, and aid my guessing eyes.  
Thus ceas'd the *Frog*, and thus the *Mouse* replies.

Known to the Gods, the men, the birds that fly  
Thro' wild expanses of the midway sky,  
My name resounds; and if unknown to thee,  
The soul of great *Psycarpax* lives in me.  
Of brave *Troxartes'* line, whose sleeky down  
In love compress'd *Lycomyle* the brown.  
My mother she, and princess of the plains  
Where-e'er her father *Pternotracetus* reigns:  
Born where a cabin lifts it's airy shed,  
With figs, with nuts, with vary'd dainties fed.  
But since our natures nought in common know,  
From what foundation can a friendship grow?  
These curling waters o'er the palace roll:  
But Man's high food supports my princely soul,  
In vain the circled loaves attempt to lie  
Conceal'd in flasks from my curious eye,  
In vain the tripe that boasts the whitest hue,  
In vain the gilded bacon shuns my view,

In vain the cheeses, offspring of the pale,  
Or honey'd cakes, which Gods-themselves regale.  
And as in arts I shine, in arms I fight,  
Mix'd with the bravest, and unknown to flight.  
Tho' large to mine the human form appear,  
Not *man* himself can smite my soul with fear,  
Sly to the bed with silent steps I go,  
Attempt his finger, or attack his toe,  
And fix indented wounds with dextrous skill,  
Sleeping he feels, and only seems to feel.  
Yet have we foes which direful dangers cause,  
Grim *Owls* with talons arm'd, and *Cats* with  
claws,

And that false *Trap*, the den of silent fate,  
Where *Death* his ambush plants around the bait;  
All dreaded these, and dreadful o'er the rest  
The potent warriors of the tabby vest,  
If to the dark we fly, the dark they trace,  
And rend our heroes of the *nibbling* race.  
But me, nor stalks nor wat'rish herbs delight,  
Nor can the crimson radish charm my sight,  
The lake-resounding *Frogs* selected fare,  
Which not a *Mouse* of any taste can bear.

As thus the downy prince his mind express'd,  
His answer thus the croaking king address'd.

Thy words luxuriant on thy dainties rove,  
And, stranger, we can boast of bounteous *Jove*:  
We sport in water, or we dance on land,  
And born amphibious, food from both command.  
But trust thyself where wonders ask thy view,  
And safely tempt those seas, I'll bear thee through:  
Ascend my shoulders, firmly keep thy seat,  
And reach my marshy court, and feast in state.

He said, and leant his back; with nimble bound  
Leaps the light mouse, and clasps his arms around,  
Then wond'ring floats, and sees with glad survey  
The winding banks dissemble ports at sea.  
But when aloft the curling water rides,  
And wets with azure wave his downy sides,  
His thoughts grow conscious of approaching woe;  
His idle tears with vain repentance flow,  
His locks he rends, his trembling feet he rears,  
Thick beats his heart with unaccustom'd fears;  
He sighs, and chill'd with danger, longs for shore:  
His tail extended forms a fruitless oar,  
Half drench'd in liquid death his pray'rs he spake,  
And thus bemoan'd him from the dreadful lake.

So pass'd *Europa* thro' the rapid sea,  
Trembling and fainting all the vent'rous way;

With

## NOTES.

formances; it is indeed an instance of that agreeable trifling, which has been at some time or other indulged by the finest geniuses, and the offspring of that amusing and chearful humour, which generally

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## NOTES.

accompanies the character of a rich imagination, like a vein of *mercury* running mingled with a mine of *gold*.

7 U



With oary feet the *Bull* triumphant rode,  
And safe in *Crete* depos'd his lovely load.  
Ah safe at last! may thus the *Frog* support  
My trembling limbs to reach his ample court.

As thus he sorrows, death ambiguous grows,  
Lo! from the deep a water-*Hydra* rose;  
He rolls his sanguin'd eyes, his bosom heaves;  
And darts with active rage along the waves.  
Confus'd, the monarch sees his hissing foe,  
And dives to shun the fable fates below.\*  
Forgetful *Frog*! the friend thy shoulders bore,  
Unskill'd in swimming, floats remote from shore.  
He grasps with fruitless hands to find relief,  
Supinely falls, and grinds his teeth with grief;  
Plunging he sinks, and struggling mounts again,  
And sinks, and strives, but strives with fate in vain.  
The weighty moisture clogs his hairy vest,  
And thus the *prince* his dying rage express.

Nor thou, that flings me sound'ring from thy back,  
As from hard rocks rebounds the shatt'ring wrack,  
Nor thou shalt 'scape thy due, perfidious king!  
Pursu'd by vengeance on the swiftest wing:

At land thy strength could never equal mine,  
At sea to conquer, and by craft, was thine.  
But heav'n has Gods, and Gods have searching eyes:  
Ye *Mice*, ye *Mice*, my great avengers rise!

This said, he sighing gasp'd, and gasping dy'd,  
His death the young *Lychnophinax* espy'd,  
As on the flow'ry brink he pass'd the day,  
Bask'd in the beams, and loiter'd life away:  
Loud shrieks the *Mouse*, his shrieks the shores repeat;  
The nibbling nation learn their hero's fate:  
Grief, dismal grief ensues; deep murmurs sound,  
And thriller-fury fills the deafen'd ground;  
From lodge to lodge the sacred heralds run,  
To fix their council with the rising sun;  
Where great *Troxartes* crown'd in glory reigns,  
And winds his length'ning court beneath the plains:  
*Psycarpax* father, father now no more!  
For poor *Psycarpax* lies remote from shore:  
Supine he lies; the silent waters stand,  
And no kind billow wafts the dead to land!

## B O O K II.

WHEN rosy-finger'd morn had ting'd the  
clouds,

Around their *Monarch-Mouse* the nation crowds,  
Slow rose the monarch, heav'd his anxious breast,  
And thus the council fill'd with rage, address.

For lost *Psycarpax* much my soul endures,  
'Tis mine the private grief, the public, your's,  
Three warlike sons adorn'd my nuptial bed,  
Three sons, alas, before their father dead!  
Our eldest perish'd by the rav'ning *Cat*,  
As near my court the *prince* unheedful sat.  
Our next, an engine fraught with danger drew,  
The portal gap'd, the bait was hung in view,  
Dire arts assist the trap, the fates decoy,  
And men un pitying kill'd my gallant boy.  
The last, his country's hope, his parents pride,  
Plung'd in the lake by *Phygnathus*, dy'd.  
Rouse all the war, my friends! avenge the deed,  
And bleed that monarch, and his nation bleed.

### NOTES.

\* By the occasion of the battle between the Frogs and Mice, *Homer* gives us to understand, that most of the wars between nation and nation arise from unforeseen accidents, wherein each party, zealous

His words in ev'ry breast inspir'd alarms,  
And careful *Mars* supply'd their host with arms.  
In verdant hulls despoil'd of all their beans,  
The buskin'd warriors stalk'd along the plains,  
Quills aptly bound, their bracing corselet made,  
Fac'd with the plunder of a cat they slay'd,  
The lamp's round boss affords their ample shield,  
Large shells of nuts their cov'ring helmet yield;  
And o'er the region, with reflected rays,  
Tall groves of needles for their lances blaze.  
Dreadful in arms the marching *Mice* appear:  
The wond'ring *Frogs* perceive the tumult near,  
Forake the waters, thick'ning form a ring,  
And ask, and hearken, whence the noises spring;  
When near the croud, disclos'd to public view,  
The valiant chief *Embafichytros* drew;  
The sacred herald's scepter grac'd his hand,  
And thus his words express his king's command.

Ye

### NOTES.

only for it's own welfare and prosperity, is governed by self-love, without any attention to the interests of another.



Ye *Frogs*! the *Mice* with vengeance fir'd advance,  
And deckt in armour shake the shining lance;  
Their hapless prince by *Physignathus* slain,  
Extends incumbent on the wat'ry plain.  
Then arm your host, the doubtful battle try;  
Lead forth those *Frogs* that have the soul to die.

The chief retires, the crowd the challenge hear,  
And proudly-swelling, yet perplex'd appear.  
Much they resent, yet much their monarch blame,  
Who rising, spoke to clear his tainted fame.

O friends! I never forc'd the *Mouse* to death,\*  
Nor saw the gaspings of his latest breath.  
He, vain of youth, our art of swimming try'd,  
And vent'rous in the lake the wanton dy'd  
To vengeance now by false appearance led,  
They point their anger at my guiltless head.  
But wage the rising war by deep device,  
And turn it's fury on the crafty *Mice*.

Your king directs the way; my thoughts elate  
With hopes of conquest, form designs of fate.  
Where high the banks their verdant surface heave,  
And the steep sides confine the sleeping wave,  
There, near the margin, and in armour bright,  
Sustain the first impetuous shocks of fight:  
Then where the dancing feather joins the crest,  
Let each brave *Frog* his obvious *Mouse* arrest;  
Each strongly grasping, headlong plunge a foe,  
Till countless circles whirl the lake below;  
Down sink the *Mice* in yielding waters drown'd;  
Loud flash the waters; echoing shores resound:  
The *Frogs* triumphant tread the conquer'd plain,  
And raise their glorious trophies of the slain.

He spake no more, his prudent scheme imparts  
Redoubling ardour to the boldest hearts.  
Green was the suit his arming heroes chose,  
Around their legs the greaves of mallows close,  
Green were the beets about their shoulders laid,  
And green the colewort, which the target made,  
Form'd of the vary'd shells the waters yield,  
Their glossy helmets glisten'd o'er the field;  
And tap'ring sea-reeds, for the polish'd spear,  
With upright order pierc'd the ambient air.  
Thus dress'd for war, they take th' appointed height,  
Poise the long arms, and urge the promis'd fight.

But now, where *Jove's* irradiate spires arise,  
With stars surrounded in æthereal skies,  
(A solemn council call'd) the brazen gates  
Unbar; the Gods assume their golden seats:  
The fire superior leans, and points to shew  
What wond'rous combats mortals wage below:  
How strong, how large, the num'rous heroes stride;  
What length of lance they shake with warlike pride:

## NOTES.

\* Nothing is more common with mankind than this behaviour of the Frog. They always excuse themselves, and lay the blame on their enemies;

What eager fire their rapid march reveals:  
So the fierce *Centaur*s ravag'd o'er the dales:  
And so confirm'd, the daring *Titans* rose,  
Heap'd hills on hills, and bid the Gods be foes.

This seen, the pow'r his sacred visage rears,  
He casts a pitying smile on worldly cares,  
And asks what heav'nly guardians take the list,  
Or who the *Mice*, or who the *Frogs* assist?

Then thus to *Pallas*. If my daughter's mind  
Have join'd the *Mice*, why stays she still behind?  
Drawn forth by sav'ry steams they wind their way,  
And sure attendance round their altar pay,  
Where while the victims gratify their taste,  
They sport to please the Goddesses of the feast.

Thus spake the ruler of the spacious skies,  
When thus, resolv'd, the blue-ey'd maid replies.  
In vain, my father! all their dangers plead,  
To such, thy *Pallas* never grants her aid.  
My flow'ry wreaths they petulantly spoil,  
And rob my chrystal lamps of feeding oil.  
(Ills following ill) but what afflicts me more,  
My veil, that idle race profanely tore.

The web was curious, wrought with art divine;  
Relentless wretches! all the work was mine.  
Along the loom the purple warp I spread,  
Cast the light shoet, and crost the silver thread;  
In this their teeth a thousand breaches tear,  
The thousand breaches skilful hands repair,  
For which vile earthly duns thy daughter grieve,  
And Gods, that use no coin, have none to give.  
And learning's Goddesses never less can owe,  
Neglected learning gets no wealth below.  
Nor let the *Frogs* to gain my succour sue,  
Those clam'rous fools have lost my favour too.  
For late, when all the conflict ceas'd at night,  
When my stretch'd sinews work'd with eager fight,  
When spent with glorious toil, I left the field,  
And sunk for slumber on my swelling shield,  
Lo from the deep, repelling sweet repose,  
With noisy croakings half the nation rose:  
Devoid of rest, with aking brows I lay,  
Till cocks proclaim'd the crimson dawn of day.  
Let all, like me, from either host forbear,  
Nor tempt the flying furies of the spear.  
Let heav'nly blood (or what for blood may flow)  
Adorn the conquest of a meaner foe,  
Who, wildly rushing, meet the wond'rous odds,  
Tho' Gods oppose, and brave the wounded Gods.  
O'er gilded clouds reclin'd, the danger view,  
And be the wars of mortals scenes for you.

So mov'd the blue-ey'd queen, her words persuade,  
Great *Jove* assented, and the rest obey'd.

## NOTES.

urging that they only are the cause of the war about to be entered into, and must therefore be answerable for the consequences:



## BOOK III.

NOW front to front the marching armies shine,  
Halt ere they meet, and form the length'ning  
line,

The chiefs conspicuous seen, and heard afar,  
Give the loud sign to loose the rushing war;  
Their dreadful trumpets deep-mouth'd horrets sound,  
The sounded charge remurmurs o'er the ground,  
Ev'n *Jove* proclaims a field of horror nigh,  
And rolls low thunder thro' the troubled sky.

First to the fight the large *Hypsibœas* flew;  
And brave *Lychenor* with a javelin flew,  
The luckless warrior fill'd with gen'rous flame,  
Stood foremost glitt'ring in the post of fame.  
When in his liver struck, the javelin hung,  
The *Mouſe* fell thund'ring, and the target rung;  
Prone to the ground he sinks his closing eye,  
And soild in dust, his lovely tresses lie.

A spear at *Pelion Troglodytes* cast,  
The missile spear within the bosom past;  
Death's sable shades the fainting *Frog* surround,  
And life's red tide runs ebbing from the wound.  
*Emboſichytros* felt *Scutlaus*' dart

Transfix, and quiver in his panting heart;  
But great *Artophagus* aveng'd the slain,  
And big *Scutlaus* tumbling loads the plain,  
And *Ptyphonus* dies a *Frog* renown'd,  
For boastful speech and turbulence of sound;  
Deep thro' the belly pierc'd, supine he lay,  
And breath'd his soul against the face of day.  
The strong *Lymnocharis*, who view'd with ire,  
A victor triumph, and a friend expire;  
And fiercely slung where *Troglodytes* fought,  
With heaving arms a rocky fragment caught,  
A warrior vers'd in arts, of sure retreat,  
Yet arts in vain elude impending fate;  
Full on his sinewy neck the fragment fell,  
And o'er his eye-lids clouds eternal dwell.

*Lychenor* (second of the glorious name)  
Striding advanc'd, and took no wand'ring aim;  
Thro' all the *Frog* the shining javelin flies,  
And near the vanquish'd *Mouſe* the victor dies;  
The dreadful stroke *Grambophagus* affrights,  
Long bred to banquets, less inur'd to fights,  
Heedless he runs, and stumbles o'er the sleep,  
And wildly flound'ring flashes up the deep;  
*Lychenor* following with a downward blow,  
Reach'd in the lake his unrecover'd foe;  
Gasping he rolls, a purple stream of blood  
Distains the surface of the silver flood:

Thro' the wide wound the rushing entrails throng,  
And flow the breathless carcass floats along.

*Lymnifus* good *Tyroglyphus* assails,  
Prince of the *Mice* that haunt the flow'ry vales,  
Lost to the milky fares and rural seat,  
He came to perish on the bank of fate.  
The dread *Pternoglyphus* demands the fight,  
Which tender *Calamintbius* shuns by flight,  
Drops the green target, springing quits the foe,  
Glides thro' the lake, and safely dives below.  
The dire *Pternophagus* divides his way  
Thro' breaking ranks, and leads the dreadful day;  
No nibbling prince excell'd in fierceness more,  
His parents led him on the savage boar;  
But where his lance the field with blood imbru'd,  
Swift as he mov'd *Hydrocharis* pursu'd,  
Till fall'n in death he lies, a shatt'ring stone  
Sounds on the neck, and crushes all the bone,  
His blood pollutes the verdure of the plain,  
And from his nostrils burst the gushing brain.

*Lycopinax* with *Borbocætes* fights  
A blameless *Frog*, whom humbler life delights;  
The fatal javelin unrelenting flies,  
And darkness seals the gentle croaker's eyes.  
Incens'd *Prassophagus* with sprightly bound,  
Bears *Cnissodictes* off the rising ground,  
Then drags him o'er the lake depriv'd of breath,  
And downward plunging, sinks his soul to death.  
But now the great *Pyxarpax* shines afar,  
(Scarce he so great whose loss provok'd the war)  
Swift to revenge his fatal javelin fled,  
And thro' the liver struck *Pelysius* dead;  
His freckled corps before the victor fell,  
His soul indignant fought the shades of hell.  
This saw *Pelobates*, and from the flood,  
Lifts with both hands a monstrous mass of mud;  
The cloud obscene o'er all the warrior flies,  
Dishonours his brown face, and blots his eyes.  
Enrag'd and wildly sputtering, from the shore  
A stone immense of size the warrior bore,  
A load for lab'ring earth, whose bulk to raise,  
Asks ten degen'rate *Mice* of modern days.\*  
Full to the leg arrives the crushing wound,  
The *Frog* supportless, writhes upon the ground.  
Thus flush'd, the victor wars with matchless force,  
Till loud *Craugasides* arrests his course,  
Hoarse croaking threats precede, with fatal speed  
Deep thro' the belly runs the pointed reed,

Then

## NOTES.

\* It is plain from this verse, that *Homer*, in this allegorical description of the battle between the *Frogs* and *Mice*, alludes to the quarrels and wars of man-

## NOTES.

kind; for there can be no possible ground for supposing such a change in the generation of *Mice*, as is here ludicrously pointed out.



Then strongly-tug'd, return'd imbru'd with gore,  
 And on the pile his reeking entrails bore.  
 The lame *Sitophagus* oppress'd with pain,  
 Creeps from the desp'rate dangers of the plain.  
 And where the ditches rising weeds supply,  
 To spread their lowly shades beneath the sky,  
 There lurks the silent *Mouse* reliev'd of heat,  
 And safe embower'd, avoids the chance of fate.  
 But here *Troxartes*, *Physignathus* there,  
 Whirl the dire furies of the pointed spear:  
 Then where the foot around it's ankle plies,  
*Troxartes* wounds, and *Physignathus* flies,  
 Halts to the pool, a safe retreat to find,  
 And trails a dangling length of leg behind;  
 The *Mouse* still urges, still the *Frog* retires,  
 And half in anguish of the flight expires;  
 Then pious ardor young *Prasseus* brings,  
 Betwixt the fortune of contending kings:  
 Lank, harmless *Frog*! with forces hardly grown,  
 He darts the reed in combats not his own,  
 Which faintly tinkling on *Troxartes*' shield,  
 Hangs at the point, and drops upon the field.

Now nobly tow'ring o'er the rest appears  
 A gallant prince that far transcends his years,  
 Pride of his sire, and glory of his house,  
 And more a *Mars* in combat than a *Mouse*:  
 His action bold, robust his ample frame,  
 And *Meridarpax* his resounding name.  
 The warrior singled from the fighting crowd,  
 Boasts the dire honours of his arms aloud;  
 Then strutting near the lake, with looks elate,  
 Threats all it's nations with approaching fate.  
 And such his strength, the silver lakes around,  
 Might roll their waters o'er unpeopled ground.  
 But pow'rful *Jove*, who shews no less his grace  
 To *Frogs* that perish, than to human race,  
 Felt soft compassion rising in his soul,  
 And shook his sacred head, that shook the pole.  
 Then thus to all the gazing pow'rs began,  
 The sire of *Gods*, and *Frogs*, and *Mouse*, and *Man*.

What seas of blood I view, what worlds of  
 slain,

An *Iliad* rising from a day's campaign!  
 How fierce his jav'lin o'er the trembling lakes  
 The black-fur'd hero *Meridarpax* shakes!  
 Unless some fav'ring Deity descend,  
 Soon will the *Frogs* loquacious empire end.  
 Let dreadful *Pallas* wing'd with pity fly,  
 And make her *Aegis* blaze before his eye:  
 While *Mars* resplendent on his rattling car,  
 Arrests his raging rival of the war.

He ceas'd, reclining with attentive head,  
 When thus the glorious God of combats said.  
 Nor *Pallas*, *Jove*! tho' *Pallas* take the field,  
 With all the terrors of her hissing shield,

No. 39.

Nor *Mars* himself, tho' *Mars* in armour bright  
 Ascend his car, and wheel amidst the fight;  
 Nor these can drive the desp'rate *Mouse* afar,  
 And change the fortunes of the bleeding war.  
 Let all go forth, all heav'n in arms arise,  
 Or launch thy own red thunders from the skies.  
 Such ardent bolts as flew that wond'rous day,  
 When heaps of *Titans* mix'd with mountains lay,  
 When all the giant-race enormous fell,  
 And huge *Enceladus* was hurl'd to hell.

'Twas thus th' omnipotent advis'd the Gods,  
 When from his throne the Cloud-compeller nods,  
 Deep length'ning thunders run from pole to pole,  
*Olympus* trembles as the thunders roll.  
 Then swift he whirls the brandish'd bolt around,  
 And headlong darts it at the distant ground,  
 The bolt discharg'd inwrap'd with light'ning flies,  
 And rends it's flaming passage thro' the skies,  
 Then earth's inhabitants the nibblers shake,  
 And *Frogs*, the dwellers in the waters, quake.  
 Yet still the *Mice* advance their dread design,  
 And the last danger threatens the croaking line,  
 Till *Jove* that inly mourn'd the loss they bore,  
 With strange assistance fill'd the frighted shore.

Pour'd from the neighb'ring strand, deform'd to  
 view,

They march, a sudden unexpected crew,  
 Strong suits of armor round their bodies close,  
 Which like thick anvils blunt the force of blows;  
 In wheeling marches turn'd oblique they go,  
 With harpy claws their limbs divide below,  
 Fell sheers the passage to their mouth command,  
 From out the flesh the bones by nature stand,  
 Broad spread their backs, their shining shoulders rise,  
 Unnumber'd joints distort their lengthen'd thighs,  
 With nervous cords their hands are firmly brac'd,  
 Their round black eye-balls in their bosom plac'd,  
 On eight long feet the wond'rous warriors tread,  
 And either end alike supplies a head.

These, mortal wits to call the *Crabs*, agree;  
 The Gods have other names for things than we.

Now where the jointures from their loins depend,  
 The heroes tails with sev'ring grasps they rend.  
 Here, short of feet, depriv'd the pow'r to fly,  
 There without hands upon the field they lie.  
 Wrench'd from their holds, and scatter'd all around,  
 The bended lances heap the cumber'd ground.  
 Helpless amazement, fear pursuing fear,  
 And mad confusion thro' their host appear,  
 O'er the wild waste with headlong flight they go,  
 Or creep conceal'd in vaulted holes below.

But down *Olympus* to the western seas,  
 Far-shooting *Phœbus* drove with fainter rays,  
 And a whole war (so *Jove* ordain'd) begun,  
 Was fought, and ceas'd, in one revolving sun.

7 X

AUTHENTIC.



# AUTHENTIC MEMOIRS

OF THE

## LIFE of HOMER.

**W**HENEVER any authors have attempted to write the life of *Homer*, clear from superstition, envy, and trifling, they have grown ashamed of all the idle traditions which have been handed down by ancient historians. This, however, has not occasioned them to desist from the undertaking; but still the difficulty which could not make them desist, has necessitated them, either to deliver the old story with excuses; or else, instead of a life, to compose a treatise partly of *criticism*, and partly of *character*; rather descriptive, than supported by action and the air of history.

They begin with acquainting us, that the *Time* in which he lived has never been fixed beyond dispute, and that the opinions of authors are various concerning it: but the controversy, in it's several conjectures, includes a space of years between the earliest and latest, from twenty-four to about five hundred, after the siege of *Troy*. Whenever the time was, it seems not to have been near that siege, from his own *Invocation* of the *Muses* to recount the catalogue of the ships: "For we, says he, have only "heard a rumour, and know nothing particularly." It is remarked by *Velleius Paterculus*, that it must have been considerably later, from his own confession, that "mankind was but half as strong in his "age, as in that he writ of;" which, as it is founded upon a notion of a gradual degeneracy in our nature, discovers the interval to have been long between *Homer* and his subject. But not to trouble ourselves with entering into all the dry dispute, we may take notice, that the world is inclined to stand by the *Arundelian marble*, as the most certain computation of those early times; and this by placing him at the time when *Diognetus* ruled in *Athens*, makes him flourish a little before the *Olympiads* were established; about three hundred years after the taking of *Troy*, and near a thousand before the *Christian Era*. For a farther confirmation of this, we have some great names of antiquity who give him a cotemporary agreeing with the computation: *Cicero* says, there was a tradition that *Homer* lived about the time of *Lycurgus*. *Strabo* tells us, it was reported that *Lycurgus* went to *Chios* for an interview with him. And even *Plutarch*, when he

says, *Lycurgus* received *Homer's* works from the grandson of that *Creophilus* with whom he had lived, does not put him so far backward, but that possibly they might have been alive at the same time.

The next dispute regards his *country*, concerning which *Adrian* inquired of the Gods, as a question not to be settled by men; and *Appion* (according to *Pliny*) raised a spirit for his information. That which has increased the difficulty, is the number of contesting places, of which *Suidas* has reckoned up nineteen in one breath. But his ancient commentator, *Didymus*, found the subject so fertile, as to employ a great part of his four thousand volumes upon it. There is a prophecy of the *Sibyls* that he should be born at *Salamis* in *Cyprus*; and then, to play an argument of the same nature against it, there is the *oracle* given to *Adrian* afterwards, that says he was born in *Ithaca*. There are *customs* of *Æolia* and *Ægypt* cited from his works, to make out by turns and with the same probability, that he belonged to each of them. There was a *school* shewed for his at *Colophon*, and a *tomb* at *Iö*, both of equal strength to prove he had his birth in either. As for the *Athenians*, they challenged him as born where they had a colony; or else in behalf of *Greece* in general, and as the *metropolis* of it's learning, they made his name free of their city, after the manner of that law by which all *Italy* became free of *Rome*. All these have their authors to record their titles, but still the weight of the question seems to lie between *Smyrna* and *Chios*, which we must therefore take a little more notice of. That *Homer* was born at *Smyrna*, is endeavoured to be proved by an *Epigram*, recorded to have been under the statue of *Pisistratus* at *Athens*; by the reports mentioned in *Cicero*, *Strabo*, and *A. Gellius*; and by the *Greek* lives, which pass under the names of *Herodotus*, *Plutarch*, and *Proclus*; as also the two that are anonymous. The *Smyrneans* built a temple to him, cast medals of him, and grew so possess'd of his having been their's, that it is said they burned *Zoilus* for affronting them in the person of *Homer*. On the other hand, the *Chians* plead the ancient authorities of *Simonides* and *Theocritus* for his being born among them. They mention a race they had, called 'the *Homeridae*, whom



whom they reckoned his posterity; they cast medals of him; they shew to this day an *Homarium*, or temple of *Homer*, near *Bollissus*; and close their arguments with a quotation from the hymn to *Apollo*, (which is ascribed to *Homer* by *Thucydides*) where he calls himself, "The blind man that inhabits *Chios*." The reader has here the sum of the large treatise of *Leo Allatius*, written particularly on this subject, in which, after having separately weighed the pretensions of all, he concludes for *Chios*. For our parts, we determine nothing in a point of so much uncertainty; neither which of these was honoured with his birth, nor whether any of them was, nor whether each may not have produced his own *Homer*; since *Xenophon* says, there were many of the name. But one cannot avoid being surprised at the prodigious veneration for his character, which could engage mankind with such eagerness in a point so little essential; that kings should send to oracles for the inquiry of his birth-place; that cities should be in strife about it, that whole lives of learned men should be employed upon it; that some should write treatises; that others should call up spirits about it; that thus, in short, heaven, earth, and hell should be sought to, for the decision of a question which terminates in curiosity only.

If we endeavour to find the parents of *Homer*, the search is as fruitless. *Ephorus* had made *Mæon* to be his father, by a niece whom he deflowered; and this has so far obtained, as to give him the derivative name of *Mæonides*. His mother (if we allow the story of *Mæon*) is called *Crytheis*: but we are lost again in uncertainty, if we search farther; for *Suidas* has mentioned *Eumetis* or *Polycaste*; and *Pausanias*, *Clymene* or *Theristo*; which happens, because the contesting countries find out mothers of their own for him. Tradition has in this case afforded us no more light, than what may serve to shew it's shadows in confusion; they strike the light with so equal a probability, that we are in doubt which to chuse, and must pass the question undecided.

At his birth he appears not to have been blind, whatever he might be afterwards. The *Chian* medal of him (which is of great antiquity, according to *Leo Allatius*) seats him with a volume open, and reading intently. But there is no need of proofs from antiquity for that which every line of his works will demonstrate. With what an exactness, agreeable to the natural appearance of things, do his cities stand, his mountains rise, his rivers wind, and his regions lie extended? How beautifully are the views of all things drawn in their figures, and adorned with their paintings? What address in action, what visible characters of the passions inspire his heroes?

It is not to be imagined, that a man could have been always blind, who thus inimitably copies nature, and gives every where the proper proportion, figure, colour, and life: he must certainly have beheld the creation, considered it with a long attention, and enriched his fancy by the most sensible knowledge of those ideas which he makes the reader see while he but describes them.

As he grew forward in years, he was trained up to learning (if we credit *Diodorus*) under one *Pronapides*, a man of excellent natural endowments, who taught the *Pelasgick* letter invented by *Linus*. From him he might learn to preserve his poetry by committing it to writing; which we mention because it is generally believed no poems before his were so preserved; and he himself in the beginning of his *Battle of the Frogs and Mice*, expressly speaks of writing his works in his tablets.

When he was of riper years, for his farther accomplishment and the gratification of his thirst of knowledge, he spent a considerable part of his time in travelling. Upon which account, *Proclus* has taken notice that he must have been rich: "For long travels, says he, occasion high expences, and especially at those times when men could neither fail without imminent danger and inconveniences, nor had a regulated manner of commerce with one another." This way of reasoning appears very probable; and if it does not prove him to have been rich, it shews him, at least, to have had patrons of a generous spirit; who observing the vastness of his capacity, believed themselves beneficent to mankind, while they supported one who seemed born for something extraordinary.

*Egypt* being at that time the seat of learning, the greatest wits and geniuses of *Greece* used to travel thither. Among these *Diodorus* reckons *Homer*, and to strengthen his opinion alledges that multitude of their notions which he has received into his poetry, and of their customs, to which he alludes in his fictions: such as his *Gods*, which are named from the first *Egyptian Kings*; the number of the *Muses* taken from the nine ministrals which attended *Osiris*; the feast wherein they used to send their statues of the Deities into *Aethiopia*, and to return after twelve days; and the carrying their dead bodies over the lake to a pleasant place called *Acherusia* near *Memphis*, from whence arose the stories of *Charon*, *Styx*, and *Elysium*. These are notions which so abound in him, as to make *Herodotus* say, he had introduced from thence the religion of *Greece*. And if others have believed he was an *Egyptian*, from his knowledge of their rites and traditions, which were revealed but to few, and of the arts and customs which were practised among them in general; it may prove



prove at least thus much, that he must have travelled there.

As *Greece* was in all probability his native country, and had then began to make an effort in learning, we cannot doubt but he travelled there also, with a particular observation. He uses the different *dialects* which are spoken in it's different parts, as one who had been conversant with them all. But the argument which appears most irrefragable, is to be taken from his *catalogue* of the *ships*: he has there given us an exact *Geography* of *Greece*, where it's cities, mountains, and plains, are particularly mentioned, where the courses of it's rivers are traced out, where the countries are laid in order, their bounds assigned, and the uses of their soils specified. This the ancients, who compared it with the original, have allowed to be so true in all points, that it could never have been owing to a loose and casual information.

We may carry this argument farther, to suppose his having been round *Asia Minor*, from his exact division of the ancient kingdom of *Priam* into it's separate *Dynasties*, and the account he gives of the bordering nations in alliance with it. Perhaps too, in the wanderings of *Ulysses* about *Sicily*, whose ports and neighbouring islands are mentioned, he might contrive to send his hero where he had made his own voyage before. Nor will the fables he has intermingled be any objection to his having travelled in those parts, since they are not related as the history of the present time, but the tradition of the former. His mention of *Thrace*, his description of the beasts of *Libya*, and of the climate in the *Fortunate Islands*, may seem also to give us a view of him in the extremes of the earth, where it was not barbarous or uninhabited. It is hard to set limits to the travels of a man, who has set none to that desire of knowledge which made him undertake them. Who can say what people he has not seen, who appears to be versed in the customs of all? He takes the globe for the scene on which he introduces his subjects; he launches forward intrepidly, like one to whom no place is new, and appears a citizen of the world in general.

When he returned from his travels, he seems to have applied himself to the finishing of his poems, however he might have either designed, begun, or pursued them before. In these he treasured up his various acquisitions of knowledge, where they have been preserved through many ages, to be as well the proofs of his own industry, as the instructions of posterity. He could then describe his sacrifices after the *Aolian* manner; or his leagues with a mixture of *Trojan* and *Spartan* ceremonies: he could then compare the confusion of a multitude to that tumult

he had observed in the *Icarian* sea, dashing and breaking among it's crouds of islands: he could represent the numbers of an army, by those flocks of swans he had seen on the banks of the *Cayster*; or being to describe that heat of battle with which *Achilles* drove the *Trojans* into the river, he could illustrate it with an allusion from *Cyrene* or *Cyprus*, where, when the inhabitants burned their fields, the grass-hoppers fled before the fire to perish in the ocean. His fancy being fully replenished, might supply him with every proper occasional image; and his soul, after having enlarged itself, and taken in an extensive variety of the creation, might be equal to the task of an *Iliad* and an *Odyssey*.

In his old age, he fell blind, and settled at *Chios*. *Strabo* relates, that *Lycurgus* the great legislator of *Sparta* was reported to have gone to *Chios* to have a conference with *Homer*, after he had studied the laws of *Crete* and *Aegypt*, in order to form his constitutions. If this be true, how much a nobler representation does it give of him, and indeed more agreeable to what we conceive of this mighty genius, than those spurious accounts which keep him down among the meanest of mankind? What an idea could we frame to ourselves, of a conversation held between two persons so considerable; a philosopher conscious of the force of poetry, and a poet knowing in the depths of philosophy; both their souls improved with learning, both eminently raised above little designs or the meaner kind of interest, and meeting together to consult the good of mankind? But in this we only indulge a thought which is not to be insisted upon; the evidence of history rather tends to prove that *Lycurgus* brought his works from *Asia* after his death: which *Proclus* imagines to have happened at a great old age, on account of his vast extent of learning, for which a short life could never suffice.

If we could now make a conjecture concerning the genius and temper of this great man; perhaps his works, which would not furnish us with facts for his life, will be more reasonably made use of to give us a picture of his mind: to this end therefore, we may suffer the very name and notion of a book to vanish for a while, and look upon what is left us as a conversation, in order to gain an acquaintance with *Homer*. Perhaps the general air of his works will become the general character of his genius; and the particular turns of his temper. His comprehensive knowledge shews that his soul was not formed like a narrow channel for a single stream, but as an expanse which might receive an ocean into it's bosom; that he had the strongest desire of improvement, and an unbounded curiosity, which made it's advantage of every transient circumstance,

or



or obvious accident. His solid and sententious manner may make us admire him for a man of judgment: one who, in the darkest ages, could enter far into a disquisition of human nature; who, notwithstanding all the changes which governments, manners, rites, and even the notions of virtue, have undergone, could still abound with so many maxims correspondent to truth, and notions applicable to so many sciences. The fire, which is so observable in his poem, may make us naturally conjecture him to have been of a warm temper, and lively behaviour; and the pleasurable air which every where overspreads it, may give us reason to think, that fire of imagination was tempered with sweetness and affability. If we farther observe the particulars he treats of, and imagine that he laid a stress upon the sentiments he delivers, pursuant to his real opinions; we shall take him to be of a religious spirit, by his inculcating in almost every page the worship of the Gods. We shall imagine him to be a generous lover of his country, from his care to extol it every where; which is carried to such a height, as to make *Plutarch* observe, that though many of the *Barbarians* are made prisoners or suppliants, yet neither of these disgraceful accidents (which are common to all nations in war) ever happen to one *Greek* throughout his works. We shall take him to be a compassionate lover of mankind, from his numberless praises of hospitality and charity; (if indeed we are not to account for them, as the common writers of his life imagine, from his owing his support to these virtues.) It might seem from his love of stories, with his manner of telling them sometimes, that he gave his own picture when he painted his *Nestor*, and, as wise as he was, was no enemy to talking. One would think from his praises of wine, his copious goblets, and pleasing descriptions of banquets, that he was addicted to a cheerful, sociable life. And that he was not (as may be guessed of *Virgil* from his works) averse to the female sex, will appear from his care to paint them amiably upon all occasions: his *Andromache* and *Penelope* are in each of his poems most shining characters of conjugal affection; even his *Helena* herself is drawn with all the softnings imaginable; his soldiers are exhorted to combat with the hopes of women; his commanders are furnished with fair slaves in their tents; nor is the venerable *Nestor* without a mistress.

It is true, that in this way of turning a book into a man, this reasoning from his works to himself, we can at best but hit off a few out-lines of a cha-

rafter: wherefore we shall carry it no farther, but conclude with one discovery which we may make from his silence; a discovery extremely proper to be made in this manner, which is, that he was of a very modest temper. There is in all other poets a custom of speaking of themselves, and a vanity of promising eternity to their writings: in both which *Homer*, who has the best title to speak out, is altogether silent. As to the last of them, the world has made him ample recompence; it has given him that eternity he would not promise himself.

The only incontestable works which *Homer* has left behind him are the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*: the *Batrachomyomachia*, or *Battle of the Frogs and Mice*, has been disputed, but is however generally allowed to be his. *Statius* has reckoned it like the *Culex* of *Virgil*, a trial of his force before his greater performances. Besides these, there are several *Hymns* and other fragments attributed to *Homer*; but there are many reasons to suppose them the production of other hands. However, whether they are *Homer's*, or not, they are always judged to be near as ancient, if not of the same age with him.

In *Bolissus* near *Chios* there is a ruin, which was shown for the house of *Homer*, which *Leo Allatius*, went on pilgrimage to visit, and (as he tells us) found nothing but a few stones crumbling away with age, over which he and his companions wept for satisfaction.

That which of all the remains has been of late the chief amusement of the learned, is the marble called his *Apotheosis*, the work of *Archelaus*, of *Priene*, and now in the palace of *Colonna*. We see there a temple hung with it's veil, where *Homer* is placed on a seat with a footstool to it, as he has described the seats of his Gods; supported on each side with figures representing the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, the one by a sword, the other by the ornament of a ship, which denotes the voyages of *Ulysses*. On each side of his footstool are mice, in allusion to the *Battle of the Frogs and Mice*. Behind, is *Time* waiting upon him, and a figure with turrets on his head, which signifies the *World*, crowning him with the laurel. Before him is an altar, at which all the arts are sacrificing to him as to their Deity. On the one side of the altar stands a boy, representing *Mythology*; on the other, a woman representing *History*: after her is *Poetry* bringing the sacred fire; and in a long following train, *Tragedy*, *Comedy*, *Nature*, *Virtue*, *Memory*, *Rhetoric*, and *Wisdom*, in all their proper attitudes.



# ESSAY on HOMER's BATTLES.

PERHAPS it may be necessary in this place, at the opening of *Homer's* battles, to premise some observations upon them in general. We shall first endeavour to shew the *conduct* of the poet herein, and next collect some *antiquities*, that tend to a more distinct understanding of those descriptions which make so large a part of the poem.

One may very well apply to *Homer* himself, what he says of his heroes at the end of the fourth book, that whosoever should be guided through his battles by *Minerva*, and pointed to every scene of them, would see nothing through the whole but subjects of surprize and applause. When the reader reflects that no less than the compass of twelve books is taken up in these, he will have reason to wonder by what methods our author could prevent descriptions of such a length from being tedious. It is not enough to say, that though the subject itself be the same, the actions are always different; that we have now distinct combats, now promiscuous fights, now single duels, now general engagements; or that the scenes are perpetually varied; we are now in the fields, now at the fortification of the *Greeks*, now at the ships, now at the gates of *Troy*, now at the river *Scamander*: but we must look farther into the art of the poet, to find the reasons of this astonishing variety.

We may first observe that diversity in the *deaths* of his *warriors*, which he has supplied by the vastest fertility of invention. These he distinguishes several ways: sometimes by the *characters* of the men, their *age*, *office*, *profession*, *nation*, *family*, &c. One is a blooming *youth*, whose father dissuaded him from the war; one is a *priest*, whose piety could not save him; one is a *sportsman*, whom *Diana* taught in vain; one is the *native* of a far distant *country*, who is never to return; one is descended from a *noble line*, which ends in his death; one is made remarkable by his *boasting*; another by his *beseeching*; and another, who is distinguished no way else, is marked by his *habit* and the singularity of his armour.

Sometimes he varies these deaths by the several *postures* in which his heroes are represented either fighting or falling. Some of these are so exceedingly *exact*, that one may guess from the very position of the combatant, whereabouts the wound will light: others so very *peculiar* and *uncommon*, that they could only be the effect of an imagination which had

searched through all the ideas of nature. Such is that picture of *Mydon* in the fifth book, whose arm being numbed by a blow on the elbow, drops the reins that trail on the ground; and then being suddenly struck on the temples, falls headlong from the chariot in a soft and deep place; where he sinks up to the shoulders in the sands, and continues a while fixed by the weight of his armour, with his legs quivering in the air, till he is trampled down by his horses.

Another cause of this variety is the difference of the *wounds* that are given in the *Iliad*: they are by no means like the wounds described by most other poets, which are commonly made in the self-same obvious places: the heart and head serve for all those in general who understand no anatomy, and sometimes for variety they kill men by wounds that are no where mortal but in their poems. As the whole human body is the subject of these, so nothing is more necessary to him who would describe them well, than a thorough knowledge of it's structure, even though the poet is not professedly to write of them as an anatomist; in the same manner as an exact skill in anatomy is necessary to those painters that would excel in drawing the naked, though they are not to make every muscle as visible as in a book of chirurgery. It appears from so many passages in *Homer*, that he was perfectly master of this science, that it would be needless to cite any in particular. One may only observe, that if we thoroughly examine all the wounds he has described, though so infinite in number, and so many ways diversified, we shall hardly find one which will contradict this observation.

We must just add a remark, that the various periphrases and circumlocutions by which *Homer* expresses the single act of *dying*, have supplied *Virgil* and the succeeding poets with all their manners of phrasing it. Indeed he repeats the same verse on that occasion more often than they. But though it must be owned he had more frequent occasions for a line of this kind than any poet, as no other has described half so many deaths, yet one cannot ascribe this to any sterility of expression, but to the genius of his times, that delighted in those reiterated verses. We find repetitions of the same sort affected by the sacred writers, such as *He was gathered to his people*; *He slept with his fathers*; and the like. And upon the



the whole they have a certain antiquated harmony, not unlike the burthen of a song, which the ear is willing to suffer, and as it were rests upon.

As the perpetual horror of combats, and a succession of images of death, could not but keep the imagination very much on the stretch; *Homer* has been careful to contrive such reliefs and pauses, as might divert the mind to some other scene, without losing sight of the principal object. His *comparisons* are the more frequent on this account; for a *comparison* serves this end the most effectually of any thing, as it is at once correspondent to, and differing from the subject. Those critics who fancy that the use of comparisons distracts the attention, and draws it from the first images which should most employ it, (as that we lose the idea of the *battle* itself, while we are led by a simile to that of a *deluge* or a *storm*;) those, we say, may as well imagine we lose the thought of the sun, when we see his reflection in the water; where he appears more distinctly, and is contemplated more at ease, than if we gazed directly at his beams. For it is with the eye of the imagination as it is with our corporeal eye, it must sometimes be taken off from the object in order to see it the better. The same critics that are displeased to have their fancy distracted, (as they call it) are yet so inconsistent with themselves as to object to *Homer* that his similes are too much alike, and are too often derived from the same animal. But is it not more reasonable (according to their own notion) to compare the same man always to the same animal, than to see him sometimes a sun, sometimes a tree, and sometimes a river? Though *Homer* speaks of the same creature, he so diversifies the circumstances and accidents of the comparisons, that they always appear quite different. And to say truth, it is not so much the animal or the thing, as the action or posture of them that employs our imagination: two different animals in the same action are more like to each other, than one and the same animal is to himself, in two different actions. And those who in reading *Homer* are shocked that it is always a *lion*, may as well be angry that it is always a *man*.

What may seem more exceptionable, is his inserting the same comparisons in the same words at length upon different occasions, by which management he makes one single image afford many ornaments to several parts of the poem. But may not one say, *Homer* is in this like a skilful improver, who places a beautiful statue in a well-disposed garden so as to answer several vistas, and by that artifice one single figure seems multiplied into as many

objects as there are openings from whence it may be viewed?

What farther relieves and softens these descriptions of battles, is the poet's wonderful art of introducing many pathetic circumstances about the deaths of the heroes, which raise a different movement in the mind from what those images naturally inspire, we mean compassion and pity; when he causes us to look back upon the lost riches, possessions, and hopes of those who die: when he transports us to their native countries and paternal seats, to see the griefs of their aged fathers, the despair and tears of their widows, or the abandoned condition of their orphans. Thus when *Protesilaus* falls, we are made to reflect on the lofty palaces he left half finished; when the sons of *Phælops* are killed, we behold the mortifying distress of their wealthy father, who saw his estate divided before his eyes, and taken in trust for strangers. When *Axylus* dies, we are taught to compassionate the hard fate of that generous and hospitable man, whose house was the house of all men, and who deserved that glorious elogy of *The friend of human-kind*.

It is worth taking notice too, what use *Homer* every where makes of each little accident or circumstance that can naturally happen in a battle, thereby to cast a variety over his action; as well as of every turn of mind or emotion a hero can possibly feel, such as resentment, revenge, concern, confusion, &c. The former of these makes his work resemble a large history-piece, where even the less important figures and actions have yet some convenient place or corner to be shewn in; and the latter gives it all the advantages of tragedy, in those various turns of passion that animate the speeches of his heroes, and render his whole poem the most *dramatic* of any epic whatever.

It must also be observed, that the constant *machines* of the *Gods* conduce very greatly to vary these long battles, by a continued change of the scene from earth to heaven. *Homer* perceived them too necessary for this purpose to abstain from the use of them even after *Jupiter* had enjoined the Deities not to act on either side. It is remarkable how many methods he has found to draw them into every book; where if they dare not assist the warriors, at least they are very helpful to the poet.

But there is nothing that more contributes to the variety, surprize, and *clat* of *Homer's* battles, or is more perfectly admirable in itself, than that artful manner of taking measure, or (as one may say) *gaging* his heroes by each other, and thereby elevating the character of one person, by the opposition



of it to that of some other whom he is made to excel. So that he many times describes one, only to image another, and raises one only to raise another. We cannot better exemplify this remark, than by giving an instance in the character of *Diomed* that lies before us. Let us observe by what a scale of oppositions he elevates this hero, in the fifth book, first to excel all human valour, and after to rival the Gods themselves. He distinguishes him first from the *Grecian* captains in general, each of whom he represents conquering a single *Trojan*, while *Diomed* constantly encounters two at once; and while they are engaged each in his distinct post, he only is drawn fighting in every quarter, and slaughtering on every side. Next he opposes him to *Pandarus*, next to *Aeneas*, and then to *Hector*. So of the Gods, he shews him first against *Venus*, then *Apollo*, then *Mars*, and lastly, in the eighth book against *Jupiter* himself in the midst of his thunders. The same conduct is observable more or less in regard to every personage of his work.

This subordination of the heroes is one of the causes that make each of his battles rise above the other in greatness, terror, and importance, to the end of the poem. If *Diomed* has performed all these wonders in the first combats, it is but to raise *Hector*, at whose appearance he begins to fear. If in the next battles *Hector* triumphs not only over *Diomed*, but over *Ajax* and *Patroclus*, sets fire to the fleet, wins the armor of *Achilles*, and singly eclipses all the heroes; in the midst of all his glory, *Achilles* appears, *Hector* flies, and is slain.

The manner in which his Gods are made to act, no less advances the gradation we are speaking of. In the first battles they are seen only in short and separate excursions: *Venus* assists *Paris*, *Minerva* *Diomed*, or *Mars* *Hector*. In the next, a clear stage is left for *Jupiter*, to display his omnipotence, and turn the fate of armies alone. In the last, all the powers of heaven are engaged and banded into regular parties, Gods encountering Gods, *Jove* encouraging them with his thunders, *Neptune* raising his tempests, heaven flaming, earth trembling, and *Pluto* himself starting from the throne of hell.

We are now to take notice of some customs of antiquity relating to the arms and art military of those times, which are proper to be known, in order to form a right notion of our author's descriptions of war.

That *Homer* copied the manners and customs of the age he writ of, rather than of that he lived in, has been observed already in some instances. As that he no where represents cavalry or trumpets to have been used in the *Trojan* war, though they ap-

parently were in his own time. It is not therefore impossible but there may be found in his works some deficiencies in the art of war, which are not to be imputed to his ignorance, but to his judgment.

Horses had not been brought into *Greece* long before the siege of *Troy*. They were originally eastern animals, and if we find at that very period so great a number of them reckoned up in the wars of the *Israelites*, it is the less a wonder, considering they came from *Asia*. The practice of riding them was so little known in *Greece*, a few years before, that they looked upon the *Centaurs* who first used it, as monsters compounded of men and horses. *Nestor* in the first *Iliad* says, he had seen these *Centaurs* in his youth, and *Polypates* in the second is said to have been born on the day that his father expelled them from *Pelion* to the desarts of *Aethica*. They had no other use of horses than to draw their chariots in battle, so that whenever *Homer* speaks of fighting from an horse, taming an horse, or the like, it is constantly to be understood of fighting from a chariot, or taming horses to that service. This (as we have said) was a piece of decorum in the poet; for in his own time they were arrived to such a perfection in horsemanship, that in the fifteenth *Iliad*, we have a simile taken from an extraordinary feat of activity, where one man manages four horses at once, and leaps from the back of one to another at full speed.

If we consider in what high esteem among warriors these noble animals must have been at their first coming into *Greece*, we shall the less wonder at the frequent occasions *Homer* has taken to describe and celebrate them. It is not so strange to find them set almost upon a level with men, at the time when a horse in the prizes was of equal value with a captive.

The chariots were in all probability very low. For we frequently find in the *Iliad*, that a person who stands erect on a chariot is killed (and sometimes by a stroke on the head) by a foot-soldier with a sword. This may farther appear from the ease and readiness with which they alight or mount on every occasion; to facilitate which, the chariots were open behind. That the wheels were but small, may be guessed from a custom they had of taking them off and setting them on, as they were laid by, or made use of. *Hebe* in the fifth book puts on the wheels of *Juno's* chariot, when she calls for it in haste: and it seems to be with allusion to the same practice that it is said in *Exodus*, ch. 14, *The Lord took off their chariot-wheels, so that they drove them heavily*. The sides were also low; for whoever is killed in his chariot throughout the poem, constantly



constantly falls to the ground, as having nothing to support him. That the whole machine was very small and light, is evident from a passage in the tenth *Iliad*, where *Diomed* debates whether he shall draw the chariot of *Rhesus* out of the way, or carry it on his shoulders to a place of safety. All the particulars agree with the representations of the chariots on the most ancient *Greek* coins; where the tops of them reached not so high as the backs of the horses, the wheels are yet lower, and the heroes who stand in them are seen from the knee upwards. This may serve to shew those critics are under a mistake, who blame *Homer* for making his warriors sometimes retire behind their chariots, as if it were a piece of cowardice: which was as little disgraceful then, as it is now to alight from one's horse in a battle, on any necessary emergency.

There were generally two persons in each chariot, one of whom was wholly employed in guiding the horses. They used indifferently two, three, or four horses: from hence it happens, that sometimes when a horse is killed, the hero continues the fight with the two or more that remain; and at other times a warrior retreats upon the loss of one; not that he has less courage than the other, but that he has fewer horses.

Their *swords* were all broad cutting swords, for we find they never stab but with their spears. The *spears* were used two ways, either to push with, or to cast from them, like the missive javelins. It seems surprizing, that a man should throw a dart or spear with such force, as to pierce through both sides of the armour and the body (as is often described in *Homer*.) For if the strength of the men was gigantic, the armour must be so in proportion. Some solution might be given for this, if we imagined the armour was generally brass, and the weapon pointed with iron; and if we could fancy that *Homer* called the spears and swords *brazen*, in the same manner that he calls the reins of a bridle *ivory*, only from the ornaments about them. But there are passages where the point of the spear is expressly said to be of brass, as in the description of that of  *Hector* in *Iliad* 6. *Pausanias*, *Laconicis*, takes it for granted, that the arms, as well offensive as defensive, were brass. He says the spear of *Achilles* was kept in his time in the temple of *Minerva*, the top and point of which were of brass; and the sword of *Meriones*, in that of *Æsculapius* among the *Nicomediæans*, was entirely of the same metal. But be it as it will, there are examples even at this day of such a prodigious force in casting darts, as almost exceeds credibility. The *Turks* and *Arabs* will pierce through thick planks with darts

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of hardened wood; which can only be attributed to their being bred (as the ancients were) to that exercise, and to the strength and agility acquired by a constant practice of it.

We may ascribe to the same cause their power of casting *stones* of a vast weight, which appears a common practice in these battles. Those are in a great error, who imagine this to be only a fictitious embellishment of the poet, which was one of the exercises of war among the ancient *Greeks* and *Orientalis*. *St. Jerome* tells us, it was an old custom in *Palestine*, and in use in his own time, to have round stones of a great weight kept in the castles and villages, for the youth to try their strength with. And the custom is yet extant in some parts of *Scotland*, where stones for the same purpose are laid at the gates of great houses, which they call *putting-stones*.

Another consideration which will account for many things that may seem uncouth in *Homer*, is the reflection that before the use of *fire-arms* there was infinitely more scope for *personal valour* than in the modern battles. Now whensoever the personal strength of the combatants happened to be unequal, the declining a single combat could not be so dishonourable as it is in this age, when the arms we make use of put all men on a level. For a soldier of inferior strength may manage a rapier of fire arms so expertly, as to be an overmatch to his adversary. This may appear a sufficient excuse for what in the modern construction might seem cowardice in *Homer's* heroes, when they avoided engaging with others, whose bodily strength exceeds their own. The maxims of valour in all times were founded upon reason, and the cowardice ought rather in this case to be imputed to him who braves his inferior. There was also more *leisure* in their battles before the knowledge of fire-arms; and this in a good degree accounts for those *barangues* his heroes make to each other in the time of combat.

There was another practice frequently used by these ancient warriors, which was to spoil an enemy of his arms after they had slain him; and this custom we see them frequently pursuing with such eagerness, as if they looked on their victory not complete till this point was gained. Some modern critics have accused them of avarice on account of this practice, which might probably arise from the great value and scarceness of armour in that early time and infancy of war. It afterwards became a point of honour, like gaining a standard from the enemy. *Moses* and *David* speak of the pleasure of obtaining many spoils. They preserved them as monuments of victory, and even religion at last became interested herein,



herein, when those spoils were consecrated in the temples of the tutelar Deities of the conqueror.

The reader may easily see, we set down these heads just as they occur to our memory, and only as hints to farther observations; which any one who is conversant in *Homer* cannot fail to make, if he will but think a little in the same track.

It is no part of our design to inquire what progress had been made in the *art of war* at this early period: the bare perusal of the *Iliad* will best inform us of it. But what we think tends more immediately to the better comprehension of these descriptions, is to give a short view of the *scene* of war, the *situation* of *Troy*, and those places which *Homer* mentions, with the proper *field* of each battle: putting together, for this purpose, those passages in our author that give any light to this matter.

The ancient city of *Troy* stood at a greater distance from the sea, than those ruins which have since been shewn for it. This may be gathered from *Iliad* 5, where it is said, that the *Trojans* never durst sally out of the *walls* of their town, till the retirement of *Achilles*; but afterwards combated the *Grecians* at their very ships, *far from the city*. For had *Troy* stood (as *Strabo* observes) so nigh the *sea-shore*, it had been madness in the *Greeks* not to have built any fortification before their fleet till the tenth year of the siege, when the enemy was so near them: and on the other hand, it had been cowardice in the *Trojans* not to have attempted any thing all that time, against an army that lay unfortified and unintrenched. Besides, the intermediate space had been too small to afford a field for so many various adventures and actions of war. The places about *Troy* particularly mentioned by *Homer* lie in this order.

1. The *Scæan gate*: this opened to the field of battle, and was that through which the *Trojans* made their excursions. Close to this stood the *beech-tree* sacred to *Jupiter*, which *Homer* generally mentions with it.

2. The *hill of wild fig trees*. It joined to the walls of *Troy* on one side, and extended to the highway on the other. The first appears from what *Andromache* says in *Iliad* 6, that *the walls were in danger of being scaled from this hill*; and the last from *Il.* 22.

3. The *two springs of Scamander*. These were a little higher on the same highway. (*Ibid.*)

4. *Callicolone*, the name of a pleasant hill, that lay near the river *Simois*, on the other side of the town. *Il.* 20.

5. *Bateia*, or the sepulchre of *Myrinne*, stood a little before the city in the plain. *Il.* 2. *Catal.*

6. The *monument of Ilus*: near the middle of the plain. *Il.* 11.

7. The tomb of *Æsyetes*, commanded the prospect of the fleet, and that part of the sea-coast. *Il.* 2. *Catal.*

It seems by the second *Iliad*, that the *Grecian* army was drawn up under the several leaders by the banks of *Scamander* on that side toward the ships: in the mean time that of *Troy*, and the auxiliaries, was ranged in order at *Myrinne's* sepulchre. The place of the *first battle*, where *Diomed* performs his exploits, was near the joining of *Simois* and *Scamander*; for *Juno* and *Pallas* coming to him, alight at the confluence of those rivers: *Il.* 5. And that the *Greeks* had not yet past the stream, but fought on that side next the fleet, appears from the same book, where *Juno* says the *Trojans* now brave them at their very ships. But in the beginning of the sixth book, the place of battle is specified to be between the rivers of *Simois* and *Scamander*; so that the *Greeks* (though *Homer* does not particularize when, or in what manner) had then crossed the stream toward *Troy*.

The engagement in the eighth book is evidently close to the *Grecian* fortification on the shore. That night *Hector* lay at *Ilus's* tomb in the field, as *Dolon* tells us, *Lib.* 10. And in the eleventh book the battle is chiefly about *Ilus's* tomb.

In the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth, about the fortification of the *Greeks*, and in the fifteenth, at the ships.

In the sixteenth, the *Trojans* being repulsed by *Patroclus*, they engage between the fleet, the river, and the *Grecian* wall. *Patroclus* still advancing, they fight at the gates of *Troy*. In the seventeenth, the fight about the body of *Patroclus* is under the *Trojan* wall. His body being carried off, *Hector* and *Æneas* pursue the *Greeks* to the fortification. And in the eighteenth, upon *Achilles's* appearing, they retire and encamp without the fortification.

In the twentieth, the fight is still on that side next the sea; for the *Trojans* being pursued by *Achilles*, pass over the *Scamander* as they run toward *Troy*: see the beginning of book 21. The following battles are either in the river itself, or between that and the city, under whose walls *Hector* is killed in the twenty-second book, which puts an end to the battles of the *Iliad*.



## GEOGRAPHICAL TABLE of the TOWNS, &amp;c.

I N

## HOMER'S CATALOGUE of GREECE.

BŒOTIA, under five Captains, Peneleus, &amp;c. containing,

**A**ULIS, a haven on the Eubœan sea opposite to Chalcis, where the passage to Eubœa is narrowest.

Eteon, *Homer* describes it a hilly country.

Hyrie, a town and lake of the same name belonging to the territory of Tanagra, or Græa.

Schoenus, it lay in the road between Thebes and Anthedon, 50 stadia from Thebes.

Scholos, a town under mount Cytheron.

Thespia, near Haliartus, under mount Helicon.

Græa, the same with Tanagra, 30 stadia from Aulis, on the Eubœan sea.

Mycaleffus, between Thebes and Chalcis. Famous for it's pine-trees.

Harma, close by Mycaleffus. This town as well the former lay near the road from Thebes to Chalcis. It was here that Amphiaras was swallowed by the earth in his chariot, from whence it received it's name.

Ilesion, it was situate in the seas near Heleon and Hyle, not far from Tanagra.

Erythræ, in the confine of Attica near Plataea.

Petcon, in the way from Thebes to Anthedon.

Ocalea, in the mid-way betwixt Haliartus and Alalcomenes.

Medeon, near Onchestus.

Copæ, a town on the lake Copais, by the river Cephissus, next Orchomenus.

Eutresis, a small town of the Thespians near Thisbe.

Thisbe, under mount Helicon.

Coronea, seated on the Cephissus, where it falls into the lake Copais.

Haliartus, on the the same lake, bordering on Coronea and Plataea.

Plataea, between Citheron and Thebes, divided from the latter by the river Asopus.

Gliffa, in the territory of Thebes, abounding with vines.

Thebe, situate between the rivers Ismenus and Asopus.

Onchestus, on the lake Copais.

Arne, seated on the same lake, famous for vines.

Midea, on the same lake.

Nissa, Nyfa, or Isa, near Anthedon.

Anthedon, a city on the sea-side opposite to Eubœa, the utmost on the shore towards Locris.

Aspledon, 20 stadia from Orchomenus.

Orchomenus, and the plains about it, were the most spacious of all in Bœotia. *Homer* distinguishes these two last from the rest of Bœotia.

PHOCIS, under Schedius and Epistrophus, containing,

Cyparissus, the same with Anticyrra according to *Paulanias*, on the bay of Corinth.

Pytho, adjoining to Parnassus: some think it the same with Delphi.

Crissa, a sea-town on the bay of Corinth near Cyrrha.

Daulis, upon the Cephissus at the foot of Parnassus.

Panopea, upon the same river, adjoining to Orchomenia, just by Hyampolis or Anemoria.

Hyampolis, { both the same according to *Strabo*.  
Anemoria, { Confining upon Locris.

Lilæa, at the head of the river Cephissus, just on the edge of Phocis.

LOCRIS, under Ajax Oileus, containing,

Cynus, a maritime town towards Eubœa.

Opus.





Opus, a Locrian city, 15 stadia from the sea, adjacent to Panopea in Phocis.

Calliarus.

Bessa, so called from being covered with shrubs.

Scarphe, seated between Thronium and Thermopylæ, 10 stadia from the sea.

Angiæ.

Tarphe.

Thronius, on the Melian bay.

Boagrius, a river that passes by Thronius, and runs into the bay of Oeta, between Cynus and Scarphe.

All these opposite to the isle of Eubœa.

EUBŒA, under Elephenor, containing,

Chalcis, the city nearest to the continent of Greece, just opposite to Aulis in Bœotia.

Eretria, between Chalcis and Gereftus.

Histiœa, a town with vineyards over against Thesfaly.

Cerinthus, on the sea-shore.

Dios, seated high, near Histiœa.

Carystos, a city at the foot of the mountain Ocha, between Eretria and Gereftus.

Styra, a town near Carystos.

ATHENS, under Menestheus.

The Isle of SALAMIS, under Ajax Telamon.

PELOPONNESUS, the East Part divided into Argia and Mycenæ, under Agamemnon, contains,

Argos, 40 stadia from the sea.

Tirynthe, between Argos and Epidaurus.

Asinen, { Three cities lying on the bay of Her-  
Hermion, { mione. Trœzene was seated high,  
Trœzene, { and Asine a rocky coast.

Eionæ was on the sea-side.

Epidaurus, a town and little island adjoining, in the inner part of the Saronic bay. It was fruitful in vines in Homer's time.

The island of Ægina, over against Epidaurus.

Mafeta belongs to the Argolic shore according to Strabo, who observes that Homer names it not in the exact order, placing it with Ægina.

Mycenæ, between Cleone and Argos.

Corinth, near the Isthmus.

Cleone, between Argos and Corinth.

Ornia, on the borders of Sicyonia.

Arethyria, the same with Phliafia, at the source of the Achaian Asopus.

Sicyon, (anciently the kingdom of Adrastus) betwixt Corinth and Achaia.

Hyperesia, the same with Ægira, seated betwixt Pellene and Helice, and opposite Parnassus.

Gonoëfia, situate very high.

Pellene, bordering on Sicyon and Pheneus, 60 stadia from the sea. Celebrated anciently for its wool.

Ægium, { Next Sicyon lies Pellene, &c. then He-  
Helice, { lice, and next to Helice, Ægium.

The West Part of PELOPONNESUS, divided into Laconia, Messenia, Arcadia, and Elis.

LACONIA, under Menelaus, containing,

Sparta, the capital city, on the river Eūrotas.

Phares, on the bay of Messenia.

Messa, Strabo thinks this a contraction of Messena.

Bryfia, under mount Taygetus.

Augiæ, the same with Ægiæ, 30 stadia from Gythium.

Amyclæ, 20 stadia from Sparta towards the sea, under the mountain Taygetus.

Helos, on the sea-side, upon the river Eurotas.

Laas.

Oetylos, near the promontory of Tænarus.

MESSENI A, under Nestor, containing,

Pylos, the city of Nestor on the sea-shore.

Arene, seated near the river Minyeius.

Thryon, on the river Alpheus, the same which Homer elsewhere calls Thryoëfia.

Æpy, the ancient geographers differ about the situation of this town, but agree to place it near the sea.

Cyparissie, on the borders of Messenia, and upon the bay called from it Cyparissæus.

Amphigenia.

Helos, near the river Alpheus.

Dorion, a field or mountain near the sea.

ARCADIA, under Agapenor, containing,

The mountain Cyllene, the highest of Peloponnesus, on the borders of Achaia and Arcadia, near Pheneus. Under this stood the tomb of Æpytus.

Pheneus,



Pheneus, confining on Pellene and Stymphelus.

Orchomenus, confining on Pheneus and Mantinæa.

Ripe, { These three, Strabo tells us, are not to  
Stratie, { be found, nor their situation assigned.  
Enispe, {

Tegea, between Argos and Sparta.

Mantinæa, bordering upon Tegea, Argia, and Orchomenus.

Stymphelus, confining on Phlyasia or Arethyria.  
Parrhasia, adjoining to Laconia.

ELIS, under four Leaders, Amphimachus, &c.  
containing,

The city Elis, 120 stadia from the sea.

Bupratium, near Elis.

The places bounded by the fields of Hyrmine, in the territory of Elis, between mount Cyllene and the sea.

Myrsinus, on the sea-side, 70 stadia from Elis.

The Olenian Rocks, which stood near the city Olenos, at the mouth of the river Pierus.

And Alysium, the name of a town or river, in the way from Elis to Pisa.

The ISLES over against the continent of Elis, Achaia, or Acarnania.

Echinades and Dulichium, under Meges.

The Cephallenians under Ulysses, being those from Samos, (the same with Cephallenia,) from Zacynthus, Grocylia, Ægilipa, Neritus, and Ithaca. This last is generally supposed to be the largest of these islands on the east side of Cephallenia, and next to it; but that is, according to Wheeler, 20 Italian miles in circumference, whereas Strabo gives Ithaca but 80 stadia about. It was rather one of the lesser islands toward the mouth of the Achelous.

Homer adds to these places under the dominion of Ulysses, Epirus and the opposite continent, by which cannot be meant Epirus properly so called, which was never subject to Ulysses, but only the sea-coast of Acarnania, opposite to the islands.

The Continent of ACARNANIA and ÆTOLIA,  
under Thoas.

Pleuron, seated between Chalcis and Calydon, by the sea-shore upon the river Evenus, west of Chalcis.

Olenos, lying above Calydon, with the Evenus on the east of it.

No. 40.

Pylene, the same with Profchion, not far from Pleuron, but more in the land.

Chalcis, a sea-town, situate on the east side of the Evenus. There was another Chalcis at the head of the Evenus, called by Strabo Hypo-Chalcis.

Calydon, on the Evenus also.

The Isle of CRETE, under Idomeneus, containing,

Gnossus, seated in the plain between Lyctus and Gortyna, 120 stad. from Lyctus.

Gortyna, 90 stad. from the African sea.

Lyctus, 80 stad. from the same sea.

Miletus.

Phæstus, 60 stad. from Gortyna, 20 from the sea, under Gortyna.

Lycastus.

Rhytium, under Gortyna.

The Isle of RHODES, under Tlepolemus, containing,

Lindus, on the right hand to those who sail from the city Rhodes, southward.

Jalyissus, between Camirus and Rhodes.

Camirus.

The Islands, Syma, (under Nireus,) Nisyrus, Carpathus, Casus, Cos, Calydnæ, under Antiphus and Phidippus.

The Continent of THESSALY toward the Ægean sea, under Achilles.

Argos Pelasgicum, (the same which was since called Phthiotis.) Some thought this the name of a town, others that Homer meant by it this part of Thessaly in general, (which last seems most probable.) There was a city Argos in Thessaly, as well as in Peloponnesus; the former was called Pelasgic in contradistinction to the Achaian: for though the Pelasgi possessed several parts of Epirus, Crete, Peloponnesus, &c. yet they retained their principal seat in Thessaly.

Alos, { Both on the shore of Thessaly towards  
Alope, { Locris. Alos lies in the passage of  
mount Othrys.

Trechine, under the mountain Oeta.

Phthia, { Some supposed these two to be names  
Hellas, { of the same place, though it is plain  
Homer distinguishes them.

The Hellenes. This denomination, afterwards common to all the Greeks, is here to be understood

8 A

only



only of those who inhabited Phthiotis. It was not till long after Homer's time that the people of other cities of Greece desiring assistance from these, began to have the same name from their communication with them, as Thucydides remarks in the beginning of his first book.

The following under Protefilaus.

Phylace, on the coast of Phthiotis, toward the Me-  
lian bay.

Pyrrhafus, beyond the mountain Othrys, had the  
grove of Ceres within two stadia of it.

Itona, 60 stadia from Alos; it lay higher in the  
land than Pyrrhafus, above mount Othrys.

Antron, on the sea-side, in the passage to Eubœa.

Pteleon, this town lies on the shore towards  
Bœotia, on the confines of Phthiotis, upon the river  
Sperchius.

These under Eumelus.

Pheræ, in the farthest part of Magnesia, confining  
on mount Pelion.

Glaphyræ.

Iolcos, a sea-town on the Pegasæan bay.

Under Philoctetes.

Methone, a city of Macedonia, 40 stadia from  
Pydna in Pieria.

Thaumacia, { In Phthiotis near Pharsalus.  
Mœlibea, {

Olyzon, this place lay near Bæbe, Iolcos, and Or-  
menium.

The Upper T H E S S A L Y.

The following under Podalirius and Machaon.

Trice, or Tricce, not far from the mountain  
Pindus, on the left hand of the Peneus, as it runs  
from Pindus.

Ithome, near Tricca.

Oechalia, somewhere near the forementioned  
towns.

Under Eurypylus.

Ormenium, under Pelion, on the Pegasæan bay,  
near Bæbe.

Asterium, hard by Pheræ and Titanus.

Under Polypoetes.

Argissa, lying upon the river Peneus.

Gyrtone, a city of Perrhæbia, at the foot of Olym-  
pus.

Orthe, near Peneus and Tempe.

Elope, { Both lying under Olympus, near the  
Oloösson, { river Titaresius.

Under Guneus and Protheus.

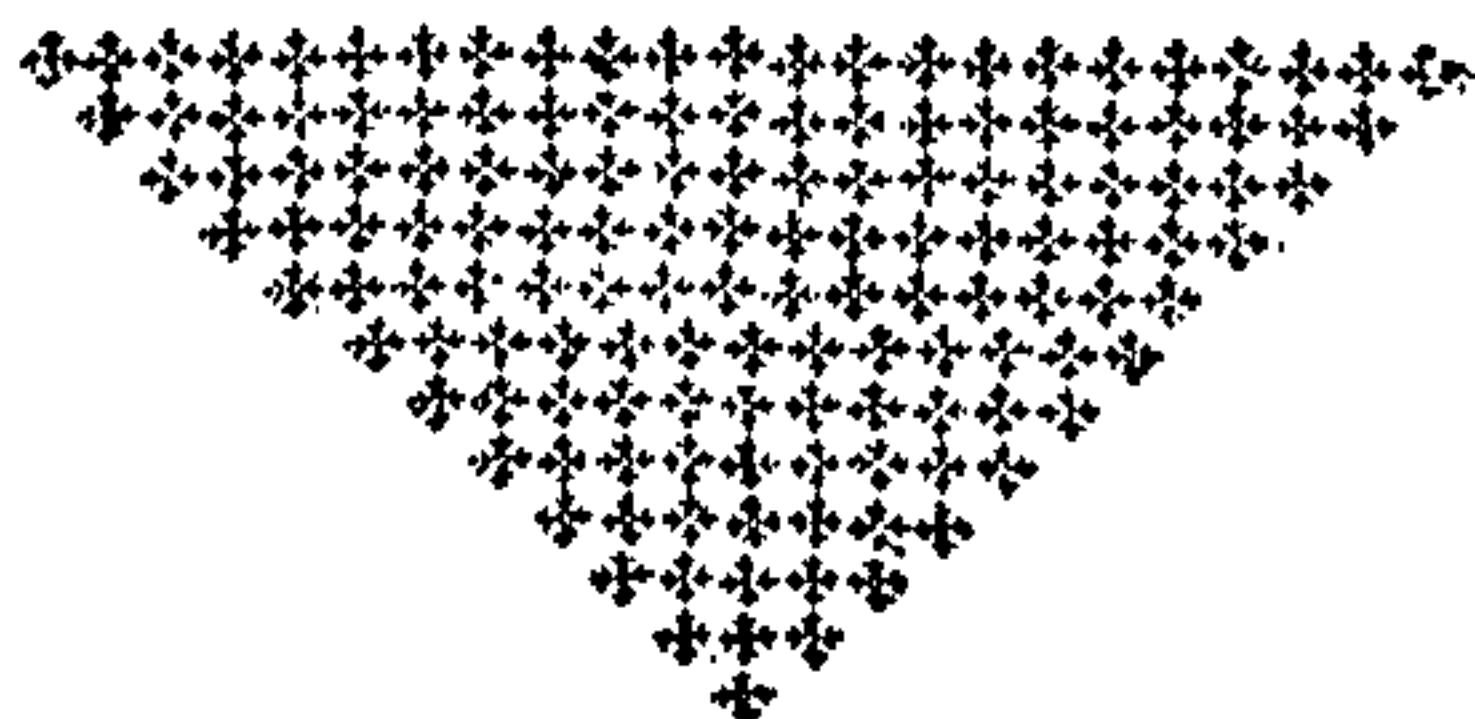
Cyphus, seated in the mountainous country, to-  
wards Olympus.

Dodona, among the mountains, towards Olympus.

Titaresius, a river rising in the mountain Titaros,  
near Olympus, and running into Peneus: it is call-  
ed Eurotas.

The river Peneus rises from mount Pindus, and  
flows through Tempe into the sea.

Pelion, near Ossa, in Magnesia.





## A GEOGRAPHICAL

## T A B L E of T R O Y,

## AND THE

## A U X I L I A R C O U N T R I E S.

THE kingdom of Priam was divided into eight dynasties or lordships.

1. Troas, under Hector, whose capital was Troy, or Ilion.

2. Dardania, under Æneas, the capital Dardanus.

3. Zeleia, at the foot of Ida, by the Æsepus, under Pandarus.

4. Adrestia, Apæsus, Pityca, mount Tereë, under Adrastus and Amphius.

5. Sestos, Abydos, Arisbe on the river Selle, Percote, and Præctius, under Asius.

These places lay between Troy and the Propontis.

The other three dynasties were under, 6. Mynes, 7. Ection, and, 8. Alceus.

The capital of the first was Lyrnessus; of the second, Thebe of Cilicia; of the third, Pedasus in Lelegia.

Homer does not mention these in the catalogue, having been before destroyed and depopulated by the Greeks.

## The Auxiliar Nations.

The Pelasgi, under Hippothous and Pyleus, whose capital was Larissa, near the place where Cuma was afterwards built.

The Thracians by the side of the Hellespont opposite to Troy, under Acamas and Pyrous, and those of Ciconia, under Euphemus.

The Pæonians from Macedonia, and the river Axios, under Pyræchmes.

The Paphlagonians, under Pylæmeneus The Halizonians, under Odus and Epistrophus. The Mysians, under Cromis and Ennomus. The Phrygians of Ascania, under Phorcys and Ascanius.

The Mæonians, under Metes and Antiphus, who inhabited under the mountain Tmolus.

The Carians, under Naustes and Amphimachus, from Miletus, the farthest city of Caria towards the south.

Mycæ, a mountain and promontory opposite to Samos.

Phthiron, the same mountain as Latmos, according to Hecateus.

The Lycians, under Sarpedon and Glaucus, from the banks of the river Xanthus, which runs into the sea betwixt Rhodes and Cyprus. Homer mentions it to distinguish this Lycia from that which lies on the Propontis.

F I N I S.





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